

The Remains of
Henry Vaughan

or Fold Book of
English Verse.

BRITISH POETS

of the NINETEENTH CENTURY

POEMS BY

WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, SCOTT, BYRON, SHELLEY, KEATS,
LANDOR, TENNYSON, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,
ROBERT BROWNING, FITZGERALD, CLOUGH, ARNOLD,
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA ROSSETTI,
MORRIS, SWINBURNE, DOBSON, HENLEY, KIPLING,
HOUSMAN

EDITED WITH REFERENCE LISTS AND NOTES

BY

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

NEW EDITION

BY

STITH THOMPSON, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

BENJ. H. SANBORN & CO.
CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT, 1904, 1910
By CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE
COPYRIGHT, 1929
By BENJ. H. SANBORN & CO.

All rights reserved

3CBsBo477

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

To M. E. H.

PREFACE

1904

THIS volume makes no attempt to do what has already been so excellently done in Mr. Stedman's *Victorian Anthology*, Ward's *English Poets*, and other similar collections. It is not a new Anthology of nineteenth century poetry. Instead of giving a few "gems," or "flowers," from each one of several hundred authors, it includes only the fifteen chief poets of the century. From each one of these, however, it attempts to give a full and adequate selection, sufficient really to represent the man and his work.

The book has been planned, primarily, to give in one volume all the material which should be in the hands of the student for a College or University course on the British poets of the nineteenth century. I have therefore tried to include, first, all the poems which would be given as prescribed reading in such a course; and, second, a thorough guide to the use of a well-equipped college or public library, in connection with that reading. I hope the book may also be found useful for more general courses on English Literature, for which there is no other collection covering exactly this part of the field; and for any reader who wishes to possess in one volume the best work of the chief nineteenth century poets — "Infinite riches in a little room."

The selections are very full, and for the most part consist of complete poems. They are designed both to give all the best of each poet's work, and also (except for Mrs. Browning) to give some representation of each important period and class of his work. Long poems are usually given entire, and space has been found for Byron's *Manfred*, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, Scott's *Marmion*, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, Keats' *Hyperion*, Tennyson's *Guinevere* and *Morte d'Arthur*, Browning's *Pippa Passes*, Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*, Morris's *Atalanta's Race*, etc., etc. In general, extracts from long poems are not given, except in the case of single cantos which are complete in themselves, like the last two cantos of *Childe Harold*; or lyrics, such as the songs from Tennyson's dramas, or the Hymns to Pan and Diana in Keats' *Endymion*, which, when detached, make perfect and independent poems. An exception has been made in the case of Byron's master-work, *Don Juan*, which of course could not be given in full, and which has been represented by long passages.

The amount of space given to an author does not necessarily correspond with his relative importance or rank as a poet. Some authors can best be represented by their shorter poems, while others — Scott, for instance, and William Morris — could not be fairly represented at all unless one of their longer poems were given. Browning and Byron could not be represented without some complete example of their poems in dra-

matic form, while Tennyson's drama does not hold the same relative importance in his work. Byron, in particular, cannot really be known except through his longer poems; some example must necessarily be given of the series of Oriental Romances, which, with *Childe Harold*, won him his early fame; at least one Canto of *Childe Harold* must be given complete; an example of the great Satires must be known in the *Vision of Judgment*; and finally the whole man is summed up in the different aspects of *Don Juan*. Wordsworth, on the other hand, has less space than poets of inferior rank; but he is represented by a hundred complete poems, the largest number given for any author.

The selection of shorter poems has been made generously inclusive. For Browning, more than two-thirds of the *Dramatic Lyrics*, and more than half of the *Dramatic Romances* and *Men and Women*, as well as representative poems from the other collections, are given. For Keats, the entire contents (except one poem) of the volume of 1820 is given, as well as full representation of his earlier volumes and of the posthumous poems. I have included nearly eighty poems from Landor, and hope that this — I think the first — representative selection from his verse may serve to make his work as a poet more familiarly known, in the sheer beauty of its simplicity and condensation. No apology need be made, I hope, for the extent of the Shelley selections, since his *Alastor*, *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*, *Epipsychidion*, *The Sensitive Plant*, *Adonais*, etc., as well as the *Prometheus Unbound*, make his work take a large amount of space in proportion to the number of titles. For Rossetti, I have given more than two-thirds of the sonnets from the *House of Life*, as well as *Sister Helen*, *The Stream's Secret*, *Love's Nocturn*, *The Burden of Nineveh*, *The King's Tragedy*, and some thirty or forty of the shorter poems. I hope that the space devoted to him will be found to represent a true judgment of his great permanent value as a poet; and that the same will be true of the still larger amount of space given to the poet most different from him, Matthew Arnold.

A principal feature of the volume is the classified *Reference Lists*. I have tried to indicate, for each poet, the standard editions, other important editions, the best one-volume editions, the standard biography, the best brief biography, and all the important essays. The critical essays are usually classed in two paragraphs, and, throughout, the most important books or essays are indicated by asterisks.

The Notes have been made as few and brief as possible; and critical comment, except that of the poet himself, or, in a few cases, of other poets, has been excluded from them. They give only essential *facts* regarding the poems, or comment and explanation added by the poet himself.

The poems are arranged in chronological order under each author, according to the dates of writing when these are known, and in other cases according to the dates of publication. The dates are given after each poem, dates of writing being indicated by italic figures, and dates of publication by upright figures.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the ready generosity with which critics and teachers have given their help in making the selections. My thanks are due, in particular, to Mr. Paul E. More of the *New York Evening Post*, to Professor Stoddard of New York University, Professor Trent and Professor Odell of Columbia University, Professor Baker and Professor Sykes of Teachers' College, Professor van Dyke of Princeton, and Professor Mott of the College of the City of New York.

It can hardly be hoped that such a book as this will be entirely free from errors, especially in the reference lists and dates. Any corrections will be gratefully received. Most of the proof has been carefully read three times, but — as my friend Ronsard hath said — *Tu excuseras les fautes de l'imprimeur, car tous les yeux d'Argus n'y verraient assez clair.*

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

September, 1904

PREFACE

1910

IN the present edition a number of typographical errors have been corrected, the text and dates of some poems have been verified by comparison with more authoritative editions than were available when the book was first published, an Index of First Lines has been added to the Author-Index and Title-Index, and the Reference Lists have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. I am under obligation to several friends who have sent me corrections and especially suggestions for the improvement of the Reference Lists: in particular to Professor Lane Cooper, Professor Frank E. Farley, Miss Henriette E. Moore, Professor A. B. Milford, Professor Richard Jones, and Professor Charles W. Hodell; and I take this opportunity to thank the many other teachers who have written me concerning their use of the book. It is a pleasure to know that the general plan and method of the book, and of the Reference Lists, have been found helpful; and though these have been only too generously flattered by imitation, it is also a pleasure to note that no similar collection has ventured to include so much as one-third the material offered by the present volume.

C. H. P.

September, 1910

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION

1929

THE present revision of *British Poets of the Nineteenth Century* has been carried out with the advice of Professor Page in an attempt to render it still more useful to its wide range of readers and students. The original plan remains unchanged: to give in attractive form, with ample critical help, abundant selections from the work of the truly outstanding British poets of the Nineteenth Century.

With minor exceptions all the poems of the first edition have been retained. A few poems of Clough and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Scott's *Marmion*, and some of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* are the only excisions. The omission of a few of Mrs. Browning's sonnets has given opportunity for the inclusion of a representative group of her miscellaneous poems. Material additions have also been made to the selections from Wordsworth and from Tennyson.

On the same generous scale as with the original fifteen poets in the collection, works of six other writers have been added, and the scope of the book thus extended to the end of the century. The poets appearing for the first time in this edition are FitzGerald, Christina Rossetti, Dobson, Henley, Kipling, and Housman.

The reference lists have been brought down to date and new lists have been provided for the poets added. So rapidly have critical works dealing with the poets of this collection appeared in the past two decades that in many cases the reference lists are more than twice the length of those in the revision of 1910. It is hoped that these revised lists may prove especially helpful.

The entire book has been reset in a new form, so that although a very substantial increase has been made in the number of poems the pages may be pleasant to read and the book easy to carry.

Page's *British Poets of the Nineteenth Century* has long occupied a unique position in its field. No higher goal could be set for the revision than to carry on with renewed vigor this fine tradition of service to students and lovers of poetry.

Acknowledgment is made to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to A. P. Watt & Son, English agents for Rudyard Kipling, and to Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., American publishers, for permission to use the following poems: "The Ballad of East and West" from *Barrack Room Ballads*, copyright 1892 and 1899 by Rudyard Kipling; "Prelude to Departmental Ditties," copyright 1899 by Rudyard Kipling; "Danny Deever" from *Barrack Room Ballads*, copyright 1892 and 1899 by Rudyard Kipling; "Tommy" from *Barrack Room Ballads*, copyright 1892 and 1899 by Rudyard Kipling; "Gunga Din" from *Barrack Room Ballads*, copyright 1892 and 1899 by Rudyard Kipling; "Mandalay" from *Barrack Room Ballads*, copyright 1892

and 1899 by Rudyard Kipling; "When Earth's Last Picture Is Painted" from *L'Envoi*, copyright 1892 by Rudyard Kipling; "In the Neolithic Age," copyright 1893 by Rudyard Kipling; "A Song of the English," copyright 1909 by Rudyard Kipling; "The King," copyright 1899 by Rudyard Kipling; "The Song of the Banjo" from *The Seven Seas*, copyright 1893, 1894, 1896, 1905 by Rudyard Kipling; "The 'Mary Gloster'" from *The Seven Seas*, copyright 1893, 1894, 1896, 1905 by Rudyard Kipling; "The Ladies" from *The Seven Seas*, copyright 1893, 1894, 1896, 1905 by Rudyard Kipling; "Recessional" from *The Collected Verse*, copyright 1907, 1912 by Rudyard Kipling; "The White Man's Burden," copyright 1899 by Rudyard Kipling; "M. I.," copyright 1901 by Rudyard Kipling; "The Islanders," copyright 1901 by Rudyard Kipling; "Chant-Pagan" from *The Five Nations*, copyright 1903 by Rudyard Kipling; "Boots" from *The Five Nations*, copyright 1903 by Rudyard Kipling; "If —," copyright 1910 by Rudyard Kipling; "The Female of the Species," copyright 1911 by Rudyard Kipling.

STITH THOMPSON

INDIANA UNIVERSITY
May, 1929

TABLE OF CONTENTS¹

WORDSWORTH

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>List of References</i>	I	THE SPARROW'S NEST	32
EXTRACT FROM THE CONCLUSION		TO A BUTTERFLY	32
OF A POEM, COMPOSED IN AN-		THE EMIGRANT MOTHER	32
TICIPATION OF LEAVING SCHOOL	5	MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BE-	
WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH	5	HOLD	34
LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-		WRITTEN IN MARCH	34
TREE	5	TO THE SMALL CELANDINE	34
THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN	6	TO THE SAME FLOWER	35
A NIGHT-PIECE	7	RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE	35
WE ARE SEVEN	7	I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ	38
THE THORN	8	COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER	
SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN	11	BRIDGE	38
LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING	12	COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR	
TO MY SISTER	12	CALAIS	38
A WHIRL-BLAST FROM BEHIND THE		IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM	
HILL	13	AND FREE	39
EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY	13	ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENE-	
THE TABLES TURNED	13	TIAN REPUBLIC	39
LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES		TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE	39
ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY	14	COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR	
THE SIMPLON PASS	16	DOVER	39
INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS	16	SEPTEMBER 1, 1802	40
THERE WAS A BOY	17	NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER 1802	40
NUTTING	18	WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER	
STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I		1802	40
KNOWN	18	LONDON, 1802	40
SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTROD-		GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN AMONG	
DEN WAYS	19	US	41
TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN		IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF	41
MEN	19	WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY	
THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN		TO HARTLEY COLERIDGE, SIX	
AND SHOWER	19	YEARS OLD	41
A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL		TO THE DAISY	42
A POET'S EPITAPH	20	TO THE SAME FLOWER	43
MATTHEW	20	TO THE DAISY	43
THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS	21	THE GREEN LINNET	43
THE FOUNTAIN: A CONVERSATION	22	YEW-TREES	44
LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE	23	AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS	44
MICHAEL: A PASTORAL POEM	23	TO A HIGHLAND GIRL	45
POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES, I	30	STEPPING WESTWARD	46
"TIS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE		THE SOLITARY REAPER	46
DIED FOR LOVE"	31	YARROW UNVISITED	47
		OCTOBER 1803	48
		TO THE MEN OF KENT	48

¹ The poems of each author are arranged in chronological order. Exact dates will be found at the end of each poem.

[illegible]

TABLE OF CONTENTS

xiii

	PAGE
WORK WITHOUT HOPE . . .	114
THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO . . .	114
PHANTOM OR FACT . . .	116

SCOTT

<i>List of References</i> . . .	117
WILLIAM AND HELEN . . .	119
THE VIOLET . . .	122
TO A LADY . . .	122
THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN . . .	122
CADYOW CASTLE . . .	125
THE MAID OF NEIDPATH . . .	127
HUNTING SONG . . .	128
SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER . . .	128
HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN TRIUMPH ADVANCES! . . .	128
CORONACH . . .	129
HARP OF THE NORTH, FAREWELL! . . .	129
BRIGNALL BANKS . . .	130
ALLEN-A-DALE . . .	130
HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY . . .	131
TWIST YE, TWINE YE! EVEN SO . . .	131
WASTED, WEARY, WHEREFORE STAY . . .	131
JOCK O' HAZELDEAN . . .	132
PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU . . .	132
TIME . . .	132
CAVALIER SONG . . .	133
CLARION . . .	133
THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL . . .	133
PROUD MAISIE . . .	133
TRUE-LOVE, AN' THOU BE TRUE . . .	133
REBECCA'S HYMN . . .	133
BORDER BALLAD . . .	134
LIFE . . .	134
COUNTY GUY . . .	134
BONNY DUNDEE . . .	134
HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES . . .	136

BYRON

<i>List of References</i> . . .	137
LACHIN Y GAIR . . .	141
MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART . . .	141
AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR . . .	142
WHEN WE TWO PARTED . . .	143
THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS . . .	143
ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE . . .	156
SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY . . .	158

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM . . .	158
THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACH- ERIB . . .	158
SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE . . .	159
STANZAS FOR MUSIC (THERE'S NOT A JOY) . . .	159
FARE THEE WELL . . .	160
STANZAS FOR MUSIC (THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGH- TERS) . . .	160
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE CANTO III . . .	161
SONNET ON CHILLON . . .	178
THE PRISONER OF CHILLON . . .	178
STANZAS TO AUGUSTA . . .	182
EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA . . .	182
STANZAS FOR MUSIC (THEY SAY THAT HOPE) . . .	184
DARKNESS . . .	184
PROMETHEUS . . .	185
SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN . . .	186
MANFRED . . .	186
TO THOMAS MOORE . . .	206
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE FROM CANTO IV . . .	207
FROM DON JUAN . . .	
DEDICATION . . .	213
FROM CANTO I . . .	
POETICAL COMMANDMENTS . . .	215
LABUNTUR ANNI . . .	215
FROM CANTO II . . .	
THE SHIPWRECK . . .	216
HAIDÉE . . .	217
FROM CANTO III . . .	
THE ISLES OF GREECE . . .	222
CONCLUSION OF CANTO III . . .	223
FROM CANTO IV . . .	226
FROM CANTO XI . . .	
LONDON LITERATURE AND SO- CIETY . . .	227
THE VISION OF JUDGMENT . . .	231
IMPROMPTUS . . .	245
STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA . . .	246
ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR . . .	246

SHELLEY

<i>List of References</i> . . .	247
STANZAS — APRIL 1814 . . .	250
TO COLERIDGE . . .	250

	PAGE		PAGE
1 ALASTOR; OR, THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE	251	KEATS	
HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY	262	<i>List of References</i>	348
MONT BLANC	264	IMITATION OF SPENSER	351
TO MARY —: DEDICATION OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM	266	TO SOLITUDE	351
OZYMANDIAS	268	✓ HOW MANY BARDS GILD THE LAPSES OF TIME	352
ON A FADED VIOLET	268	✓ KEEN, FITFUL GUSTS ARE WHISPERING HERE AND THERE	352
✓ LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS	268	TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PRISON	352
✓ STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION	272	✓ ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER	352
SONNET: ENGLAND IN 1819	272	GREAT SPIRITS NOW ON EARTH ARE SOJOURNING	352
✓ ODE TO THE WEST WIND	273	ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET	353
THE INDIAN SERENADE	274	SLEEP AND POETRY	353
LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY	274	AFTER DARK VAPORS HAVE OPPRESSED OUR PLAINS	359
PROMETHEUS UNBOUND	275	TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.	359
✓ THE SENSITIVE PLANT	315	ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES	359
✓ THE CLOUD	320	ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER	359
✓ TO A SKYLARK	321	ON THE SEA	359
TO — (I FEAR THY KISSES)	322	✓ WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE	360
ARETHUSA	323	FROM ENDYMION	
HYMN OF PAN	323	PROEM	360
✓ THE QUESTION	324	HYMN TO PAN	361
SONG (RARELY, RARELY)	325	THE COMING OF DIAN	362
TO THE MOON	325	INVOCATION TO THE POWER OF LOVE	364
THE WORLD'S WANDERERS	325	ROUNDELAY	365
TIME LONG PAST	325	THE FEAST OF DIAN	367
EPIPSYCHIDION	326	ROBIN HOOD	367
✓ TO NIGHT	334	IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER	368
TIME	335	TO AILSA ROCK	368
SONNET: POLITICAL GREATNESS	335	THE HUMAN SEASONS	368
MUTABILITY	335	TO HOMER	369
A LAMENT	335	LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN	369
TO — (MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE)	335	FANCY	369
✓ ADONAI	336	✓ ISABELLA; OR, THE POT OF BASIL	370
SONGS FROM HELLAS		✓ THE EVE OF ST. AGNES	378
LIFE MAY CHANGE, BUT IT MAY FLY NOT	343	THE EVE OF SAINT MARK	383
WORLDS ON WORLDS ARE ROLLING EVER	344	ODE ON INDOLENCE	385
DARKNESS HAS DAWNED IN THE EAST	344	ODE (BARDS OF PASSION)	386
✓ FINAL CHORUS: THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE BEGINS ANEW	345	ODE TO PSYCHE	386
TO-MORROW	345	✓ ODE ON A GRECIAN URN	387
TO — (ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED)	345	✓ ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE	388
WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE	345	✓ ODE ON MELANCHOLY	389
LINES: "WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED"	346	✓ TO AUTUMN	390
SONG FROM CHARLES THE FIRST	347	HYPERION	390
A DIRGE	347	LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI	402
		ON FAME	403

1 To WORDSWORTH (page 610, note) chronologically precedes ALASTOR.

TO SLEEP	PAGE
BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE	403
STEADFAST AS THOU ART	404

LANDOR

<i>List of References</i>	405
GEBIR	407
ROSE AYLMER	410
REGENERATION	411
CHILD OF A DAY, THOU KNOWEST NOT	412
LYRICS, TO IANTHE	
AWAY MY VERSE; AND NEVER FEAR	412
WHEN HELEN FIRST SAW WRINKLES IN HER FACE	412
IANTHE! YOU ARE CALLED TO CROSS THE SEA!	413
I HELD HER HAND, THE PLEDGE OF BLISS	413
PLEASURE! WHY THUS DESERT THE HEART	413
MILD IS THE PARTING YEAR, AND SWEET	413
PAST, RUIN'D ILION HELEN LIVES	413
FIESOLAN IDYL	413
FOR AN EPITAPH AT FIESOLE	414
UPON A SWEET-BRIAR	414
THE MAID'S LAMENT	415
THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND IPHIGENEIA	415
THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA	418
CORINNA TO TANAGRA, FROM ATHENS	419
SAPPHO TO HESPERUS	419
LITTLE AGLAE	419
DIRCE	419
CLEONE TO ASPASIA	419
ON LUCRETIA BORGIA'S HAIR	420
TO WORDSWORTH	420
TO JOSEPH ABLETT	421
TO MARY LAMB	422
ON HIS OWN IPHIGENEIA AND AGA- MEMNON	422
FAREWELL TO ITALY	422
WHY, WHY REPINE	423
MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL	423
TO A BRIDE	423
LYRICS	
"DO YOU REMEMBER ME? OR ARE YOU PROUD"	424

NO, MY OWN LOVE OF OTHER YEARS!	PAGE
ONE YEAR AGO MY PATH WAS GREEN	424
YES; I WRITE VERSES NOW AND THEN	424
WITH ROSY HAND A LITTLE GIRL PRESSED DOWN	424
YOU SMILED, YOU SPOKE, AND I BELIEVED	424
REMAIN, AH NOT IN YOUTH ALONE	424
SOON, O IANTHE! LIFE IS O'ER	425
TO A CYCLAMEN	425
GIVE ME THE EYES THAT LOOK ON MINE	425
TWENTY YEARS HENCE	425
PROUD WORD YOU NEVER SPOKE	425
ALAS, HOW SOON THE HOURS ARE OVER	425
QUATRAINS	
ON THE SMOOTH BROW AND CLUSTERING HAIR	425
MY HOPES RETIRE	425
VARIOUS THE ROADS OF LIFE	425
IS IT NOT BETTER AT AN EARLY HOUR	425
I KNOW NOT WHETHER I AM PROUD	425
THE DAY RETURNS, MY NATAL DAY	426
HOW MANY VOICES GAILY SING	426
TO ROBERT BROWNING	426
ON THE HELLENICS	426
THRASYMEDES AND EUNOE	426
IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON	428
THE HAMADRYAD	429
ACON AND RHODOPÉ; OR, INCON- STANCY	433
MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY	435
AESCHYLOS AND SOPHOCLES	436
SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON	437
TO YOUTH	437
TO AGE	437
THE CHRYSOLITES AND RUBIES BACCHUS BRINGS	437
SO THEN, I FEEL NOT DEEPLY	438
YEARS, MANY PARTI-COLORED YEARS	438
I WONDER NOT THAT YOUTH RE- MAINS	438
ON MUSIC	438
ROSE AYLMER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY HER SISTER	438

	PAGE		PAGE
DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME . . .	438	LYRICS FROM THE PRINCESS	
ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY	438	TEARS, IDLE TEARS . . .	490
ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY . . .	438	O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING,	
ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH . . .	439	FLYING SOUTH . . .	490
HEART'S-EASE . . .	439	AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE	
THE THREE ROSES . . .	439	WE WENT . . .	491
LATELY OUR SONGSTERS LOITER'D		SWEET AND LOW . . .	491
IN GREEN LANES . . .	440	THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE	
THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA . . .	440	WALLS . . .	491
AN AGED MAN WHO LOVED TO		THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO'	
DOZE AWAY . . .	441	ROLLING DRUMS . . .	491
WELL I REMEMBER HOW YOU		HOME THEY BROUGHT HER	
SMILED . . .	441	WARRIOR DEAD . . .	491
TO MY NINTH DECADE . . .	441	ASK ME NO MORE . . .	492
		IN MEMORIAM A. H. H. . .	492
		TO THE QUEEN . . .	507
		THE EAGLE . . .	507
		COME NOT, WHEN I AM DEAD . .	507
		ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE	
		OF WELLINGTON . . .	507
		HANDS ALL ROUND . . .	511
		DE PROFUNDIS . . .	511
		THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRI-	
		GADE . . .	512
		THE BROOK . . .	512
		LYRICS FROM MAUD	
		PART I, V. A VOICE BY THE	
		CEDAR TREE . . .	513
		XI. O LET THE SOLID	
		GROUND . . .	513
		XII. BIRDS IN THE HIGH	
		HALL-GARDEN . . .	514
		XVII. GO NOT, HAPPY DAY . .	514
		XVIII. I HAVE LED HER HOME	514
		XXI. RIVULET CROSSING MY	
		GROUND . . .	515
		XXII. COME INTO THE GAR-	
		DEN, MAUD . . .	516
		PART II, II. SEE WHAT A	
		LOVELY SHELL . . .	516
		IV. O THAT 'TWERE POSSI-	
		BLE . . .	517
		WILL . . .	518
		ENID'S SONG (MARRIAGE OF	
		GERAINT) . . .	519
		VIVIAN'S SONG (MERLIN AND	
		VIVIAN) . . .	519
		ELAINE'S SONG (LANCELOT AND	
		ELAINE) . . .	519
		GUINEVERE . . .	519
		TITHONUS . . .	520
		THE SAILOR BOY . . .	531
		MILTON . . .	531
		THE VOYAGE . . .	531
		NORTHERN FARMER (OLD STYLE)	531

TENNYSON

<i>List of References</i> . . .	442
CLARIBEL . . .	445
THE POET . . .	445
MARIANA . . .	446
THE MERMAN . . .	447
THE MERMAID . . .	447
THE LADY OF SHALOTT . . .	448
SONG: THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER	450
ENONE . . .	450
THE SISTERS . . .	454
THE PALACE OF ART . . .	454
THE LOTOS-EATERS . . .	458
CHORIC SONG . . .	459
A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN . . .	461
LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE . . .	465
THE MAY QUEEN . . .	466
NEW-YEAR'S EVE . . .	467
CONCLUSION . . .	468
THE BLACKBIRD . . .	469
SAINT AGNES' EVE . . .	470
YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT	
EASE . . .	470
OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE	
HEIGHTS . . .	470
LOVE THOU THY LAND . . .	471
MORTE D'ARTHUR . . .	472
DORA . . .	476
ULYSSES . . .	478
LOCKSLEY HALL . . .	479
GODIVA . . .	483
SIR GALAHAD . . .	485
A FAREWELL . . .	485
THE VISION OF SIN . . .	486
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK . . .	488
THE POET'S SONG . . .	489
THE LORD OF BURLEIGH . . .	489
THE BEGGAR MAID . . .	490

	PAGE		PAGE
THE FLOWER	533	WHAT CAN I GIVE THEE BACK, O LIBERAL	561
IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTFRETZ	534	CAN IT BE RIGHT TO GIVE WHAT I CAN GIVE?	561
A DEDICATION	534	YET, LOVE, MERE LOVE, IS BEAUTIFUL INDEED	561
WAGES	534	INDEED THIS VERY LOVE WHICH IS MY BOAST	561
FROM THE COMING OF ARTHUR MERLIN'S RIDDLE	534	AND WILT THOU HAVE ME FASH- ION INTO SPEECH	562
TRUMPET SONG	535	IF THOU MUST LOVE ME, LET IT BE FOR NOUGHT	562
THE HIGHER PANTHEISM	535	AND YET, BECAUSE THOU OVER- COMEST SO	562
FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL	535	MY POET, THOU CANST TOUCH ON ALL THE NOTES	562
NORTHERN FARMER (NEW STYLE)	536	I NEVER GAVE A LOCK OF HAIR AWAY	563
ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782	537	THE SOUL'S RIALTO HATH ITS MERCHANDISE	563
THE VOICE AND THE PEAK	537	BELOVED, MY BELOVED, WHEN I THINK	563
LYRICS FROM QUEEN MARY MILKMAID'S SONG	538	SAY OVER AGAIN, AND YET ONCE OVER AGAIN	563
LOW, LUTE, LOW!	538	WHEN OUR TWO SOULS STAND UP ERECT AND STRONG	563
MONTENEGRO	538	IS IT INDEED SO? IF I LAY HERE DEAD	564
THE REVENGE	538	I LIVED WITH VISIONS FOR MY COMPANY	564
THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW	541	MY OWN BELOVED, WHO HAST LIFTED ME	564
RIZPAH	543	MY LETTERS! ALL DEAD PAPER, MUTE AND WHITE!	564
SONG FROM THE SISTERS	545	THOU COMEST! ALL IS SAID WITHOUT A WORD	565
MINNIE AND WINNIE	545	THE FIRST TIME THAT THE SUN ROSE ON THINE OATH	565
TO VIRGIL	545	IF I LEAVE ALL FOR THEE, WILT THOU EXCHANGE	565
"FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE"	546	WHEN WE MET FIRST AND LOVED, I DID NOT BUILD	565
EPILOGUE TO THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE	546	FIRST TIME HE KISSED ME, HE BUT ONLY KISSED	566
VASTNESS	546	BECAUSE THOU HAST THE POWER AND OWN'ST THE GRACE	566
MERLIN AND THE GLEAM	547	I THANK ALL WHO HAVE LOVED ME IN THEIR HEARTS	566
FAR — FAR — AWAY	548	"MY FUTURE WILL NOT COPY FAIR MY PAST" —	566
THE THROSTLE	549	HOW DO I LOVE THEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS	566
THE OAK	549	BELOVÈD, THOU HAST BROUGHT ME MANY FLOWERS	567
CROSSING THE BAR	549	LIFE AND LOVE	567

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

<i>List of References</i>	550
THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN	551
GRIEF	553
THE LADY'S "YES"	554
THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST	554
THE DEAD PAN	555
A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS	559
SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE I THOUGHT ONCE HOW THE- OCRITUS HAD SUNG	559
BUT ONLY THREE IN ALL GOD'S UNIVERSE	560
UNLIKE ARE WE, UNLIKE, O PRINCELY HEART!	560
I LIFT MY HEAVY HEART UP SOLEMNLY	560
GO FROM ME. YET I FEEL THAT I SHALL STAND	560
THE FACE OF ALL THE WORLD IS CHANGED, I THINK	561

	PAGE		PAGE
INCLUSIONS	567	ONE WAY OF LOVE	637
INSUFFICIENCY	567	ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE	637
QUESTION AND ANSWER	568	RESPECTABILITY	638
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT	568	LOVE IN A LIFE	638
		LIFE IN A LOVE	638
		IN THREE DAYS	639
		THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL	639
		MEMORABILIA	640
		POPULARITY	641
		THE PATRIOT	641
		A LIGHT WOMAN	641
		THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER	642
		A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL	644
		THE STATUE AND THE BUST	645
		"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME"	649
		FRA LIPPO LIPPI	652
		ANDREA DEL SARTO	658
		ONE WORD MORE	662
		BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM	665
		AMONG THE ROCKS	665
		ABT VOGLER	666
		RABBI BEN EZRA	668
		CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS	670
		CONFESSIONS	675
		YOUTH AND ART	675
		A FACE	676
		PROSPICE	676
		EPILOGUE TO DRAMATIS PERSONÆ	677
		DEDICATION OF THE RING AND THE BOOK	677
		HERVÉ RIEL	678
		FIFINE AT THE FAIR	
		PROLOGUE — AMPHIBIAN	680
		EPILOGUE — THE HOUSEHOLDER	681
		HOUSE	681
		FEARS AND SCRUPLES	682
		NATURAL MAGIC	683
		MAGICAL NATURE	683
		APPEARANCES	683
		EPILOGUE TO THE PACCHIAROTTO VOLUME	684
		LA SAISIAZ	
		PROLOGUE	687
		THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC	
		PROLOGUE	687
		EPILOGUE	687
		TRAY	688
		ECHELOS	689
		EPILOGUE TO DRAMATIC IDYLS ("TOUCH HIM NE'ER SO LIGHTLY")	689
		WANTING IS — WHAT?	690
		ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE	690
		NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE	690
 ROBERT BROWNING			
<i>List of References</i>	569		
SONGS FROM PARACELSUS			
HEAP CASSIA, SANDAL-BUDS	573		
OVER THE SEA OUR GALLEYS WENT	573		
PORPHYRIA'S LOVER	574		
PIPPA PASSES	575		
CAVALIER TUNES			
I. MARCHING ALONG	599		
II. GIVE A ROUSE	599		
III. BOOT AND SADDLE	599		
THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD- EL-KADR	600		
CRISTINA	600		
INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP	601		
MY LAST DUCHESS	601		
IN A GONDOLA	602		
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN	605		
RUDEL TO THE LADY OF TRIPOLI	609		
THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEW- DROP	609		
THE LOST LEADER	610		
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX	610		
EARTH'S IMMORTALITIES	612		
MEETING AT NIGHT	612		
PARTING AT MORNING	612		
SONG (NAY BUT YOU, WHO DO NOT LOVE HER)	612		
HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD	612		
HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA	613		
MAGE'S REVENGES	613		
THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND	613		
PICTOR IGNOTUS	615		
THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB	616		
SAUL	618		
A WOMAN'S LAST WORD	625		
EVELYN HOPE	625		
LOVE AMONG THE RUINS	626		
UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY	627		
A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S	628		
OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE	629		
"DE GUSTIBUS —"	634		
MY STAR	634		
ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND	634		
TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA	636		
MISCONCEPTIONS	637		

xix

<i>List of References</i>	725
QUIET WORK	727
TO A FRIEND	727
SHAKESPEARE	727
THE FORSAKEN MERMAN	727
THE STRAYED REVELLER	729
MEMORIAL VERSES	732
SELF-DECEPTION	733
THE SECOND BEST	734
LYRIC STANZAS OF EMPEDOCLES	734
CALLICLES' SONG	738
THE YOUTH OF NATURE	739
SELF-DEPENDENCE	740
MORALITY	741
A SUMMER NIGHT	741
THE BURIED LIFE	742
LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS	743
THE FUTURE	744
STANZAS IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF "OBERMANN"	745
REQUIESCAT	747
SOHRAB AND RUSTUM	748
PHILOMELA	761
THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY	762
BALDER DEAD — SECTION III	766

	PAGE		PAGE
STANZAS FROM THE GRANDE CHAR- TREUSE	775	HEART'S HOPE	813
FROM SWITZERLAND		LOVE'S LOVERS	813
ISOLATION. TO MARGUERITE	777	PASSION AND WORSHIP	814
TO MARGUERITE — CONTINUED	777	THE PORTRAIT	814
THYRSIS	778	THE LOVE-LETTER	814
YOUTH AND CALM	782	THE LOVERS' WALK	814
AUSTERITY OF POETRY	782	YOUTH'S ANTIPHONY	815
WORLDLY PLACE	782	YOUTH'S SPRING-TRIBUTE	815
EAST LONDON	782	THE BIRTH-BOND	815
WEST LONDON	783	BEAUTY'S PAGEANT	815
EAST AND WEST	783	GENIUS IN BEAUTY	816
THE BETTER PART	783	SILENT NOON	816
IMMORTALITY	783	LOVE-SWEETNESS	816
DOVER BEACH	784	PRIDE OF YOUTH	816
GROWING OLD	784	MID-RAPTURE	817
PIS-ALLER	785	HEART'S COMPASS	817
THE LAST WORD	785	HER GIFTS	817
BACCHANALIA; OR, THE NEW AGE	785	EQUAL TROTH	817
PALLADIUM	786	VENUS VICTRIX	818
A WISH	787	THE DARK GLASS	818
RUGBY CHAPEL	787	SEVERED SELVES	818
HEINE (FROM HEINE'S GRAVE)	789	THROUGH DEATH TO LOVE	818
OBERMANN ONCE MORE	790	DEATH-IN-LOVE	819
		WILLOWWOOD, I-IV	819
		WITHOUT HER	820
		STILLBORN LOVE	820
		TRUE WOMAN	
		HERSELF	820
		HER LOVE	820
		HER HEAVEN	821
		LOVE'S LAST GIFT	821
		TRANSFIGURED LIFE	821
		THE SONG-THROE	821
		KNOWN IN VAIN	822
		THE HEART OF THE NIGHT	822
		THE LANDMARK	822
		THE HILL SUMMIT	822
		THE CHOICE, I-III	823
		OLD AND NEW ART	
		ST. LUKE THE PAINTER	823
		NOT AS THESE	824
		THE HUSBANDMEN	824
		SOUL'S BEAUTY	824
		BODY'S BEAUTY	824
		MEMORIAL THRESHOLDS	825
		HOARDED JOY	825
		BARREN SPRING	825
		FAREWELL TO THE GLEN	825
		LOST DAYS	826
		THE TREES OF THE GARDEN	826
		"RETRO ME, SATHANA!"	826
		LOST ON BOTH SIDES	826
		MICHELANGELO'S KISS	827
		LIFE THE BELOVED	827
		A SUPERScription	827
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI			
<i>List of References</i>	795		
MY SISTER'S SLEEP	797		
THE BLESSED DAMOZEL	797		
AUTUMN SONG	799		
THE PORTRAIT	799		
THE CARD-DEALER	800		
AT THE SUNRISE IN 1848	801		
ON THE REFUSAL OF AID BE- TWEEN NATIONS	801		
MARY'S GIRLHOOD	802		
FOR A VENETIAN PASTORAL	802		
THE SEA-LIMITS	802		
SISTER HELEN	803		
THE BURDEN OF NINEVEH	806		
MARY MAGDALENE AT THE DOOR OF SIMON THE PHARISEE	808		
ASPECTA MEDUSA	809		
LOVE'S NOCTURN	809		
FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED	810		
THE WOODSPURGE	810		
TROY TOWN	811		
LOVE-LILY	812		
THE HOUSE OF LIFE			
THE SONNET	812		
LOVE ENTHRONED	812		
BRIDAL BIRTH	812		
LOVE'S TESTAMENT	813		
LOVESIGHT	813		

TABLE OF CONTENTS

xxi

	PAGE		PAGE
NEWBORN DEATH, I-II	827	THE EVE OF CRECY	862
THE ONE HOPE	828	THE SAILING OF THE SWORD	863
THREE SHADOWS	828	THE BLUE CLOSET	863
INSOMNIA	828	THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS	864
SOOTHSAY	829	TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE	
ON BURNS	830	MOON	866
FIVE ENGLISH POETS		SIR GILES' WAR-SONG	867
THOMAS CHATTERTON	830	NEAR AVALON	867
WILLIAM BLAKE	830	IN PRISON	867
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	830	FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON	
JOHN KEATS	830	TO THE SEA	867
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	831	THE NYMPH'S SONG TO HYLAS	868
THE KING'S TRAGEDY	831	ORPHEUS' SONG OF TRIUMPH	868
		SONGS OF ORPHEUS AND THE	
		SIRENS	869
		INVOCATION TO CHAUCER	871
		FROM THE EARTHLY PARADISE	
		AN APOLOGY	871
		ATALANTA'S RACE	872
		SONG FROM THE STORY OF	
		CUPID AND PSYCHE	882
		JUNE	883
		AUGUST	883
		SONG FROM OGIER THE DANE	884
		SONG FROM THE STORY OF ACON-	
		TIUS AND CYDIPPE	884
		L'ENVOI	884
		THE SEASONS	886
		ERROR AND LOSS	886
		FROM LOVE IS ENOUGH	
		THE DAY OF LOVE	887
		FINAL CHORUS	887
		THE VOICE OF TOIL	888
		NO MASTER	889
		THE DAY IS COMING	889
		THE DAYS THAT WERE	890
		THE DAY OF DAYS	890
		THE BURGHERS' BATTLE	891
		AGNES AND THE HILL-MAN	891
		ICELAND FIRST SEEN	892
		TO THE MUSE OF THE NORTH	893
		DRAWING NEAR THE LIGHT	893

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

<i>List of References</i>	842
ELEANOR	843
HEART'S CHILL BETWEEN	843
SONG (WHEN I AM DEAD)	844
SONG (OH ROSES FOR THE FLUSH	
OF YOUTH)	844
REMEMBER	844
SOUND SLEEP	844
QUEEN ROSE	844
A SUMMER WISH	845
HOLY INNOCENTS	845
A WISH	845
A SOUL	845
THE FIRST SPRING DAY	845
MAY	846
A BIRTHDAY	846
YET A LITTLE WHILE	846
SPRING	847
SUMMER	847
BIRD OR BEAST?	847
A DAUGHTER OF EVE	848
WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?	848
THE LILY HAS A SMOOTH STALK	848
COR MIO	848
CONFLUENTS	848
DE PROFUNDIS	849

MORRIS

<i>List of References</i>	850
WINTER WEATHER	852
RIDING TOGETHER	853
THE CHAPEL IN LYONNESS	854
SUMMER DAWN	855
HANDS	855
GOLD HAIR	855
THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE	855
THE GILLIFLOWER OF GOLD	861
SHAMEFUL DEATH	861

SWINBURNE

<i>List of References</i>	894
A SONG IN TIME OF ORDER	896
CHORUSES FROM ATALANTA IN	
CALYDON	
THE YOUTH OF THE YEAR	896
THE LIFE OF MAN	897
LOVE AND LOVE'S MATES	898
NATURE	898
FATE	899
THE DEATH OF MELEAGER	899

	PAGE		PAGE
FINAL CHORUS	901	A WORD WITH THE WIND	940
SONGS FROM CHATELARD		IN TIME OF MOURNING	941
MARY BEATON'S SONG	902	A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS ON THE	
LOVE AT EBB	902	DEATH OF ROBERT BROWNING	941
THE QUEEN'S SONG	902		
HYMN TO PROSERPINE	903	DOBSON	
A MATCH	905	<i>List of References</i>	943
A BALLAD OF BURDENS	905	A DEAD LETTER	944
RONDEL	907	UNE MARQUISE	945
IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE		A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL	947
LANDOR	907	BEFORE SEDAN	948
THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE	907	ROSE-LEAVES	948
LOVE AT SEA	908	"GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE!"	949
SAPPHICS	909	THE CHILD-MUSICIAN	950
DEDICATION (POEMS AND BAL-		"YOU BID ME TRY"	950
LADS, FIRST SERIES)	910	THE CRADLE	950
AN APPEAL	911	"WHEN I SAW YOU LAST, ROSE"	950
HERTHA	912	ON A FAN THAT BELONGED TO THE	
THE PILGRIMS	915	MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR	950
TO WALT WHITMAN IN AMERICA	916	THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S	951
FROM MATER TRIUMPHALIS	918	MY BOOKS	951
COR CORDIUM (SHELLEY)	919	A DIALOGUE	952
"NON DOLET"	920	HENRY FIELDING	953
THE OBLATION	920	FOR A COPY OF "VICAR OF WAKE-	
A FORSAKEN GARDEN	920	FIELD"	954
A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND	921	TO LAURENCE HUTTON	954
A BALLAD OF FRANÇOIS VILLON	922	IN AFTER DAYS	955
TO LOUIS KOSSUTH	923	A GREETING	955
CHILD'S SONG	923	EPILOGUE TO EIGHTEENTH CEN-	
TRIADS	923	TURY VIGNETTES	955
ON THE CLIFFS	924	PROLOGUE TO EIGHTEENTH CEN-	
ON THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CAR-		TURY VIGNETTES	955
LYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT	930	"GOOD LUCK TO YOUR FISHING!"	956
SONG FROM MARY STUART	930	THAT WOODEN CROSS	956
HOPE AND FEAR	930	FOR THE BLINDED SOLDIERS	956
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE	931	THE GLINT OF A RAINDROP	956
CHILDREN	931		
A CHILD'S LAUGHTER	931	HENLEY	
THE SALT OF THE EARTH	931	<i>List of References</i>	957
CHILD AND POET	932	FROM IN HOSPITAL	
A CHILD'S FUTURE	932	ENTER PATIENT	958
ÉTUDE RÉALISTE	932	WAITING	958
IN GUERNSEY	933	BEFORE	958
A SINGING LESSON	933	STAFF-NURSE: OLD STYLE	958
THE RONDEL	934	MUSIC	959
A SOLITUDE	934	NOCTURN	959
ON A COUNTRY ROAD	934	DISCHARGED	959
THE SEABOARD	935	THE SONG OF THE SWORD	960
THE CLIFFSIDE PATH	935	FROM BRIC-À-BRAC	
IN THE WATER	936	BALLADE OF A TOYOKUNI COLOR-	
THE SUNBOWS	937	PRINT	961
ON THE VERGE	938	ORIENTALE	961
ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO		FROM A WINDOW IN PRINCES	
MAZZINI AT GENOA	938	STREET	961
THE INTERPRETERS	939		

TABLE OF CONTENTS

xxiii

	PAGE
BESIDE THE IDLE SUMMER SEA	962
WE SHALL SURELY DIE	962
FROM ECHOES	
O, GATHER ME THE ROSE	962
INVICTUS	962
THE WAN SUN WESTERS	962
TO A. D.	963
YOUR HEART HAS TREMBLED TO	
MY TONGUE	963
TO R. L. S.	963
I. M.: MARGARITÆ SORORI	963
I GAVE MY HEART TO A WOMAN	963
TO W. A.	964
ON THE WAY TO KEW	964
THE SPRING, MY DEAR	964
FROM LONDON VOLUNTARIES	
DOWN THROUGH THE ANCIENT	
STRAND	964
FROM RHYMES AND RHYTHMS	
PROLOGUE	965
TO H. B. M. W.	966
WHY, MY HEART, DO WE LOVE	
HER SO?	966
GULLS IN AN AËRY MORRICE	966
WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU	966
A BOWL OF ROSES	967

KIPLING

<i>List of References</i>	968
THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST	970
PRELUDE TO DEPARTMENTAL DIT-	
TIES	972
DANNY DEEVER	972
TOMMY	972
GUNGA DIN	973
MANDALAY	974
WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS	
PAINTED	975
IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE	976
A SONG OF THE ENGLISH	976
THE KING	977
THE SONG OF THE BANJO	977
THE "MARY GLOSTER"	979
THE LADIES	983

INDEXES	999
LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS AND INDEX OF AUTHORS	1000
INDEX OF TITLES	1001
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	1014

	PAGE
RECESSIONAL	983
THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN	984
M. I.	984
THE ISLANDERS	986
CHANT-PAGAN	987
BOOTS	988
IF—	989
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES	990

HOUSMAN

<i>List of References</i>	992
FROM A SHROPSHIRE LAD	
LOVELIEST OF TREES	993
REVEILLE	993
ON MOONLIT HEATH AND LONE-	
SOME BANK	993
WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY	994
TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG	994
BREDON HILL	994
SAY, LAD, HAVE YOU THINGS	
TO DO?	994
THIS TIME OF YEAR A TWELVE-	
MONTH PAST	995
ALONG THE FIELD AS WE CAME	
BY	995
"IS MY TEAM PLOUGHING"	995
ON THE IDLE HILL OF SUMMER	995
AS THROUGH THE WILD GREEN	
HILLS OF WYRE	996
'TIS TIME, I THINK, BY WENLOCK	
TOWN	996
INTO MY HEART AN AIR THAT	
KILLS	996
THE CARPENTER'S SON	996
THINK NO MORE, LAD	996
IN VALLEYS OF SPRINGS OF	
RIVERS	997
FAR IN A WESTERN BROOKLAND	997
I HOED AND TRENCHED AND	
WEEDED	997
WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN	997
WESTWARD ON THE HIGH-HILLED	
PLAINS	997

WORDSWORTH

LIST OF REFERENCES

NOTE.—Asterisks mark the most important books and essays. When the entries under CRITICISM are numerous, they are for convenience divided into two or three paragraphs; each paragraph is arranged alphabetically. At the beginning of titles the article is omitted.

EDITIONS

*POETICAL WORKS, 5 volumes, edited by Thomas Hutchinson, Clarendon Press, 1895. — *POETICAL WORKS, 8 volumes, PROSE WORKS, 2 volumes, edited by William Knight, new edition, Macmillan, 1896 (Eversley Edition). — POETICAL WORKS, 7 volumes, edited by Edward Dowden, Bell, 1892-3 (Aldine Edition). — LETTERS of the Wordsworth Family, from 1787 to 1855, collected and edited by William Knight, 3 volumes, Ginn, 1907. — Reprints of the original editions of LYRICAL BALLADS, 1798, Duckworth, 1898, and of the POEMS, 1807, Nutt, 1897: edited by Thomas Hutchinson. — POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, with Introduction by John Morley, Macmillan, 1888 (Globe Edition). — POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, edited by A. J. George, Houghton Mifflin, 1904 (Cambridge Edition). — *POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, edited by Thomas Hutchinson, Clarendon Press, 1906 (Oxford Edition). — POEMS, 3 volumes, edited by Nowell C. Smith, Methuen, 1908. — Reprint of the 1807 edition of POEMS, edited by Helen Darbishire, 2 volumes, Clarendon Press, 1914. — THE GRASMERE WORDSWORTH, a redaction, edited by John Hawke, Selwyn, 1926. — THE ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS, edited by Abbie Findlay Potts (Cornell thesis), Yale University Press, 1922. — *THE PRELUDE, edited by Ernest de Sélincourt, Clarendon Press, 1926.

BIOGRAPHY

*WORDSWORTH (Christopher), *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, 2 volumes, 1851. — *MYERS (F. W. H.), *William Wordsworth*, 1881 (English Men of Letters Series). — *KNIGHT (W.), *Life of William Wordsworth*, 3 volumes, 1889; new edition, 1896. — MINTO (W.), *Wordsworth* (in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. XXIV, pp. 668-676, 1888). — WORDSWORTH (Elizabeth), *William Wordsworth*, 1891. — *LEGOUIS (Émile), *La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth, 1770-98, 1896*; translated by J. W. Matthews: *The Early Life of William Wordsworth*, 1897. — GÖTHEIN (M.), *Wordsworth, sein Leben, seine Werke*, 1898. — RALEIGH (W. A.), *Wordsworth*, 1903. — RANNIE (D. W.), *Wordsworth and his Circle*, 1907. — HARPER (G. M.), **William Wordsworth*, 2 volumes, 1916; *Wordsworth's French Daughter*, 1921; *Did Wordsworth Defy the Guillotine?* (in *Quarterly Review*, London, April, 1927); *The Wordsworth-Coleridge Combination* (in *Sewanee Review*, July, 1923). — KNIGHT (W. A.), *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, 1907; *Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country*, 1913. — LEGOUIS (Émile), *William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon*, 1922; *Wordsworth in a New Light*, 1923; *Wordsworth et Colette* (in *Revue Anglo-Américaine*, February, 1926). — MACLEAN (Catherine M.), *Dorothy and William Wordsworth*, 1927. — WORDSWORTH (G. G.), *The Boyhood of Wordsworth* (in *Living Age*, May 22, 1920). — See also: Edmund Lee's *Dorothy Wordsworth*; and the first articles below, under REMINISCENCES.

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

*WORDSWORTH (William), *Prelude*; *Prefaces to the Lyrical Ballads*, etc. — *WORDSWORTH (Dorothy), *Journals* (including *Recollections of a Tour in Scotland*), 2 volumes, edited by William Knight, Macmillan, 1897. — *DE QUINCEY (Thomas), *Works*, edited by David Masson: Vol. II and III, *Recollections of Wordsworth*. — COLERIDGE (S. T.), *Poems: To William Wordsworth*. — SOUTHEY (R.), *Life and Correspondence*: Chap. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 19, 26, 27, 32, 36. — TALFOURD (T. N.), *Memorials of Lamb*: especially Chap. 6 and 7. — *HAZLITT (W.), *Literary Remains: My First Acquaintance with Poets*. — COTTE (J.), *Early Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*. — *ROBINSON (H. C.), *Diary*, *passim* (see index). — PROCTOR (B. W.), *Biographical Fragment*. — MITFORD (M. R.), *Recollections of a Literary Life*. — KNIGHT (W.), *Wordsworthiana*. — YARNALL (Ellis), *Wordsworth and the Coleridges*. — SANFORD (H.), *Thomas Poole and His Friends*. — PASTON (George), *B. R. Haydon and His Friends*. — FIELDS (J. T.), *Yesterday with Authors*. — EMERSON (R. W.), *English Traits: First Visit to England*. — CARLYLE (T.), *Reminiscences*. — DUFFY (C. G.), *Conversations with Carlyle*. — MILL (J. S.), *Autobiography*, Chap. 5. — COLERIDGE (Sara), *Memoirs and Letters*. — *HANEY (J. L.), *Early Reviews of English Poets*, 1904. — *COLERIDGE (S. T.), *Biographia Literaria*: Chap. 4, 5, 14, 17, 19, 20, and especially 22. — JEFFREY (Francis), *Edinburgh Review*, No. 21, art. 14, *Wordsworth's Poems*, 1807; *No. 47, art. 1, *Wordsworth's Excursion*, a Poem, 1814; No. 50, art. 4, *Wordsworth's White Doe of Rylstone*, 1815: also in Jeffrey's *Critical Essays*. — HAZLITT (W.), *The Spirit of the Age*. — HUNT (Leigh), *The Seer*, I, 204: *Wordsworth and Milton*. — DE QUINCEY (T.), *Works*, edited by David Masson: Vol. V, *On Wordsworth's Poetry*; and especially Vol. XI, *Wordsworth* (Essay of 1845). — LAMB (Charles), *Critical Essays: On Wordsworth's Excursion* (from *Quarterly Review*, October, 1814). — LANDOR (W. S.), *Imaginary Conversations: Southey and Porson*. — WILSON (John), *Essays*. — MORLEY (Edith J.), *Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb*, etc., being *Selections from the Remains of Henry Crabb Robinson*, 1922; *Henry Crabb Robinson's Correspondence with the Wordsworth Circle* (1808-1866), 1928. — MORLEY (F. V.), *Dora Wordsworth, Her Book*, 1925.

LATER CRITICISM

**ARNOLD (M.), *Essays in Criticism*, second series, 1888. — **BAGEHOT (W.), *Literary Studies*, Vol. II: *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning*, 1858, new edition, 1879. — BÖMIG (Karl), *William Wordsworth im Urtheile seiner Zeit*, 1906. — *BRADLEY (A. C.), *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, 1909. — *CAIRD (Edward), *Literature and Philosophy*, Vol. I, 1892. — CESTRE (Charles), *La Révolution française et les poètes anglais*, 1906. — CHURCH (R. W.), *Dante and Other Essays*, 1888. — CLOUGH (A. H.), *Prose Remains* (from *North American Review*, April, 1865). — COOPER (Lane), *Some Wordsworthian Similes* (in *Journal of English and German Philology*, Vol. VI, No. 2, January, 1907); *A Glance at Wordsworth's Reading* (in *Modern Language Notes*, March and April, 1907: Vol. XXII, pp. 83-89 and 110-117). — DARMESTETER (J.), *Nouvelles Études anglaises: La Révolution et Wordsworth*, 1896; translated by Mary Darmesteter (in *English Studies*, 1896). — DAWSON (W. J.), *The Makers of English Poetry*, 1906. — DE VERE (Aubrey), *Essays, Chiefly on Poetry*, 1887 (three essays on Wordsworth). — DOWDEN (Edward), *Studies in Literature: The French Revolution and Literature; The Transcendental Movement and Literature; The Prose Works of Wordsworth*, 1878; *The French Revolution and English Literature: Essay V*, 1897. — HANCOCK (A. E.), *The French Revolution and the English Poets*, 1899. — HARE (J. C. & A. W.), *Guesses at Truth*, 1867. — HERFORD (C. H.), *The Age of Wordsworth*, 1894. — *HUTTON (R. H.), *Literary Essays*, 1871, 1888. — INGE (W. R.), *Studies of English Mystics*, 1906. — *KER (W. P.), *Wordsworth* (in *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Vol. III, new edition, 1904). — KNIGHT (W.), *Studies in Philosophy: Nature as Interpreted by Wordsworth*, 1868; *Wordsworthiana*,

Selections from Papers Read to the Wordsworth Society, 1889. — LOWELL (J. R.), *Prose Works*, Vol. IV (essay of 1876) and Vol. VI (address of 1884). — *MINTO (W.), *Wordsworth's Great Failure* (in *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1889). — *MORE (Paul E.), *Shelburne Essays*, sixth series, 1909. — *MORLEY (John), *Studies in Literature*, 1891. — *PATER (W.), *Appreciations*, 1889 (essay of 1874); *Essays from the Guardian*, 1901 (essay of 1889). — PAYNE (W. M.), *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*, passim, and especially Chap. 17 of Part IV, 1843. — SCHERER (Edmond), *Études*, Vol. VII; translated, in his *Essays on English Literature*, 1891. — SHAIRP (J. C.), *Aspects of Poetry: The Three Yarrows; The White Doe of Rylstone*, 1881; *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy: Wordsworth, the Man and the Poet*, 1868, new edition, 1887; *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature: Wordsworth as an Interpreter of Nature*, 1877. — SHORTHOUSE (J. H.), *On the Platonism of Wordsworth*, 1881. — *STEPHEN (Leslie), *Hours in a Library*, Vol. II, new edition, 1892; *Studies of a Biographer*, Vol. I, 1898 (on Legouis's book). — *SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Miscellanies: Wordsworth and Byron*, 1886. — SYMONS (A.), *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 1909. — TEXTE (Joseph), *Études de littérature européenne: Wordsworth et la poésie lakiste en France*, 1898. — WOODBERRY (G. E.), *The Torch*, 1905.

AUSTIN (A.), *The Bridling of Pegasus: Wordsworth and Byron*, 1910. — HUDSON (H. N.), *Studies in Wordsworth*, 1884. — HUTTON (R. H.), *Brief Literary Criticisms*, 1906: *Wordsworth the Man; Mr. Morley on Wordsworth; Dorothy Wordsworth's Scotch Journal*. — JOHNSON (C. F.), *Three Americans and Three Englishmen*, 1886. — JONES (H.), *Idealism as a Practical Creed*, 1909. — LANG (Andrew), *Poets' Country*, 1907. — LIENEMANN (K.), *Wordsworth's Belesenheit*, 1908. — MACDONALD (G.), *Imagination and Other Essays* (1883), 1886. — MACKIE (A.), *Nature Knowledge in Modern Poetry*, 1908. — RICKETTS (A.), *Personal Forces in Modern Literature*, 1906.

ALDEN (R. M.), *The Romantic Defence of Poetry* (in *Schelling Anniversary Papers*), 1923. — BABENROTH (A. C.), *English Childhood: Wordsworth's Treatment of Childhood*, 1922. — BARDI (P.), *La Poesia di Wordsworth (1770-1808)*, 1922. — BARNARD (C. C.), *Wordsworth and the Ancient Mariner* (in *Englische Studien*, March, 1926). — BARSTOW (M. L.), *Wordsworth's Theory of Poetic Diction*, 1917. — BEACH (J. W.), *Expostulation and Reply* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1925). — *BEATTY (A.), *William Wordsworth, His Doctrine and Art*, 1922, 1927. — BEATTY (J. M.), *Lord Jeffrey and Wordsworth* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1923); *The English Lake District before Wordsworth* (in *South Atlantic Quarterly*, 1923). — BICKERSTETH (G. L.), *Leopardi and Wordsworth*, 1927. — BROOKE (S. A.), *Theology of the English Poets*. — BROUGHTON (L. N.), *The Theocritean Element in the Works of William Wordsworth*, 1920. — BUCK (P. M.), *The Great False Prophets* (in *Unpopular Review*, October, 1917). — CAINE (Hall), *Cobwebs of Criticism*, 1883. — CAMPBELL (O. J.), *Sentimental Morality in Wordsworth's Narrative Poetry*, 1920. — CAMPBELL (O. J.) and MUESCHKE (P.), *Guilt and Sorrow, a Study in the Genesis of Wordsworth's Aesthetic* (in *Modern Philology*, February, 1926). — CERF (B.), *Wordsworth's Gospel of Nature* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1922). — CHUBB (E. W.), *Masters of English Literature*, 1914. — CLUTTON-BROCK (A.), *The Problem of Wordsworth* (in *London Mercury*, October, 1920). — COLLINS (J. C.), *Posthumous Essays: Wordsworth as Teacher*, 1912. — COOPER (Lane), *Wordsworth's Knowledge of Plato* (in *Modern Language Notes*, December, 1918). — DICEY (A. V.), *The Statesmanship of Wordsworth*, 1917. — ELTON (O.), *Wordsworth*, 1924. — *GARROD (H. W.), *Wordsworth, lectures and essays*, 1923. — GINGERICH (S. F.), *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning*, 1911; *Essays in the Romantic Poets*, 1924. — GLOVER (T. R.), *Poets and Puritans*, 1916. — GREY (Edward, Viscount of Fallodon), *Wordsworth's Prelude*, 1923. — GÜTTLER (F.), *Wordsworths politische Entwicklung*, 1914. — HERZBERG (M. J.), *William Wordsworth and German Literature* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1925). — HODGSON (G. E.), *A Study in Illumination*, 1914. — LEGOUIS (Émile), *Wordsworth* (in *Cambridge History of English Liter-*

ature, Vol. XI). — LILLY (J. P.), Wordsworth's Interpretation of Nature (in Hibbert Journal, April, 1921). — LYND (R.), Old and New Masters, 1919. — MADARIAGA (S. de), Shelley and Calderon: The Case of Wordsworth, 1921. — MEAD (Marian), Wordsworth's Eye (in Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, June, 1919). — MERRILL (L. R.), Vaughan's Influence on Wordsworth's Poetry (in Modern Language Notes, February, 1922). — MOORE (J. R.), Wordsworth's Unacknowledged Debt to Macpherson's Ossian (in Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, 1925). — PALMER (G. H.), Formative Types in English Poetry: Wordsworth, 1918. — RALEIGH (Sir W.), Wordsworth. — RICE (R. A.), Wordsworth's Mind, 1913. — ROBERTSON (E. S.), Wordsworth and the English Lake Country, 1911. — SÉLINCOURT (E. de), English Poets and the National Ideal, 1915. — SHACKFORD (Martha H.), Wordsworth's Michael (in Sewanee Review, 1923). — SNEATH (E. H.), Wordsworth, Poet of Nature and Poet of Man, 1912. — STORK (C. W.), The Influence of the Popular Ballad on Wordsworth and Coleridge (in Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, 1914). — STRONG (A. T.), Three Studies in Shelley: Nature in Wordsworth and Meredith, 1921. — TUPPER (J. W.), Growth of the Classical in Wordsworth's Poetry (in Sewanee Review, January, 1915). — VAN DYKE (H.), Companionable Books, 1922. — WEST (G.), Revaluations (in London Outlook, April 7, 1928). — WINCHESTER (C. T.), William Wordsworth and How to Know Him, 1916. — WYLIE (Laura J.), Social Studies in English Literature, 1916.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

**WATSON (William), Wordsworth's Grave. — *ARNOLD (M.), Memorial Verses, April, 1850. — SHELLEY, Poems: Sonnet to Wordsworth (arraignment of Wordsworth for apostasy to the cause of liberty; compare *BROWNING, The Lost Leader). — *WHITTIER, Poems: Wordsworth. — LOWELL, Poetical Works, Vol. I. — DE VÈRE (Aubrey), Poetical Works, Vol. III: two Sonnets. — PALGRAVE (F. T.), Lyrical Poems, 1871: William Wordsworth. — SILL (E. R.), Poems: Wordsworth. — VAN DYKE (Henry), Wordsworth, 1906; The White Bees, 1909. — TURNER (N. B.), To Wordsworth (in Century Magazine, November, 1910).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

WISE (T. J.), A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of William Wordsworth, 1916. — RICE (R. A.), Wordsworth since 1916 (a bibliography of studies) (in Smith College Studies in Modern Languages, 1924).

CONCORDANCE

COOPER (Lane), A Concordance to the Poems of William Wordsworth, 1911.

WORDSWORTH

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAVING SCHOOL

Written at Hawkshead. The beautiful image with which this poem concludes, suggested itself to me while I was resting in a boat along with my companions under the shade of a magnificent row of sycamores, which then extended their branches from the shore of the promontory upon which stands the ancient, and at that time the more picturesque, Hall of Coniston, the seat of the Le Flemings from very early times. The poem of which it was the conclusion was of many hundred lines, and contained thoughts and images most of which have been dispersed through my other writings. (*Wordsworth's note.*)

DEAR native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

1786. 1815.¹

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy
grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:

¹ Italic figures indicate the year of writing; upright figures the year of publication. The dates for Wordsworth are taken from the latest editions of William Knight, A. J. George, and Thomas Hutchinson.

Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to
steal

O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless
sky.

Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to
heal

That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends!

restrain

Those busy cares that would allay my
pain;

Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop
again.

1786. 1807.

LINES

LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-TREE,
WHICH STANDS NEAR THE LAKE OF ESTHWAITE,
ON A DESOLATE PART OF THE
SHORE, COMMANDING A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT

Composed in part at school at Hawkshead. The tree has disappeared, and the slip of Common on which it stood, that ran parallel to the lake and lay open to it, has long been enclosed; so that the road has lost much of its attraction. This spot was my favorite walk in the evenings during the latter part of my school-time. (*Wordsworth.*)

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-
tree stands

Far from all human dwelling: what if here
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant
herb?

What if the bee love not these barren
boughs?

Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling
waves,

That break against the shore, shall lull
thy mind

By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

Who he was

That piled these stones and with the
mossy sod

First covered, and here taught this aged
 Tree
 With its dark arms to form a circling
 bower,
 I well remember. — He was one who
 owned
 No common soul. In youth by science
 nursed,
 And led by nature into a wild scene
 Of lofty hopes, he to the world went
 forth
 A favored Being, knowing no desire
 Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the
 taint
 Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and
 hate,
 And scorn, — against all enemies pre-
 pared,
 All but neglect. The world, for so it
 thought,
 Owed him no service; wherefore he at
 once
 With indignation turned himself away,
 And with the food of pride sustained his
 soul
 In solitude. — Stranger! these gloomy
 boughs
 Had charms for him; and here he loved
 to sit,
 His only visitants a straggling sheep,
 The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-
 piper:
 And on these barren rocks, with fern and
 heath,
 And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
 Fixing his downcast eye, he many an
 hour
 A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing
 here
 An emblem of his own unfruitful life:
 And, lifting up his head, he then would
 gaze
 On the more distant scene, — how lovely
 'tis
 Thou seest, — and he would gaze till it
 became
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sus-
 tain
 The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor,
 that time,
 When nature had subdued him to herself,
 Would he forget those Beings to whose
 minds,
 Warm from the labors of benevolence,
 The world, and human life, appeared a
 scene

Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
 Inly disturbed, to think that others felt
 What he must never feel: and so, lost
 Man!

On visionary views would fancy feed,
 Till his eye streamed with tears. In this
 deep vale

He died, — this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy
 forms

Of young imagination have kept pure,
 Stranger! henceforth be warned; and
 know that pride,

Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness; that he, who feels contempt
 For any living thing, hath faculties

Which he has never used; that thought
 with him

Is in its infancy. The man whose eye

Is ever on himself doth look on one,

The least of Nature's works, one who
 might move

The wise man to that scorn which wisdom
 holds

Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!

Instructed that true knowledge leads to
 love;

True dignity abides with him alone

Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
 In lowliness of heart.

1787-1795. 1798.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

This arose out of my observation of the affecting
 music of these birds hanging in this way in the
 London streets during the freshness and stillness
 of the Spring morning. (*Wordsworth.*)

At the corner of Wood Street, when day-
 light appears,

Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has
 sung for three years;

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and
 has heard

In the silence of morning the song of the
 Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails
 her? She sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
 Bright volumes of vapor through Loth-
 bury glide,

And a river flows on through the vale of
 Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of
the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with
her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a
dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she
loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but
they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the
shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will
not rise,
And the colors have all passed away from
her eyes! 1797. 1800.

A NIGHT-PIECE

Composed on the road between Nether Stowey
and Alfoxden, extempore. I distinctly recollect the
very moment that I was struck, as described —
"He looks up — the clouds are split," etc.
(*Wordsworth*.)

"Wordsworth particularly recommended to me
among his Poems of Imagination, *Yew Trees*, and a
description of Night. These, he says, are amongst
the best for the imaginative power displayed in
them." (Henry Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, May 9,
1815.)

—— THE sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the
Moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly
seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground — from rock,
plant, tree, or tower.
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he
treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthward; he looks up — the
clouds are split
Asunder, — and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the
heavens.
There, in a black-blue vault she sails
along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that,
small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark
abyss
Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel
away,

Yet vanish not! — the wind is in the tree
But they are silent; — still they roll along
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enor-
mous clouds,
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

1798. 1815.

WE ARE SEVEN

— A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
— Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"

The little Maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,

And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

1798. 1798.

THE THORN

Written at Alfoxden. Arose out of my observing, on the ridge of Quantock Hill, on a stormy day, a thorn which I had often past, in calm and bright weather, without noticing it. I said to myself, "Cannot I by some invention do as much to make this Thorn permanently an impressive object as the storm has made it to my eyes at this moment?" I began the poem accordingly, and composed it with great rapidity. Sir George Beaumont painted a picture from it which Wilkie thought his best. He gave it me; though when he saw it several times at Rydal Mount afterwards, he said, "I could make a better, and would like to paint the same subject over again." The sky in this picture

is nobly done, but it reminds one too much of Wilson. The only fault, however, of any consequence is the female figure, which is too old and decrepit for one likely to frequent an eminence on such a call. (*Wordsworth.*)

I

"THERE is a Thorn — it looks so old,
In truth, you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey.
Not higher than a two years' child
It stands erect, this aged Thorn;
No leaves it has, no prickly points;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens is it overgrown.

II

"Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop:
Up from the earth these mosses creep,
And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
So close, you'd say that they are bent
With plain and manifest intent
To drag it to the ground;
And all have joined in one endeavour
To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

III

"High on a mountain's highest ridge
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale;
Not five yards from the mountain path,
This Thorn you on your left espy;
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water — never dry
Though but of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns and parching air.

IV

"And, close beside this aged Thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colours there you see,
All colours that were ever seen;
And mossy network too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been;
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye.

V

"Ah me! what lovely tints are there
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white!
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
Which close beside the Thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be:
But never, never any where,
An infant's grave was half so fair.

VI

"Now would you see this aged Thorn,
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
You must take care and choose your time
The mountain when to cross.
For oft there sits between the heap
So like an infant's grave in size,
And that same pond of which I spoke,
A Woman in a scarlet cloak,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

VII

"At all times of the day and night
This wretched Woman thither goes;
And she is known to every star,
And every wind that blows;
And there, beside the Thorn, she sits
When the blue daylight's in the skies
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'"

VIII

"Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
Thus to the dreary mountain-top
Does this poor Woman go?
And why sits she beside the Thorn
When the blue daylight's in the sky,
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And wherefore does she cry? —
O wherefore? wherefore? tell me why
Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

IX

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;
For the true reason no one knows:

But would you gladly view the spot,
The spot to which she goes;
The hillock like an infant's grave,
The pond — and Thorn, so old and grey;
Pass by her door — 't is seldom shut —
And, if you see her in her hut —
Then to the spot away!
I never heard of such as dare
Approach the spot when she is there."

X

"But wherefore to the mountain-top
Can this unhappy Woman go?
Whatever star is in the skies,
Whatever wind may blow?"
"Full twenty years are past and gone
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave with a maiden's true good-will
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
While friends and kindred all approved
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

XI

"And they had fixed the wedding day.
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another Maid
Had sworn another oath;
And, with this other Maid, to church
Unthinking Stephen went —
Poor Martha! on that woeful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

XII

"They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
What could she seek? — or wish to hide?
Her state to any eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad;
Yet often was she sober sad
From her exceeding pain.
O guilty Father — would that death
Had saved him from that breach of faith!"

XIII

"Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child!
Sad case, as you may think, for one
Who had a brain so wild!
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,

And grey-haired Wilfred of the glen
 Held that the unborn infant wrought
 About its mother's heart, and brought
 Her senses back again :
 And, when at last her time drew near,
 Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

XIV

"More know I not, I wish I did,
 And it should all be told to you ;
 For what became of this poor child
 No mortal ever knew ;
 Nay — if a child to her was born
 No earthly tongue could ever tell ;
 And if 't was born alive or dead,
 Far less could this with proof be said ;
 But some remember well,
 That Martha Ray about this time
 Would up the mountain often climb.

XV

"And all that winter, when at night
 The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
 'T was worth your while, though in the
 dark,
 The churchyard path to seek !
 For many a time and oft were heard
 Cries coming from the mountain head :
 Some plainly living voices were ;
 And others, I 've heard many swear,
 Were voices of the dead :
 I cannot think, whate'er they say,
 They had to do with Martha Ray.

XVI

"But that she goes to this old Thorn,
 The Thorn which I described to you,
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak
 I will be sworn is true.
 For one day with my telescope,
 To view the ocean wide and bright,
 When to this country first I came,
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
 I climbed the mountain's height : —
 A storm came on, and I could see
 No object higher than my knee.

XVII

"'Twas mist and rain, and storm and
 rain :
 No screen, no fence could I discover ;
 And then the wind ! in sooth, it was
 A wind full ten times over.
 I looked around, I thought I saw
 A jutting crag, — and off I ran,

Head-foremost, through the driving rain,
 The shelter of the crag to gain ;
 And, as I am a man,
 Instead of jutting crag, I found
 A Woman seated on the ground.

XVIII

"I did not speak — I saw her face ;
 Her face ! — it was enough for me ;
 I turned about and heard her cry,
 'Oh misery ! oh misery !'
 And there she sits, until the moon
 Through half the clear blue sky will go ;
 And, when the little breezes make
 The waters of the pond to shake,
 As all the country know,
 She shudders, and you hear her cry,
 'Oh misery ! oh misery !'"

XIX

"But what's the Thorn? and what the
 pond?
 And what the hill of moss to her?
 And what the creeping breeze that comes
 The little pond to stir?"
 "I cannot tell ; but some will say
 She hanged her baby on the tree ;
 Some say she drowned it in the pond,
 Which is a little step beyond :
 But all and each agree,
 The little Babe was buried there,
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XX

"I've heard, the moss is spotted red
 With drops of that poor infant's blood ;
 But kill a new-born infant thus,
 I do not think she could !
 Some say, if to the pond you go,
 And fix on it a steady view,
 The shadow of a babe you trace,
 A baby and a baby's face,
 And that it looks at you ;
 Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain
 The baby looks at you again.

XXI

"And some had sworn an oath that she
 Should be to public justice brought ;
 And for the little infant's bones
 With spades they would have sought.
 But instantly the hill of moss
 Before their eyes began to stir !
 And, for full fifty yards around,
 The grass — it shook upon the ground !

Yet all do still aver
The little Babe lies buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XXII

"I cannot tell how this may be,
But plain it is the Thorn is bound
With heavy tufts of moss that strive
To drag it to the ground;
And this I know, full many a time,
When she was on the mountain high,
By day, and in the silent night,
When all the stars shone clear and bright,
That I have heard her cry,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'"

1798. 1798.

SIMON LEE

THE OLD HUNTSMAN

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS
CONCERNED

This old man had been huntsman to the squires
of Alfoxden. . . . The fact was as mentioned
in the poem; and I have, after an interval of forty-five
years, the image of the old man as fresh before my
eyes as if I had seen him yesterday. The expres-
sion when the hounds were out, "I dearly love their
voice," was word for word from his own lips.

(Wordsworth.)

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man, —
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five and thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo banded, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind:
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change! — bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,
see!

Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.
His Master's dead, — and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labor could not wean them.
'Tis little, very little — all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it:
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavor,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

"You're overtaken, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor old Man so long
And vainly had endeavored.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
— I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

1798. 1798.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant
thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green
bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure: —
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?
1798. 1798.

TO MY SISTER

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you; — and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
— It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness. 1798. 1798.

WORDSWORTH

13

Descriptive part - to describe a scene

WHIRL-BLAST FROM BEHIND THE HILL

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rushed o'er the wood with startling
sound;

Then — all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered round.
Where leafless oaks towered high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green;
A fairer bower was never seen.
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is covered o'er,
And all the year the bower is green.
But see! where'er the hailstones drop
There's not a breeze — no breath of air —
Yet here, and there, and everywhere
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,
And all those leaves, in festive glee,
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

1798. 1800.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

"Why, William, on that old gray stone
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?"

"Where are your books? — that light
bequeathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind."

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"
One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

"The eye — it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will."

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

"— Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

1798. 1798. struggle.

THE TABLES TURNED

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME
SUBJECT

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your
looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has
spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:
We murder to dissect.

learn (know)
+ mind-
nature is time
wisdom -

as are
powers of
reasoning that
are false -

diff. between word
& heart

nature brings
about right +

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

1798. 1798.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE
WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798

No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days, with my sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol. It was published almost immediately after in the little volume of which so much has been said in these Notes. (*Wordsworth*. The volume referred to is *The Lyrical Ballads*, as first published at Bristol by Cottle.)

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length

Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs

With a soft inland murmur.¹—(Once again

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect

(The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view

These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows,
little lines

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,

Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire

The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—(feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,

As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.) (Nor less, I trust,

To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,

In which the affections gently lead us on,—

Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.)

If this Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,

The picture of the mind revives again:

¹ The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern. (*Wordsworth*, 1798.)

in the first

describing scene.

Sketching 14.11.

I influence upon him during 3 yrs. 1810-1813

WORDSWORTH

valued - feeling of significance 15

While here I stand, not only with the sense

Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food For future years. And so I dare to hope,

Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams, Wherever nature led: more like a man

Flying from something that he dreads; than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days, And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all. — I cannot paint what then I was. The sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy

wood, Their colors and their forms, were then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm,

By thought supplied, nor any interest Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is

past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this

Faint I; nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts Have followed; for such loss, I would

believe, Abundant recompense. For I have learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often

times The still, sad music of humanity, Not harsh nor grating, though of ample

power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man; A motion and a spirit, that impels

not talking about when he was a child - young man (5 yrs - 12 yrs)

can see with greater sympathy older human beings.

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;

All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods, And mountains; and of all that we behold

From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye, and ear, — both what they half create,

And what perceive; well pleased to recognize

In nature and the language of the sense, The anchor of my purest thoughts, the

nurse, The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul

Of all my moral being. } Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay: For thou art with me here upon the banks

Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,

My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch

The language of my former heart, and read

My former pleasures in the shooting lights

Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once,

My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,

Knowing that Nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,

Through all the years of this our life, to lead

From joy to joy: for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress

With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil

tongues, Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish

men, Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all

The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;

Nature guiding principle of his life.

(sister) younger

privilege

protection

nature

can't have

all human

soul.

And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be

matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh!

then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
chance —

If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams

Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful
stream

We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearing in that service: rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper
zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
cliffs,

And this green pastoral landscape, were
to me

More dear, both for themselves and for
thy sake!

1798. 1798.

THE SIMPLON PASS

—— Brook and road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy
Pass,

And with them did we journey several
hours

At a slow step. The immeasurable
height

Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and
forlorn,

The torrents shooting from the clear blue
sky,

The rocks that muttered close upon our
ears,

Black drizzling crags that spake by the
wayside

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light —

Were all like workings of one mind, the
features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without
end.

1799. 1845.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING
THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY
YOUTH

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!

Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of
thought!

And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first
dawn

Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human
soul;

Not with the mean and vulgar works of
Man,

But, with high objects, with enduring
things,

With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear, — until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to
me

With stinted kindness. In November
days,

When vapors rolling down the valleys
made

A lovely scene more lonesome; among
woods

At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer
nights,

When by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I
went

In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and
night,

eyes as
child for new
working

asker
was enough

expansive
any came when
he was alone

* C113 = Retrospect of small boy to childhood
 experiences of child to childhood
 various feelings impressive feel +
 WORDSWORTH later fundamental experience
 17

no solitude here

ces of his life-

✓ THERE WAS A BOY *

And by the waters, all the summer long.
 And in the frosty season, when the sun
 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
 The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed.

I heeded not the summons: happy time
 It was indeed for all of us; for me
 It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
 The village-clock tolled six — I wheeled
 about,

Proud and exulting like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home. — All shod
 with steel

We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
 And woodland pleasures, — the resounding
 horn,

The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted
 hare.

So through the darkness and the cold
 we flew,

And not a voice was idle: with the din
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the
 stars,

Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the
 west

The orange sky in evening died away.
 Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay, or sportively
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
 throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star;
 Image, that, flying still before me,
 gleamed

Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
 When we had given our bodies to the
 wind,

And all the shadowy banks on either side
 Came sweeping through the darkness,
 spinning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheeled by me — even as if the earth had
 rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round!
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn
 train,

Feebler and feebler, and I stood and
 watched:

Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

1799. 1809.

Written in Germany. This is an extract from
 the poem on my own poetical education. (Words-
 worth. The poem referred to is *The Prelude*.)

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye
 cliffs

And islands of Winander! — many a time,
 At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills,
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
 Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering
 lake;

And there, with fingers interwoven, both
 hands

Pressed closely palm to palm and to his
 mouth

Uplifted, he, as through an instrument;
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
 That they might answer him. — And they
 would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,
 Responsive to his call, — with quivering
 peals,

And long halloos, and screams, and echoes
 loud

Redoubled and redoubled; concourse
 wild

Of jocund din! And, when there came a
 pause

Of silence such as baffled his best skill,
 Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he
 hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 Has carried far into his heart the voice
 Of mountain-torrents; or the visible
 scene

Would enter unawares into his mind
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven
 received

Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates, and
 died

In childhood, ere he was full twelve years
 old.

Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
 Where he was born and bred: the church-
 yard hangs

Upon a slope above the village-school;
 And through that church-yard when my
 way has led

On summer-evenings, I believe, that there
 A long half-hour together I have stood
 Mute — looking at the grave in which he
 lies!

1798. 1800.

after given yourself wind,
 shapes seem to move with you.
 when you are surrounded
 still seem to move
 in significant part of
 experience

Experience: office destruction
 feeling of irrelevance: demand
 Reverence. untouched
 isolation
 quietness

NUTTING *

Written in Germany; intended as part of a poem on my own life, but struck out as not being wanted there. . . . (Wordsworth.)

— It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days that cannot
 die;

When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders
 slung,

A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my
 steps

Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure
 quaint,

Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off
 weeds

Which for that service had been hus-
 banded,

By exhortation of my frugal Dame —
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles —
 and, in truth,

More ragged than need was! O'er path-
 less rocks,

Through beds of matted fern, and tangled
 thickets,

Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungra-
 cious sign

Of devastation; but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters
 hung,

A virgin scene! — A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the
 heart

As joy delights in; and, with wise re-
 straint

Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet; — or beneath the trees I sate
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers
 I played;

A temper known to those, who, after long
 And weary expectation, have been blest
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose
 leaves

The violets of five seasons re-appear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;

Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And — with my cheek on one of those
 green stones

That, fleeced with moss, under the shady
 trees,

Lay round me, scattered like a flock of
 sheep —

I heard the murmur and the murmuring
 sound,

In that sweet mood when pleasure loves
 to pay

Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent
 things,

Wasting its kindliness on stocks and
 stones

And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and

Tough, with crash
 And merciless ravage: and the shady
 nook

Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being: and, unless I now

Confound my present feelings with the
 past;

Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of
 kings,

I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding
 sky. —

Then, dearest Maiden, move along these
 shades

In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
 Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods.

1799. 1800.

SKY STAINING DARK - WAS NOT WITH
 BRANCHES WERE NOT BROKEN -

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION
 HAVE I KNOWN

The next three poems were written in Germany.
 (Wordsworth.)

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:
 And I will dare to tell,
 But in the Lover's ear alone,
 What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
 Fresh as a rose in June,
 I to her cottage bent my way,
 Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
 All over the wide lea;
 With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
 Those paths so dear to me.

no one *
 ever grew
 there
 before -
 secluded -
 (me)

stumpy
 ragged
 himself

* same
 quality

foreward of *Reverie* following *poem* (*death of Lucy*)

WORDSWORTH

Love of Lucy part of nature. child of Nature

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed

The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

*110. Stasemell
of Lucy's dear
quality of Resin*

1799. 1807.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN
SUN AND SHOWER

agitated education

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage roof
At once, the bright moon dropped.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

*useful as
conscious power
understanding
education of
person*

What fond and wayward thoughts will
slide
Into a Lover's head!

"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

associate word with Lucy

SHE DWELT AMONG THE
UNTRODDEN WAYS

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

*desires were
millions
desire of
order*

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

*desire of
acquiescence
influence*

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

TRAVELLED AMONG
UNKNOWN MEN

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

fruit product

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

thence dearth

Among the mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thus Nature spake. — The work was
done —
How soon my Lucy's race was run!

*love of Lucy
assoc. with love
of country
with love of nature*

*poem
expressing
Hill
poem.*

*poem
expressing
most intimate
relation*

She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

1799. 1800.

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears: = *fear of death*
She seemed a thing that could not feel *was*
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

1799. 1800.

A POET'S EPITAPH

ART thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?
— First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou? — draw not nigh!
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A Soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome! — but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? one all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside, — and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul away!

A Moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor
sod:

And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can
cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small!
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the
latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart, —
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

— Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

1799. 1800.

MATTHEW

In the School of — is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one of those names the Author wrote the following lines.

Such a Tablet as is here spoken of continued to be preserved in Hawkshead School, though the inscriptions were not brought down to our time. This and other poems connected with Matthew would not gain by a literal detail of facts. Like the Wanderer in "The Excursion," this Schoolmaster was made up of several both of his class and men of

other occupations. I do not ask pardon for what there is of untruth in such verses, considered strictly as matters of fact. It is enough if, being true and consistent in spirit, they move and teach in a manner not unworthy of a Poet's calling. (*Wordsworth.*)

If Nature, for a favorite child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,
That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.

— When through this little wreck of fame,
Cipher and syllable! thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he hath not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were
sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up —
He felt with spirit so profound.

— Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!
Thou happy Soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?

1799. 1800.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

WE walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and
said,
"The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun,
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

"And just above yon slope of corn
Such colors, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

"With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stopped
short
Beside my daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang; — she would have
been
A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

"And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew,

"A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!"

"No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea;

"There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
And did not wish her mine!"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

1799. 1800.

THE FOUNTAIN

A CONVERSATION

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard,

"Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own;
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains;
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

1799. 1800.

LUCY GRAY

OR, SOLITUDE

Written at Goslar in Germany. It was founded on a circumstance told me by my Sister, of a little girl who, not far from Halifax in Yorkshire, was bewildered in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were traced by her parents to the middle of the lock of a canal, and no other vestige of her, backward or forward, could be traced. The body however was found in the canal. The way in which the incident was treated and the spiritualizing of the character might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavored to throw over common life with Crabbe's matter of fact style of treating subjects of the same kind. This is not spoken to his disparagement, far from it, but to direct the attention of thoughtful readers, into whose hands these notes may fall, to a comparison that may both enlarge the circle of their sensibilities, and tend to produce in them a catholic judgment. (*Wordsworth.*)

See also Henry Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, September 11, 1816.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band ;
He plied his work ; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward,
cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet ;"
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's
edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

1799. 1800.

MICHAEL

A PASTORAL POEM

Written at Town-end, Grasmere, about the same time as "The Brothers." The Sheepfold, on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had be-

longed, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north. (Wordsworth.)

If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead
Ghyll,

You will suppose that with an upright
path

Your feet must struggle; in such bold
ascent

The pastoral mountains front you, face
to face.

But, courage! for around that boisterous
brook

The mountains have all opened out them-
selves,

And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they

Who journey thither find themselves
alone

With a few sheep, with rocks and stones,
and kites

That overhead are sailing in the sky.

It is in truth an utter solitude;

Nor should I have made mention of this
Dell

But for one object which you might pass
by,

Might see and notice not. Beside the
brook

Appears a straggling heap of unhewn
stones!

And to that simple object appertains

A story — unenriched with strange events,

Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,

Or for the summer shade. It was the first

Of those domestic tales that spake to me

Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men

Whom I already loved; not verily

For their own sakes, but for the fields and
hills

Where was their occupation and abode.

And hence this Tale, while I was yet a
Boy

Careless of books, yet having felt the
power

Of Nature, by the gentle agency

Of natural objects, led me on to feel

For passions that were not my own, and
think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)

On man, the heart of man, and human
life.

Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

UPON the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his
name;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of
limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to
age

Of an unusual strength: his mind was
keen,

Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,

And in his shepherd's calling he was
prompt

And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all

winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,

When others heeded not, He heard the
South

Make subterranean music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The Shepherd, at such warning, of his
flock

Bethought him, and he to himself would
say,

"The winds are now devising work for
me!"

And, truly, at all times, the storm that
drives

The traveller to shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone

Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the

heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.

And grossly the man errs, who would
suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams
and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's
thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had
breathed

The common air; hills, which with vigor-
ous step

He had so often climbed; which had
impressed

So many incidents upon his mind

Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory

Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
 The certainty of honorable gain;
 Those fields, those hills — ~~what could~~
 they less? — had laid
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in single-
 ness.

His Helpmate was a comely matron,
 old —

Though younger than himself full twenty
 years.

She was a woman of a stirring life,
 Whose heart was in her house: two
 wheels she had

Of antique form: this large, for spinning
 wool;

That small, for flax; and if one wheel had
 rest

It was because the other was at work.

The Pair had but one inmate in their
 house,

An only Child, who had been born to
 them

When Michael, telling o'er his years,
 began

To deem that he was old, — in shepherd's
 phrase,

With one foot in the grave. This only
 Son,

With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many
 a storm,

The one of an inestimable worth,

Made all their household. I may truly
 say,

That they were as a proverb in the vale

For endless industry. When day was
 gone,

And from their occupations out of doors
 The Son and Father were come home,

even then,

Their labor did not cease; unless when all
 Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and
 there,

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed
 milk,

Sat round the basket piled with oaten
 cakes,

And their plain home-made cheese. Yet
 when the meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was
 named)

And his old Father both betook them-
 selves

To such convenient work as might employ
 Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to
 card

Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or
 repair

Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
 Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chim-
 ney's edge,

That in our ancient uncouth country style
 With huge and black projection over-
 browed

Large space beneath, as duly as the light
 Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a
 lamp;

An aged utensil, which had performed
 Service beyond all others of its kind.

Early at evening did it burn — and late,
 Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,

Which, going by from year to year, had
 found,

And left, the couple neither gay perhaps
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with
 hopes,

Living a life of eager industry.

And now, when Luke had reached his
 eighteenth year,

There by the light of this old lamp they
 sate,

Father and Son, while far into the night
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar
 work,

Making the cottage through the silent
 hours

Murmur as with the sound of summer
 flies.

This light was famous in its neighborhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life

That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it
 chanced,

Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, north
 and south,

High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And westward to the village near the lake.

And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all

Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE

EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of
 years,

The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must
 needs

Have loved his Helpmate; but to Mi-
 chael's heart

This son of his old age was yet more dear —

Less from instinctive tenderness, the same Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all —

Than that a child, more than all other gifts

That earth can offer to declining man, Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,

And stirrings of inquietude, when they By tendency of nature needs must fail. Exceeding was the love he bare to him, His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes

Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms, Had done him female service, not alone For pastime and delight, as is the use Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced

To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, Albeit of a stern unbending mind,

To have the Young-one in his sight, when he

Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool

Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched

Under the large old oak, that near his door

Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,

Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,

Thence in our rustic dialect was called The CLIPPING TREE,¹ a name which yet it bears.

There, while they two were sitting in the shade,

With others round them, earnest all and blithe,

Would Michael exercise his heart with looks

Of fond correction and reproof bestowed Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep By catching at their legs, or with his shouts

Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up

A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek Two steady roses that were five years old; Then Michael from a winter coppice cut With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped

With iron, making it throughout in all Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff, And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt

He as a watchman oftentimes was placed At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock; And, to his office prematurely called, There stood the urchin, as you will divine, Something between a hindrance and a help;

And for this cause not always, I believe, Receiving from his Father hire of praise; Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,

Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand

Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights,

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways, He with his Father daily went, and they Were as companions, why should I relate That objects which the Shepherd loved before

Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came

Feelings and emanations — things which were

Light to the sun and music to the wind; And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up:

And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year,

He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived

From day to day, to Michael's ear there came

Distressful tidings. Long before the time Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound

In surety for his brother's son, a man Of an industrious life, and ample means; But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly Had prest upon him; and old Michael now

Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,

¹ Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing. (*Wordsworth*.)

A grievous penalty, but little less
 Than half his substance. This unlooked-
 for claim,
 At the first hearing, for a moment took
 More hope out of his life than he supposed
 That any old man ever could have lost.
 As soon as he had armed himself with
 strength
 To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
 The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at
 once
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.
 Such was his first resolve; he thought
 again,
 And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said
 he,
 "Two evenings after he had heard the
 news,
 "I have been toiling more than seventy
 years,
 And in the open sunshine of God's love
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields of
 ours
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I
 think
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
 Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like
 this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him; — but
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk
 thus.
 "When I began, my purpose was to
 speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou
 know'st,
 Another kinsman — he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade — and Luke to him
 shall go,
 And with his kinsman's help and his own
 thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where everyone is
 poor,
 What can be gained?"

At this the old Man paused,
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to
 herself,
 He was a parish-boy — at the church-
 door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings,
 pence
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbors
 bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's
 wares;
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas; where he grew won-
 drous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor
 And, at his birthplace, built a chapel,
 floored
 With marble which he sent from foreign
 lands.
 These thoughts, and many others of like
 sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of
 Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man
 was glad.
 And thus resumed: — "Well, Isabel!
 this scheme
 These two days, has been meat and drink
 to me.
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 — We have enough — I wish indeed that
 I
 Were younger; — but this hope is a good
 hope.
 — Make ready Luke's best garments, of
 the best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him
 forth
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
 — If he *could* go, the boy should go to-
 night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields
 went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for
 five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day
 long
 Wrought on with her best fingers to pre-
 pare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came

To stop her in her work : for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the last
 two nights
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his
 sleep :
 And when they rose at morning she could
 see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day
 at noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by them-
 selves
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not
 go :
 We have no other child but thee to lose,
 None to remember — do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund
 voice ;
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
 Recovered heart. That evening her best
 fare
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat
 Like happy people round a Christmas fire.
 With daylight Isabel resumed her
 work ;
 And all the ensuing week the house
 appeared
 As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at
 length
 The expected letter from their kinsman
 came,
 With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the Boy ;
 To which, requests were added, that forth-
 with
 He might be sent to him. Ten times or
 more
 The letter was read over ; Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbors
 round ;
 Nor was there at that time on English land
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When
 Isabel
 Had to her house returned, the old Man
 said,
 "He shall depart to-morrow." To this
 word
 The Housewife answered, talking much of
 things
 Which, if at such short notice he should
 go,
 Would surely be forgotten. But at
 length
 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.
 Near the tumultuous brook of Green-
 head Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had designed
 To build a Sheepfold ; and, before he
 heard
 The tidings of his melancholy loss,
 For this same purpose he had gathered up
 A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's
 edge
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
 With Luke that evening thitherward he
 walked :
 And soon as they had reached the place
 he stopped,
 And thus the old Man spake to him : —
 "My Son,
 To-morrow thou wilt leave me : with full
 heart
 I look upon thee, for thou art the same
 That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
 And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
 I will relate to thee some little part
 Of our two histories ; 'twill do thee good
 When thou art from me, even if I should
 touch
 On things thou canst not know of. —
 After thou
 First cam'st into the world — as oft
 befalls
 To new-born infants — thou didst sleep
 away
 Two days, and blessings from thy Father's
 tongue
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed
 on,
 And still I loved thee with increasing love.
 Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
 Than when I heard thee by our own fire-
 side
 First uttering, without words, a natural
 tune ;
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy
 joy
 Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month fol-
 lowed month,
 And in the open fields my life was passed
 And on the mountains ; else I think that
 thou
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's
 knees.
 But we were playmates, Luke : among
 these hills,
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and
 young
 Have played together, nor with me didst
 thou
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can
 know."

Luke had a manly heart; but at these
 words
 He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped
 his hand,
 And said, "Nay, do not take it so — I see
 That these are things of which I need
 not speak.
 — Even to the utmost I have been to thee
 A kind and a good Father: and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at others' hands; for, though
 now old
 Beyond the common life of man, I still
 Remember them who loved me in my
 youth.
 Both of them sleep together: here they
 lived,
 As all their Forefathers had done; and
 when
 At length their time was come, they
 were not loth
 To give their bodies to the family mould.
 I wished that thou should'st live the life
 they lived:
 But, 'tis a long time to look back, my
 Son,
 And see so little gain from threescore
 years.
 These fields were burthened when they
 came to me;
 Till I was forty years of age, not more
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.
 I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in
 my work,
 And till these three weeks past the land
 was free.
 — It looks as if it never could endure
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me,
 Luke,
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou should'st go."
 At this the old Man paused;
 Then, pointing to the stones near which
 they stood,
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
 "This was a work for us; and now, my
 Son,
 It is a work for me. But, lay one stone —
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine
 own hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope; — we both
 may live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale; — do thou thy
 part;
 I will do mine. — I will begin again

With many tasks that were resigned to
 thee:
 Up to the heights, and in among the
 storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone,
 Before I knew thy face. — Heaven bless
 thee, Boy!
 Thy heart these two weeks has been
 beating fast
 With many hopes; it should be so — yes
 — yes —
 I knew that thou could'st never have a
 wish
 To leave me, Luke: thou hast been
 bound to me
 Only by links of love: when thou art
 gone,
 What will be left to us! — But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil
 men
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment; hither turn thy
 thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee: amid all
 fear
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that
 thou
 May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers
 lived,
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare
 thee well —
 When thou return'st, thou in this place
 wilt see
 A work which is not here: a covenant
 'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the
 grave."
 The Shepherd ended here; and Luke
 stooped down,
 And, as his Father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the
 sight
 The old Man's grief broke from him; to
 his heart
 He pressed his Son, he kissed him and
 wept;
 And to the house together they returned.
 — Hushed was that House in peace, or
 seeming peace,
 Ere the night fell: — with morrow's dawn
 the Boy

Began his journey, and when he had reached

The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbors, as he passed their doors,

Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,

That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,

Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,

Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were
throughout

"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."

Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.

So, many months passed on: and once again

The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts;
and now

Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour

He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime
Luke began

To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself

To evil courses: ignominy and shame

Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;

'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:

I have conversed with more than one
who well

Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.

His bodily frame had been from youth
to age

Of an unusual strength. Among the
rocks

He went, and still looked up to sun and
cloud,

And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labor for his sheep,

And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time

Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet

The pity which was then in every heart

For the old Man — and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither
went,

And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes
was he seen

Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,

Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.

The length of full seven years, from time
to time,

He at the building of this Sheepfold
wrought,

And left the work unfinished when he
died.

Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the
estate

Was sold, and went into a stranger's
hand.

The Cottage which was named the EVE-
NING STAR

Is gone — the ploughshare has been
through the ground

On which it stood; great changes have
been wrought

In all the neighborhood: — yet the oak is
left

That grew beside their door; and the
remains

Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-
head Ghyll.

1800. 1800.

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES

I

Written at Grasmere. This poem was suggested on the banks of the brook that runs through Easedale, which is, in some parts of its course, as wild and beautiful as brook can be. I have composed thousands of verses by the side of it. (*Wordsworth.*)

It was an April morning: fresh and clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,

Ran with a young man's speed; and yet
the voice

Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.

The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living
things

Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to urge

on

The steps of June; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object: but, meanwhile,
prevailed

Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful
day

Were native to the summer. — Up the
brook

I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all.
At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a
rock

The Stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that
all

Which I till then had heard, appeared the
voice

Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the
lamb,

The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the
thrush

Vied with this waterfall, and made a song,
Which, while I listened, seemed like the
wild growth

Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves
were here;

But 'twas the foliage of the rocks — the
birch,

The yew, the holly, and the bright green
thorn,

With hanging islands of resplendent furze:
And, on a summit, distant a short space,
By any who should look beyond the dell,
A single mountain-cottage might be seen.
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,
"Our thoughts at least are ours; and
this wild nook,

My EMMA, I will dedicate to thee."

— Soon did the spot become my other
home,

My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me
there,

To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, per-
haps,

Years after we are gone and in our graves,
When they have cause to speak of this
wild place,

May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.

1800. 1800.

"TIS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE
DIED FOR LOVE"

'Tis said, that some have died for love:
And here and there a churchyard grave is
found

In the cold north's unhallowed ground,
Because the wretched man himself had
slain,

His love was such a grievous pain.
And there is one whom I five years have
known;

He dwells alone
Upon Helvellyn's side:

He loved — the pretty Barbara died;
And thus he makes his moan:
Three years had Barbara in her grave
been laid

When thus his moan he made:

"Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind
that oak!

Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,
That in some other way yon smoke
May mount into the sky!

The clouds pass on; they from the
heavens depart.

I look — the sky is empty space;
I know not what I trace;
But when I cease to look, my hand is on
my heart.

"Oh! what a weight is in these shades!
Ye leaves,

That murmur once so dear, when will it
cease?

Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,
It robs my heart of peace.

Thou Thrush, that singest loud — and
loud and free,

Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;

Or sing another song, or choose another
tree.

"Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy
mountain-bounds,

And there for ever be thy waters chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds

That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged

bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,

Oh let it then be dumb!
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which

thou art now.

"Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny
showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the
vale,
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend, —
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I
can bear."

The Man who makes this feverish com-
plaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was
thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy
face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me
walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor
know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.
1800. 1800.

THE SPARROWS' NEST

Written in the Orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.
At the end of the garden of my father's house at
Cockermouth was a high terrace that commanded a
fine view of the river Derwent and Cockermouth
Castle. This was our favorite play-ground. The
terrace-wall, a low one, was covered with closely-
clipt privet and roses, which gave an almost imper-
vious shelter to birds that built their nests there.
The latter of these stanzas alludes to one of those
nests. (*Wordsworth.*)

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started — seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My Father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline¹ and I
Together visited.
She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.

¹ Dorothy Wordsworth, called Emmeline also in
the poem "To a Butterfly." See the beautiful lines
"To My Sister," p. 12, and the notes on the Son-
nets of 1802.

The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.
1801. 1807.

TO A BUTTERFLY

STAY near me — do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey: — with leaps and springs
I followed on from break to bush;
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.
1802. 1807.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned
In which a Lady driven from France did
dwell;
The big and lesser griefs with which she
mourned,
In friendship she to me would often tell.
This Lady, dwelling upon British ground,
Where she was childless, daily would
repair
To a poor neighbouring cottage; as I
found,
For sake of a young Child whose home
was there.

Once having seen her clasp with fond em-
brace
This Child, I chanted to myself a lay,
Endeavouring, in our English tongue, to
trace
Such things as she unto the Babe might
say:

And thus, from what I heard and knew, or
guessed,
My song the workings of her heart ex-
pressed.

I

"Dear Babe, thou daughter of another,
One moment let me be thy mother!
An infant's face and looks are thine,
And sure a mother's heart is mine:
Thy own dear mother's far away,
At labour in the harvest field:
Thy little sister is at play; —
What warmth, what comfort would it
yield

To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be
One little hour a child to me!

II

"Across the waters I am come,
And I have left a babe at home:
A long, long way of land and sea!
Come to me — I'm no enemy:
I am the same who at thy side
Sate yesterday, and made a nest
For thee, sweet Baby! — thou hast tried,
Thou know'st the pillow of my breast;
Good, good art thou: — alas! to me
Far more than I can be to thee.

III

"Here, little Darling, dost thou lie;
An infant thou, a mother I!
Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears;
Mine art thou — spite of these my tears.
Alas! before I left the spot,
My baby and its dwelling-place;
The nurse said to me, 'Tears should not
Be shed upon an infant's face,
It was unlucky' — no, no, no;
No truth is in them who say so!

IV

"My own dear Little-one will sigh,
Sweet Babe! and they will let him die.
'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,
And you may see his hour is come.'
Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles,
Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,
And countenance like a summer's day,
They would have hopes of him; — and
then
I should behold his face again!

V

"'Tis gone — like dreams that we forget;
There was a smile or two — yet — yet
I can remember them, I see
The smiles, worth all the world to me.
Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;
Thou troublest me with strange alarms;
Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms;
For they confound me; — where — where
is
That last, that sweetest smile of his?

VI

"Oh! how I love thee! — we will stay
Together here this one half day.
My sister's child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England
came;
She with her mother crossed the sea;
The babe and mother near me dwell:
Yet does my yearning heart to thee
Turn rather, though I love her well:
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here!
Never was any child more dear!

VII

"— I cannot help it; ill intent
I've none, my pretty Innocent!
I weep — I know they do thee wrong,
These tears — and my poor idle tongue.
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek
How cold it is! but thou art good;
Thine eyes are on me — they would
speak,
I think, to help me if they could.
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,
My heart again is in its place!

VIII

"While thou art mine, my little Love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee:
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers;
I'll call thee by my darling's name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,
Thy features seem to me the same;
His little sister thou shalt be;
And, when once more my home I see,
I'll tell him many tales of Thee."

1802. 1807.

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky :

So was it when my life began ;

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man ;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

1802. 1807.

WRITTEN IN MARCH

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE
FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER

Extempore. This little poem was a favorite with
Joanna Baillie. (*Wordsworth*.)

Compare the description of the same scene by
Wordsworth's sister: "There was the gentle flow-
ing of the stream, the glittering, lively lake, green
fields without a living creature to be seen on them ;
behind us, a flat pasture with forty-two cattle feed-
ing ; to our left, the road leading to the hamlet.
No smoke there, the sun shone on the bare roofs.
The people were at work ploughing, harrowing, and
sowing ; . . . a dog barking now and then, cocks
crowing, birds twittering, the snow in patches at the
top of the highest hills, yellow palms, purple and
green twigs on the birches, ashes with their glitter-
ing spikes, stems quite bare. The hawthorn a
bright green, with black stems under the oak. The
moss of the oak glossy. We went on . . . William
finished his poem before we got to the foot of Kirk-
stone." (*Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal*, April 16,
1802.)

THE Cock is crowing,

The stream is flowing,

The small birds twitter,

The lake doth glitter,

The green field sleeps in the sun ;

The oldest and youngest

Are at work with the strongest ;

The cattle are grazing,

Their heads never raising ;

There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated

The snow hath retreated,

And now doth fare ill

On the top of the bare hill ;

The ploughboy is whooping — anon —
anon :

There's joy in the mountains ;

There's life in the fountains ;

Small clouds are sailing,

Blue sky prevailing ;

The rain is over and gone !

1802. 1807.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. It is remark-
able that this flower, coming out so early in the
spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and
in such profusion, should not have been noticed
earlier in English verse. What adds much to the
interest that attends it is its habit of shutting itself
up and opening out according to the degree of light
and temperature of the air. (*Wordsworth*.)

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,

Let them live upon their praises ;

Long as there's a sun that sets,

Primroses will have their glory ;

Long as there are violets,

They will have a place in story :

There's a flower that shall be mine,

'Tis the little celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far

For the finding of a star ;

Up and down the heavens they go,

Men that keep a mighty rout !

I'm as great as they, I trow,

Since the day I found thee out,

Little Flower ! — I'll make a stir,

Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf

Bold, and lavish of thyself ;

Since we needs must first have met

I have seen thee, high and low,

Thirty years or more, and yet

'Twas a face I did not know ;

Thou hast now, go where I may,

Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,

In the time before the thrush

Has a thought about her nest,

Thou wilt come with half a call,

Spreading out thy glossy breast

Like a careless Prodigal ;

Telling tales about the sun,

When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !

Travel with the multitude :

Never heed them ; I aver

That they all are wanton wooers ;

But the thrifty cottager,

Who stirs little out of doors,

Joys to spy thee near her home ;

Spring is coming, Thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,

Kindly, unassuming Spirit !

Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane; there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!
1802. 1807.

TO THE SAME FLOWER

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whosoe'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sainted)
Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,

Sighed to think I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
Laboring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon Thee
Prized above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied?

Thou are not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath our shoon:"
Let the bold Discoverer thrid
In his bark the polar sea;
Rear who will a pyramid;
Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little Flower.
1802. 1807.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

This poem was originally known as "The Leech Gatherer," and is still often called by that title. Compare the account of its origin, in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*:

"When William and I returned, we met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his waistcoat and coat. Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on and a night-cap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. John, who afterwards met him at Wytheburn, took him for a Jew. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and 'she was a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children.' All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but now leeches were scarce, and he had not strength for it. He lived by begging, and was making his way to Carlisle, where he should buy a few godly books to sell. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they have been scarce. He supposed it owing to their being much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were

formerly 2s. 6d. per 100; they are now 30s. He had been hurt in driving a cart, his leg broken, his body driven over, his skull fractured. He felt no pain till he recovered from his first insensibility. . . It was then late in the evening, when the light was just going away." (Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, October 3, 1800.)

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove
broods;

The Jay makes answer as the Magpie
chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant
noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of
doors;

The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; — on
the moors

The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy
earth

Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she
doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me
wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and
melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the
might

Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in-delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me
came;

Dim sadness — and blind thoughts, I
knew not, nor could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all
care;

But there may come another day to me —
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and
poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant
thought,

As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come un-
sought

To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his
call

Love him, who for himself will take no
heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous
Boy,

The sleepless Soul that perished in his
pride;

Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the moun-
tain-side:

By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency
and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts
had striven,

Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore
gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same spy,
By what means it could thither come,
and whence;

So that it seems a thing endowed with
sense:

Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
shelf

Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun
itself;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor
dead,

Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage

Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his
frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and
pale face,

Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood :
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when
they call

And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book :
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a
glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he
slowly drew :

And him with further words I thus be-
spoke,

"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid
eyes,

His words came feebly, from a feeble
chest,

But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance
drest —

Choice word and measured phrase,
above the reach

Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and
man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor :
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure :
From pond to pond he roamed, from
moor to moor ;

Housing, with God's good help, by choice
or chance,

And in this way he gained an honest
maintenance.

The old Man still stood talking by my
side ;

But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could
I divide ;

And the whole body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a
dream ;

Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt ad-
monishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear
that kills ;

And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills ;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
— Perplexed, and longing to be com-
forted,

My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it
you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and
wide

He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every
side ;

But they have dwindled long by slow
decay ;

Yet still I persevere, and find them
where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely
place,

The old Man's shape, and speech — all
troubled me :

In my mind's eye I seemed to see him
pace

About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.

While I these thoughts within myself
pursued,

He, having made a pause, the same dis-
course renewed.

And soon with this he other matter
blended,

Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,
But stately in the main ; and when he
ended,

I could have laughed myself to scorn, to
find,

In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.

"God," said I, "be my help and stay
secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the
lonely moor!"

1802. 1807.

I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ

The direct influence of Milton seems evident in many of the following sonnets, and is confirmed by the entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, May 21, 1802: "William wrote two sonnets of Buonaparte, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him." See also Wordsworth's note on "Nun's Fret Not at Their Convent's Narrow Room," p. 57.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest
mood

Of that Man's mind — what can it be?
what food

Fed his first hopes? what knowledge
could *he* gain?

'Tis not in battles that from youth we
train

The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the
brain

Thoughts motherly, and meek as woman-
hood.

Wisdom doth live with children round
her knees:

Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the
talk

Man holds with week-day man in the
hourly walk

Of the mind's business: these are the
degrees

By which true Sway doth mount; this
is the stalk

True Power doth grow on; and her rights
are these. 1802. 1802.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER
BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

"We left London on Saturday morning at half-past five or six, the 30th of July. We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a fierce light, that there was even something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles." (Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, July, 1802.)

EARTH has not anything to show more
fair:

Dull would he be of soul who could pass
by

A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment,
wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and tem-
ples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smoke-
less air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying
still!

1802. 1807.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,
NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST 1802

"We had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed — seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover Castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud — the evening star and the glory of the sky, the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands . . . Nothing in romance was ever half so beautiful. Now came in view, as the evening star sunk down, and the colors of the west faded away, the two lights of England." (Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, August, 1802.)

FAIR Star of evening, Splendor of the
west,

Star of my Country! — on the horizon's
brink

Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem,
to sink

On England's bosom; yet well pleased
to rest,

Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I

think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and
should'st wink,

Bright Star! with laughter on her ban-
ners, drest

In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky
spot

Beneath thee, that is England; there she
lies.

Blessings be on you both! one hope, one
lot,

One life, one glory! — I, with many a fear

For my dear Country, many heartfelt
sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger
here. 1802. 1807.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE

This was composed on the beach near Calais, in
the autumn of 1802. (*Wordsworth.*)

The last six lines are addressed to the poet's
natural daughter, Caroline. See Legouis's *William
Wordsworth and Annette Vallon*, p. 68.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the
Sea:

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest
with me here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn
thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the
year;

And worship'st at the Temple's inner
shrine,

God being with thee when we know it
not. 1802. 1807.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the
worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories
fade,

Those titles vanish, and that strength
decay;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final
day:

Men are we, and must grieve when even
the Shade

Of that which once was great, is passed
away. 1802. 1807.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
men!

Whether the whistling Rustic tend his
plough

Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless
den;—

O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not;
do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise
again,

Live, and take comfort. Thou hast
left behind

Powers that will work for thee; air,
earth, and skies;

There's not a breathing of the common
wind

That will forget thee; thou hast great
allies;

Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable
mind. 1802. 1803.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once
more.

The cock that crows, the smoke that curls,
that sound

Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow-
ground

In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and
the roar

Of the waves breaking on the chalky
shore;—

All, all are English. Oft have I looked
round

With joy in Kent's green vales; but never
found

Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,

Thought for another moment. Thou art
free,

My Country! and 'tis joy enough and
pride

For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the
grass

Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.

1802. 1807.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled. (Wordsworth.)

WE had a female Passenger who came
From Calais with us, spotless in array, —
A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim

She sate, from no ice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech, or to the same

No sign of answer made by word or face:

Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,

That, burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
To mock the Outcast. — O ye Heavens,
be kind!

And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

1802. 1807.

NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER 1802

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air
was clear,

The coast of France — the coast of France
how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighbor-
hood.

I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,

A span of waters; yet what power is there!

What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and
waters roll,

Strength to the brave, and Power, and
Deity;

Yet in themselves are nothing! One
decree

Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the
soul

Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

1802. 1807.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1802

This was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind, or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth. It would not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French. Many times have I gone from Allan Bank in Grasmere vale, where we were then residing, to the top of the Raise-gap as it is called, so late as two o'clock in the morning to meet the carrier bringing the newspaper from Keswick. Imperfect traces of the state of mind in which I then was may be found in my Tract on the Convention of Cintra, as well as in these Sonnets. (Wordsworth.)

O FRIEND! I know not which way I
must look

For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of crafts-
man, cook,

Or groom! — We must run glittering like
a brook

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:

No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,

This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no
more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household
laws.

1802. 1807.

LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this
hour:

England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English
dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish
men;

Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.

Milton = friend

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt
apart:

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea:

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,
free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

1802. 1807.

GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN
AMONG US

GREAT men have been among us; hands
that penned

And tongues that uttered wisdom — bet-
ter none:

The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young, ~~Vane~~, and others who called
Milton friend.

These moralists could act and compre-
hend:

They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendor: what strength was, that
would not bend

But in magnanimous meekness. France,
'tis strange,

Hath brought forth no such souls as we
had then.

Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

1802. 1807.

IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark an-
tiquity

Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, un-
withstood,"

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary
bands,

That this most famous stream in bogs
and sands

Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue

That Shakspeare spake; the faith and
morals hold

Which Milton held. — In everything we
are sprung

Of Earth's first blood, have titles mani-
fold.

1802 or 1803. April 16, 1803.

WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN
MEMORY

WHEN I have borne in memory what has
tamed

Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts
depart

When men change swords for ledgers,
and desert

The student's bower for gold, some fears
unnamed

I had, my Country! — am I to be
blamed?

Now, when I think of thee, and what
thou art,

Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who
find

In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

1802 or 1803. September 17, 1803.

TO HARTLEY COLERIDGE

SIX YEARS OLD

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are
brought;

Who of thy words dost make a mock
apparel,

And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-
born carol;

Thou faery voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem

To brood on air than on an earthly
stream;

Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one
imagery;

O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,

I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might
be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!

O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-
grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn
brings forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a
strife

Slips in a moment out of life.

1802. 1807.

TO THE DAISY

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make, —
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Of Thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy Wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art! — a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to Thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course, — when day's begun

As ready to salute the sun
 As lark or leveret,
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
 Nor be less dear to future men
 Than in old time; thou not in vain
 Art Nature's favorite.¹

1802. 1807.

TO THE SAME FLOWER

With little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be,
 Daisy! again I talk to thee,
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Common-place
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace,
 Which Love makes for thee!

Of on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit, and play with similes,
 Loose types of things through all degrees,
 Thoughts of thy raising:
 And many a fond and idle name
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,
 As is the humor of the game,
 While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port;
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
 In thy simplicity the sport
 Of all temptations;
 A queen in crown of rubies drest;
 A starveling in a scanty vest;
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
 Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next — and instantly
 The freak is over,
 The shape will vanish — and behold
 A silver shield with boss of gold,
 That spreads itself, some faery bold
 In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar —
 And then thou art a pretty star;
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee!
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; —
 May peace come never to his nest,
 Who shall reproach thee!

¹ See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honors formerly paid to this flower. (Wordsworth.)

Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,
 When all my reveries are past,
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent creature!
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature!

1802. 1807.

TO THE DAISY

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is every-
 where,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long year through, the heir
 Of joy or sorrow;
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

1802. 1807.

THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest:
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion !
 Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May ;
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours,
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment :
 A Life, a Presence like the Air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair ;
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover ;
 There ! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
 A Brother of the dancing leaves ;
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
 Pours forth his song in gushes ;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked and treated with disdain
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes.

1803. 1807.

YEW-TREES

Compare the note on "A Night Piece."

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
 Which to this day stands single, in the
 midst

Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore ;
 Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
 Of Unfraville or Percy ere they marched
 To Scotland's heaths ; or those that
 crossed the sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azin-
 cour,

Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
 Of vast circumference and gloom pro-
 found

This solitary Tree ! a living thing
 Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
 Of form and aspect too magnificent
 To be destroyed. But worthier still of
 note

Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale
 Joined in one solemn and capacious
 grove ;

Huge trunks ; and each particular trunk
 a growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine
 Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved ;
 Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
 That threaten the profane ; — a pillared
 shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown
 hue,

By sheddings from the pining umbrage
 tinged

Perennially — beneath whose sable roof
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
 With unrejoicing berries — ghostly Shapes
 May meet at noontide ; Fear and trem-
 bling Hope,

Silence and Foresight ; Death the Skele-
 ton

And Time the Shadow ; — there to cele-
 brate,

As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
 United worship ; or in mute repose
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost
 caves. 1803. 1815.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

1803

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

For illustration, see my *Sister's Journal*.
 (*Wordsworth*.)

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
 At thought of what I now behold :
 As vapors breathed from dungeons cold,
 Strike pleasure dead,
 So sadness comes from out the mould
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
 And thou forbidden to appear ?
 As if it were thyself that's here
 I shrink with pain ;
 And both my wishes and my fear
 Alike are vain.

Off weight — nor press on weight ! —
 away
 Dark thoughts ! — they came, but not to
 stay ;

With chastened feelings would I pay
 The tribute due
 To him, and aught that hides his clay
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
 He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
 Rose like a star that touching earth,
 For so it seems,
 Doth glorify its humble birth
 With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
 The struggling heart, where be they
 now? —
 Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
 The prompt, the brave,
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
 And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as one
 More deeply grieved, for He was gone
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
 How Verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
 Regret pursues and with it blends, —
 Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
 By Skiddaw seen, —
 Neighbors we were, and loving friends
 We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;
 But heart with heart and mind with mind,
 Where the main fibres are entwined,
 Through Nature's skill,
 May even by contraries be joined
 More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
 Thou "poor Inhabitant below,"
 At this dread moment — even so —
 Might we together
 Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
 Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been
 placed
 Within my reach; of knowledge graced
 By fancy what a rich repast!
 But why go on? —
 Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
 His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
 (Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
 Lies gathered to his Father's side,
 Soul-moving sight!
 Yet one to which is not denied
 Some sad delight:

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
 Hath early found among the dead,
 Harbored where none can be misled,
 Wronged, or distressed;
 And surely here it may be said
 That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,
 May He who halloweth the place
 Where Man is laid
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
 For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chanted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

1803. 1845

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

AT INVERSNYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND

This delightful creature and her demeanor are particularly described in my *Sister's Journal*.
 (*Wordsworth.*)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head:
 And these gray rocks; that household
 lawn;

Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake;
 This little bay; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy Abode —
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream;
 Such Forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep!
 But, O fair Creature! in the light
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,
 I bless Thee, Vision as thou art
 I bless thee with a human heart;
 God shield thee to thy latest years!

Thee neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind —
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father — anything to thee!
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part:
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,

As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the spirit of them all!

1803. 1807.

STEPPING WESTWARD

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking
by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after
sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the course of
our Tour, we had been hospitably entertained some
weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts
of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women,
one of whom said to us by way of greeting, "What,
you are stepping westward?" (*Wordsworth.*)

"What, you are stepping westward?"
— "Yea."

— "T'would be a *wildish* destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?"

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake:
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

1803. 1807.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

1803. 1807.

YARROW UNVISITED

See the various Poems the scene of which is laid
upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the
exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning
"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride, —"
"Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow! —"
(*Wordsworth.*)

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome Marrow,*"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;

And Dryborough, where with chiming
Tweed
The lint whites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tivot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
— Strange words they seemed of slight
and scorn
My True-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long
past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis
fair.

'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly, —
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

1803. 1807.

OCTOBER 1803

WHEN, looking on the present face of things,
 I see one Man, of men the meanest too!
 Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
 With mighty Nations for his underlings,
 The great events with which old story rings
 Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:
 Nothing is left which I can venerate;
 So that a doubt almost within me springs
 Of Providence, such emptiness at length
 Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God!
 I measure back the steps which I have trod:
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
 Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time.
 1803. 1807.

TO THE MEN OF KENT

OCTOBER 1803

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
 Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
 To France be words of invitation sent!
 They from their fields can see the countenance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance
 And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
 Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
 Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—
 No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
 We all are with you now from shore to shore:—
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!
 1803. 1807.

ODE

INDICATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

"In my *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality in Childhood*, I do not profess to give a literal representation of the state of the affections and of the moral being in childhood. I record my own feelings at that time—my absolute spirituality, my 'all-soulness,' if I may so speak. At that time I could not believe that I should lie down quietly in the grave, and that my body would moulder into dust." (Knight's *Wordsworth*, II, 326. See also, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the article "Poetry.")

I

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,
 and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn whereso'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can
 see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose,
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are
 bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from
 the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
 song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief;
 A timely utterance gave that thought
 relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from
 the steep;
 No more shall grief of mine the season
 wrong;
 I hear the Echoes throng the moun-
 tains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of
 sleep,

And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every Beast keep holiday;—

Thou Child of Joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
thou happy Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the
call

Ye to each other make; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel
it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen

While Earth herself is adorning,

This sweet May-morning,

And the Children are culling—*PICKING*

On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
warm,

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's
arm:—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

— But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is
gone:

The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forget-
ting:

The Soul that rises with us, our life's
Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it
flows,

He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the
east

Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,

And by the vision splendid—*glory*

Is on his way attended;

At length the Man perceives it die away,

And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her
own;

Yearnings she hath in her own natural
kind,

And, even with something of a Mother's
mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate

Man,

Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born
blisses,

A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!

See, where 'mid work of his own hand
he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's
eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human
life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned
art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous
stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied
Age,

That Life brings with her in her equi-
page;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Phases

at

1000

1100

1200

1300

1400

1500

1600

1700

1800

1900

2000

2100

2200

2300

2400

2500

2600

2700

2800

2900

3000

3100

3200

3300

3400

3500

3600

3700

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind;

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep;

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,

A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?

Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
(Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers!

What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be

blest —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering

in his breast: —
Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts before which our mortal
Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-

more
Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once
so bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills,
and Groves,

Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Rowanlike period: a child's workshop.
could not live to grow into adults.

WORDSWORTH

51

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your
might;

I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual
sway.

I love the Brooks which down their chan-
nels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly
as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born
Day

Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting
sun

Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-
tality;

Another race hath been, and other palms
are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we
live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and
fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows
can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

1803-6 1807
But I could not give
any added
sympathy
& feeling
to the
way
below

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,

I hear thee and rejoice.

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,

Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass

Thy twofold shout I hear,

From hill to hill it seems to pass,

At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,

Of sunshine and of flowers,

Thou bringest unto me a tale

Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!

Even yet thou art to me

No bird, but an invisible thing,

A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days

I listened to; that Cry

Which made me look a thousand ways

In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove

Through woods and on the green;

And thou wert still a hope, a love;

Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;

Can lie upon the plain

And listen, till I do beget

That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace

Again appears to be

An unsubstantial, faery place;

That is fit home for Thee!

1802. 1807.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF
DELIGHT

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The germ of
this poem was four lines composed as a part of the
verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in
this way, it was written from my heart, as is suffi-
ciently obvious. (Wordsworth.)

SHE was a Phantom of delight

When first she gleamed upon my sight;

A lovely Apparition sent

To be a moment's ornament;

Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;

Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn

From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;

A dancing Shape, an Image gay,

To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,

A Spirit, yet a Woman too!

Her household motions light and free,

And steps of virgin-liberty;

A countenance in which did meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet;

A Creature not too bright or good

For human nature's daily food;

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,

Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene

The very pulse of the machine;

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,

A Traveller between life and death;

The reason firm, the temperate will,

Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,

To warn, to comfort, and command;

And yet a Spirit still, and bright

With something of angelic light.

1804. 1807.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The Daffodils grew and still grow on the margin of Ulls-water, and probably may be seen to this day as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves. (*Wordsworth.*)

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

1804. 1807.

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This was taken from the case of a poor widow who lived in the town of Penrith. Her sorrow was well known to Mrs. Wordsworth, to my Sister, and, I believe, to the whole town. She kept a shop, and when she saw a stranger passing by, she was in the habit of going out into the street to enquire of him after her son. (*Wordsworth.*)

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead!
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same,
That I may rest, and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas! to have received
No tidings of an only child;
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled;
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
I catch at them, and then I miss;
Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold;
Well born, well bred; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold;
If things ensued that wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base;
And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares!
He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Years to a mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! No, I suffered long
From that ill thought; and, being blind,
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong;
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed:" and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honor and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain:
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight:
They mount — how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

154
words.

I look for ghosts: but none will force
 Their way to me: 'tis falsely said
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead;
 For, surely, then I should have sight
 Of him I wait for day and night,
 With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;
 I dread the rustling of the grass;
 The very shadows of the clouds
 Have power to shake me as they pass:
 I question things and do not find
 One that will answer to my mind;
 And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
 My troubles, and beyond relief:
 If any chance to heave a sigh,
 They pity me, and not my grief.
 Then come to me, my Son, or send
 Some tidings that my woes may end;
 I have no other earthly friend!
 1804. 1807.

ODE TO DUTY

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe:
 From vain temptations dost set free:
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail
 humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread
 Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to
 their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly,
 if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control;
 But in the quietness of thought:
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires:
 My hopes no more must change their
 name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face:
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens, through
 Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
 I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give;
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman
 let me live! 1805. 1807.

TO A SKY-LARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 For thy song, Lark, is strong;
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
 Singing, singing,
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing
 Lift me, guide me till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses
 dreary
 And to-day my heart is weary;
 Had I now the wings of a Faery,

Up to thee would I fly.
 There is madness about thee, and joy
 divine
 In that song of thine;
 Lift me, guide me high and high
 To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning
 Thou art laughing and scorning;
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest.
 And, though little troubled with sloth,
 Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
 To be such a traveller as I.
 Happy, happy Liver,
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river
 Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
 Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways
 must wind;
 But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
 As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
 I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
 And hope for higher raptures, when life's
 day is done. 1805. 1807.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE
 CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR
 GEORGE BEAUMONT

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged
 Pile!
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of
 thee:

I saw thee every day; and all the while
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
 So like, so very like, was day to day!
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was
 there;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no
 sleep;
 No mood, which season takes away, or
 brings:
 I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's
 hand,

To express what then I saw; and add
 the gleam,
 The light that never was, on sea or land,
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary
 Pile

Amid a world how different from this!
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-
 house divine
 Of peaceful years; a chronicle of
 heaven;—
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
 Such Picture would I at that time have
 made:

And seen the soul of truth in every part,
 A steadfast peace that might not be
 betrayed.

So once it would have been, — 'tis so no
 more;

I have submitted to a new control:
 A power is gone, which nothing can
 restore;
 A deep distress hath humanized my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
 This, which I know, I speak with mind
 serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would
 have been the Friend,
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
 This work of thine I blame not, but com-
 mend;
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work! — yet wise and
 well,
 Well chosen in the spirit that is here;
 That Hulk which labors in the deadly
 swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime

I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and
trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives
alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the
Kind!

Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me
here. —

Not without hope we suffer and we
mourn. 1805. 1807.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAK-
ING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!
— There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor and a hold;
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

1801? February 11, 1802.

FRENCH REVOLUTION

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS
COMMENCEMENT

An extract from the long poem of my own poet-
ical education. It was first published by Coleridge

in his *Friend*, which is the reason of its having
had a place in every edition of my poems since.
(*Wordsworth*.) From *The Prelude*, Bk. XI.

OH! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then
stood

Upon our side, we who were strong in
love!

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! —
Oh! times,

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding
ways

Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert
her rights,

When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress — to assist the
work,

Which then was going forward in her
name!

Not favored spots alone, but the whole
earth,

The beauty wore of promise, that which
sets

(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full
blown.

What temper at the prospect did not
wake

To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt
away!

They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams,

The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
strength

Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had
stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found
there

As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it; — they, too, who, of gentle
mood,

Had watched all gentle motions, and to
these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful
selves; —

Now was it that both found, the meek
and lofty

Did both find, helpers to their heart's
 desire,
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
 wish;
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,
 Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
 where!
 But in the very world, which is the world
 Of all of us, — the place where in the end
 We find our happiness, or not at all!
 1804. October 26, 1809.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Suggested in part by an event which all England was lamenting — the death of Lord Nelson — and in part by the personal loss, which he still felt so keenly, his brother John's removal. On the 4th of February, 1806, Southey wrote thus to Sir Walter Scott: " . . . Wordsworth was with me last week: he has been of late more employed in correcting his poems than in writing others; but one piece he has written, upon the ideal character of a soldier, than which I have never seen anything more full of meaning and sound thought. The subject was suggested by Nelson's most glorious death. . . ." (Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, II, 46-7.)

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to
 be?
 — It is the generous Spirit, who, when
 brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
 thought:
 Whose high endeavors are an inward
 light
 That makes the path before him always
 bright:
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is dili-
 gent to learn;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not
 there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care;
 Who, doomed to go in company with
 Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable
 train!
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest
 dower;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
 bereaves

Of their bad influence, and their good
 receives:
 By objects, which might force the soul
 to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassion-
 ate;
 Is placable — because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even
 more pure,
 As tempted more; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and dis-
 tress;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 — 'Tis he whose law is reason; who de-
 pends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted
 still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labors good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows:
 — Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means; and there will stand
 On honorable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the
 same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in
 wait
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly
 state;
 Whom they must follow; on whose head
 must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at
 all:
 Whose powers shed round him in the
 common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has
 joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
 Is happy as a Lover; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a Man in-
 spired;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps
 the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he fore-
 saw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:

— He who, though thus endued as with
a sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle
scenes;

Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much
to love: —

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or
not —

Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be
won:

Whom neither shape of danger can dis-
may,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand
fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk
the earth

For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his
fame,

And leave a dead unprofitable name —
Finds comfort in himself and in his
cause;

And, while the moral mist is gathering,
draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's
applause:

This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to
be. 1806. 1807.

YES, IT WAS THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

YES, it was the mountain Echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like — but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife —
Voices of two different natures?

Have not *we* too? — yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar —
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God, — of God they are.
1806. 1807.

NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM

In the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one after-
noon in 1801, my sister read to me the Sonnets of
Milton. I had long been well acquainted with
them, but I was particularly struck on that occasion
with the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony
that runs through most of them, — in character so
totally different from the Italian, and still more so
from Shakespeare's fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I
may be allowed to say so, and produced three
Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote
except an irregular one at school. Of these three,
the only one I distinctly remember is — "I grieved
for Buonaparté." One was never written down:
the third, which was, I believe, preserved, I cannot
particularize. (*Wordsworth.*)

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow
room;
And hermits are contented with their
cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his
loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for
bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove
bells:

In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be
bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of
ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs
must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much
liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have
found. 1806? 1807.

PERSONAL TALK

I

I AM not One who much or ft delight
To season my fireside with personal
talk —

Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbors, daily, weekly, in my sight :
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies
bright,

Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the
stalk,

These all wear out of me, like Forms, with
chalk

Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-
night.

Better than such discourse doth silence
long,

Long, barren silence, square with my
desire;

To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

II

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen
and see,

And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.

Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth
and glee

Are fostered by the comment and the
gibe."

Even be it so; yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank
not me!

Children are blest, and powerful; their
world lies

More justly balanced; partly at their
feet,

And part far from them: sweetest mel-
odies

Are those that are by distance made more
sweet;

Whose mind is but the mind of his own
eyes,

He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

III

Wings have we, — and as far as we can
go,

We may find pleasure: wilderness and
wood,

Blank ocean and mere sky, support that
mood

Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books are each a world; and
books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and
good:

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh
and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous
store,

Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;

Two shall be named, pre-eminently
dear, —

The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white
Lamb.

IV

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live
remote

From evil-speaking; rancor, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or
lie.

Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and
joyous thought:

And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.

Blessings be with them — and eternal
praise,

Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler
cares —

The Poets, who on earth have made us
heirs

Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
lays!

Oh! might my name be numbered among
theirs,

Then gladly would I end my mortal
days.

1806? 1807.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH
WITH US

THE world is too much with us; late and
soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!

material
world
sense of
value

3pm. really
shabby
devoted
time
was

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers:
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.
1806? 1807.

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring: the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet, do lie
Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts of joyous health!
1806? 1807.

NOVEMBER 1806

ANOTHER year! — another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know

That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honor which they do not understand.
1806. 1807.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea, ^{England}
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice: ^{Switzerland}
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee?
1807. 1807.

HERE PAUSE: THE POET CLAIMS AT LEAST THIS PRAISE

HERE pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days;

From hope, the paramount *duty* that
 Heaven lays,
 For its own honor, on man's suffering
 heart.
 Never may from our souls one truth
 depart —
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled
 eye;
 Nor — touched with due abhorrence of
their guilt
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood
 is spilt,
 And justice labors in extremity —
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!
 1811. 1815.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE

PAINTED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

PRaised be the Art whose subtle power
 could stay
 Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious
 shape;
 Nor would permit the thin smoke to
 escape,
 Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the
 day;
 Which stopped that band of travellers on
 their way,
 Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
 And showed the Bark upon the glassy
 flood
 For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
 Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning,
 Noontide, Even,
 Do serve with all their changeful pag-
 eantry;
 Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
 Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast
 given
 To one brief moment caught from fleeting
 time
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.
 1811. 1815.

LAODAMIA

Written at Rydal Mount. The incident of the
 trees growing and withering put the subject into
 my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving
 it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been

given to it by any of the Ancients who have treated
 of it. It cost me more trouble than almost any-
 thing of equal length I have ever written. (*Words-
 worth*.)

"Laodamia is a very original poem; I mean
 original with reference to your own manner.
 You have nothing like it. I should have seen it in
 a strange place, and greatly admired it, but not
 suspected its derivation . . ." (Lamb to Words-
 worth. Talfourd's *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*.
 p. 151.)

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope in-
 spired;
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades
 forlorn
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I
 required:
 Celestial pity I again implore; —
 Restore him to my sight — great Jove,
 restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love en-
 dowed
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward
 lifts her hands;
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
 Her countenance brightens — and her
 eye expands;
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her
 stature grows;
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? —
 O joy!
 What doth she look on? — whom doth
 she behold?
 Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
 His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
 It is — if sense deceive her not — 'tis He?
 And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake — and touched her
 with his wand
 That calms all fear; "Such grace hath
 crowned thy prayer,
 Laodamia! that at Jove's command
 Thy Husband walks the paths of upper
 air:
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours'
 space;
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her
 Lord to clasp;
 Again that consummation she essayed;
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
 As often as that eager grasp was made,

'The Phantom parts — but parts to reunite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:

This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect: — Spectre though I be,

I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the

Trojan strand
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold;

A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes — bravest, noblest, best!

Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;

Thou found'st — and I forgive thee —
here thou art —

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,

Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed

Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:

Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair

As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No Spectre greets me, — no vain Shadow this;

Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!

Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss

To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"

Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcæ threw

Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:

Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys

Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys

Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains;
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve

The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;

A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn

When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —"

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force

Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb

Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,

And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful — and they

Yet further may relent: for mightier far

Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway

Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow —" "Peace!"
he said; —

She looked upon him and was calmed and
cheered;

The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien,
appeared

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy
place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and
pure;

No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged
there

In happier beauty; more pellucid
streams,

An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal
gleams;

Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
earned

That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain
delight,

While tears were thy best pastime, day
and night;

"And while my youthful peers before my
eyes

(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enter-
prise

By martial sports, — or, seated in the
tent,

Chieftains and kings in council were de-
tained;

What time the fleet at Aulis lay
enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given: — I
then revolved

The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved

That, of a thousand vessels, mine should
be

The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand, —

Mine the first blood that tinged the Tro-
jan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved
Wife!

On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal
life, —

The paths which we had trod — these
fountains, flowers,

My new-planned cities, and unfinished
towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to
cry,

'Behold they tremble! — haughty their
array,

Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away:

Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty
thought,

In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art
all too weak

In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek

Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sym-
pathized;

Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to as-
cend —

Seeking a higher object. Love was
given,

Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that
end;

For this the passion to excess was
driven —

That self might be annulled: her bond-
age prove

The fetters of a dream, opposed to
love." —

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reap-
pears!

Round the dear Shade she would have
clung — 'tis vain:

The hours are past — too brief had they
been years;

And him no mortal effort can detain :
 Swift, toward the realms that know not
 earthly day,
 He through the portal takes his silent
 way,
 And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she
 lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
 She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
 By the just Gods whom no weak pity
 moved,
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed
 time,
 Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather
 flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are due;
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'er-
 thrown
 Are mourned by man, and not by man
 alone,
 As fondly he believes. — Upon the side
 Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-
 tained)
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
 From out of the tomb of him for whom she
 died;
 And ever, when such stature they had
 gained
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their
 view,
 The trees' tall summits withered at the
 sight:
 A constant interchange of growth and
 blight! 1814. 1815.

YARROW VISITED

SEPTEMBER 1814

As mentioned in my verses on the death of the
 Ettrick Shepherd, my first visit to Yarrow was in
 his company. We had lodged the night before at
 Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us . . . I sel-
 dom read or think of this poem without regretting
 that my dear Sister was not of the party, as she
 would have had so much delight in recalling the
 time when, travelling together in Scotland, we
 declined going in search of this celebrated stream,
 not altogether, I will frankly confess, for the reasons
 assigned in the poem on the occasion. (*Words-
 worth.*)

AND is this — Yarrow! — *This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherished,
 So faithfully, a waking dream?
 An image that hath perished!

O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
 To utter notes of gladness,
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows
 With uncontrolled meanderings;
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's
 Lake
 Is visibly delighted;
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
 Save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused,
 A tender hazy brightness;
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
 All profitless dejection;
 Though not unwilling here to admit
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
 His bed perchance was yon smooth
 mound
 On which the herd is feeding:
 And haply from this crystal pool,
 Now peaceful as the morning,
 The Water-wraith ascended thrice —
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
 The haunts of happy Lovers,
 The path that leads them to the grove,
 The leafy grove that covers:
 And Pity sanctifies the Verse
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,
 The unconquerable strength of love;
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation:
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
 A softness still and holy;
 The grace of forest charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
 Rich groves of lofty stature,
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated nature;

And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there —
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives —
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine —
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me — to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

1814. 1815.

TO B. R. HAYDON

B. R. Haydon, the painter, was for many years a friend of Wordsworth. On November 27, 1815, Haydon wrote: "I have benefited and have been supported in the troubles of life by your poetry. . . . I will bear want, pain, misery, and blindness; but I will never yield one step I have gained on the road I am determined to travel over." Wordsworth's answer to this letter was the following sonnet.

HIGH is our calling, Friend — Creative Art!
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues.)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,

Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest
part,
Heroically fashioned — to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to
desert.

And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she
may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure
distress,

Still to be strenuous for the bright re-
ward,

And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-minded-
ness —

Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!
1815. 1816.

NOVEMBER 1

How clear, how keen, how marvellously
bright

The effluence from yon distant mountain's
head,

Which, strewn with snow smooth as the
sky can shed,

Shines like another sun — on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching
Night,

And all her twinkling stars. Who now
would tread,

If so he might, yon mountain's glittering
head —

Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
Unsweet, unstained? Nor shall the
aërial Powers

Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial
Spring

Has filled the laughing vales with wel-
come flowers. 1815. 1816.

SURPRISED BY JOY — IMPATIENT AS THE WIND

This was in fact suggested by my daughter
Catherine long after her death. (*Wordsworth.*)

SURPRISED by joy — impatient as the
Wind

I turned to share the transport — Oh!
with whom

But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,

That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my
mind—

But how could I forget thee? Through
what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss? — That
thought's return

Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was
no more;

That neither present time, nor years un-
born

Could to my sight that heavenly face
restore. 1815? 1815.

HAST THOU SEEN, WITH FLASH INCESSANT

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts! — A wind-swept
meadow

Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity! 1818. 1820.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE

TROUBLED long with warring notions,
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well;
Rains, that make each rill a torrent,
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine tranquillity! 1818. 1820.

NOT SELDOM, CLAD IN RADIANT VEST

Nor seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding Bark, untrue;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
And peace was given, — nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!
1818. 1820.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY

I

HAD this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see —
What is? — ah no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some
sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth
below,
Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimier transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle — the
gleam —
The shadow — and the peace supreme!

II

No sound is uttered, — but a deep
 And solemn harmony pervades
 The hollow vale from steep to steep,
 And penetrates the glades.
 Far-distant images draw nigh,
 Called forth by wondrous potency
 Of beamy radiance, that imbues,
 Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues !
 In vision exquisitely clear,
 Herds range along the mountain side ;
 And glistening antlers are descried ;
 And gilded flocks appear.
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal
 Eve !
 But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
 Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
 That this magnificence is wholly thine !
 — From worlds not quickened by the sun
 A portion of the gift is won ;
 An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is
 spread
 On ground which British shepherds
 tread !

III

And, if there be whom broken ties
 Afflict, or injuries assail,
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
 Present a glorious scale,
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,
 To stop — no record hath told where !
 And tempting Fancy to ascend,
 And with immortal Spirits blend !
 — Wings at my shoulders seem to play ;
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
 On those bright steps that heavenward
 raise
 Their practicable way.
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look
 abroad,
 And see to what fair countries ye are
 bound !
 And if some traveller, weary of his road,
 Hath slept since noontide on the grassy
 ground,
 Ye Genii ! to his covert speed ;
 And wake him with such gentle heed
 As may attune his soul to meet the dower
 Bestowed on this transcendent hour !

IV

Such hues from their celestial Urn
 Were wont to stream before mine eye,
 Where'er it wandered in the morn
 Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed ?
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude ;
 For, if a vestige of those gleams
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
 Dread Power ! whom peace and calm-
 ness serve
 No less than Nature's threatening voice,
 If aught unworthy be my choice,
 From THEE if I would swerve ;
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored ;
 Which, at this moment, on my waking
 sight
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored ;
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,
 Rejoices in a second birth !
 — 'Tis past, the visionary splendour
 fades ;
 And night approaches with her shades.
 1818. 1820.

TO A SNOWDROP

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and
 white as they
 But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
 Like an unbidden guest. Though day by
 day,
 Storms, sailing from the mountain-tops,
 waylay
 The rising sun, and on the plains descend ;
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
 Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-
 eyed May
 Shall soon behold this border thickly set
 With bright jonquils, their odours lavish-
 ing
 On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers ;
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
 Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of
 Spring,
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years !
 1819. 1819.

SEPTEMBER 1819

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
 Are hung, as if with golden shields,
 Bright trophies of the sun !
 Like a fair sister of the sky,
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
 The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life :
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy ; — while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list ! — though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony :
There lives Who can provide
For all his creatures ; and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These choristers confide.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring ;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays !
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough : —
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow !

Yet will I temperately rejoice ;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes ;

Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile ;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn :
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn !

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong ;
Woe ! woe to Tyrants ! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By winged Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit ;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture ! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy ; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust :
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold ?
Can haughtily Time be just !

1819. 1820.

AFTER-THOUGHT

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my
guide,
As being past away. — Vain sympathies !
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my
eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide ;

Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever
glide;
The Form remains, the Function never
dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the
wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth de-
fied
The elements, must vanish; — be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands
have power
To live, and act, and serve the future
hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's
transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.
1820. 1820.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS

DOOMED as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane,
Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
And to the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam — along the brink
Of Rhine — or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity! — to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

1820. 1822.

MUTABILITY

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not
fail;

A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not
with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.

Truth fails not; but her outward forms
that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and
plain
And is no more; drop like the tower
sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even
sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent
air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

1821. 1822.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE
CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE
Dartmouth Henry VI
TAX not the royal Saint with vain ex-
pense, *imperfect abnegation of claim*
With ill-matched aims the Architect who
planned —
Albeit laboring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only — this im-
mense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven re-
jects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the
sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branch-
ing roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thou-
sand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where
music dwells
Lingering — and wandering on as loth to
die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness
yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

1820 or 1821. 1822.

MEMORY

A PEN — to register; a key —
That winds through secret wards;
Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
A Pencil to her hand;
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smooths forgone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

Oh! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.
1823. 1827.

TO A SKY-LARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and
eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy
ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at
will,
Those quivering wings composed, that
music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world
a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven
and Home! 1825. 1827.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET

Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on
the western side of Rydal Lake. (*Wordsworth.*)

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have
frowned,

Mindless of its just honors; with this
key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the
melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso
sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante
crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from
Faeryland
To struggle through dark ways; and,
when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his
hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence
he blew
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!
1827? 1827.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK

Written at Rydal Mount. The Rock stands on
the right hand a little way leading up the middle
road from Rydal to Grasmere. We have been in
the habit of calling it the glow-worm rock from the
number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging
on it as described. The tuft of primrose has, I fear,
been washed away by the heavy rains. (*Words-*
worth.)

See Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*, April 24th,
1802.

A ROCK there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their
lamps,
Like stars, at various heights;
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own;
A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
 Though threatening still to fall;
 The earth is constant to her sphere;
 And God upholds them all:
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
 Her annual funeral.

* * * *

Here closed the meditative strain;
 But air breathed soft that day,
 The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,
 The sunny vale looked gay;
 And to the Primrose of the Rock
 I gave this after-lay.

I sang — Let myriads of bright flowers,
 Like Thee, in field and grove
 Revive unenvied; — mightier far,
 Than tremblings that reprove
 Our vernal tendencies to hope,
 Is God's redeeming love;

That love which changed — for wan dis-
 ease,
 For sorrow that had bent
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age —
 Their moral element,
 And turned the thistles of a curse
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
 The reasoning Sons of Men,
 From one oblivious winter called
 Shall rise, and breathe again:
 And in eternal summer lose
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
 This prescience from on high,
 The faith that elevates the just,
 Before and when they die;
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,
 A court for Deity. 1831. 1835.

YARROW REVISITED

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream. (*Wordsworth.*)

THE gallant Youth, who may have
 gained,
 Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"

Was but an Infant in the lap
 When first I looked on Yarrow;
 Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
 Long left without a warder,
 I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
 Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet
 day,
 Their dignity installing
 In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
 Were on the bough, or falling;
 But breezes played, and sunshine
 gleamed —
 The forest to embolden;
 Reddened the fiery hues and shot
 Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
 In foamy agitation;
 And slept in many a crystal pool
 For quiet contemplation:
 No public and no private care
 The freeborn mind entralling,
 We made a day of happy hours,
 Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of
 youth,
 With freaks of graceful folly, —
 Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
 Her Night not melancholy;
 Past, present, future, all appeared
 In harmony united,
 Like guests that meet, and some from
 far,
 By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
 And down the meadow ranging,
 Did meet us with unaltered face,
 Though we were changed and chang-
 ing;
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
 Our inward prospect over,
 The soul's deep valley was not slow
 Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
 And her divine employment!
 The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
 For hope and calm enjoyment;
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
 Has o'er their pillow brooded;
 And Care waylays their steps — a Sprite
 Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
 For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
 And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
 For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
 May classic Fancy, linking
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,
 Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,
 Each vying with the other,
 May Health return to mellow Age
 With Strength, her venturous brother;
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill
 Renowned in song and story,
 With unimagined beauty shine,
 Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
 By tales of love and sorrow
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
 And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
 Wherever they invite Thee,
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
 Such looks of love and honor
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me
 When first I gazed upon her;
 Beheld what I had feared to see,
 Unwilling to surrender
 Dreams treasured up from early days,
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized Romance
 Plays false with our affections;
 Unsanctifies our tears — made sport
 For fanciful dejections:
 Ah, no! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is — our changeful Life,
 With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
 In Yarrow's groves were centred;

Who through the silent portal arch
 Of mouldering Newark entered;
 And clomb the winding stair that once
 Too timidly was mounted
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last!)
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,
 Well pleased that future Bards should
 chant
 For simple hearts thy beauty;
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
 Dear to the common sunshine,
 And dearer still, as now I feel,
 To memory's shadowy moonshine:
 1831. 1835.

THE TROSACHS

As recorded in my sister's Journal, I had first seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's company. The sentiment that runs through this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I again saw this beautiful spot; but this and some other sonnets that follow were colored by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going. (*Wordsworth.*)

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn
 Pass,
 But were an apt confessional for One
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn
 gone,
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art
 which chase
 That thought away, turn, and with
 watchful eyes
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more
 clear than glass
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice
 happy quest,
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray
 (October's workmanship to rival May)
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught
 lay,
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to
 rest!
 1831. 1835.

IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY LIGHT FROM HEAVEN

If thou indeed derive thy light from
 Heaven,

Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
 Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content :
 The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
 And they that from the zenith dart their
 beams,
 (Visible though they be to half the earth,
 Though half a sphere be conscious of
 their brightness)
 Are yet of no diviner origin,
 No purer essence, than the one that
 burns,
 Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge
 Of some dark mountain; or than those
 which seem
 Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter
 lamps,
 Among the branches of the leafless trees.
 All are the undying offspring of one Sire :
 Then, to the measure of the light vouch-
 safed,
 Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be con-
 tent. 1832. 1836.

IF THIS GREAT WORLD OF JOY AND PAIN

If this great world of joy and pain
 Revolve in one sure track ;
 If freedom, set, will rise again,
 And virtue, flown, come back ;
 Woe to the purblind crew who fill
 The heart with each day's care ;
 Nor gain, from past or future skill
 To bear, and to forbear !
 1833. 1835.

"THERE!" SAID A STRIPLING, POINTING WITH MEET PRIDE

"THERE!" said a Stripling, pointing with
 meet pride
 Towards a low roof with green trees half
 concealed,
 "Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very
 field
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."
 Far and wide
 A plain below stretched seaward, while,
 descried
 Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran
 rose ;
 And, by that simple notice, the repose
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.

Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or
 stone"
 Myriads of daisies have shone forth in
 flower
 Near the lark's nest, and in their natural
 hour
 Have passed away ; less happy than the
 One
 That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died
 to prove
 The tender charm of poetry and love.
 1833. 1835.

MOST SWEET IT IS WITH UNUPLIFTED EYES

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
 To pace the ground, if path be there or
 none,
 While a fair region round the traveller lies
 Which he forbears again to look upon ;
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
 Of meditation, slipping in between
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
 If Thought and Love desert us, from that
 day
 Let us break off all commerce with the
 Muse :
 With Thought and Love companions of
 our way,
 Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her
 dews
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.
 1833. 1835.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG¹

WHEN first, descending from the moor-
 lands,
 I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
 Along a bare and open valley,
 The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered
 Through groves that had begun to shed
 Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
 My steps the Border-minstrel led.

¹ Walter Scott died Sept. 21, 1832
 S. T. Coleridge " July 25, 1834
 Charles Lamb " Dec. 27, 1834
 George Crabbe " Feb. 3, 1832
 Felicia Hemans " May 16, 1834

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth.
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-
summits,

Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with dark-
ness,

Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-
looking,

I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet
dead.

November 1835. December 1835.

A POET!—HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO SCHOOL

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to
school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the
staff

Which Art hath lodged within his hand
— must laugh

By precept only, and shed tears by
rule.

Thy Art be Nature; the live current
quaff,

And let the groveller sip his stagnant
pool,

In fear that else, when Critics grave and
cool

Have killed him, Scorn should write his
epitaph.

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom
unfold?

Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom,
bold;

And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality.

1842? 1842.

SO FAIR, SO SWEET, WITHAL SO SENSITIVE

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
Would that the little Flowers were born
to live,

Conscious of half the pleasure which
they give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were
known

The beauty of its star-shaped shadow,
thrown

On the smooth surface of this naked
stone!

And what if hence a bold desire should
mount

High as the Sun, that he could take
account

Of all that issues from his glorious fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid
These delicate companionships are made;
And how he rules the pomp of light and
shade;

And were the Sister-power that shines
by night

So privileged, what a countenance of
delight

Would through the clouds break forth
on human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn
 thine eye
 On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
 Converse with Nature in pure sympathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
 Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled
 Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

1844. 1845.

THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY STREAMS

THE unremitting voice of nightly streams
 That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful
 powers,

If neither soothing to the worm that
 gleams

Through dewy grass, nor small birds
 hushed in bowers,

Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy
 flowers, —

That voice of unpretending harmony
 (For who what is shall measure by what
 seems

To be, or not to be,
 Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)

Wants not a healing influence that can
 creep

Into the human breast, and mix with
 sleep

To regulate the motion of our dreams
 For kindly issues — as through every
 clime

Was felt near murmuring brooks in
 earliest time;

As at this day, the rudest swains who
 dwell

Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling
 knell

Of water-breaks, with grateful heart
 could tell. 1846. 1850.

SONNET

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time
 brings forth

No successors; and, lodged in memory,

If love exist no longer, it must die, —

Wanting accustomed food, must pass
 from earth,

Or never hope to reach a second birth.

This sad belief, the happiest that is left
 To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er
 bereft,

Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a
 dearth.

Though poor and destitute of friends
 thou art,

Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,

One to whom Heaven assigns that mourn-
 ful part

The utmost solitude of age to face,
 Still shall be left some corner of the heart

Where Love for living Thing can find a
 place. 1846. 1850.

COLERIDGE

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

***POETICAL WORKS**, 1 volume, edited by James Dykes Campbell, Macmillan, 1893 (Globe Edition). — **POEMS**, 1 volume, edited by E. H. Coleridge, Lane, 1907 (illustrated). — **POEMS AND DRAMATIC WORKS**, edited by William Knight, Scribners, 1906 (Caxton Thin Paper Classics). — **COMPLETE WORKS**, 7 volumes, edited by W. G. T. Shedd, Harpers, 1853, 1884 (a rather poor edition). — **POETICAL WORKS**, 2 volumes, **PROSE WORKS**, 6 volumes, edited by T. Ashe, Bell, 1885. — **POETICAL WORKS**, 1 volume, Crowell, 1908 (Astor Edition). — **LETTERS**, edited by E. H. Coleridge, 2 volumes, Houghton Mifflin, 1895. — **COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS**, with additions, edited by E. H. Coleridge, 2 volumes, Clarendon Press, 1912.

BIOGRAPHY

GILLMAN (James), *The Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, Vol. I, 1838 (all published). — BRANDL (Alois), *Samuel Taylor Coleridge und die englische Romantik*, 1886; English edition by Lady Eastlake, assisted by the author, 1887. — TRAILL (H. D.), *Coleridge*, 1884 (English Men of Letters Series). — CAINE (T. Hall), *Coleridge*, 1887 (Great Writers Series). — *CAMPBELL (J. D.), *Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a Narrative of the Events of His Life*, 1894. — AYNARD (Joseph), *La Vie d'un poète: Coleridge*, 1907. — HARPER (G. M.), *The Wordsworth-Coleridge Combination* (in *Sewanee Review*, July, 1923). — KNIGHT (W. A.), *Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country*, 1913. — WATSON (L. E.), *Coleridge at Highgate*, 1926. — WRIGHT (H.), *Tour of Coleridge and his Friend Hucks in Wales in 1794* (in *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1926). — *See also: Knight's Life of Wordsworth.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

COLERIDGE (S. T.), *Biographia Literaria*; *Table Talk*; *Letters*, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. — *Anima Poetæ*, Selections from the Unpublished Note-Books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. — *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, edited by Thomas Allsop. — *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, edited by her daughter. — COTTLE (Joseph), *Early Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*. — TALFOURD (T. N.), *Final Memorials of Lamb*. — ROBINSON (H. C.), *Diary*. — HAZLITT (William), *My First Acquaintance with Poets; Spirit of the Age; Lectures on the English Poets: Lecture 8*. — DE QUINCEY (Masson's Edition), Vol. V, *Coleridge and Opium-Eating*. — MITFORD (M. R.), *Recollections of a Literary Life*. — WILSON (John), *ESSAYS*. — JEFFREY (Lord Francis), *Critical Essays: Coleridge's Literary Life*. — *CARLYLE, *Life of Sterling*, Part I, Chap. 8. — LAMB (Charles), *Works: *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago; Recollections of Christ's Hospital; On the Death of Coleridge; Letters*. — *WORDSWORTH (Dorothy), *Journals*. — SOUTHEY (R.), *Life and Correspondence*. — GRAHAM (W.), *Contemporary Critics of Coleridge, the Poet* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1923). — MORLEY (Edith J.), *Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, etc., being Selections from the Remains of Henry Crabb Robinson*, 1922.

LATER CRITICISM

BEERS (H. A.), *English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*, 1901. — CESTRE (Charles), *La Révolution française et les poètes anglais*, 1906. — CALVERT (G. H.), Coleridge, Shelley, Goethe, 1880. — COLERIDGE (E. H.), Coleridge (in Chambers' *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Vol. III, new edition, 1904). — DOWDEN (Edward), *New Studies in Literature: Coleridge as a Poet*, 1895; *French Revolution and English Literature*, Essay IV, 1897. — *GARNETT (R.), *Essays of an Ex-Librarian*, 1901. — LEGOUIS (Emile), *La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth*, 1896. — *LOWELL (J. R.), *Prose Works*, Vol. VI (address of 1887). — *MILL (J. S.), *Dissertations and Discussions*. — *PATER (Walter), *Appreciations* (essay of 1865). — PAYNE (W. M.), *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — ROBERTSON (John M.), *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, 1897. — SAINTSBURY (G.), *Essays in English Literature*, second series: Coleridge and Southey, 1895. — SHAIRP (J. C.), *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, 1868, 1887. — STEPHEN (Leslie), *Hours in a Library*, new edition, Vol. III, 1892. — SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Essays and Studies*, 1875. — SYMONS (A.), Coleridge (in *International Quarterly*, June–September, 1904). — WATSON (William), *Excursions in Criticism*, 1893. — WINTER (W.), *Shakspeare's England: At the Grave of Coleridge*, 1886. — WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Makers of Literature* (1890), 1900.

BAYNE (Peter), *Essays*, Vol. II, 1858. — BROOKE (Stopford A.), *Theology in the English Poets*, 1874. — CHANCELLOR (E. B.), *Literary Types*, 1895. — COOPER (Lane), *The Abyssinian Paradise in Coleridge and Milton* (in *Modern Philology*, January, 1906) (a note on *Kubla Khan*). — DAWSON (G.), *Biographical Lectures*, 1886. — DAWSON (W. J.), *Makers of English Poetry*, 1906. — FROTHINGHAM (O. B.), *Transcendentalism in New England*, 1876. — HANCOCK (A. E.), *The French Revolution and the English Poets*, 1899. — HELMHOLTZ (A. A.), *The Indebtedness of Coleridge to A. W. von Schlegel*, 1907. — JOHNSON (C. F.), *Three Americans and Three Englishmen*, 1886. — MITCHELL (D. G.), *English Lands, Letters, and Kings*, Vol. III, 1895. — LANG (Andrew), *Poets' Country*, 1907. — OSSOLI (Margaret Fuller), *Art, Literature, and the Drama*. — ROSSETTI (W. M.), *Lives of Famous Poets*, 1878. — SHARP (R. F.), *Architects of English Literature*, 1900. — SHEDD (W. G. T.), *Literary Essays*, 1878. — SYMONS (A.), *Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 1909.

CASTLE (W. R., Jr.), *Newman and Coleridge* (in *Sewanee Review*, April, 1909). — COATES (R. H.), *Mysticism of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (in *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1911). — COLLINS (H. P.), *The Critics of Coleridge* (in *New Criterion*, 1927). — COOPER (Lane), *Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Mr. Lowes* (a scholarly review of *Lowes's The Road to Xanadu*) (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1928). — ESCOTT (T. H. S.), *Coleridge as a Twentieth Century Force* (in *London Quarterly Review*, April, 1914). — FAUSSET (H. I.), *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1926. — FERRANDO (G.), *Coleridge, studio critico*, 1925. — GINGERICH (S. F.), *Essays in the Romantic Poets*, 1925; *From Necessity to Transcendentalism in Coleridge* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, 1920). — HOWARD (C.), *Coleridge's Idealism*, 1924. — KERNAHAN (C.), *Word with the Shade of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (in *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1928). — LAURENT (R.), *Études anglaises*, 1910. — *LOWES (J. L.), *The Road to Xanadu*, 1927. — MORRIS (H. N.), *Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge, and Other Men of Genius*, 1915. — POTTER (G. R.), *Coleridge and the Idea of Revolution* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1925). — QUILLER-COUCH (Sir A. T.), *Studies in Literature*, first series, 1918. — SCHANCK (N.), *Die sozial-politische Anschauung Coleridges und sein Einfluss auf Carlyle*, 1924. — SHAFER (R.), *Coleridge and Naturalism*, 1926. — SNYDER (Alice D.), *The Critical Principle of the Reconciliation of Opposites as Employed by Coleridge*, 1918; *Coleridge's Cosmogony* (in *Studies in Philology*, October, 1924). — STORK (C. W.), *The Influence of the Popular Ballad on Wordsworth and Coleridge* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1914). — THOMPSON (F. T.), *Emerson's Indebtedness to Coleridge* (in *Studies in Philology*, January, 1926). — VAUGHAN (C. E.), *Coleridge* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XI).

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

SHELLEY, To Coleridge. — *ROSSETTI (D. G.), *Five English Poets: Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. — DE VERE (Aubrey), *Poetical Works*, Vol. I: *Sonnets: To Coleridge; Miscellaneous Poems: Coleridge*; Vol. III: *On Visiting a Haunt of Coleridge's*. — BROWNING (E. B.), *A Vision of Poets*. — WATTS-DUNTON (T.), *Coleridge* (in *Stedman's Victorian Anthology*). — WATSON (William), *Lines in a Fly-Leaf of Christabel*. — HELLMAN (G. S.), *The Hudson and Other Poems*, 1909.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

SHEPHERD (R. H.), *Bibliography of Coleridge*; revised by W. F. Prideaux, 1900. — *HANEY (J. L.), *Bibliography of S. T. Coleridge*, 1903. — *WISE (T. J.), *A Bibliography of the Writings of Coleridge*, 1913.

COLERIDGE

LIFE

As late I journey'd o'er the extensive
plain
Where native Otter sports his scanty
stream,
Musing in torpid woe a sister's pain,
The glorious prospect woke me from
the dream.

At every step it widen'd to my sight,
Wood, Meadow, verdant Hill, and dreary
Steep,
Following in quick succession of delight,
Till all — at once — did my eye ravish'd
sweep!

May this (I cried) my course through
Life portray!
New scenes of wisdom may each step
display,
And knowledge open as my days ad-
vance!

Till what time Death shall pour the un-
darken'd ray,
My eye shall dart thro' infinite expanse,
And thought suspended lie in rapture's
blissful trance.

September 1789. 1834.¹

LINES

ON AN AUTUMNAL EVENING

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing! No
more
Those thin white flakes, those purple
clouds explore!
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy
flight
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of
light;

¹ The dates for Coleridge's poems are made up from the Shepherd-Prideaux and the Haney bibliographies, and from the excellent notes to Campbell's edition of the *Poetical Works*.

Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends
the day,
With western peasants hail the morning
ray!
Ah! rather bid the perished pleasures
move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of Love!
O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower that wreathed the dewy locks
of Spring,
When blushing, like a bride, from Hope's
trim bower
She leapt, awakened by the pattering
shower.
Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper
gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress! aid thy Poet's
dream!
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-
blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not un-
bestowed;
When as she twined a laurel round my
brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my
vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled
heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric
dart.

O dear Deceit! I see the Maiden rise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-
blue eyes!
When first the lark high-soaring swells
his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the
loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed
lawn,
I mark her glancing mid the gleams of
dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night-
dew weeps
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,

Amid the paly radiance soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moonbeams
clad.

With her along the streamlet's brink I
rove;

With her I list the warblings of the
grove;

And seems in each low wind her voice to
float

Lone whispering Pity in each soothing
note!

Spirits of Love! ye heard her name!
Obey

The powerful spell, and to my haunt
repair.

Whether on clustering pinions ye are
there,

Where rich snows blossom on the Myrtle-
trees,

Or with fond languishment around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;

O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!

Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given
Formed by the wondrous Alchemy of
Heaven!

No fairer Maid does Love's wide empire
know,

No fairer Maid e'er heaved the bosom's
snow.

A thousand Loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand Loves sit melting in her eye;

Love lights her smile—in Joy's red
nectar dips

His myrtle flower, and plants it on her
lips.

She speaks! and hark that passion-
warbled song—

Still, Fancy! still that voice, those notes,
prolong,

As sweet as when that voice with rap-
turous falls

Shall wake the softened echoes of
Heaven's Halls!

O (have I sigh'd) were mine the wizard's
rod,

Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful
God!¹

¹ I entreat the Public's pardon for having care-
lessly suffered to be printed such intolerable stuff
as this and the thirteen following lines. They
have not the merit even of originality: as every
thought is to be found in the Greek Epigrams.
(From Coleridge's note in the *Poems*, 1796.)

A flower-entangled Arbor I would seem
To shield my Love from Noontide's
sultry beam:

Or bloom a Myrtle, from whose odorous
boughs

My Love might weave gay garlands for
her brows.

When Twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my Love I'd be the Evening Gale;

Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling
vest,

And flutter my faint pinions on her
breast!

On Seraph wing I'd float a Dream by
night,

To soothe my Love with shadows of
delight:—

Or soar aloft to be the Spangled Skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes!

As when the Savage, who his drowsy
frame

Had basked beneath the Sun's unclouded
flame,

Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's
glare—

Aghast he scours before the tempest's
sweep,

And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:—
So tossed by storms along Life's wilder-
ing way,

Mine eye reverted views that cloudless
day,

When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While Hope with kisses nursed the In-
fant Love.

Dear native brook! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy
current meek!

Dear native brook! where first young
Poesy

Stared wildly-eager in her noontide
dream!

Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's
cheek,

As water-lilies ripple thy slow stream!
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still

is gay,
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a
mellowed ray,

Where Love a crown of thornless Roses
wears,

Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her
tears;

And Memory, with a Vestal's chaste
 employ,
 Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy!
 No more your sky-larks melting from the
 sight
 Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with
 delight—
 No more shall deck your pensive Pleas-
 ures sweet
 With wreaths of sober hue my evening
 seat,
 Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
 Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook
 between!
 Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
 That soars on Morning's wing your vales
 among.

Scenes of my Hope! the aching eye ye
 leave
 Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds
 of eve!
 Tearful and saddening with the saddened
 blaze
 Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful
 gaze:
 Sees shades on shades with deeper tint
 impend,
 Till chill and damp the moonless night
 descend. 1793. 1796.

LEWTI

OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHANT

At midnight by the stream I roved,
 To forget the form I loved.
 Image of Lewti! from my mind
 Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

The Moon was high, the moonlight gleam
 And the shadow of a star
 Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
 But the rock shone brighter far,
 The rock half sheltered from my view
 By pendent boughs of tressy yew.—
 So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
 Gleaming through her sable hair,
 Image of Lewti! from my mind
 Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
 Onward to the moon it passed;
 Still brighter and more bright it grew,
 With floating colors not a few,
 Till it reach'd the moon at last:

Then the cloud was wholly bright,
 With a rich and amber light!
 And so with many a hope I seek
 And with such joy I find my Lewti;
 And even so my pale wan cheek
 Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!
 Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind,
 If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
 Away it goes; away so soon?
 Alas! it has no power to stay:
 Its hues are dim, its hues are gray
 Away it passes from the moon!
 How mournfully it seems to fly,
 Ever fading more and more,
 To joyless regions of the sky—
 And now 'tis whiter than before!
 As white as my poor cheek will be,
 When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
 A dying man for love of thee.
 Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
 And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapor in the sky.
 Thin, and white, and very high;
 I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud:
 Perhaps the breezes that can fly
 Now below and now above,
 Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud
 Of Lady fair—that died for love.
 For maids, as well as youths, have
 perished
 From fruitless love too fondly cherished.
 Nay, treacherous image! leave my mind—
 For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
 Slip the crumbling banks for ever:
 Like echoes to a distant thunder,
 They plunge into the gentle river.
 The river-swans have heard my tread,
 And startle from their reedy bed.
 O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
 Your movements to some heavenly
 tune!
 O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
 To see you move beneath the moon,
 I would it were your true delight
 To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies
 When silent night has closed her eyes:
 It is a breezy jasmine-bower,
 The nightingale sings o'er her head:
 Voice of the Night! had I the power

That leafy labyrinth to thread,
And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,
I then might view her bosom white
Heaving lovely to my sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently-swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care;
All pale and wasted I would seem
Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1794. April 13, 1798.

LA FAYETTE

As when far off the warbled strains are
heard

That soar on Morning's wing the vales
among;

Within his cage the imprisoned matin
bird

Swells the full chorus with a generous song:

He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,

No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he
shares,

Yet still the rising radiance cheers his
sight—

His fellows' freedom soothes the captive's
cares!

Thou, FAYETTE! who didst wake with
startling voice

Life's better sun from that long wintry
night,

Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt
rejoice

And mock with raptures high the dun-
geon's might:

For lo! the morning struggles into day,

And Slavery's spectres shriek and van-
ish from the ray!

1794. December 15, 1794.

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT

Sermoni propria. — HOR.

Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber-window. We
could hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open
air

Our myrtles blossom'd: and across the
porch

Thick jasmines twined: the little land-
scape round

Was green and woody, and refreshed the
eye.

It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calmed
His thirst of idle gold, and made him
muse

With wiser feelings: for he paused, and
looked

With a pleased sadness, and gazed all
around,

Then eyed our Cottage, and gazed round
again,

And sighed, and said, it was a Blessed
Place.

And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient
ear

Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's
note

(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings) in whispered
tones

I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet
girl!

The inobtrusive song of Happiness,

Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard

When the soul seeks to hear; when all
is hushed,

And the heart listens!"

But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony
mount

I climbed with perilous toil and reached
the top,

Oh! what a goodly scene! *Here* the
bleak mount,

The bare bleak mountain speckled thin
with sheep;

Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the
sunny fields;

And river, now with bushy rocks o'er
browed,

Now winding bright and full, with naked
banks;

And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the
wood,

And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-
 spire;
 The Channel *there*, the Islands and white
 sails,
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills and
 shoreless Ocean—
 It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, me-
 thought,
 Had built him there a Temple: the
 whole World
 Seemed imaged in its vast circumference:
 No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed heart.
 Blest hour! It was a luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot, and mount
 sublime!
 I was constrained to quit you. Was it
 right,
 While my unnumbered brethren toiled
 and bled,
 That I should dream away the entrusted
 hours
 On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward
 heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use?
 Sweet is the tear that from some How-
 ard's eye
 Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from
 earth:
 And he that works me good with un-
 moved face,
 Does it but half: he chills me while he
 aids,
 My benefactor, not my brother man!
 Yet even this, this cold beneficence
 Praise, praise it, O my Soul! oft as thou
 scann'st
 The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe!
 Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the
 wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude
 Their slothful loves and dainty sym-
 pathies!
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and
 hand,
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless
 fight
 Of science, freedom, and the truth in
 Christ.

Yet oft when after honorable toil
 Rests the tired mind, and waking loves
 to dream,
 My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
 Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping
 rose,

And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
 And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet
 abode!
 Ah!—had none greater! And that all
 had such!
 It might be so—but the time is not yet.
 Speed it, O Father! Let thy Kingdom
 come! 1795. October, 1796.

TIME REAL AND IMAGINARY

AN ALLEGORY

ON the wide level of a mountain's head,
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some faery
 place)
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails out-
 spread,
 Two lovely children run an endless race,
 A sister and a brother!
 This far outstript the other;
 Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
 And looks and listens for the boy behind:
 For he, alas! is blind!
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he
 passed,
 And knows not whether he be first or
 last. ? . . .¹ 1817.

THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON

ADDRESSED TO CHARLES LAMB, OF THE
 INDIA HOUSE, LONDON

In the June of 1797 some long-expected friends
 paid a visit to the author's cottage; and on the
 morning of their arrival, he met with an accident,
 which disabled him from walking during the whole
 time of their stay. One evening, when they had
 left him for a few hours, he composed the following
 lines in the garden-bower. (*Coleridge.*)

WELL, they are gone, and here must I
 remain,
 This lime-tree bower my prison! I have
 lost
 Beauties and feelings, such as would
 have been
 Most sweet to my remembrance even
 when age
 Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness!
 They, meanwhile,

¹Included by Coleridge among his *Juvenile Poems*. There is no other evidence to indicate at what date it was written. See, however, a manuscript note of 1811 on the same subject, given in *Anima Poeta* at the beginning of Chap. VIII.

Friends, whom I never more may meet
 again,
 On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
 Wander in gladness, and wind down,
 perchance,
 To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
 The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow,
 deep,
 And only speckled by the mid-day sun;
 Where its slim trunk the ash from rock
 to rock
 Flings arching like a bridge;—that
 branchless ash,
 Unsunned and damp, whose few poor
 yellow leaves
 Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble
 still,
 Fanned by the water-fall! and there my
 friends
 Behold the dark green file of long lank
 weeds,
 That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
 Still nod and drip beneath the dripping
 edge
 Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge
 Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and
 view again
 The many-steeped tract magnificent
 Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
 With some fair bark, perhaps, whose
 sails light up
 The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two
 Isles
 Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on
 In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most
 glad,
 My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast
 pined
 And hungered after Nature, many a year,
 In the great City pent, winning thy way
 With sad yet patient soul, through evil
 and pain
 And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
 Behind the western ridge, thou glorious
 Sun!
 Shine in the slant beams of the sinking
 orb,
 Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn,
 ye clouds!
 Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
 And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my
 friend
 Struck with deep joy may stand, as I
 have stood,

Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing
 round
 On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth
 seem
 Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
 As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet
 he makes
 Spirits perceive his presence.
 A delight
 Come sudden on my heart, and I am
 glad
 As I myself were there! Nor in this
 bower,
 This little lime-tree bower, have I not
 marked
 Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath
 the blaze
 Hung the transparent foliage; and I
 watched
 Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to
 see
 The shadow of the leaf and stem above,
 Dappling its sunshine! And that wal-
 nut-tree
 Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance
 lay
 Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
 Those fronting elms, and now, with
 blackest mass
 Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter
 hue
 Through the late twilight: and though
 now the bat
 Wheels silent by, and not a swallow
 twitters,
 Yet still the solitary humble-bee
 Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I
 shall know
 That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and
 pure;
 No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
 No waste so vacant, but may well
 employ
 Each faculty of sense, and keep the
 heart
 Awake to Love and Beauty! and some-
 times
 'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
 That we may lift the soul, and contem-
 plate
 With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
 My gentle-hearted Charles! when the
 last rook
 Beat its straight path along the dusky air
 Homewards, I blest it! deeming, its black
 wing

(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
 Had cross'd the mighty orb's dilated glory,
 While thou stood'st gazing; or when all
 was still,
 Flew creaking o'er thy head, and had a
 charm
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to
 whom
 No sound is dissonant which tells of
 Life. 1797. 1800.

KUBLA KHAN

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's "Pilgrimage": "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away, like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm
 Is broken — all that phantom-world so fair
 Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
 And each mis-shapes the other. Stay awhile,
 Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes —
 The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
 The visions will return! And lo, he stays,
 And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
 Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
 The pool becomes a mirror.

(From *The Picture; or, the Lover's Resolution*)
 Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. Ἀπὸ τοῦ ἁδίου ἀνω, but the to-morrow is yet to come. (Coleridge, 1816.)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round:
 And here were gardens bright with sinuous
 rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
 tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the
 hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which
 slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn
 cover!

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was
 haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless
 turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were
 breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding
 hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's
 flail:

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once
 and ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy
 motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river
 ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless to
 man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from
 far

Ancestral voices prophesying war!
 The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves;
 Where was heard the mingled mea-
 sure

From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw:
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,

Does it tell a story - but hyperbolical
 of poets' own imaginations No philosophy of life -

Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win
me,

That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them
there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,

And close your eyes with holy dread,

For he on honey-dew hath fed,

And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1797. 1816.

SONG FROM OSORIO

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-linging knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a Chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine! 1797. 1813.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER¹

IN SEVEN PARTS

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritatis interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus. T. BURNET, *Archæol. Phil.* p. 68.

¹ The poem is here given in the text of 1829 which is Coleridge's final version, the result of several revisions, most of which are improvements over the first text of 1798. Instead of the third

paradise = world of
paradise
= pearl with flashing eyes etc.

ARGUMENT¹

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancient Mariner came back to his own Country.

PART I - 2 worlds - wedded journal

² It is an ancient Mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy long gray beard and glittering
eye,

Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin;

The guests are met, the feast is set:

May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

"There was a ship," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard
loon!"

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

³ He holds him with his glittering eye—

The Wedding-Guest stood still,

And listens like a three years' child:

The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:

He cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,

The bright-eyed Mariner.

stanza, for instance; the original text has the two following:

But still he holds the wedding-guest—

"There was a Ship," quoth he—

"Nay, if thou'st got a laughsome tale,
Mariner! come with me."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

Quoth he, "There was a Ship—"

"Now get thee hence, thou gray-beard Loon!

Or my Staff shall make thee skip."

For a full study of the different texts, see Prof. F. H. Sykes's *Select Poems of Coleridge and Wordsworth*, edited from Authors' Editions, Toronto, 1890. On the origin of the poem, see *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. XIV, and Wordsworth's account of it, quoted and discussed in H. D. Traill's *Life of Coleridge*, pp. 47-50.

¹ In the editions of 1798 and 1800 only.

² An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one. [This and the following notes, except those in brackets, are Coleridge's running summary of the story, first printed in *Sybilline Leaves*, 1817.]

³ The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

* Return
to pleasure
home

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

¹ The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

² The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

³ "And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

⁴ And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

¹ The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

² The Wedding Guest heareth the bridal music, but the Mariner continueth his tale.

³ The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

⁴ The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like voices in a swoond!

¹ At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

² And a good south wind sprung up behind;

The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

³ "God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" — With my cross-bow

I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

¹ Till a great sea bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

² And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

³ The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

morning
1785-1790

¹ And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird,
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

² Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

³ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *Pacific*

⁴ Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky, *equator*
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon. *Pacific*

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

⁵ Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere
Nor any drop to drink. *Mariner*

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

¹ His shipmates cry out against the ancient
Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

² But when the fog cleared off, they justify the
same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the
crime.

³ The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the
Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it
reaches the Line.

⁴ The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

⁵ And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

¹ And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot. *bold*

² Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye! —
³ When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

⁴ With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we
stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

¹ A Spirit had followed them; one of the in-
visible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed
souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned
Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan,
Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very
numerous, and there is no climate or element with-
out one or more.

² The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain
throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in
sign whereof they hang the dead seabird round his
neck.

³ The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the
element afar off.

⁴ At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be
a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech
from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,

Agape they heard me call :

¹ Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

² See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

³ And straight the Sun was flecked with
bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossamers ?

⁴ Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
⁵ Is Death that woman's mate ?

⁶ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

⁷ The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
"The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

¹ A flash of joy.

² And horror follows. For can it be a ship that
comes onward without wind or tide ?

³ It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

⁴ And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the
setting Sun.

⁵ The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate, and
no other on board the skeleton-ship.

⁶ Like vessel, like crew !

⁷ Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the
ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient
Mariner.

¹ The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

² We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white ;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

³ One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

⁴ Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

⁵ The souls did from their bodies fly, —
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow ! " —

PART IV

⁶ "I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown." —

⁸ Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

¹ No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

² At the rising of the Moon,

³ One after another,

⁴ His shipmates drop down dead.

⁵ But Life-in-Death begins her work on the
ancient Mariner.

⁶ The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is
talking to him.

⁷ [For the last two lines of this stanza, I am in-
debted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful
walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him
and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem
was planned, and in part composed. (Note of
Coleridge, first printed in *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817.)]

⁸ But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his
bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible
penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony. *sculptured
deserted
lonely*

¹ The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

² I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht, *epitaphical*
A wicked whisper came, and made *depress*
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

³ The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse,
And yet I could not die.

⁴ The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

¹ He despiseth the creatures of the calm.
And envieth that they should live, and so many
lie dead.

² But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the
dead men.

³ In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth to-
wards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still
sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the
blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed
rest, and their native country and their own natural
homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that
are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy
at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

¹ Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire. *delicately*

² O happy livings things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart

³ And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware. *lift.*

⁴ The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

⁵ The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs: *spiritual
renewal*
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

¹ By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's
creatures of the great calm.

² Their beauty and their happiness.

³ He blesseth them in his heart.

⁴ The spell begins to break.

⁵ By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient
Mariner is refreshed with rain.

¹ And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear :
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud ;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

² The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all up-
rose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless
tools —

We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope
But he said nought to me. —

³ "I fear thee, ancient Mariner !" —
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !

¹ He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights
and commotions in the sky and the element.

² The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and
the ship moves on ;

³ But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons
of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of
angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the
guardian saint.

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned — they dropped their
arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

¹ Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

¹ The lonesome Spirit from the south-pole carries
on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the
angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

Ship
being
pushed
from
under-
neath

the ship
was
moving

movement changes
Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

¹ How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross;
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

Supernatural motion retarded
"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

SECOND VOICE

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him."

FIRST VOICE

² "But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

¹ The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

² The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

SECOND VOICE

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

¹ I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was
high,
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they
died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

² And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

¹ The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.
² The curse is finally expiated.

¹ Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
² Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

³ A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:

¹ And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

² The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

³ And appear in their own forms of light.

Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

¹ This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

² "Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit
said —

"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those
sails,

How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared." — "Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

¹ The Hermit of the Wood,

² Approacheth the ship with wonder.

¹ Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

² Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote
Like one that hath been seven days
drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The Holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: The Pilot's boy
Who now doth crazy go
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

³ "O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith: this frame of mine was
wrenched

With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

⁴ Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:

¹ The ship suddenly sinketh.

² The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

³ The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

⁴ And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar burst from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea;
So lonely, 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company! —
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray.
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

¹ Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

1797-1798. 1798.

¹ And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

CHRISTABEL

The first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the liveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year. . . .

I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transposition in the nature of the imagery or passion. (From Coleridge's *Preface* to the first edition.)

PART THE FIRST

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
Tu — whit! — Tu — whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the woods so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;

And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell. —
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek —
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at
the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made the white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly!

Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet: —
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!
Said Christabel, How camest thou here?

And the lady, whose voice was faint and
sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet :

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine :
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They choked my cries with force and
fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were
white :

And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be ;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke :
He placed me underneath this oak ;
He swore they would return with haste ;
Whither they went I cannot tell —
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine :
O well, bright dame ! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline ;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose : and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel :
All our household are at rest
The hall as silent as the cell ;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;

The gate that was ironed within and
without,
Where an army in battle array had
marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate :
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court ; right glad they
were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !
Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they
were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make !
And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :
For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were
dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline
tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the
wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath !

And now have reached her chamber
 door;
 And now doth Geraldine press down
 The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
 And not a moonbeam enters here.
 But they without its light can see
 The chamber carved so curiously,
 Carved with figures strange and sweet
 All made out of the carver's brain,
 For a lady's chamber meet;
 The lamp with twofold silver chain
 Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
 But Christabel the lamp will trim.
 She trimmed the lamp, and made it
 bright,
 And left it swinging to and fro,
 While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
 Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
 I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
 It is a wine of virtuous powers;
 My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
 Who am a maiden most forlorn?
 Christabel answered — Woe is me!
 She died the hour that I was born.
 I have heard the gray-haired friar tell
 How on her death-bed she did say,
 That she should hear the castle-bell
 Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
 O mother dear! that thou wert here!
 I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she —
 "Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
 I have power to bid thee flee."
 Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
 Why stares she with unsettled eye?
 Can she the bodiless dead espy?
 And why with hollow voice cries she,
 "Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —
 Though thou her guardian spirit be,
 Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
 And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —
 Alas! said she, this ghastly ride —
 Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
 The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
 And faintly said, "'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
 Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
 And from the floor whereon she sank,
 The lofty lady stood upright:
 She was most beautiful to see,
 Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake —
 "All they who live in the upper sky,
 Do love you, holy Christabel!
 And you love them, and for their sake
 And for the good which me befel,
 Even I in my degree will try,
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.
 But now unrobe yourself; for I
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, So let it be!
 And as the lady bade, did she.
 Her gentle limbs did she undress,
 And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
 So many thoughts moved to and fro,
 That vain it were her lids to close;
 So half-way from the bed she rose,
 And on her elbow did recline
 To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
 And slowly rolled her eyes around;
 Then drawing in her breath aloud,
 Like one that shuddered, she unbound
 The cincture from beneath her breast:
 Her silken robe, and inner vest,
 Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
 Behold! her bosom and half her side —
 A sight to dream of, not to tell!
 O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
 Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
 Deep from within she seems half-way
 To lift some weight with sick assay,
 And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
 Then suddenly, as one defied,
 Collects herself in scorn and pride,
 And lay down by the Maiden's side! —
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah wel-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:
 "In the touch of this bosom there worketh
 a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christa-
 bel!

Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know
 to-morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my
 sorrow;
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard'st a low moaning,
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly
 fair;
 And didst bring her home with thee in love
 and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the
 damp air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she
 Was praying at the old oak tree.
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows:
 Her slender palms together prest,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
 Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
 Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
 Dreaming sat alone, which is —
 O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
 And lo! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild,
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine —
 Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still,
 But now they are jubilant anew,
 From cliff and tower, tu — whoo! tu —
 whoo!
 Tu — whoo! tu — whoo! from wood and
 fell!

And see! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance;

Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes! and tears she sheds —
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
 And oft the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
 Like a youthful hermitess,
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
 What if she knew her mother near?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 That saints will aid if men will call:
 For the blue sky bends over all!

1797. 1816.

PART THE SECOND

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
 Knells us back to a world of death.
 These words Sir Leoline first said,
 When he rose and found his lady dead:
 These words Sir Leoline will say
 Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began
 That still at dawn the sacristan,
 Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
 Five and forty beads must tell
 Between each stroke, — a warning knell,
 Which not a soul can choose but hear
 From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell!
 And let the drowsy sacristan
 Still count as slowly as he can!
 There is no lack of such, I ween,
 As well fill up the space between.
 In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
 And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
 With ropes of rock and bells of air
 Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
 Who all give back, one after t'other,
 The death-note to their living brother;
 And oft too, by the knell offended,
 Just as their one! two! three! is ended
 The devil mocks the doleful tale
 With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

And drew in her breath with a hissing
sound :

Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light !

With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child?"
The Baron said. — His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else : so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!
Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.

"And when he has crossed the Irthing
flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth
Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's
wastes.
Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses are
fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so
sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free —

Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array;
And take thy lovely daughter home :
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam :
And, by mine honor ! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ! —
— For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone ;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing ;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing ;
"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell ;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me :
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warn'd by a vision in my rest!
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name —
Sir Leoline ! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird ;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath
the old tree.

"And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found ;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry ;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo ! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched :
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers !
I woke ; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower ;

But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away —
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed this self-same day
With music strong and saintly song
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love;
And said in courtly accents fine,
"Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous
dove,

With arms more strong than harp of song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel —
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her
head,

Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more
of dread,

At Christabel she look'd askance! —
One moment — and the sight was fled!
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered a'oud, with a hissing sound;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees — no sight but one!
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise,
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind:
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate!

And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view —
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
"By my mother's soul do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!"
She said: and more she could not say:
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild;
The same, for whom thy lady died!
O, by the pangs of her dear mother,
Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died:
Prayed that the babe for whom she died
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline!

And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were
wild,
Dishonor'd thus in his old age;
Dishonor'd by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end —
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere —
"Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine!

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

? 1801. 1816.

FRANCE: AN ODE

I

YE Clouds! that far above me float and
pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may
control!
Ye Ocean Waves! that, wheresoe'er
ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird's
singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope
reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches
swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman
trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds
I wound,
Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquer-
able sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests
high!

And O ye Clouds that far above me
soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still
adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs
upreared,
And with that oath which smote air,
earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she
would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and
feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted
nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's
wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling
ocean,
Though many friendships, many youth-
ful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills
and groves;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling
lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain
retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy
flame;
But blessed the pæns of delivered
France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's
name.

III

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's
loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance
strove!
Though all the fierce and drunken
passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's
dream!

Ye storms, that round the dawning
east assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his
light!
And when to soothe my soul, that hoped
and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed
calm and bright;
When France her front deep-scarr'd and
gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of
glory;
When insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's
ramp:
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her
fatal stamp,
Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
Then I reproached my fears that would
not flee;
"And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach
her lore
In the lowhuts of them that toil and groan;
And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be
free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call
the earth their own."

IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those
dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained
streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country
perished,
And ye, that fleeing, spot your mountain
snows
With bleeding wounds; forgive me,
that I cherished
One thought that ever blessed your cruel
foes!
To scatter rage and traitorous guilt
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot-race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so
dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the
mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adul-
terous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!

Are these thy boasts, Champion of human
kind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of
sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murder-
ous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to
betray?

V

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in
vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In
mad game
They burst their manacles and wear
the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier
chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain
nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays
thee)
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy
minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener
slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, and play-
mate of the waves!
And then I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's
verge,
Whose pines, scarce travelled by the
breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant
surge!
Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples
bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and
air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.
February, 1798. April 16, 1798.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as
before.

The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs

And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,

This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,

With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,

Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature

Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit

By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,

Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger*! and as oft

With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,

Whose bells the poor man's only music rang

From morn to evening, all the hot Fairday,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me

With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!

So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,

Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!

And so I boded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye

Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:

Save if the door half opened, and I snatched

A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,

For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,

My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,

Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,

Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!

My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart

With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,

And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,

And in far other scenes! For I was reared

In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,

And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.

But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze

By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags

Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,

Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores

And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God

Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.

Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,

Whether the summer clothe the general earth

With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing

Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch

Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the

eave-drops fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost

Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

February, 1798. 1798

LOVE

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
 Had blended with the lights of eve;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed knight;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story —
 An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;
 For well she knew, I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand;
 And that for ten long years he wooed
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone
 With which I sang another's love,
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
 And she forgave me, that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
 That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
 Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade
 And sometimes starting up at once
 In green and sunny glade, —

There came and looked him in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright;
 And that he knew it was a Fiend,
 This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death
 The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
 And how she tended him in vain —
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain; —

And that she nursed him in a cave;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest-leaves
 A dying man he lay; —

His dying words — but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love, and virgin-shame:
 And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stepped aside,
 As conscious of my look she stepped —
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye
 She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace:
 And bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.
1798-1799. December 21, 1799.

THE BALLAD OF THE DARK LADIE

A FRAGMENT

BENEATH yon birch with silver bark,
And boughs so pendulous and fair,
The brook falls scatter'd down the rock:
And all is mossy there!

And there upon the moss she sits,
The Dark Ladie in silent pain;
The heavy tear is in her eye,
And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little page
Up the castled mountain's breast,
If he might find the Knight that wears
The Griffin for his crest.

The sun was sloping down the sky,
And she had linger'd there all day,
Counting moments, dreaming fears—
Oh wherefore can he stay?

She hears a rustling o'er the brook,
She sees far off a swinging bough!
"Tis He! 'Tis my betrothed Knight!
Lord Falkland, it is Thou!"

She springs, she clasps him round the neck,
She sobs a thousand hopes and fears,
Her kisses glowing on his cheeks
She quenches with her tears.

* * * *

"My friends with rude ungentle words
They scoff and bid me fly to thee!
O give me shelter in thy breast!
O shield and shelter me!"

"My Henry, I have given thee much,
I gave what I can ne'er recall.
I gave my heart, I gave my peace,
O Heaven! I gave thee all."

The Knight made answer to the Maid,
While to his heart he held her hand,
"Nine castles hath my noble sire,
None statelier in the land.

"The fairest one shall be my love's,
The fairest castle of the nine!
Wait only till the stars peep out,
The fairest shall be thine:

"Wait only till the hand of eve
Hath wholly closed yon western bars,
And through the dark we two will steal
Beneath the twinkling stars!"—

"The dark? the dark? No! not the dark!
The twinkling stars? How, Henry? How?
O God! 'twas in the eye of noon
He pledged his sacred vow!

"And in the eye of noon my love
Shall lead me from my mother's door,
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white
Strewing flowers before:

"But first the nodding minstrels go
With music meet for lordly bowers,
The children next in snow-white vests,
Strewing buds and flowers!

"And then my love and I shall pace,
My jet black hair in pearly braids,
Between our comely bachelors
And blushing bridal maids."

* * * *

1798. 1834.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE,
IN THE HARTZ FOREST

I STOOD on Brocken's sovran height, and
saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over
hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragged through fir groves
evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in
sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom
heard,
The sweet bird's song became an hollow
sound:

And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct

From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose
islet-stones

The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I
moved on

In low and languid mood: for I had
found

That outward forms, the loftiest, still
receive

Their finer influence from the Life
within;—

Fair cyphers else: fair, but of import
vague

Or unconcerning, where the heart not
finds

History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing
eye

Turned westward, shaping in the steady
clouds

Thy sands and high white cliffs!

My native Land!

Filled with the thought of thee this heart
was proud,

Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that
all the view

From sovran Brocken, woods and woody
hills,

Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these im-
pulses

Blame thou not lightly; nor will I pro-
fane,

With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who
framed

Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the World our
Home.

May 17, 1799. September 17, 1799.

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!

Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful

Truth,

To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the stead-
fast shore,

Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me
with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy
shrine,

On him but seldom, Power divine,

Thy spirit rests! Satiety

And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,

Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope

And dire Remembrance interlope,

To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks
behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustomed
mead:

And in the sultry summer's heat

Will build me up a mossy seat;

And when the gust of Autumn crowds,

And breaks the busy moonlight
clouds,

Thou best the thought canst raise, the
heart attune,

Light as the busy clouds, calm as the
gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!

And while within myself I trace

The greatness of some future race,

Aloof with hermit-eye I scan

The present works of present man—

A wild and dream-like trade of blood and
guile,

Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a
smile!

1801. December 4, 1801.

DEJECTION: AN ODE¹

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,

With the old Moon in her arms;

And I fear, I fear, my master dear!

We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

¹ This Ode was originally written to William Wordsworth, who was addressed as "Edmund" in the poem when first printed, on the day of Wordsworth's marriage, October 4, 1802. In that copy,

I

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise,
 who made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick
 Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not
 go hence
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier
 trade
 Than those which mould yon cloud in
 lazy flakes,
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans
 and rakes
 Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
 Which better far were mute.
 For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
 And overspread with phantom light,
 (With swimming phantom light o'er-
 spread
 But rimmed and circled by a silver
 thread)
 I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming-on of rain and squally
 blast,
 And oh! that even now the gust were
 swelling,
 And the slant night-shower driving loud
 and fast!
 Those sounds which oft have raised me,
 whilst they awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse
 give,
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it
 move and live!

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and
 drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no re-
 lief,
 In word, or sigh, or tear —
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle
 woo'd,
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green;

the name "Edmund" occurs at every point where
 "Lady" is found in the later versions and also
 where the name "Otway" occurs, in the seventh
 stanza; there is a corresponding difference of the
 personal pronouns, and some other slight differences
 of text, the most important of which is in the con-
 clusion, as noted below.

And still I gaze — and with how blank
 an eye!
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes
 and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or
 between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed but al-
 ways seen;
 Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III

My genial spirits fail;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off
 my breast?
 It were a vain endeavor,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the
 west;
 I may not hope from outward forms to
 win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains
 are within.

IV

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does Nature live;
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her
 shroud!
 And would we aught behold, of higher
 worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue
 forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the Earth —
 And from the soul itself must there be
 sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own
 birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask
 of me
 What this strong music in the soul may
 be!
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous
 mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er
 was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once
 and shower,
 Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in
 dower,

A new Earth and new Heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the
 proud—

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous
 cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms our ear
 or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colors a suffusion from that light.

VI

There was a time when, though my path
 was rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of
 happiness:

For hope grew round me, like the twining
 vine,

And fruits, and foliage, not my own,
 seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to
 earth:

Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
 But oh! each visitation

Suspends what nature gave me at my
 birth,

My shaping spirit of Imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs must
 feel,

But to be still and patient, all I can;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural
 man—

This was my sole resource, my only plan;
 Till that which suits a part infects the
 whole,

And now is almost grown the habit of
 my soul.

VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around
 my mind,

Reality's dark dream!

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
 Which long has raved unnoticed.

What a scream

Of agony by torture lengthened out
 That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that
 rav'st without,

Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted
 tree,

Or pine-grove whither woodman never
 clomb,

Or lonely house, long held the witches'
 home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for
 thee,

Mad Lutanist! who in this month of
 showers,

Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping
 flowers,

Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than
 wintry song,

The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves
 among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
 Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with
 smarting wounds—

At once they groan with pain, and
 shudder with the cold!

But hush! there is a pause of deepest
 silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing
 crowd,

With groans, and tremulous shudderings
 —all is over—

It tells another tale, with sounds less
 deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,
 And tempered with delight,

As Otway's¹ self had framed the tender
 lay.

'Tis of a little child
 Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her
 way;

And now moans low in bitter grief and
 fear,

And now screams loud, and hopes to
 make her mother hear.

VIII

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have
 I of sleep:

Full seldom may my friend such vigils
 keep!

¹ In the first printed copy, *Edmund's*, referring to Wordsworth. The following lines are evidently an allusion to Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray."

Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,

And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,

May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!

With light heart may she rise,¹

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;

To her may all things live, from pole to pole,

Their life the eddying of her living soul!

O simple spirit, guided from above,

Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,

Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

April 4, 1802. October 4, 1802.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

Besides the Rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the glaciers the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue." (*Coleridge.*)

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star

In his steep course? So long he seems to pause

On thy bald awful head, O sovran BLANC!

The Arve and Arveiron at thy base Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines, How silently! Around thee and above Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,

¹ The conclusion is as follows in the first printed copy:

With light heart may he rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,

And sing his lofty song, and teach me to rejoice!

O EDMUND, friend of my devoutest choice,

O rais'd from anxious dread and busy care,

By the immenseness of the good and fair

Which thou see'st everywhere,

Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice,

To thee do all things live from pole to pole,

Their life the eddying of thy living soul

O simple spirit, guided from above,

O lofty Poet, full of life and love,

Brother and friend of my devoutest choice

Thus may'st Thou ever, evermore rejoice!

An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,

Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer

I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,

Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret joy;

Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there

As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise

Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,

Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,

awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!

O struggling with the darkness all the night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when

they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,

Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter

praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in

Earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?

Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!

Who called you forth from night and utter death,

From dark and icy caverns called you
 forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged
 rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and
 your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence
 came),
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the moun-
 tain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty
 voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest
 plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the Gates of
 Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade
 the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with
 living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at
 your feet? —
 GOD! let the torrents, like a shout of
 nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!
 GOD! sing ye meadow-streams, with
 gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-
 like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of
 snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder,
 GOD!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal
 frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's
 nest!
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-
 storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the
 clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth GOD, and fill the hills with
 praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-
 pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, un-
 heard,

Shoots downward, glittering through the
 pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy
 breast —
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain!
 thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused
 with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the
 Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the
 hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to
 Heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises
 God.
 1802. September 11, 1802.

THE GOOD, GREAT MAN

"How seldom, friend! a good great man
 inherits
 Honor or wealth with all his worth
 and pains!
 It sounds like stories from the land of
 spirits
 If any man obtain that which he merits
 Or any merit that which he obtains."

REPLY TO THE ABOVE

FOR shame, dear friend, renounce this
 canting strain!
 What would'st thou have a good great
 man obtain?
 Place? titles? salary? a gilded chain?
 Or throne of corpses which his sword had
 slain?
 Greatness and goodness are not *means*,
 but *ends*!
 Hath he not always treasures, always
 friends,
 The good great man? *three* treasures,
 LOVE, and LIGHT,
 And CALM THOUGHTS, regular as infant's
 breath:
 And three firm friends, more sure than
 day and night,
 HIMSELF, his MAKER, and the ANGEL
 DEATH!

1802. September 23, 1802.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 It hath not been my use to pray
 With moving lips or bended knees;
 But silently, by slow degrees,
 My spirit I to Love compose,
 In humble trust mine eyelids close,
 With reverential resignation,
 No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
 Only a *sense* of supplication;
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,
 Since in me, round me, everywhere
 Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud
 In anguish and in agony,
 Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
 Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
 A lurid light, a trampling throng,
 Sense of intolerable wrong,
 And whom I scorned, those only strong!
 Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
 Still baffled, and yet burning still!
 Desire with loathing strangely mixed
 On wild or hateful objects fixed.
 Fantastic passions! maddening brawl!
 And shame and terror over all!
 Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
 Which all confused I could not know
 Whether I suffered, or I did:
 For all seem'd guilt, remorse or woe,
 My own or others still the same
 Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame!

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
 Saddened and stunned the coming day.
 Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
 Distemper's worst calamity.
 The third night, when my own loud scream
 Had waked me from the fiendish dream
 O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
 I wept as I had been a child:
 And having thus by tears subdued
 My anguish to a milder mood,
 Such punishments, I said, were due
 To natures deepliest stained with sin:
 For aye entempesting anew
 The unfathomable hell within
 The horror of their deeds to view,
 To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
 Such griefs with such men well agree,
 But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
 To be beloved is all I need,
 And whom I love, I love indeed.

1803. 1816.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECI-
 TATION OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF
 AN INDIVIDUAL MIND

FRIEND of the wise! and Teacher of the
 Good!
 Into my heart have I received that Lay
 More than historic, that prophetic Lay
 Wherein (high theme by thee first sung
 aright)
 Of the foundations and the building up
 Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to
 tell
 What may be told, to the understanding
 mind
 Revealable; and what within the mind
 By vital breathings secret as the soul
 Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the
 heart
 Thoughts all too deep for words!—

Theme hard as high!
 Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious
 fears
 (The first-born they of Reason and twin-
 birth),
 Of tides obedient to external force,
 And currents self-determined, as might
 seem,
 Or by some inner Power; of moments
 awful,
 Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,
 When power streamed from thee, and
 thy soul received
 The light reflected, as a light bestowed—
 Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
 Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
 Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens
 Native or outland, lakes and famous
 hills!
 Or on the lonely high-road, when the
 stars
 Were rising; or by secret mountain-
 streams,
 The guides and the companions of thy
 way!
 Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
 Distending wide, and man beloved as
 man,
 Where France in all her towns lay vibrat-
 ing
 Like some becalmed bark beneath the
 burst

Of Heaven's immediate thunder, 'when
 no cloud
 Is visible, or shadow on the main.
 For thou wert there, thine own brows
 garlanded,
 Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,
 Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
 When from the general heart of human-
 kind
 Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
 —Of that dear Hope afflicted and
 struck down,
 So summoned homeward, thenceforth
 calm and sure
 From the dread watch-tower of man's
 absolute self
 With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
 Far on — herself a glory to behold,
 The angel of the vision! Then (last
 strain)
 Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling choice,
 Action and joy! — An orphic song indeed,
 A song divine of high and passionate
 thoughts
 To their own music chanted!

O great Bard!

Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
 With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the
 choir
 Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
 Have all one age, and from one visible
 space
 Shed influence! They, both in power
 and act,
 Are permanent, and Time is not with *them*,
 Save as it worketh *for* them, they *in* it.
 Nor less a sacred Roll than those of old,
 And to be placed, as they, with gradual
 fame
 Among the archives of mankind, thy work
 Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
 Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
 Not learnt, but native, her own natural
 notes!
¹ Ah! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn,

¹ In place of this line and the next, there stood in the manuscript copy of January 1807 the following lines:

Dear shall it be to every human heart,
 To me how more than dearest! me, on whom
 Comfort from thee, and utterance of thy love,
 Came with such heights and depths of harmony,
 Such sense of wings uplifting, that its might
 Scatter'd and quell'd me, till my thoughts became
 A bodily tumult; and thy faithful hopes,
 Thy hopes of me, dear Friend, by me unfelt!
 Were troublous to me, almost as a voice,

The pulses of my being beat anew:
 And even as life returns upon the
 drowned,
 Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of
 pains —
 Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
 Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
 And fears self-willed, that shunned the
 eye of hope;
 And hope that scarce would know itself
 from fear;
 Sense of past youth, and manhood come
 in vain,
 And genius given, and knowledge won in
 vain;
 And all which I had culled in wood-
 walks wide,
 And all which patient toil had reared,
 and all
 Commune with *thee* had opened out —
 but flowers
 Strewed on my corse, and borne upon
 my bier,
 In the same coffin, for the self-same
 grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems
 it me,
 Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,
 Singing of glory, and futurity,
 To wander back on such unhealthful
 road,
 Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And
 ill
 Such intertwine beseems triumphal
 wreaths
 Strew'd before *thy* advancing!

Nor do thou,
 Sage Bard! impair the memory of that
 hour
 Of thy communion with my nobler
 mind
 By pity or grief, already felt too long!
 Nor let my words import more blame
 than needs.
 The tumult rose and ceased: for Peace
 is nigh
 Where wisdom's voice has found a
 listening heart.

Familiar once, and more than musical;
 As a dear woman's voice to one cast forth,
 A wanderer with a worn-out heart forlorn,
 Mid strangers pining with untended wounds,
 O Friend, too well thou know'st, of what sad years
 The long suppression had benumb'd my soul. . . .

Amid the howl of more than wintry
storms,
The halcyon hears the voice of vernal
hours
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,

Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense
of Home
Is sweetest! moments for their own sake
hailed
And more desired, more precious, for thy
song,
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive, by thy various strain
Driven as in surges now beneath the
stars,
With momentary stars of my own
birth,
Fair constellated foam, still darting off
Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to
the moon.

And when — O Friend! my comforter
and guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give
strength! —
Thy long sustained Song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased — yet
thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us
both
That happy vision of beloved faces —
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its
close
I sate, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or re-
solve?)
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the
sound —
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.
January, 1807. 1817.

SONG FROM ZAPOLYA

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold —
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!
He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms they make no delay;
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away;
Far far away!
To-day! to-day! 1815. 1817.

YOUTH AND AGE

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? — Ah, woful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly *then* it flashed along: —
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or
weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.
Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O, Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit —
It cannot be that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd: —
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To *make believe*, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,
 That may not rudely be dismiss;
 Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.
1823 — April, 1832. 1828 — June, 1832.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave
 their lair —
 The bees are stirring — birds are on the
 wing —
 And Winter slumbering in the open air,
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of
 Spring!
 And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor
 sing.
 Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths
 blow,
 Have traced the fount whence streams
 of nectar flow.
 Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom
 ye may,
 For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich
 streams, away!
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow,
 I stroll:
 And would you learn the spells that
 drowse my soul?
 Work without Hope draws nectar in a
 sieve,
 And Hope without an object cannot live.
February, 1827. 1828.

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO

Or late, in one of those most weary hours,
 When life seems emptied of all genial
 powers,
 A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has
 known
 May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
 And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
 Call'd on the Past for thought of glee or
 grief.
 In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
 I sate and cow'd o'er my own vacancy!
 And as I watched the dull continuous
 ache,
 Which, all else slumbering, seem'd alone
 to wake;

O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
 And soothe by silence what words cannot
 heal,
 I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
 Place on my desk this exquisite design,
 Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
 The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!
 An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
 Framed in the silent poesy of form.

Like flocks a-down a newly-bathèd steep
 Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
 Of music soft, that not dispels the sleep,
 But casts in happier moulds the
 slumberer's dream,
 Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
 The picture stole upon my inward sight.
 A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er
 my chest,
 As though an infant's finger touch'd my
 breast.
 And one by one (I know not whence)
 were brought
 All spirits of power that most had stirr'd
 my thought
 In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
 Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
 Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from
 above,
 Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for
 love;
 Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
 Of manhood, musing what and whence
 is man!
 Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-
 worn caves
 Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds
 and waves;
 Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
 That call'd on Hertha in deep forest
 glades;
 Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's
 feast;
 Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and
 priest,
 Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long
 array,
 To high-church pacing on the great saint's
 day.
 And many a verse which to myself I sang,
 That woke the tear yet stole away the
 pang.
 Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
 And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
 Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,

Whom as a faery child my childhood
 woo'd
 Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy;
 Though then unconscious of herself,
 pardie,
 She bore no other name than Poesy;
 And, like a gift from heaven, in life's
 glee,
 That had but newly left a mother's knee,
 Prattled and play'd with bird and flower,
 and stone,
 As if with elfin playfellows well known,
 And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry
 Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
 And *all* awake! And now in fix'd gaze
 stand,
 Now wander through the Eden of thy
 hand;
 Praise the green arches, on the fountain
 clear
 See fragment shadows of the crossing
 deer;
 And with that serviceable nymph I stoop
 The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
 I see no longer! I myself am there,
 Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet
 share.

'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing
 strings,

And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings;
 Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
 From the high tower, and think that
 there she dwells.

With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,
 And breathe an air like life, that swells my
 chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once
 free,

And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
 O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and
 hills

And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
 Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
 Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures
 thine,

The golden corn, the olive, and the vine,
 Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
 And forests, where beside his leafy hold
 The sullen boar hath heard the distant
 horn,

And whets his tusks against the gnarled
 thorn;

Palladian palace with its storied halls;

Fountains, where Love lies listening to
 their falls;

Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy
 span,

And Nature makes her happy home with
 man:

Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
 With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
 And wreathes the marble urn, or leans
 its head,

A mimic mourner, that with veil with-
 drawn

Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the
 dawn;—

Thine all delights, and every muse is
 thine;

And more than all, the embrace and
 intertwine

Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!

Mid gods of Greece and warriors of
 romance,

See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees
 The new found roll of old Mæonides;

But from his mantle's fold, and near the
 heart,

Peers Ovid's Holy Book of Love's sweet
 smart!¹

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
 Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,
 Where half conceal'd, the eye of fancy
 views

Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all
 gracious to thy muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their
 pranks,

And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
 Of the trim vines, some maid that half
 believes

The *vestal* fires, of which her lover grieves,
 With that sly satyr peeping through the
 leaves! 1828. 1829.

¹ I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the Filocopo of Boccaccio, where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the Holy Book, Ovid's Art of Love. "Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere il santo libro d'Ovvidio, nel quale il sommo poet a mostra, come i santi fuochi di Venere si debbono 'ne freddi cuori accendere." (Coleridge.)

PHANTOM OR FACT

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE

AUTHOR

A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,
 And such a feeling calm its presence shed,
 A tender love so pure from earthly leaven,
 That I unneth the fancy might control,
 'Twas my own spirit newly come from
 heaven,

Wooing its gentle way into my soul!

But ah! the change — It had not stirr'd,
 and yet —

Alas! that change how fain would I for-
 get!

That shrinking back, like one that had
 mistook!

That weary, wandering, disavowing
 look!

'Twas all another, feature, look, and
 frame,
 And still, methought, I knew, it was the
 same!

FRIEND

This riddling tale, to what does it belong?
 Is't history? vision? or an idle song?
 Or rather say at once, within what space
 Of time this wild disastrous change took
 place?

AUTHOR

Call it a *moment's* work (and such it
 seems)

This tale's a fragment from the life of
 dreams;

But say, that years matur'd the silent
 strife,

And 'tis a record from the dream of life.

1830. 1834.

SCOTT

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

POETICAL WORKS, edited by William Minto, 2 volumes, Black, 1887-88. — POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, edited, with revision of text, by W. J. Rolfe, Houghton Mifflin, 1888. — POETICAL WORKS, edited by Andrew Lang, Nimmo, 1905. — POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, edited by F. T. Palgrave, Macmillan, 1866 (Globe Edition; not complete). — *COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, edited by H. E. Scudder, Houghton Mifflin, 1900 (Cambridge Edition). — POEMS, 1 volume, edited by J. Logie Robertson, Clarendon Press, 1906 (Oxford Edition). — JOURNAL, 1825-32, 2 volumes, edited by David Douglas, Simkin, 1890. — FAMILIAR LETTERS, 2 volumes, edited by David Douglas, Simkin, 1894.

BIOGRAPHY

**LOCKHART (J. G.), *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 1837. — *HUTTON (R. H.), *Scott*, 1878 (English Men of Letters Series) (containing two chapters of excellent criticism on Scott as a poet). — YONGE (C. D.), *Scott*, 1888 (Great Writers Series). — SAINTSBURY (George), *Sir Walter Scott*, 1897 (Famous Scots Series). — HUDSON (W. H.), *Sir Walter Scott*, 1901 (Scots Epoch Makers). — HUGHES (Mary A. W.), *Letters and Recollections of Scott*, 1904. — NORRIS (G. Le G.), *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 1906. — JENKS (T.), *In the Days of Scott*, 1906. — *LANG (A.), *Sir Walter Scott*, 1906 (Literary Lives Series). — GWINN (S.), *Scott and His Border* (in *Blackwood's*, October, 1923). — HENDERSON (P. A. W.), *Letters of Sir Walter Scott's Family to Their Governess*, 1905. — KING (H. G. L.), *Sir Walter Scott in London* (in *Cornhill Magazine*, October, 1925). — MACCUNN (F. A.), *Sir Walter Scott's Friends*, 1909. — STALKER (A.), *The Intimate Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 1921.

CRITICISM

BALL (Margaret), *Sir Walter Scott as a Critic*, 1907. — BEERS (H. A.), *English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*, 1901. — *BROOKE (Stopford A.), *Studies in Poetry*, 1907. — *CARLYLE (T.), *Miscellanies*, Vol. IV (from *London and Westminster Review*, 1838). — CROCKETT (S. R.), *The Scott Country*, 1902. — EMERSON (R. W.), *Miscellanies*. — HAY (John), *Addresses: Speech at the Unveiling of the Bust of Scott in Westminster Abbey*, 1897. — HOWELLS (W. D.), *My Literary Passions*, 1895. — HUGO (Victor), *Littérature et philosophie*, 1834. — HUTTON (R. H.), *Brief Literary Criticisms*, 1906. — JEFFREY (Francis), *Edinburgh Review*, No. 23, art. 1, *Marmion*; No. 32, art. 1, *Lady of the Lake*; No. 36, art. 6, *Vision of Don Roderick*; No. 48, art. 1, *Lord of the Isles*: also in his *Critical Essays*. — KER (W. P.), *Scott* (in *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Vol. III, new edition, 1904). — *LANG (A.), *Letters to Dead Authors*, 1886; *Essays in Little*, 1891; *Poets' Country*, 1907. — PRESCOTT (W. H.), *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies*, 1845. — *PALGRAVE (F. T.), *Introduction to the Globe Edition*, 1866. — RUSKIN (John), **Modern Painters*, Part IV, Chap. 16 (especially sections 22-45) and 17; **Fors Clavigera*,

Letters 31-34, 92. — SAINTSBURY (G.), *Essays on English Literature*, second series, 1895. — *SHAIRP (J. C.), *Aspects of Poetry: Homeric Spirit of Scott*, 1881. — SMITH (Goldwin), *Scott's Poetry Again* (in *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1905). — STEPHEN (Leslie), *Hours in a Library*, Vol. I, 1874, 1892. — SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Studies in Prose and Poetry*, 1894. — SYMONS (Arthur), *Was Sir Walter Scott a Poet?* (in *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1904); *Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 1909. — WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Great Writers*, 1907 (from McClure's, June, 1905).

BREWER (W.), *Shakespeare's Influence on Sir Walter Scott*, 1925. — CHESTERTON (G. K.), *Twelve Types: The Position of Sir Walter Scott*, 1910. — CHUBB (E. W.), *Masters of English Literature*, 1914. — CHURCHMAN (P. H.), *A Survey of the Influence of Sir Walter Scott in Spain* (in *Revue Hispanique*, 1922). — CROCE (B.), *Sir Walter Scott, an Italian Estimate* (in *Living Age*, April 14, 1923). — DRAPER (F. W. M.), *Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama, with Special Reference to the Influence of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron*, 1923. — ELLIOT (Col. F.), *Trustworthiness of the Border Ballads*, 1906; *Further Essays on the Border Ballads*, 1910. — ELTON (O.), *Sir Walter Scott*, 1912. — FRANKE (P. W.), *Der Stil in den epischen Dichtungen Walter Scotts*, 1909. — GARNAND (H. J.), *The Influence of Walter Scott on the Works of Balzac*, 1926. — GRIERSON (H. J. C.), *Scott and Carlyle* (in *English Association Essays and Studies*, 1928). — HENDERSON (T. F.), *Scott* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XII). — HERFORD (C. H.), *The Age of Wordsworth*, 1897. — KER (W. P.), *Sir Walter Scott: a lecture at the Sorbonne* (in *Living Age*, September 20, 1919). — LANG (A.), *Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy*, 1910. — MORGAN (A. E.), *Scott and His Poetry*, 1915. — PEERS (E. A.), *Studies in the Influence of Sir Walter Scott in Spain* (in *Revue Hispanique*, 1926). — ROMANES (E. M.), *Sir Walter Scott* (in *Dublin Review*, October, 1921.) — WYNDHAM (G.), *Essays in Romantic Literature*, 1919.

SCOTT

WILLIAM AND HELEN

Imitated from Bürger's "Lenore." See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, I, Chap. 7.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red :
"Alas, my love, thou tarriest long !
O art thou false or dead ?"

With gallant Frederick's princely power
He sought the bold crusade,
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And every knight returned to dry
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy ;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts and mirth and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobbed in his embrace,
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles
Arrayed full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad,
She sought the host in vain ;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless or if slain.

The martial band is past and gone ;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

"O, rise, my child," her mother said,
"Nor sorrow thus in vain ;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again."

"O, Mother, what is gone is gone,
What's lost forever lorn :
Death, death alone can comfort me ;
O had I ne'er been born !

"O, break, my heart, O, break at once !
Drink my life-blood, Despair !
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share."

"O, enter not in judgment, Lord !"
The pious mother prays ;
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child !
She knows not what she says.

"O, say thy pater-noster, child !
O, turn to God and grace !
His will, that turned thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss ?
O mother, what is bale ?
My William's love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is hell.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slain ?
I only prayed for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain."

"O, take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow ;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O, hallowed be thy woe !"

"No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain ;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

"O, break, my heart, O, break at once !
Be thou my god, Despair !
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer."

"O, enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay !
She knows not what her tongue has spoke ;
Impute it not, I pray !

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss."

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?"

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering lattice
shone
The twinkling of the star.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark! and hark! a knock — tap!
A rustling stifled noise; —
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring; —
At length a whispering voice.

"Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st! laugh'st thou,
or weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fair?"

"My love! my love! — so late by
night! —
I waked, I wept for thee;
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, couldst thou be?"

"We saddle late — from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin-bell."

"O, rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold!

Chill howls through hawthorn bush the
wind: —
My love is deadly cold."

"Let the wind howl through hawthorn
bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day."

"Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st
behind
Upon my black barb steed;
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed."

"To-night — to-night a hundred miles! —
O dearest William, stay!
The bell strikes twelve — dark, dismal
hour!
O, wait, my love, till day!"

"Look here, look here — the moon shines
clear —
Full fast I ween we ride:
Mount and away! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee."

Strong love prevailed: she busks, she
bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurned from the courser's thundering
heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot and castle flew.

"Sit fast — dost fear? — The moon
shines clear —
Fleet goes my barb — keep hold!
Fear'st thou?" — "O no!" she faintly
said;
"But why so stern and cold?"

"What yonder rings? what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet gray?"
"Tis death-bell's clang, 'tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

"With song and clang at morrow's dawn
Ye may inter the dead:
To-night I ride with my young bride
To deck our bridal bed.

"Come with thy choir, thou confined
guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!"

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the
bier;
The shrouded corpse arose:
And hurry! hurry! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

And forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's laboring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

"O William, why this savage haste!
And where thy bridal bed?"
"Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid."

"No room for me?" — "Enough for
both; —
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling
surge,
He drove the furious horse.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they
rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower!
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower!

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon
shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me? —
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!" —
"O William, let them be! —

"See there, see there! What yonder
swings
And creaks, mid whistling rain?" —
"Gibbet and steel, the accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain. —

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride."

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly showed!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The Heaven above their head!

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon
shines clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Dost, faithful Helen, fear for them?" —
"O leave in peace the dead!" —

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock,
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well-nigh done."

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home."

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight scared;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallowed ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
 He spurred the fiery horse,
 Till suddenly at an open grave
 He checked the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
 Down drops the casque of steel,
 The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
 The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
 The mouldering flesh the bone,
 Till Helen's lily arms entwine
 A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,
 And with a fearful bound
 Dissolves at once in empty air,
 And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
 Pale spectres flit along,
 Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
 And howl the funeral song;

"E'en when the heart's with anguish
 cleft

Revere the doom of Heaven,
 Her soul is from her body reft;
 Her spirit be forgiven!"

1795. 1796.

THE VIOLET

See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, I, Chap. 8, and the
Century Magazine, July, 1899.

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels
 mingle,
 May boast itself the fairest flower
 In glen or copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
 Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclin-
 ing;

I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
 More sweet through watery lustre
 shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry
 Ere yet the day be past its morrow,
 Nor longer in my false love's eye
 Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

1797. 1810.

TO A LADY

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
 On the ruined rampart grew,
 Where, the sons of freedom braving,
 Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
 Pluck no longer laurels there;
 They but yield the passing stranger
 Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

1797.

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
 He spurred his courser on,
 Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
 That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch
 His banner broad to rear;
 He went not 'gainst the English yew
 To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced and his
 helmet was laced,
 And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
 At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel
 sperthe,
 Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron returned in three days' space
 And his looks were sad and sour;
 And weary was his courser's pace
 As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
 Ran red with English blood;
 Where the Douglas true and the bold
 Buccleuch
 'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
 His acton pierced and tore,
 His axe and his dagger with blood im-
 brued,—
 But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
 He held him close and still;
 And he whistled thrice for his little foot-
 page,
 His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have
been,
What did thy lady do?"

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely
light
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For from height to height the beacons
bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamored from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone; —
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burnèd all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast and loud blew the
blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight
hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's
bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold Buc-
cleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true
On the eve of good Saint John.'

"I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of Saint John I must wander
alone:
In thy bower I may not be.'

"Now, out on thee, faint-hearted
knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers
meet
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and
the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the
stair;
So, by the black rood-stone and by holy
Saint John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'

"Though the blood-hound be mute and
the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not
blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber
to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'

"O, fear not the priest who sleepeth to
the east,
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do
pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

"He turned him around and grimly he
frowned
Then he laughed right scornfully —
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of
that knight
May as well say mass for me:

"At the lone midnight hour when bad
spirits have power
In thy chamber will I be. — '
With that he was gone and my lady left
alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold
baron's brow
From the dark to the blood-red high;
'Now, tell me the mien of the knight
thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!'

"His arms shone full bright in the
beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound in a silver leash
bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-
page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold and low laid in
mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the
knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold baron's brow then changed, I
trow,
From high blood-red to pale —
"The grave is deep and dark — and the
corpse is stiff and stark —
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy
Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago by some secret foe
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring and the white
monks do sing
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He passed the court-gate and he oped the
tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair
To the bartizan-seat where, with maids
that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's
wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"
"Now hail, thou baron true!"
What news, what news, from Ancram
fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancram moor is red with gore,
For many a Southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well."

The lady blushed red, but nothing she
said:
Nor added the baron a word:
Then she stepped down the stair to her
chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the baron
tossed and turned,
And oft to himself he said, —
"The worms around him creep, and his
bloody grave is deep —
It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,
On the eve of good Saint John.

The lady looked through the chamber
fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood
there —
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree for long nights three
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said
for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the baron's brand, near Tweed's
fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's
height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain
space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy
bower
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love mastered fear — her brow she
crossed;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved or art thou lost?"
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life shall forfeit life:
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impressed;
And forevermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower
He speaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none —
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold baron.

1799. 1801.

CADYOW CASTLE

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers in ruins laid,
And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still of Cadyow's faded fame
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp of Border frame
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst
turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns — the present flies.

Where with the rock's wood-covered side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling
sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night — the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is checkering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is gray:
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort, uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls — they hurry out —
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men throng be-
hind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetest than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound
Has roused their mountain haunts
again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have
worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering
on.

Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the
sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well the chieftain's lance has
flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan —
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the
pryse!

'Tis noon — against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland
cheer,

Proudly the chieftain marked his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown
Yet missed his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

Stern Claud replied with darkening face —
Gray Paisley's haughty lord was he —
"At merry feast or buxom chase
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets
foam,
When to his hearths in social glee
The war-worn soldier turned him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born
child.

"O change accursed! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild
Where mountain Eske through wood-
land flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child —
O! is it she, the pallid rose?"

"The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe —
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased — and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle and reeling steed
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke — "'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughtered quarry proudly trode
At dawning morn o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded
town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?"

"With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked where mingling in his band
Trooped Scottish pipes and English
bows.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"Mid pennoned spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised vizor's shade his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seemed marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his saddened brow confessed
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"The death-shot parts! the charger
springs;
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plummy helmet rings —
Rings on the ground to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell —
Or he who broaches on his steel
The wolf by whom his infant fell.

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near.
With pride her bleeding victim saw,
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow —
Murray is fallen and Scotland free!"

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim —
"Murray is fallen and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran, couch thy spear of
flame!"

But see! the minstrel vision fails —
The glimmering spears are seen no
more;

The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The bannered towers of Evandale.

For chiefs intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

1801. 1803.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O, LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love in life's extremity
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand at night
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he passed — an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing —

The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.
1806.

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

1808.

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not break-
ing;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champ-
ing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

From *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN TRIUMPH ADVANCES!

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph ad-
vances!
Honored and blessed be the ever-green
Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that
glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our
line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every
leaf on the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in
her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then

Echo his praise again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
Frui,

And Bannochar's groans to our slogan
replied;

Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-
ing in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead
on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with
woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen

Shake when they hear again,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the
Highlands!

Stretch to your oars for the ever-green
Pine!

O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around
him to twine!

O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem

Honored and blessed in their shadow
might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepest glen,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
ieroe!"

From The Lady of the Lake.

CORONACH

HE is gone on the mountain,

He is lost to the forest,

Like a summer-dried fountain,

When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!
From The Lady of the Lake.

HARP OF THE NORTH, FARE- WELL!

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills
grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade de-
scending;

In twilight copse the glow-worm lights
her spark,

The deer, half-seen, are to the covert
wending.

Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain
lending,

And the wild breeze, thy wilder min-
strelsy;

Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers
blending,

With distant echo from the fold and
lea,

And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum
of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel
Harp!

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp

May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's
long way,

Through secret woes the world has
never known,

When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone. —

That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress!
is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the Air has waked thy string!

'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;

And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring

A wandering witch-note of the distant spell —

And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress,
fare thee well!

Conclusion of *The Lady of the Lake*.

BRIGNALL BANKS

During the composition of *Rokeby* Scott wrote to Morritt: "There are two or three Songs, and particularly one in Praise of Brignall Banks, which I trust you will like — because, *entre nous*, I like them myself. One of them is a little dashing banditti song, called and entitled Allen-a-Dale."

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily:

"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen."

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May,"
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."

"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."

"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O, though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

From *Rokeby*, 1813.

ALLEN-A-DALE

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.

Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken
my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in
pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkin
dale side.

The mere for his net and the land for his
game,
The chase for the wild and the park for
the tame:
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of
the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-
a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp and his blade
be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his
word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will
vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets
Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household
and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand
fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows
gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its
crescent so pale
And with all its bright spangles!" said
Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel and the mother was
stone;
They lifted the latch and they bade him
be gone;
But loud on the morrow their wail and
their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny
black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-
tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-
a-dale!

From *Rokeby*.

HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY

HIE away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,

Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

From *Waverley*, 1814.

TWIST YE, TWINE YE! EVEN SO

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt and jealousy and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle,
Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

From *Guy Mannering*, 1815.

WASTED, WEARY, WHEREFORE STAY

WASTED, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
From the body pass away;—
Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need;—
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet or hail or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

From *Guy Mannering*.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride:
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
 Sae comely to be seen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington
 And lord of Langley-dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair;
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen." —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the
 bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her baith by bower and
 ha';
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean. 1816.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons!
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
 From mountain so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar;
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
 Forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come when
 Navies are stranded:
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset! 1816.

TIME

"WHY sit'st thou by that ruined hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
 Dost thou its former pride recall,
 Or ponder how it passed away?"

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep
 Voice cried!

"So long enjoyed, so oft misused —
 Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
 Desired, neglected, and accused!

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away!
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours — the space is
 brief —

While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When Time and thou shalt part for-
 ever!"

From *The Antiquary*, 1816.

CAVALIER SONG

AND what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of gray and a cloak
that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow.
From *Old Mortality*, 1816.

CLARION

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
From *Old Mortality*.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW
HILL

"It was while struggling with such languor, on one lovely evening of this autumn (1817), that he composed the following beautiful verses. They mark the very spot of their birth, — namely, the then naked height overhanging the northern side of the Cauldshields Loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the eastward, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are now visible over a wide range of rich woodland, — all the work of the poet's hand." Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Chapter 39.

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it
bore,
Though evening with her richest dye
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the
tree —
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.
1817.

PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"

"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly."

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'"
From *The Heart of Midlothian*, 1818.

TRUE-LOVE, AN THOU BE TRUE

TRUE-LOVE, an thou be true,
Thou hast ane kittle part to play,
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou
Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony a friend's tale,
Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail,
A true love-knot to untwine.
From *The Bride of Lammermoor*, 1819.

REBECCA'S HYMN

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen,
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone :
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray !
 And O, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

From *Ivanhoe*, 1818.

BORDER BALLAD

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward
 in order ?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the
 border,

Many a banner spread,
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story,
 Mount and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,

Fight for the Queen and our old Scotch
 glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are
 grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the
 roe ;

Come to the crag where the beacon is
 blazing.

Come with the buckler, the lance, and
 the bow.

Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms and march in
 good order ;

England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the
 Border.

From *The Monastery*, 1820.

LIFE

YOUTH ! thou wear'st to manhood now ;
 Darker lip and darker brow,
 Statelier step, more pensive mien,
 In thy face and gait are seen :
 Thou must now brook midnight watches,
 Take thy food and sport by snatches !
 For the gambol and the jest
 Thou wert wont to love the best,
 Graver follies must thou follow,
 But as senseless, false, and hollow.

From *The Abbot*, 1820.

COUNTY GUY

АН ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea.
 The lark his lay who trilled all day
 Sits hushed his partner nigh :
 Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
 But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
 Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
 To beauty shy by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier.
 The star of Love, all stars above
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
 And high and low the influence know —
 But where is County Guy ?

From *Quentin Durward*, 1823.

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver's
 er'se who spoke,
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall there are
 crowns to be broke ;

So let each Cavalier who loves honor and
me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dun-
dee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up
my can,
Come saddle your horses and call up
your men;
Come open the West Port and let
me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of
Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the
street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums
they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just
e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil
of Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of
the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her
pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked
couthie and slee,
Thinking luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny
Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-
market was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be
hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was
fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and
had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads and the
causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dun-
dee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle
rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly
spoke;

"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak
twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way
he goes —
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of
Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tid-
ings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and
lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's
chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thou-
sand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny
Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barked
bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel
shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the
rocks —
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the
fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of
your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet
and me!"
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the trump-
ets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed and the horse-
men rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Cler-
miston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny
Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
can,

Come saddle the horses and call up
the men,
Come open your gates and let me
gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee!

December, 1825. 1830.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES

BRING the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.
Brave gallants, stand up,
And avaunt ye, base carles!
Were there death in the cup,
Here's a health to King Charles.

Though he wanders through dangers,
Unaided, unknown,
Dependent on strangers,
Estranged from his own;
Though 'tis under our breath,
Amidst forfeits and perils,
Here's to honor and faith,
And a health to King Charles!

Let such honors abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword;
But the time shall come round
When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls
The loud trumpet shall sound,
Here's a health to King Charles!
From Woodstock, 1826.

BYRON

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

**POETICAL WORKS, 7 volumes, edited by E. H. Coleridge, and LETTERS AND JOURNALS, 6 volumes, edited by R. E. Prothero, Murray, 1898-1904 (the standard edition). — LETTERS, 1804-1813, edited by W. E. Henley, Heinemann, 1897 (Vol. I of "Works"; no more published). — POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, Clarendon Press, 1896 (Oxford Edition). — *POETIC AND DRAMATIC WORKS, 1 volume, edited by Paul E. More, Houghton Mifflin, 1905 (Cambridge Edition). — *POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, edited by E. H. Coleridge, Murray, 1905. — CORRESPONDENCE, edited by John Murray, 2 volumes, Murray, 1922.

BIOGRAPHY

*MOORE (Thomas), The Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of His Life, 1830 (the standard biography, though unreliable on many points). — GALT (John), Life of Lord Byron, 1830 (based in part on Moore's Life). — MONDOT (Armand), Histoire de la vie et des écrits de Lord Byron, 1860. — LESCURE (Adolphe), Lord Byron, histoire d'un homme, 1866. — ELZE (Karl), Lord Byron, 1870; English translation, 1872. — CASTELAR (Emilio), Vida de Lord Byron, 1873; English translation, 1875. — *NICHOL (John), Byron, 1880 (English Men of Letters Series) (the best brief biography). — JEAFFRESON (J. C.), The Real Lord Byron, 1883. — NOEL (Roden), Lord Byron, 1890 (Great Writers Series). — ACKERMANN (Richard), Lord Byron, sein Leben, seine Werke, 1901. — KOEPEL (Emil), Lord Byron, 1903. — BELLAMY (R. L.), Byron the Man, 1924. — BOUTET DE MONVEL (R.), La vie de Lord Byron, 1924. — DRINKWATER (J.), The Pilgrim of Eternity, 1925. — RODOCANACHI (E.), Byron, 1924. — *MAYNE (E. C.), Byron, 2 volumes, 1912. — BECK (L. A.), Glorious Apollo (fiction), 1925.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES AND BIOGRAPHICAL MATERIAL

MEDWIN (Thomas), Conversations of Lord Byron, 1824. — DALLAS (R. C.), Recollections of Lord Byron, from 1808 to 1814, 1824. — GAMBA (Pietro), A Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece, 1825. — HUNT (Leigh), Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries, 1828; Autobiography, 1850. — DISRAELI (B.), Venetia (portrait of Byron). — DE QUINCEY (T.), Reminiscences. — TRELAWNEY (E. J.), Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron, 1858. — GUICCIOLI (Countess), Lord Byron jugé par les témoins de sa vie, 1868; English translation by Jerningham, 1869. — PROCTOR (B. W.), Autobiography. — MILLER (A. B.), Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, and Keats, 1909. — EDGCUMBE (R.), Byron, the Last Phase, 1909. — HOBHOUSE (J. C., Lord Broughton), Recollections of a Long Life, 1909; The Byron Separation, 6 volumes, 1909-1911. — COLLINS (H. V.), Lord Byron in His Letters, 1927. — CHEW (S. C.), Byron in England, 1924. — EIMER (M.), Die persönlichen Beziehungen zwischen Byron und den Shelleys, 1910. — FLETCHER (W.), Lord Byron's Illness and Death, 1920. — GORDON (A. C.), Allegra, the Story of Byron and Miss Clairmont, 1926. — GRIBBLE (F. H.), The Love Affairs of Lord Byron, 1910. — KENNEDY (J.), Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron, 1830. — LOVEFACE

(Ralph, Earl of), *Astarte*, 1921. — NICOLSON (H.), *Byron, the Last Journey*, 1924. — RAYMOND (Dora N.), *The Political Career of Lord Byron*, 1924. — SCHIRMER (W. F.), *Die Beziehungen zwischen Byron und Leigh Hunt*, 1912.

EARLY CRITICISM

JEFFREY (Lord Francis), *Edinburgh Review*: No. 38, art. 10, *Childe Harold*; No. 42, art. 2, *The Giaour*; No. 45, art. 9, *The Corsair and the Bride of Abydos*; No. 54, art. 1, *Byron's Poetry*; No. 56, art. 7, *Manfred*; No. 58, art. 2, *Beppo*; No. 70, art. 1, *Marino Faliero*; No. 72, art. 5, *Byron's Tragedies*: also in his *Critical Essays*. — SCOTT (Sir Walter), *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (in *Quarterly Review*, 1818): also in his *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*. — MACAULAY (T. B.), *Moore's Life of Byron* (in *Edinburgh Review*, 1831): also in his *Essays*. — SOUTHEY (R.), *Essays*, 1832. — HAZLITT (W.), *Spirit of the Age*. — HUGO (V.), *Littérature et philosophie*, 1834.

LATER CRITICISM

*ARNOLD (M.), *Essays in Criticism*, second series, 1888. — BRANDES (G. M. C.), *Shelley und Lord Byron: zwei litterarische Charakterbilder*, 1894; **Die Hauptströmungen in der Litteratur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, Vol. IV; English translation, 1904. — CHESTERTON (G. K.), *Twelve Types: The Optimism of Byron*, 1902. — DARMESTETER (James), *Essais de littérature anglaise*. — DOWDEN (Edward), *French Revolution and English Literature: Essay VI*, 1897; *Studies in Literature: French Revolution and Literature*, 1878. — HENLEY (W. E.), *Views and Reviews*, 1890. — HUTTON (R. H.), *Literary Essays*, 1871, 1888. — KINGSLEY (Charles), *Works: Thoughts on Shelley and Byron*. — LOFORTE-RONDI (Andrea), *Nelle letterature straniere*, 1903. — MAZZINI (G.), *Essays: Byron and Goethe*. — *MORE (Paul E.), *The Wholesome Revival of Byron* (in *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1898); *Introduction to the Cambridge Edition*, 1905; *Shelburne Essays*, third series: *Don Juan*, 1906. — *MORLEY (John), *Miscellanies*, Vol. I, 1871. — *PYRE (J. F. A.), *Byron in Our Day* (in *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1907). — *SCHMIDT (Julian), *Portraits aus dem neunzehnten Jahrhundert: Lord Byron*, 1878. — SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Miscellanies: Wordsworth and Byron*, 1886; **Essays and Studies*, 1875. — *SYMONDS (J. A.), in *Ward's English Poets*, Vol. IV. — *TAINE (H.), *History of English Literature*, Vol. IV, 1863, 1871. — *TRENT (W. P.), *Authority of Criticism: The Byron Revival*, 1899. — *WATTS-DUNTON (T.), *Byron* (in *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Vol. III, new edition, 1904). — *WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Makers of Literature*, 1890, 1900.

AUSTIN (Alfred), *The Bridling of Pegasus*, 1910: *Wordsworth and Byron*. — COLINS (J. C.), *Studies in Poetry and Criticism*, 1905. — GENDARME DE BÉVOTTE (G.), *La Légende de Don Juan: son évolution dans la littérature des origines au romantisme*, 1907. — HANCOCK (A. E.), *French Revolution and the English Poets*, 1899. — LANG (A.), *Poets' Country*, 1907. — LEONARD (W. E.), *Byron and Byronism in America*, 1905. — MENGIN (Urbain), *L'Italie des romantiques*, 1902. — MOIR (D. M.), *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century*, 1851. — NISARD (Désiré), *Portraits et études d'histoire littéraire*. — PAYNE (W. M.), *Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — SCHUYLER (Eugene), *Italian Influences*. — SYMONS (A.), *Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 1909.

BELLOC (H.), *On Byron* (in *New Statesman*, May 31, 1924). — BIRRELL (A.), *Byron a Century Later* (in *Literary Review*, April 12, 1924). — BRECKNOCK (A.), *The Pilgrim's Poet, Lord Byron of Newstead*, 1911; *Byron, a Study*, 1927: (both superficial). — BRISCOE (W. A.), *Byron, the Poet, a Collection of Addresses and Essays by Viscount Haldane, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, etc.*, 1924. — CAINE (Hall), *Cobwebs of Criticism*, 1883. — CASTELAIN (M.), *Byron — en 1924* (in *Revue Anglo-Américaine*, October, 1924). — *CHEW (S. C.), *Byron in England, His Fame and After-fame*, 1924; *The Dramas of Lord Byron*, 1915; *The Relation of Lord Byron to the Drama of the Romantic Period*, 1914. — CHUBB (E. W.), *Masters of*

English Literature, 1914. — DICK (W.), Byron and his Poetry, 1913. — EIMER (M.), Byron und der Kosmos, 1912. — ELTON (O.), The Present Value of Byron (in Review of English Studies, 1925). — ELLIOTT (G. R.), Byron and the Comic Spirit (in Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, 1924). — FARINELLI (A.), Byron e il Byronismo, 1924. — FUESS (C. M.), Lord Byron as a Satirist in Verse, 1912. — GARROD (H. W.), Byron, 1824-1924, a lecture, 1924. — GEROULD (Katherine F.), Men, Women, and the Byron Complex (in Atlantic Monthly, September, 1922). — GINGERICH (S. F.), Essays in the Romantic Poets, 1924. — GOODE (C. T.), Byron as a Critic, 1923. — GREY (R.), Imagined Byrons (in Cornhill Magazine, April, 1924). — GRIERSON (H. J. C.), Lord Byron, Arnold, and Swinburne, 1920. — HENSON (H. H.), Byron, 1924. — JONES (H. M.), The Vitality of Byron (in New Republic, October 1, 1924). — LAWRENCE (C. E.), The Personality of Byron (in Edinburgh Review, April, 1924). — MINCHIN (H. C.), Byron, Flame and Power (in Fortnightly Review, April, 1924). — MONROE (Harriet), Byron (in Poetry, April, 1924). — MOORMAN (F. W.), Byron (in Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. XII). — MURRAY (J.), The Popularity of Byron (in Cornhill Magazine, April, 1924). — POWYS (J. C.), Suspended Judgments, 1916. — QUILLER-ROUCH (Sir A. T.), Studies in Literature, second series, 1922. — RICHTER (Helene), Byron, Klassizismus und Romantik (in Anglia, August, 1924). — ROBERTSON (J. G.), Goethe and Byron (in Publications of the English Goethe Society, 1925). — ROE (F. W.), Byron as a Critic of Literature, 1910. — SICHEL (W.), The Humor of Lord Byron (in Nineteenth Century, December, 1920). — VINCENT (L. H.), Dandies and Men of Letters, 1913. — WHIBLEY (C.), Byron and Westminster Abbey (in English Review, August, 1924). — YOUNG (S.), Mental Goodness (in North American Review, July, 1921).

BYRON'S INFLUENCE ON THE CONTINENT

See BRANDES, ELZE, CASTELAR, TAINE, MENGIN, NISARD, MONDOT, LESCURE, HUGO, etc., above; and LAMARTINE and GAUTIER, below.

ACKERMANN (Richard), Lord Byron: sein Leben, seine Werke, sein Einfluss auf die deutsche Litteratur. — BLAZE DE BURY (H.), Tableaux romantiques de littérature et d'art: Lord Byron et le byronisme, 1878 (from the Revue des Deux Mondes, October 15, 1872). — CLARK (W. J.), Byron und die romantische Periode in Frankreich (Leipzig thesis), 1901. — DUMAS, Mémoires, Vol. IX, Chap. 6, 7, and 8. — *ESTÈVE (E.), Byron et le romantisme français — essai sur la fortune et l'influence de Byron en France de 1812 à 1850, 1907. — *GOETHE, Conversations with Eckermann. — HOHENHAUSEN (E. P. A.), Rousseau, Goethe, Byron, ein kritisch-litterarischer Umriss von ethisch-christlichem Standpunkt, 1847. — KAISER, Byrons und Delavignes Marino Faliero, 1870. — LAMARTINE, Le dernier chant de Childe Harold, 1824. — LORENZO y d'AYOT (Manuel), Shakspeare, Lord Byron e Chateaubriand, como modelos de la juventud literaria. — MELCHIOR (Felix), Heinrich Heines Verhältnis zu Lord Byron, 1903. — MUONI (Guido), La Fama del Byron e il byronismo in Italia, 1903. — MONTI (G.), Studi Critici: Leopardi e Byron, 1887. — MUSSET (A. de), La Coupe et les lèvres (Dédicace), Lettre à Lamartine, Namouna, etc. — OCHSENBEIN (W.), Die Aufnahme Lord Byrons in Deutschland und sein Einfluss auf den jungen Heine, 1905. — PICHOT (A.), Essai sur la vie, le caractère et le génie de Lord Byron. — PONS (Gaspard de), Annales romantiques: Bonaparte et Byron, 1826. — RIGAL (Eugène), Victor Hugo et Byron (in Revue d'Histoire Littéraire de la France, July-September, 1907). — SAINTE-BEUVE, Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire, Vol. I., Chap. 15, 1848. — SAND (George), Histoire de ma vie, Vol. III; Essai sur le drame fantastique: Goethe, Byron, Mickiewicz (in Revue des Deux Mondes, December 1, 1839). — SIMHART (Max), Lord Byrons Einfluss auf die italienische Litteratur, 1909. — STENDHAL, Racine et Shakspeare, 1823. — SCHMIDT (G. B. O.), Rousseau und Byron: ein Beitrag zur vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte des Revolutionszeitalters, 1800. — WEDDIGEN (Friedrich H. O.), Lord Byron's Einfluss auf die europäischen Litteraturen der Neuzeit, 1884.

ALLAIS (G.), *Le pessimisme romantique: Byron et Musset* (in *Revue des Cours et Conférences*, Vol. X, 1897). — BADER (F.), *Lord Byron im Spiegel der zeitgenössischen deutschen Dichtung* (in *Herrig's Archiv*, 1916). — CHURCHMAN (P. H.), *The Beginnings of Byronism in Spain* (in *Revue Hispanique*, Vol. XXIII); *Byron and Espronceda* (in *Revue Hispanique*, Vol. XX). — DRAPER (F. W. M.), *The Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama, with Special Reference to the Influence of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron*, 1923. — DOBOSAL (G.), *Lord Byron in Deutschland*, 1911. — FRIEDERICH (E.), *Lermontov und Byron* (in *Germanisch-Romanische Monatsschrift*, Vol. VII). — PORTA (C. A. M. F.), *Byronismo italiano*, 1923. — PRICE (L. M.), *English-German Literary Influences*, 1919. — ZACCHETTI (C.), *Lord Byron e l'Italia*, 1919. — There is a good bibliography of the relations of Byron with Germany in Goedeke (H.), *Grundriss der deutschen Dichtung*, 1910.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

LAMARTINE, *Méditations poétiques*, 1820: *L'Homme, à Lord Byron*. — SHELLEY, *Julian and Maddalo*, 1818; *Fragment to Byron*, 1818; *Sonnet to Byron*, 1821. — KEATS, *Sonnet to Byron*. — GAUTIER, *Poésies*, Vol. I. — MALONE (W.), *Napoleon and Byron*. — WATSON (William), *Epigrams: Byron the Voluptuary*. — CROWNINSHIELD (F.), *A Painter's Moods: To Byron*. — NOEL (R.), *Byron's Grave*. — HOBHOUSE (J. C.), *In Memoriam* (in *London Mercury*, May, 1924). — JOHNSON (R. U.), *To the Spirit of Byron* (in *Independent*, December 7, 1914).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

*COLERIDGE (E. H.), in Vol. VII of his edition of the *Poetical Works*. — ANDERSON (J. P.), *Appendix to Noel's Life of Byron*. — GRIFFITH (R. H.), *Descriptive Catalogue of the Manuscripts and First Editions of Lord Byron in the Library of the University of Texas (Wrenn collection)*, 1924.

BYRON

LACHIN Y GAIR

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens
of roses!

In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snowflake
reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom
and love:

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy moun-
tains,

Round their white summits though
elements war;

Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-
flowing fountains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na
Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy
wander'd;

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was
the plaid;

On chieftains long perish'd my memory
ponder'd,

As daily I strode through the pine-
cover'd glade;

I sought not my home till the day's dying
glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright
polar star;

For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch
na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard
your voices

Rise on the night-rolling breath of the
gale?"

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own
Highland vale.

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy
mist gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car:

Clouds there encircle the forms of my
fathers;

They dwell in the tempests of dark
Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions
foreboding

Tell you that fate had forsaken your
cause?"

Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with
applause:

Still were you happy in death's earthly
slumber,

You rest with your clan in the caves of
Braemar;

The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud
number,

Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch
na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since
I left you,

Years must elapse ere I tread you
again:

Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft
you,

Yet still are you dearer than Albion's
plain.

England! thy beauties are tame and
domestic

To one who has roved o'er the moun-
tains afar:

Oh for the crags that are wild and
majestic!

The steep frowning glories of dark
Loch na Garr. 1807.¹

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

Ζῶνι μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!

Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!

Hear my vow before I go,

Ζῶνι μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

¹ The dates for Byron's poems are made up chiefly from the very full accounts of their writing and publication given in the notes to E. H. Coleridge's splendid edition.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
 Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
 Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.
 Though I fly to Istambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul;
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
 Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

1810. 1812.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam
 tui meminisse!"

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,
 Too soon return'd to Earth!
 Though Earth received them in her bed
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
 In carelessness or mirth,
 There is an eye which could not brook
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
 Nor gaze upon the spot;
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
 So I behold them not:
 It is enough for me to prove
 That what I loved, and long must love,
 Like common earth can rot;
 To me there needs no stone to tell,
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
 As fervently as thou,
 Who didst not change through all the
 past,
 And canst not alter now.
 The love where Death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow:

And, what were worse, thou canst not
 see
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
 The worst can be but mine;
 The sun that cheers, the storm that
 lowers,
 Shall never more be thine.
 The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep;
 Nor need I to repine,
 That all those charms have pass'd away;
 I might have watch'd through long
 decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
 Must fall the earliest prey;
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
 The leaves must drop away;
 And yet it were a greater grief
 To watch it withering leaf by leaf,
 Than see it pluck'd to-day;
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
 To see thy beauties fade;
 The night that follow'd such a morn
 Had worn a deeper shade;
 Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
 And thou wert lovely to the last;
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
 As stars that shoot along the sky
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
 My tears might well be shed,
 To think I was not near to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed;
 To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than thus remember thee!
 The all of thine that cannot die
 Through dark and dread Eternity
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught except its living years.

February, 1812. 1812.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow —
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me —
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
With silence and tears.
? . . . 1816.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

A TURKISH TALE

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted." —BURNS.

CANTO THE FIRST

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and
myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in
their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of
the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to
crime!

Know ye the land of the cedar and
vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the
beams ever shine:
Where the light wings of Zephyr, op-
press'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her
bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of
fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is
mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues
of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may
vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses
they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land
of the Sun —
Can he smile on such deeds as his chil-
dren have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the
tales which they tell.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

"Let the chamber be clear'd." — The
train disappear'd. —

"Now call me the chief of the Haram
guard."

With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's
award.

"Haroun — when all the crowd that wait
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:
Yet not to her repeat my thought;
By me alone be duty taught!"

"Pacha! to hear is to obey."

No more must slave to despot say —
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
But here young Selim silence brake,
First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast look'd and gently spake,
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst
chide

My sister, or her sable guide,
Know — for the fault, if fault there be,
Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me —
So lovelily the morning shone,

That — let the old and weary sleep —
I could not; and to view alone

The fairest scenes of land and deep,
With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high
Were irksome — for whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude;
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,

And, as thou knowest that for me
Soon turns the Haram's grating key,
Before the guardian slaves awoke
We to the cypress groves had flown,
And made earth, main, and heaven our
own!

There linger'd we, beguiled too long
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;
Till I, who heard the deep tambour
Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,
To thee, and to my duty true,
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew;
But there Zuleika wanders yet —
Nay, Father, rage not — nor forget
That none can pierce that secret bower
But those who watch the woman's tower."

"Son of a slave" — the Pacha said —
"From unbelieving mother bred,
Vain were a father's hope to see
Aught that bessems a man in thee.
Thou, when thine arm should bend the
bow,

And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow.
Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
Thy listless eyes so much admire,
Would lend thee something of his fire!
Thou, who wouldst see this battlement
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;

Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
Nor strike one stroke for life and death
Against the curs of Nazareth!
Go — let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff — not the brand.
But, Haroun! — to my daughter speed!
And hark — of thine own head take
heed —

If thus Zuleika oft takes wing —
Thou see'st yon bow — it hath a string!"

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear.
But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
"Son of a slave! — reproach'd with
fear!

Those gibes had cost another dear.
Son of a slave! — and *who* my sire?"
Thus held his thoughts their dark
career;

And glances ev'n of more than ire
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started; for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done;
He saw rebellion there begun:

"Come hither, boy — what, no reply?
I mark thee — and I know thee too;
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:
But if thy beard had manlier length,
And if thy hand had skill and strength,
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:

That eye return'd him glance for glance
And proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk
askance —

And why — he felt, but durst not tell.
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy:
I never loved him from his birth,
And — but his arm is little worth,
And scarcely in the chase could cope
With timid fawn or antelope,
Far less would venture into strife
Where man contends for fame and life —
I would not trust that look or tone:
No — nor the blood so near my own.
That blood — he hath not heard — no
more —

I'll watch him closer than before.
 He is an Arab to my sight,
 Or Christian crouching in the fight —
 But hark! — I hear Zuleika's voice;

Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear;
 She is the offspring of my choice;

Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,
 With all to hope, and nought to fear —
 My Peri! ever welcome here!

Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave
 To lips just cool'd in time to save —

Such to my longing sight art thou:

Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
 More thanks for life, than I for thine,

Who blest thy birth and bless thee
 now."

Fair, as the first that fell of woman-
 kind,

When on that dread yet lovely serpent
 smiling,

Whose image then was stamp'd upon her
 mind —

But once beguil'd — and ever more
 beguiling;

Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent
 vision

To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber
 given,

When heart meets heart again in dreams
 Elysian,

And paints the lost on Earth reviv'd in
 Heaven;

Soft, as the memory of buried love;

Pure, as the prayer which Childhood
 wafts above

Was she — the daughter of that rude old
 Chief,

Who met the maid with tears — but not
 of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words
 essay

To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly
 ray?

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,

His changing cheek, his sinking heart
 confess

The might, the majesty of Loveliness?

Such was Zuleika, such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her

alone —

The light of love, the purity of grace,

The mind, the Music breathing from her
 face,

The heart whose softness harmonized the
 whole,

And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending

Across her gently budding breast;

At one kind word those arms extending

To clasp the neck of him who blest

His child caressing and carest,

Zuleika came — and Giaffir felt

His purpose half within him melt:

Not that against her fancied weal

His heart though stern could ever feel;

Affection chain'd her to that heart;

Ambition tore the links apart.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!

How dear this very day must tell,

When I forget my own distress,

In losing what I love so well,

To bid thee with another dwell:

Another! and a braver man

Was never seen in battle's van.

We Moslem reck not much of blood;

But yet the line of Carasman

Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood

First of the bold Timariot bands

That won and well can keep their lands.

Enough that he who comes to woo

Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:

His years need scarce a thought employ;

I would not have thee wed a boy.

And thou shalt have a noble dower:

And his and my united power

Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,

Which others tremble but to scan,

And teach the messenger what fate

The bearer of such boon may wait.

And now thou know'st thy father's will:

All that thy sex hath need to know:

'Twas mine to teach obedience still —

The way to love, thy lord may show."

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;

And if her eye was fill'd with tears

That stifled feeling dare not shed,

And changed her cheek from pale to red,

And red to pale, as through her ears

Those winged words like arrows sped,

What could such be but maiden fears!

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,

Love half regrets to kiss it dry;

So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,

Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot;

Or if remember'd, mark'd it not;

Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his
steed,

Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque,
And mounting featly for the mead,
With Maugrabee and Mamaluke,

His way amid his Delis took.
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
The Kislar only and his Moors
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water

That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band

Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt,
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd
Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud—

He thought but of old Giafir's
daughter!

No word from Selim's bosom broke;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.

To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
But little from his aspect learn'd:
Equal her grief, yet not the same;
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.

Yet speak she must—but when essay?
"How strange he thus should turn away!
Not thus we e'er before have met;
Nor thus shall be our parting yet."

Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:
She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd

The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,
And sprinkled all its odors o'er
The pictured roof and marble floor:
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal address'd,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,

As if that breast were marble too.
"What, sullen yet? it must not be—
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set

The fairest flowers of eastern land—
"He loved them once: may touch them
yet,

If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."

The childish thought was hardly
breathed

Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet:

"This rose to calm my brother's cares
A message from the Bulbul bears;
It says to-night he will prolong
For Selim's ear his sweetest song;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his alter'd lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?

Nay then I am indeed unblest:
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee
best?

Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.

I knew our sire at times was stern,
But this from thee had yet to learn:
Too well I know he loves thee not;
But is Zuleika's love forgot?

Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
This kinsman Bey of Carasman
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,—
If shrines that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step, admit her vow,—
Without thy free consent, command,
The Sultan should not have my hand!
Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend—and who my
guide?

Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee:
Ev'n Azrael, from his deadly quiver

When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
That parts all else, shall doom for ever
Our hearts to undivided dust!"

He lived, he breathed, he moved, he felt;
He raised the maid from where she knelt;
His trance was gone, his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness
dwelt:

With thoughts that burn—in rays that
melt.

As the stream late conceal'd
 By the fringe of its willows,
 When it rushes reveal'd
 In the light of its billows;
 As the bolt bursts on high
 From the black cloud that bound it,
 Flash'd the soul of that eye
 Through the long lashes round it.
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
 A lion roused by heedless hound,
 A tyrant waked to sudden strife
 By graze of ill-directed knife,
 Starts not to more convulsive life
 Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,
 And all, before repress'd, betray'd:
 "Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
 With life to keep, and scarce with life
 resign;
 Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
 Though sworn by one, hath bound us
 both.
 Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;
 That vow hath saved more heads than
 one:
 But blench not thou—thy simplest
 tress
 Claims more from me than tenderness;
 I would not wrong the slenderest hair
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,
 For all the treasures buried far
 Within the caves of Istakar.
 This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
 Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
 And Giafir almost call'd me coward!
 Now I have motive to be brave;
 The son of his neglected slave,
 Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,
 May show, though little apt to vaunt,
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
 His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
 Perchance I am, at least shall be;
 But let our plighted secret vow
 Be only known to us as now.
 I know the wretch who dares demand
 From Giafir thy reluctant hand;
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
 Holds not a Musselin's control:
 Was he not bred in Egripo?
 A viler race let Israel show!
 But let that pass—to none be told
 Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
 I've partisans for peril's day:
 Think not I am what I appear;
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance
 near."

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed:
 This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
 My love thou surely knew'st before,
 It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
 To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
 And hate the night I know not why,
 Save that we meet not but by day;
 With thee to live, with thee to die,
 I dare not to my hope deny:
 Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
 Like this—and this—no more than
 this;
 For, Allah! sure thy lips are flame:
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?
 My own have nearly caught the same,
 At least I feel my cheek, too, blushing.
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
 Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
 And lighten half thy poverty;
 Do all but close thy dying eye,
 For that I could not live to try;
 To these alone my thoughts aspire:
 More can I do? or thou require?
 But, Selim, thou must answer why
 We need so much of mystery?
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
 But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and
 'friends,'
 Beyond my weaker sense extends.
 I meant that Giafir should have heard
 The very vow I plighted thee;
 His wrath would not revoke my word:
 But surely he would leave me free.
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
 To be what I have ever been?
 What other hath Zuleika seen
 From simple childhood's earliest hour?
 What other can she seek to see
 Than thee, companion of her bower,
 The partner of her infancy?
 These cherish'd thoughts with life begun,
 Say, why must I no more avow?
 What change is wrought to make me
 shun
 The truth; my pride, and thine till
 now?
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
 Our law, our creed, our God denies;
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
 At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
 No! happier made by that decree,
 He left me all in leaving thee,

Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld:
 This wherefore should I not reveal?
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood
 To thee hath never boded good;
 And he so often storms at nought,
 Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
 And why I know not, but within
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.
 If then such secrecy be crime,
 And such it feels while lurking here;
 Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
 Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,
 My father leaves the mimic war;
 I tremble now to meet his eye —
 Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

"Zuleika — to thy tower's retreat
 Betake thee — Giafir I can greet!
 And now with him I fain must prate
 Of firmans, imposts, levies, state.
 There's fearful news from Danube's
 banks,
 Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
 For which the Giaour may give him
 thanks!
 Our Sultan hath a shorter way
 Such costly triumph to repay.
 But, mark me, when the twilight drum
 Hath warn'd the troops to food and
 sleep,
 Unto thy cell will Selim come:
 Then softly from the Haram creep
 Where we may wander by the deep:
 Our garden battlements are steep;
 Nor these will rash intruder climb
 To list our words, or stint our time;
 And if he doth, I want not steel
 Which some have felt, and more may
 feel.
 Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
 Than thou hast heard or thought before:
 Trust me, Zuleika — fear not me!
 Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now
 Did word like this —"
 "Delay not thou:
 I keep the key — and Haroun's guard
 Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.
 To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
 My tale, my purpose, and my fear:
 I am not, love! what I appear,"

CANTO THE SECOND

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him
 home;
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
 His eye but saw that light of love,
 The only star it hail'd above;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 "Ye waves, divide not lovers long!" —
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedew'd in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pride;
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
 All — save immortal dreams that could
 beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

Oh! yet — for there my steps have been;
 These feet have press'd the sacred
 shore,
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath
 borne —
 Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
 To trace again those fields of yore,
 Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own "broad Hellespont" still
 dashes,
 Be long my lot! and cold were he
 Who there could gaze denying thee!

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
 That moon, which shone on his high
 theme:
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam
 But conscious shepherds bless it still.
 Their flocks are grazing on the mound
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow:

That mighty heap of gather'd ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within — thy dwelling-place how narrow!

Without — can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath:
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But Thou — thy very dust is gone!

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then — no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,

O'er which her fairy fingers ran;
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet,
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;
And by her comboloio lies
A Koran of illumined dyes;
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz, tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight

Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:
But yet it hath an air of gloom
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a
night?

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
To guard from winds of heaven the breast
As heaven itself to Selim dear,
With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide;
And though her terror urg'd retreat,

How could she quit her Selim's side?
How teach her tender lips to chide?

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her Koran conn'd apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dream'd what Paradise might be:
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure
His bower in other worlds of bliss
Without *her*, most beloved in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What Houri soothe him half so well?

Since last she visited the spot
Some change seem'd wrought within the
grot:

It might be only that the night
Disguised things seen by better light:
That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turban'd Delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red — perchance with guilt!
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
A cup too on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean? she turn'd to see
Her Selim — "Oh! can this be he?"

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples
wore:

That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white, the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote;
Beneath — his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and
bound.

But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galignée.¹
"I said I was not what I seem'd;
And now thou see'st my words were
true:

I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
If sooth — its truth must others rue.
My story now 'twere vain to hide,
I must not see thee Osman's bride:
But had not thine own lips declared
How much of that young heart I shared,
I could not, must not, yet have shown
The darker secret of my own.
In this I speak not now of love;
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:
But first — Oh! never wed another —
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

"Oh! not my brother! — yet unsay —
God! am I left alone on earth
To mourn — I dare not curse — the day
That saw my solitary birth?

Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
My sinking heart foreboded ill;
But know *me* all I was before,
Thy sister — friend — Zuleika still.
Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!
My breast is offer'd — take thy fill!
Far better with the dead to be
Than live thus nothing now to thee!

Perhaps far worse, for now I know
Why Giaffir alway seem'd thy foe;
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
For whom thou wert condemn'd, reviled.
If not thy sister — wouldst thou save
My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!"

"My slave, Zuleika! — nay, I'm thine:
But, gentle love, this transport calm,
Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
So may the Koran verse display'd
Upon its steel direct my blade,
In danger's hour to guard us both,
As I preserve that awful oath!
The name in which thy heart hath
prided

Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
That tie is widen'd, not divided,
Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.

My father was to Giaffir all
That Selim late was deem'd to thee:
That brother wrought a brother's fall,
But spared, at least, my infancy;
And hull'd me with a vain deceit
That yet a like return may meet.
He rear'd me, not with tender help,
But like the nephew of a Cain;
He watched me like a lion's whelp,
That gnaws and yet may break his
chain.

My father's blood in every vein
Is boiling; but for thy dear sake
No present vengeance will I take;
Though here I must no more remain.
But first, beloved Zuleika! hear
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

"How first their strife to rancor grew,
If love or envy made them foes,
It matters little if I knew;
In fiery spirits, slights, though few
And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
Remember'd yet in Bosniac song,
And Paswan's rebel hordes attest
How little love they bore such guest:
His death is all I need relate,
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
And how my birth disclosed to me,
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me
free.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,
At last for power, but first for life,
In Widdin's walls too proudly sate,
Our Pachas rallied round the state;
Nor last nor least in high command,
Each brother led a separate band;
They gave their horse-tails¹ to the wind,
And mustering in Sophia's plain
Their tents were pitch'd, their post
assign'd;

To one, alas! assign'd in vain!
What need of words! the deadly bowl,
By Giaffir's order drugged and given,
With venom subtle as his soul,
Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.
Reclined and feverish in the bath,
He, when the hunter's sport was up,
But little deem'd a brother's wrath
To quench his thirst had such a cup:
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
He drank one draught, nor needed more!

¹ A Turkish sailor.

¹ "Horse-tail," the standard of a pacha. (Byron)

If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
Call Haroun — he can tell it out.

“The deed once done, and Paswan’s feud
In part suppress’d, though ne’er subdued,

Abdallah’s Pachalick was gain’d : —
Thou know’st not what in our Divan

Can wealth procure for worse than man —
Abdallah’s honors were obtain’d

By him a brother’s murder stain’d ;

’Tis true, the purchase nearly drain’d
Has ill got treasure, soon replaced.

Wouldst question whence? Survey the
waste,

And ask the squalid peasant how
His gains repay his broiling brow! —

Why me the stern usurper spared,

Why thus with me his palace shared,

I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,

And little fear from infant’s force ;

Besides, adoption as a son

By him whom Heaven accorded none,

Or some unknown cabal, caprice,

Preserved me thus ; — but not in peace :

He cannot curb his haughty mood,

Nor I forgive a father’s blood.

“Within thy father’s house are foes ;

Not all who break his bread are true ;

To these should I my birth disclose,

His days, his very hours were few ;

They only want a heart to lead,

A hand to point them to the deed.

But Haroun only knows, or knew,

This tale, whose close is almost nigh :

He in Abdallah’s palace grew,

And held that post in his Serai

Which holds he here — he saw him die ;

But what could single slavery do ?

Avenge his lord? alas! too late ;

Or save his son from such a fate?

He chose the last, and when elate

With foes subdued, or friends betray’d,

Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,

He led me helpless to his gate,

And not in vain it seems essay’d

To save the life for which he pray’d.

The knowledge of my birth secured

From all and each, but most from me ;

Thus Giaffir’s safety was insured.

Removed he too from Roumelie

To this our Asiatic side,

Far from our seats by Danube’s tide,

With none but Haroun, who retains

Such knowledge — and that Nubian feels

A tyrant’s secrets are but chains,

From which the captive gladly steals,
And this and more to me reveals :
Such still to guilt just Alla sends —
Slaves, tools, accomplices — no friends !

“All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds ;

But harsher still my tale must be :

Howe’er my tongue thy softness wounds,

Yet I must prove all truth to thee.

I saw thee start this garb to see,

Yet is it one I oft have worn,

And long must wear: this Galiongée,

To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,

Is leader of those pirate hordes,

Whose laws and lives are on their
swords ;

To hear whose desolating tale

Would make thy waning cheek more
pale :

Those arms thou see’st my band have
brought.

The hands that wield are not remote ;

This cup too for the rugged knaves

Is fill’d — once quaff’d, they ne’er
repine :

Our prophet might forgive the slaves ;

They’re only infidels in wine.

“What could I be? Proscribed at home,

And taunted to a wish to roam ;

And listless left — for Giaffir’s fear

Denied the courser and the spear —

Though oft — Oh, Mahomet! how oft —

In full Divan the despot scoff’d,

As if my weak unwilling hand

Refused the bride or the brand :

He ever went to war alone,

And pent me here untried — unknown ;

To Haroun’s care with women left.

By hope unblest, of fame bereft,

While thou — whose softness long en-
dear’d,

Though it unmann’d me, still had
cheer’d —

To Brusa’s walls for safety sent,

Awaited’st there the field’s event.

Haroun, who saw my spirit pining

Beneath inaction’s sluggish yoke,

His captive, though with dread resigning,

My thralldom for a season broke,

On promise to return before

The day when Giaffir’s charge was o’er.

’Tis vain — my tongue cannot impart

My almost drunkenness of heart,

When first this liberated eye

Survey’d Earth, Ocean, Sun, and Sky,

As if my spirit pierced them through,
 And all their inmost wonders knew!
 One word alone can paint to thee
 That more than feeling — I was Free!
 E'en for thy presence ceased to pine;
 The World — nay, Heaven itself was
 mine!

"The shallop of a trusty Moor
 Convey'd me from this idle shore;
 I long'd to see the isles that gem
 Old Ocean's purple diadem:
 I sought by turns, and saw them all;
 But when and where I join'd the crew,
 With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,
 When all that we design to do
 Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them hath found — may find a
 place;

But open speech, and ready hand,
 Obedience to their chief's command;
 A soul for every enterprise,
 That never sees with terror's eyes;
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than ev'n my own intents.
 And some — and I have studied all

Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
 But chiefly to my council call

The wisdom of the cautious Frank —
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,

The last of Lambro's patriots there
 Anticipated freedom share;
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate,
 To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.
 So let them ease their hearts with prate
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
 I have a love for freedom too.

Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my
 sail,

Across the desert, or before the gale,
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or
 glide, my prow!

But be the star that guides the wanderer,
 Thou!

Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my
 bark;

The Dove of peace and promise to mine
 ark!

Or, since that hope denied in worlds of
 strife,

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds
 away,

And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
 Blest — as the Muezzin's strain from
 Mecca's wall

To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his
 call:

Soft — as the melody of youthful days,
 That steals the trembling tear of speech-
 less praise;

Dear — as his native song to Exile's ears,
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved
 voice endears.

For thee in those bright isles is built a
 bower

Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.

A thousand swords, with Selim's heart
 and hand,

Wait — wave — defend — destroy — at
 thy command!

Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my
 bride.

The Haram's languid years of listless ease
 Are well resign'd for cares — for joys like
 these:

Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
 Unnumber'd perils — but one only love!

Yet well my toils shall that fond breast
 repay,

Though fortune frown, or falser friends
 betray.

How dear the dream in darkest hours of
 ill,

Should all be changed, to find thee faith-
 ful still!

Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly
 shown;

To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
 To soothe each sorrow: share in each
 delight,

Blend every thought, do all — but dis-
 unite!

Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to
 guide;

Friends to each other, foes to aught be-
 side:

Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!

He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace!
I, like the rest, must use my skill or strength,

But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:

Power sways but by division — her resource

The blest alternative of fraud or force!
Ours be the last; in time deceit may come
When cities cage us in a social home:

There ev'n thy soul might err — how oft the heart

Corruption shakes which peril could not part!

And woman, more than man, when Death or Woe,

Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,
Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame —
Away suspicion! — *not* Zuleika's name!
But life is hazard at the best; and here
No more remains to win, and much to fear:

Yes, fear! the doubt, the dread of losing thee,

By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.

That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,

Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail:

No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,

Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.

With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;

Earth — sea alike — our world within our arms!

Ay — let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,

So that those arms cling closer round my neck:

The deepest murmur of this lip shall be,
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
The war of elements no fears impart

To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art:

There lie the only rocks our course can check;

Here moments menace — *there* are years of wreck!

But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!

This hour bestows, or ever bars, escape.

Few words remain of mine my tale to close;

Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;
Yea — foes — to me will Giaffir's hate decline?

And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

"His head and faith from doubt and death

Return'd in time my guard to save;
Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave

From isle to isle I roved the while;

And since, though parted from my band,
Too seldom now I leave the land,

No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:

I form the plan, decree the spoil,
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.

But now too long I've held thine ear;
Time presses, floats my bark, and here

We leave behind but hate and fear.
To-morrow Osman with his train

Arrives — to-night must break thy chain:
And wouldst thou save that haughty

Bey, —
Perchance *his* life who gave thee

thine, —
With me this hour away — away!

But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,

Appall'd by truths imparted now,
Here rest I — not to see thee wed:

But be that peril on *my* head!"

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress,

When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother harden'd into stone:

All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobè.

But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,

Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!

Another — and another — and another —
"Oh! fly — no more — yet now my more

than brother!"

Far, wide, through every thicket spread
The fearful lights are gleaming red;

Nor these alone — for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand.

They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;

And last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:

And now almost they touch the cave —
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

Dauntless he stood — "'Tis come — soon
past —

One kiss, Zuleika — 'tis my last :
But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal, see the flash ;
Yet now too few — the attempt were
rash :

No matter — yet one effort more."
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ;
His pistol's echo rang on high,
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumb'd her breast and
eye! —

"They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars 'tis but to see me die ;
That sound hath drawn my foes more
nigh.

Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika! — sweet! retire :

Yet stay within — here linger safe,
At thee his rage will only chafe.
Stir not — lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance.
Fear'st thou for him? — may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!
No — though by him that poison pour'd ;
No — though again he call me coward!
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No — as each crest save *his* may feel!"

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand :

Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band,
A gasping head, a quivering trunk :
Another falls — but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes ;
From right to left his path he cleft,

And almost met the meeting wave :
His boat appears — not five oars'
length —

His comrades strain with desperate
strength —

Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave ;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray ;
Wet — wild — unwearied to the strand
They struggle — now they touch the
land!

They come — 'tis but to add to
slaughter —

His heart's best blood is on the water.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,
To where the strand and billows met ;
There as his last step left the land —
And the last death-blow dealt his hand —
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his
chain.

Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will Lover's hope remain!
His back was to the dashing spray :
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball —
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine
rang?

Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?
'Tis thine — Abdallah's Murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate :
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea foam troubling —
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone!

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ;
Few trophies of the fight are there :
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent ; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shiver'd brand
Steps stamp'd ; and dash'd into the
sand

The print of many a struggling hand
May there be mark'd ; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat ;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote!

'Tis rent in twain — one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain ;
But where is he who wore?

Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep

And cast on Lemnos' shore :
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow ;
That hand, whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,

Flung by the tossing tide on high,
 Then levell'd with the wave —
 What reck's it, though that corse shall lie
 Within a living grave?
 The bird that tears that prostrate form
 Hath only robb'd the meaner worm;
 The only heart, the only eye
 Had bled or wept to see him die,
 Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
 And mourn'd above his turban-stone,
 That heart hath burst — that eye was
 closed —
 Yea — closed before his own!

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
 And woman's eye is wet — man's cheek
 is pale:

Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
 Thy destined lord is come too late:
 He sees not — ne'er shall see thy face!

Can he not hear
 The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear?
 Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that
 wait,

Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale!

Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
 That fearful moment when he left the
 cave

Thy heart grew chill:
 He was thy hope — thy joy — thy love
 — thine all,

And that last thought on him thou couldst
 not save

Sufficed to kill;
 Burst forth in one wild cry — and all was
 still.

Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin
 grave!

Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
 That grief — though deep — though fatal
 — was thy first!

Thrice happy ne'er to feel nor fear the
 force

Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge,
 remorse!

And, oh! that pang where more than
 madness lies!

The worm that will not sleep — and never
 dies;

Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly
 night,

That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes
 the light,

That winds around, and tears the quiver-
 ing heart!

Ah! wherefore not consume it — and
 depart!

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
 Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy

head,
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost
 spread:

By that same hand Abdallah — Selim:
 bled.

Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief.
 Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's
 bed,

She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,
 Thy Daughter's dead!

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely
 beam,

The Star hath set that shone on Helle's
 stream.

What quench'd its ray? — the blood that
 thou hast shed!

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
 "Where is my child?" — an Echo an-
 swers — "Where?"

Within the place of thousand tombs
 That shine beneath, while dark above
 The sad but living cypress glooms
 And withers not, though branch and
 leaf

Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
 Like early unrequited Love,
 One spot exists, which ever blooms,
 Ev'n in that deadly grove —

A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
 It looks as planted by Despair —

So white — so faint — the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high:

And yet, though storms and blight
 assail,

And hands more rude than wintry sky
 May wring it from the stem — in
 vain —

To-morrow sees it bloom again:
 The stalk some spirit gently rears,
 And waters with celestial tears,

For well may maids of Helle deem
 That this can be no earthly flower,
 Which mocks the tempest's withering
 hour,

And buds unshelter'd by a bower;
 Nor droops though Spring refuse her
 shower,

Nor woos the summer beam:

To it the livelong night there sings
 A bird unseen — but not remote :
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that Houri strings
 His long entrancing note !
 It were the Bulbul ; but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a
 strain :

For they who listen cannot leave
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain !
 And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
 'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,
 They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
 And longer yet would weep and wake,
 He sings so wild and well !
 But when the day-blush bursts from high
 Expires that magic melody.

And some have been who could believe,
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
 Yet harsh be they that blame,)
 That note so piercing and profound
 Will shape and syllable its sound
 Into Zuleika's name.

'Tis from her cypress summit heard,
 That melts in air the liquid word :
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth.
 There late was laid a marble stone ;
 Eve saw it placed — the Morrow gone !
 It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep-fix'd pillar to the shore ;
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell ;
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave ;
 And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
 Is seen a ghastly turban'd head :

And hence extended by the billow,
 'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pil-
 low !"

Where first it lay that mourning flower
 Hath flourish'd ; flourisheth this hour,
 Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale ;
 As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's
 tale !

November, 1813. November 29, 1813.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

"Expende Annibalem : — quot libras in duce
 summo
 Invenies?"

JUVENAL, *Sat. x.*

'Tis done — but yesterday a King !
 And arm'd with Kings to strive —

And now thou art a nameless thing :
 So abject — yet alive !
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,
 Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
 And can he thus survive?
 Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind
 Who bow'd so low the knee?
 By grazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestion'd, — power to
 save, —
 Thine only gift hath been the grave,
 To those that worshipp'd thee ;
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness !

Thanks for that lesson — It will teach
 To after-warriors more
 Than high Philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preach'd before.
 That spell upon the minds of men
 Breaks never to unite again,
 That led them to adore
 Those Pagod things of sabre sway
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife —
 The earthquake voice of Victory,
 To thee the breath of life ;
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
 Which man seem'd made but to obey,
 Wherewith renown was rife —
 All quell'd ! — Dark Spirit ! what must be
 The madness of thy memory !

The Desolator desolate !
 The Victor overthrown !
 The Arbiter of others' fate
 A Suppliant for his own !
 Is it some yet imperial hope
 That with such change can calmly cope?
 Or dread of death alone?
 To die a prince — or live a slave —
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak,
 Dream'd not of the rebound :
 Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke —
 Alone — how look'd he round?
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found :

He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard,¹ when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for
him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make
mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing
hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem, —
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue¹ hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one — "The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth —
So long obey'd — so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God — by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy
worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

¹ Dionysius the younger, tyrant of Syracuse, who after his second banishment earned his living by teaching, in Corinth.

¹ The Emperor Charles V.

There was a day — there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's — Gaul thine —
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
 And don the purple vest,
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star, the string, the crest?
 Vain froward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes — one — the first — the last — the
 best —

The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one!
April 9-10, 1814. April 16, 1814.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-
 place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

June 12, 1814. 1815.

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender
 gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a
 dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread;
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd
 the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears dis-
 tress:

Will this unteach us to complain?
 Or make one mourner weep the less?
 And thou — who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.
1814 or 1815. April 23, 1815.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on
 the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple
 and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like
 stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on
 deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Sum-
 mer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset
 were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn
 hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and
 strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings
 on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he
 pass'd;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly
 and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for
 ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril
all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath
of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white
on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating
surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust
on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners
alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in
their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of
Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of
the Lord!

February 17, 1815. 1815.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft
or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the
Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in
your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and
bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from
the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy
feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not
to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the
sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-
day!

1815. 1815.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
GRAY'S Poemata.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like
that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines
in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the
blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the
wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean
of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only
points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail
shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like
death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not
dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the foun-
tain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips,
and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no
more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd
turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but
worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, — or be
what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er
many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet,
all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those
tears would flow to me.

March, 1815. 1816.

FARE THEE WELL

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain;

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well:
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend
thee —

Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth,
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, wher'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

March 18, 1816. April 4, 1816.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming;

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

March 28, 1816. 1816.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO III

"Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps." *Lettres du Roi de Prusse et de D'Alembert.* [Lettre cxlvi. Sept. 7, 1776.]

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!

ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?

When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,

And then we parted, — not as now we part,

But with a hope. —

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone
by,

When Albion's lessening shores could
grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once
more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a
steed

That knows his rider. Welcome to their
roar!

Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it
lead!

Though the strain'd mast should quiver as
a reed,

And the rent canvas fluttering strew the
gale,

Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to
sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tem-
pest's breath prevail.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark
mind;

Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I
find

The furrows of long thought, and dried-up
tears,

Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track be-
hind,

O'er which all heavily the journeying years

Plod the last sands of life, — where not a
flower appears.

Since my young days of passion — joy,
or pain,

Perchance my heart and harp have lost
a string,

And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.

Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness — so it fling
Forgetfulness around me — it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrate-
ful theme.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths
of life,

So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition,
strife,

Cut to his heart again with the keen
knife

Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves,
yet rife

With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's
haunted cell.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.

What am I? Nothing: but not so art
thou,

Soul of my thought! with whom I trav-
erse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow

Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy
birth,

And feeling still with thee in my crush'd
feelings' dearth.

Yet must I think less wildly; — I have
thought

Too long and darkly, till my brain be-
came,

In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:

And thus, untaught in youth my heart
to tame,

My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis
too late!

Yet am I changed; though still enough
the same

In strength to bear what time cannot
abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accus-
ing Fate.

Something too much of this:— but now
'tis past,

And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would
feel,

Wrung with the wounds which kill not
but ne'er heal;

Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd
him

In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the
limb;

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles
near the brim.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he
found

The dregs were wormwood,— but he
fill'd again,

And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in
vain!

Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though
unseen,

And heavy though it clank'd not; worn
with pain,

Which pined although it spoke not, and
grew keen,

Entering with every step he took through
many a scene.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
And he, as one, might midst the many
stand

Unheeded, searching through the crowd
to find

Fit speculation; such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and
Nature's hand.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor
seek

To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's
cheek,

Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
Who can contemplate Fame through
clouds unfold

The star which rises o'er her steep, nor
climb?

Harold, once more within the vortex,
roll'd

On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's
fond prime.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he
held

Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul
was quell'd

In youth by his own thoughts; still un-
compell'd,

He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
Proud though in desolation; which could
find

A life within itself, to breathe without
mankind.

Where rose the mountains, there to him
were friends;

Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his
home;

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime,
extends,

He had the passion and the power to
roam;

The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they
spake

A mutual language, clearer than the
tome

Of his land's tongue, which he would oft
forsake

For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams
on the lake.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the
stars,

Till he had peopled them with beings
bright

As their own beams; and earth, and
earth-born jars,

And human frailties, were forgotten
quite:

Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will
sink

Its spark immortal, envying it the light

To which it mounts, as if to break the
link
That keeps us from yon heaven which
woos us to its brink.

But in Man's dwellings he became a
thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt
wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were
home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'er-
come,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry
dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the
heat
Of his impeded soul would through his
bosom eat.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less
of gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in
vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 'twere wild, — as on the
plunder'd wreck
When mariners would madly meet their
doom
With draughts intemperate on the sink-
ing deck, —
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore
to check.

Stop! — for thy tread is on an Empire's
dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred
below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal
bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler
so,
As the ground was before, thus let it
be; —
How that red rain hath made the harvest
grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by
thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making
Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of
skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Water-
loo!
How in an hour the power which gave
annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting
too;
In "pride of place" here last the eagle
flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent
plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations
through;
Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's
broken chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters; — but is Earth more
free?
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sov-
ereignty?
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall
we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly
gaze
And servile knees to thrones? No;
prove before ye praise!

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no
more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with
hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up
before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain
years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the
accord
Of roused-up millions; all that most
endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a
sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens'
tyrant lord.

There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and
 when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake
 again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
 like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the
 wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be uncon-
 fined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and
 Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying
 feet —
 But hark! — that heavy sound breaks
 in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's
 opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he
 did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's pro-
 phetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd
 it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too
 well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody
 bier.
 And roused the vengeance blood alone
 could quell;
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost
 fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and
 fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of
 distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour
 ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own love-
 liness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as
 press
 The life from our young hearts, and chok-
 ing sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who
 could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual
 eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful
 morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste:
 the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clat-
 tering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous
 speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror
 dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips — "The
 foe, they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's
 gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
 hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her
 Saxon foes: —
 How in the noon of night that pibroch
 thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath
 which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountain-
 eers
 With the fierce native daring which
 instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
 clansman's ears:

And Ardennes waves above them her
 green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they
 pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall
 grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope shall moulder
 cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound
 of strife.

The morn the marshalling in arms, —
the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
when rent

The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd
and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one
red burial blent!

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps
than mine:

Yet one I would select from that proud
throng,

Partly because they blend me with his
line.

And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow
song;

And his was of the bravest, and when
shower'd

The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd
files along.

Even where the thickest of war's tempest
lower'd,

They reach'd no nobler breast than thine,
young gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking
hearts for thee,

And mine were nothing had I such to
give;

But when I stood beneath the fresh green
tree,

Which living waves where thou didst
cease to live,

And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the
Spring

Come forth her work of gladness to con-
trive,

With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she
could not bring.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom
each

And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to
teach

Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must
awake

Those whom they thirst for; though the
sound of Fame

May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honor'd but assumes a stronger,
bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and,
smiling, mourn:

The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail
be torn;

The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the
hall

In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements
are gone;

The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through, though storms
keep out the sun:

And thus the heart will break, yet bro-
kenly live on:

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,

The same, and still the more, the more it
breaks;

And thus the heart will do which not
forsakes,

Living in shatter'd guise; and still, and
cold,

And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow
aches,

Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things
are untold.

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison, — a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for
it were

As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's
shore,

All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life, — say,
would he name threescore?

The Psalmist number'd out the years of
man:

They are enough; and if thy tale be
true,

Thou, who didst grudge him even that
fleeting span,

More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!

Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and
say —

"Here, where the sword united nations
drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that
day!"
And this is much, and all which will not
pass away.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of
men,
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt;
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been
betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never
been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou
seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer
of the scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art
thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild
name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds
than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of
Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and
became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou
didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the
field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy foot-
stool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to
yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command,
rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust
of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the
loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turn-
ing tide

With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep
pride,

Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard
by,

To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou
hast smiled

With a sedate and all-enduring eye; —
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favor-
ite child,

He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon
him piled.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could
contemn

Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to
feel, not so

To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to
use

Till they were turn'd unto thine over-
throw:

'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such
lot who choose.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall
alone,

Such scorn of man had help'd to brave
the shock;

But men's thoughts were the steps which
paved thy throne,

Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not
then

(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too
wide a den.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a
fire

And motion of the soul which will not
dwell

In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless ever-
more,

Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire

Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever
bore.

This makes the madmen who have made
men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and
Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom
add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet
things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they
fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a
school
Which would unteach mankind the lust
to shine or rule:

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils
past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to
waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid
by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts inglori-
ously.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall
find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds
and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those
below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean
spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those
summits led.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world
will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like
thee.

Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and
dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield,
mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern
farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin
greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty
mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying
wind,
Or holding dark communion with the
cloud.
There was a day when they were young
and proud;
Banners on high, and battles pass'd
below;
But they who fought are in a bloody
shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust
ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no
future blow.

Beneath those battlements, within those
walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in
proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed
halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors
should have
But history's purchased page to call them
great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their
souls were full as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their
shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous
pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would
glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and
drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,

And many a tower for some fair mischief
won,
Saw the discolored Rhine beneath its
ruin run.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would
endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict, — then
to see

Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem
such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream? —
that it should Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy
banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd
away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his welter-
ing ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are
they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yester-
day,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear
stream
Glass'd, with its dancing light, the sunny
ray;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blight-
ing dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping
as they seem.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
Yet not insensible to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even
exile dear:
Though on his brow were graven lines
austere,
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en
the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with
transient trace.

Nor was all love shut from him, though
his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to
dust.

It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though
disgust

Hath wean'd it from all worldlings:
thus he felt,
For there was soft remembrance, and
sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own
would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom
dwelt.

And he had learn'd to love, — I know not
why,
For this in such as him seems strange of
mood, —
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture; what sub-
dued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipp'd affections have to
grow,
In him this glow'd when all beside had
ceased to glow.

And there was one soft breast, as hath
been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger
ties
Than the church links withal; and,
though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above dis-
guise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign
shore
Well to that heart might his these absent
greetings pour!

I

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

2

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of
 gray;
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
 But one thing want these banks of
 Rhine, —
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3

I send the lilies given to me;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must wither'd be,
 But yet reject them not as such;
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
 And offer'd from my heart to thine!

4

The river nobly foams and flows —
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round:
 The haughtiest breast its wish might
 bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
 There is a small and simple pyramid,
 Crowning the summit of the verdant
 mound:
 Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
 Our enemy's — but let not that forbid
 Honor to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
 Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough
 soldier's lid,
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled
 to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young
 career, —
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends
 and foes;

And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
 For he was Freedom's champion, one of
 those,
 The few in number, who had not o'erstept
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons; he had
 kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men
 o'er him wept.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd
 wall
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her
 height
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell and
 ball
 Rebounding idly on her strength did
 light:
 A tower of victory! from whence the
 flight
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the
 plain:
 But Peace destroy'd what War could
 never blight,
 And laid those proud roofs bare to Sum-
 mer's rain —
 On which the iron shower for years had
 pour'd in vain.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long
 delighted
 The stranger fain would linger on his way!
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united
 Or lonely Contemplation thus might
 stray;
 And could the ceaseless vultures cease
 to prey
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
 Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too
 gay,
 Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
 Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the
 year.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
 There can be no farewell to scene like
 thine;
 The mind is color'd by thy every hue;
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely
 Rhine!
 'Tis with the thankful heart of parting
 praise;
 More mighty spots may rise, more glaring
 shine,

But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories
of old days,

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls
between,

The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets
been,

In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though
Empires near them fall.

But these recede. Above me are the
Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy
scalps,

And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of
snow!

All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet
leave vain man below.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to
scan,

There is a spot should not be pass'd in
vain,—

Morat! the proud, the patriot field!
where man

May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that
plain;

Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless
host,

A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument; — the Sty-
gian coast

Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd
each wandering ghost.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall
stand;

They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely
cause

Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no
land

Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of
laws

Making kings' rights divine, by some
Draconic clause.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old
days;

'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of
years,

And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd
gaze

Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it
stands

Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levell'd Adventicum,¹ hath strew'd her
subject lands.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be
the name!—

Julia—the daughter, the devoted—
gave

Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath
a claim

Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's
grave.

Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers
would crave

The life she lived in; but the judge was
just,

And then she died on him she could not
save.

Their tomb was simple, and without a
bust,

And held within their urn one mind, one
heart, one dust.

But these are deeds which should not pass
away,

And names that must not wither, though
the earth

Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their
death and birth;

The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth

In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things
below.

¹ The Roman capital of Helvetia; now Avenches.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains
 view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height
 and hue;
 There is too much of man here, to look
 through
 With a fit mind the might which I behold;
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than
 of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd
 me in their fold.

To fly from, need not be to hate, man-
 kind:
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the
 spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the
 coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for
 wrong
 Midst a contentious world, striving where
 none are strong.

There, in a moment we may plunge our
 years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul turn all our blood to
 tears,
 And color things to come with hues of
 Night;
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those who walk in darkness: on the sea
 The boldest steer but where their ports
 invite;
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and
 anchor'd ne'er shall be.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth
 make
 A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd
 to inflict or bear?

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the
 hum
 Of human cities torture: I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul
 can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving
 plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in
 vain.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:
 I look upon the peopled desert past,
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion; which I feel to
 spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the
 blast
 Which it would cope with, on delighted
 wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round
 our being cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all
 free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
 Existent happier in the fly and worm—
 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more
 warm?
 The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each
 spot?
 Of which, even now, I share at times the
 immortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies,
 a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion? should I not con-
 temn
 All objects, if compared with these? and
 stem
 A tide of suffering, rather than forego
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly
 phlegm
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts
 which dare not glow?

But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all
fire,

A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while — a passing
guest

Where he became a being, — whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed
all rest.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild
Rousseau,

The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched;
yet he knew

How to make madness beautiful and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heav-
enly hue

Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they
past

The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feel-
ingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence: — as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamor'd, were in him the
same.

But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd
though it seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and
sweet;

This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fever'd lip would
greet,

From hers, who but with friendship's his
would meet;

But to that gentle touch through brain
and breast

Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring
heat;

In that absorbing sigh perchance more
blest

Than vulgar minds may be with all they
seek possess.

His life was one long war with self-sought
foes,

Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his
mind

Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and
chose,

For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange
and blind.

But he was phrensied, — wherefore, who
may know?

Since cause might be which skill could
never find;

But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a
reasoning show.

For then he was inspired, and from him
came,

As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in
flame,

Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were
no more:

Did he not this for France? which lay
before

Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she
bore,

Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath, which fol-
lows o'ergrown fears?

They made themselves a fearful monu-
ment!

The wreck of old opinions — things which
grew,

Breathed from the birth of time: the veil
they rent,

And what behind it lay, all earth shall
view.

But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same
hour refill'd,

As heretofore, because ambition was self-
will'd.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and
made it felt.

They might have used it better, but,
allured

By their new vigor, sternly have they
dealt

On one another; pity ceased to melt
 With her once natural charities. But
 they,
 Who in oppression's darkness caved had
 dwelt,
 They were not eagles, nourish'd with the
 day;
 What marvel then, at times, if they mis-
 took their prey?

What deep wounds ever closed without
 a scar?
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal
 to wear
 That which disfigures it; and they who
 war
 With their own hopes, and have been van-
 quish'd, bear
 Silence, but not submission: in his lair
 Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the
 hour
 Which shall atone for years; none need
 despair:
 It came, it cometh, and will come, — the
 power
 To punish or forgive — in *one* we shall be
 slower.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted
 lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to
 forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction; once I
 loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmur-
 ing
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice re-
 proved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er
 have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,
 yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly
 seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights
 appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from
 the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one goodnight
 carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the
 brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into nature's breast the spirit of
 her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read
 the fate
 Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have
 named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though
 not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling
 most:
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
 deep: —
 All heaven and earth are still: From the
 high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain
 coast,
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and de-
 fence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
 A truth, which through our being then
 doth melt,
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which
 makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty: —
 'twould disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial
 power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus
take

A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are
weak,

Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and
compare

Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or
Greek,

With Nature's realms of worship, earth
and air,

Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe
thy prayer!

The sky is changed!—and such a
change! Oh night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are won-
drous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the
light

Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among

Leaps the live thunder! Not from one
lone cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a
tongue,

And Jura answers, through her misty
shroud,

Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious
night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me
be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the
earth!

And now again 'tis black,—and now, the
glee

Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-
quake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his
way between

Heights which appear as lovers who have
parted

In hate, whose mining depths so inter-
vene,

That they can meet no more, though
broken-hearted;

Though in their souls, which thus each
other thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and
then departed:

Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within them-
selves to wage:

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath
cleft his way,

The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en
his stand:

For here, not one, but many, make their
play,

And fling their thunder-bolts from hand
to hand,

Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills
hath fork'd

His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast what-
ever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, light-
nings! ye!

With night, and clouds, and thunder, and
a soul

To make these felt and feeling, well may
be

Things that have made me watchful; the
far roll

Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.

But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human
breast?

Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some
high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could
I wreak

My thoughts upon expression, and thus
throw

Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings,
strong or weak,

All that I would have sought, and all I
seek,

Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into
one word,

And that one word were Lightning, I
would speak;

But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing
it as a sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek
all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful
scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no
tomb,—

And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find
room

And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd
fittingly.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of
deep Love!

Thine air is the young breath of passion-
ate thought;

Thy trees take root in Love; the snows
above

The very Glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them
wrought

By rays which sleep there lovingly; the
rocks,

The permanent crags, tell here of Love,
who sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope
that woos, then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are
trod,—

Undying Love's, who here ascends a
throne

To which the steps are mountains; where
the god

Is a pervading life and light, — so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath
blown,

His soft and summer breath, whose tender
power

Passes the strength of storms in their
most desolate hour.

All things are here of *him*; from the black
pines,

Which are his shade on high, and the
loud roar

Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the
vines

Which slope his green path downward to
the shore,

Where the bow'd waters meet him, and
adore,

Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the
wood,

The covert of old trees, with trunks all
hoar,

But light leaves, young as joy, stands
where it stood,

Offering to him, and his, a populous
solitude;

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many color'd
things,

Who worship him with notes more sweet
than words,

And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of
springs,

And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which
brings

The swiftest thought of beauty, here
extend,

Mingling, and made by Love, unto one
mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn
that lore,

And make his heart a spirit; he who
knows

That tender mystery, will love the more;
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's
woes,

And the world's waste, have driven him
far from those,

For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows

Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau
this spot,

Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which Passion must allot

To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the
ground

Where early Love his Psyche's zone
unbound,

And hallow'd it with loveliness; 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a
sound.

And sense, and sight of sweetness; here
the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps
have rear'd a throne.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been
the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a
name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dan-
gerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were gigantic minds, and their
steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down
thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the
while
On man and man's research could deign
do more than smile.

The one¹ was fire and fickleness, a child
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various, — gay, grave, sage, or
wild, —
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: But his
own
Breathed most in ridicule, — which, as
the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things
prone, —
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to
shake a throne.

The other,² deep and slow, exhausting
thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious
year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning
wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge
severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn
sneer;
The lord of irony, — that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which
grew from fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready
Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so elo-
quently well.

¹ Voltaire.² Gibbon.

Yet, peace be with their ashes, — for by
them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge, — far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things
shall be made
Known unto all, or hope and dread
allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie
decay'd;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what
is just.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and
suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps
tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey
whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region,
where
The earth to her embrace compels the
powers of air.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won
thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of em-
pires; still,
The fount at which the panting mind
assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there
her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's
imperial hill.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renew'd with no kind auspices: to feel
We are not what we have been, and to
deem
We are not what we should be, and to
steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
What a proud caution, love, or hate, or
aught, —
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or
zeal, —

Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:— No matter, —
it is taught.

And for these words, thus woven into
song,

It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
The coloring of the scenes which fleet
along,

Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or
smile,

As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot:
I stood and stand alone, — remember'd or
forgot.

I have not loved the world, nor the world
me;

I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor
bow'd

To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried
aloud

In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I
stood

Among them, but not of them; in a
shroud

Of thoughts which were not their
thoughts, and still could,

Had I not filed my mind, which thus
itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world
me, —

But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that
there may be

Words which are things, hopes which will
not deceive,

And virtues which are merciful, nor
weave

Snares for the failing; I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely
grieve;

That two, or one, are almost what they
seem,

That goodness is no name, and happiness
no dream.

My daughter! with thy name this song
begun;

My daughter! with thy name thus much
shall end;

I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the
friend

To whom the shadows of far years extend;
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst
behold,

My voice shall with thy future visions
blend,

And reach into thy heart, when mine is
cold,

A token and a tone, even from thy father's
mould.

To aid thy mind's development, to watch
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, to view thee
catch

Knowledge of objects, — wonders yet to
thee!

To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's
kiss, —

This, it should seem, was not reserved for
me;

Yet this was in my nature: as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something
like to this.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be
taught,

I know that thou wilt love me; though
my name

Should be shut from thee, as a spell still
fraught

With desolation, and a broken claim;
Though the grave closed between us, —
'twere the same,

I know that thou wilt love me; though
to drain

My blood from out thy being were an
aim,

And an attainment, — all would be in
vain, —

Still thou wouldst love me, still that more
than life retain.

The child of love, though born in bitter-
ness,

And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements, and thine no
less.

As yet such are around thee, but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far
higher.

Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the
sea

And from the mountains where I now
 respire,
 Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
 As with a sigh, I deem thou might'st
 have been to me.

May-June, 1816. November 18, 1816.

SONNET ON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart —
 The heart which love of thee alone can
 bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd —

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
 gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every
 wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas
 trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! — May none those marks
 efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God.
June, 1816. December 5, 1816.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

My hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;
 My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare;
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffer'd chains and courted death;
 That father perish'd at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place;
 We were seven — who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finish'd as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage;

One in fire, and two in field
 Their belief with blood have seal'd,
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and
 gray,

Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp:

And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years — I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score,
 When my last brother droop'd and died
 And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone
 And we were three — yet, each alone,
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight:
 And thus together — yet apart,
 Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound, not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy, but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do — and did my best —
 And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —

For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank

With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him his dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave intrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high

And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain

To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave,
I begg'd them as a boon to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laugh'd, and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,

I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread;
 But these were horrors — this was woe
 Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow:
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur, not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence — lost
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listen'd, but I could not hear;
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
 I know 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived, I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last, the sole, the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath —
 My brothers — both had ceased to
 breathe:

I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive —
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there

I know not well — I never knew —
 First came the loss of light, and air,

And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling — none —
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
 It was not night, it was not day;
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness without a place;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain, —

It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,

The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track;
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor.
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For — Heaven forgive that thought! the
 while
 Which made me both to weep and
 smile —

I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,
 Lone as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone as a solitary cloud, —

A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was: — my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them, and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channel'd rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down;

And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view;
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers grow-
 ing,

Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled — and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count, I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last men came to set me free;
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.

And thus when they appear'd at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage — and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home:
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell;
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are: — even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

June 27-29 — July 10, 1816.

December 5, 1816.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
 And the star of my fate hath declined,
 Thy soft heart refused to discover
 The faults which so many could find.
 Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
 It shrunk not to share it with me,
 And the love which my spirit hath painted
 It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
 The last smile which answers to mine,
 I do not believe it beguiling,
 Because it reminds me of thine;
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,
 As the breasts I believed in with me,
 If their billows excite an emotion,
 It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
 Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
 To pain — it shall not be its slave.
 There is many a pang to pursue me:
 They may crush, but they shall not contemn;
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me;
 'Tis of *thee* that I think — not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
 Though loved, thou forbores't to grieve me,
 Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake;
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
 Though parted, it was not to fly,
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one;
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
 Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
 Deserved to be dearest of all:
 In the desert a fountain is springing,
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.
July 24, 1816. December 5, 1816.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same —
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny, —
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing — had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness;
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, —
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
 My whole life was a contest, since the day
 That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd

The gift, — a fate, or will, that walk'd
 astray;
 And I at times have found the struggle
 hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of
 clay:
 But now I fain would for a time survive,
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
 And when I look on this, the petty spray
 Of my own years of trouble, which have
 roll'd
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
 Something — I know not what — does
 still uphold
 A spirit of slight patience; — not in vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase
 pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me — or perhaps a cold despair,
 Brought on when ills habitually recur, —
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
 (For even to this may change of soul
 refer,
 And with light armor we may learn to
 bear,)
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which
 was not
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood; trees, and flowers,
 and brooks,
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to
 books,
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
 My heart with recognition of their looks;
 And even at moments I could think I see
 Some living thing to love — but none like
 thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which
 create
 A fund for contemplation; — to admire
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
 But something worthier do such scenes
 inspire;
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,
 For much I view which I could most de-
 sire,
 And, above all, a lake I can behold
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me! — but I
 grow
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget
 The solitude which I have vaunted so
 Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
 There may be others which I less may
 show! —
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake
 By the old Hall which may be mine no
 more.
 Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer
 shore:
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory
 make,
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
 Though, like all things which I have
 loved, they are
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask
 Of Nature that with which she will
 comply —
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister — till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
 And that I would not; — for at length I
 see
 Such scenes as those wherein my life
 begun.
 The earliest — even the only paths for
 me —
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to
 shun,
 I had been better than I now can be;
 The passions which have torn me would
 have slept;
 I had not suffer'd and *thou* hadst not
 wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
 Little with Love, and least of all with
 Fame;
 And yet they came unsought, and with
 me grew,
 And made me all which they can make
 — a name.

Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
 But all is over — I am one the more
 To baffled millions which have gone
 before.

And for the future, this world's future may
 From me demand but little of my care;
 I have outlived myself by many a day;
 Having survived so many things that
 were;

My years have been no slumber, but the
 prey
 Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
 Of life which might have fill'd a century,
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to
 come
 I am content; and for the past I feel
 Not thankless, — for within the crowded
 sum
 Of struggles, happiness at times would
 steal,

And for the present, I would not benumb
 My feelings further. — Nor shall I conceal
 That with all this I still can look around,
 And worship Nature with a thought
 profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
 We were and are — I am, even as thou
 art —

Beings who ne'er each other can resign:
 It is the same, together or apart,
 From life's commencement to its slow
 decline

We are entwined — let death come slow
 or fast,

The tie which bound the first endures the
 last! *July, 1816. 1830.*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THEY say that Hope is happiness;
 But genuine Love must prize the past,
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that
 bless:

They rose the first — they set the last.

And all that Memory loves the most
 Was once our only Hope to be,
 And all that Hope adored and lost
 Hath melted into Memory.

Alas! it is delusion all;
 The future cheats us from afar,
 Nor can we be what we recall,
 Nor dare we think on what we are.
 ?*. . . 1829.*

DARKNESS

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the
 stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moon-
 less air;

Morn came and went — and came, and
 brought no day,

And men forgot their passions in the
 dread

Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for
 light;

And they did live by watchfires — and
 the thrones,

The palaces of crowned kings — the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were
 consumed,

And men were gather'd round their blaz-
 ing homes

To look once more into each other's face;
 Happy were those who dwelt within the
 eye

Of the volcanos, and their mountain-
 torch;

A fearful hope was all the world con-
 tain'd;

Forests were set on fire — but hour by
 hour

They fell and faded — and the crackling
 trunks

Extinguish'd with a crash — and all was
 black.

The brows of men by the despairing light
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits

The flashes fell upon them; some lay
 down

And hid their eyes and wept; and some did
 rest

Their chins upon their clenched hands,
 and smiled;

And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
 up

With mad disquietude on the dull sky,

The pall of a past world; and then again
 With curses cast them down upon the
 dust,
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the
 wild birds shriek'd
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest
 brutes
 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers
 crawl'd
 And twined themselves among the multi-
 tude,
 Hissing, but stingless — they were slain
 for food!
 And War, which for a moment was no
 more,
 Did glut himself again: — a meal was
 bought
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
 Gorging himself in gloom: no love was
 left;
 All earth was but one thought — and that
 was death
 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
 Of famine fed upon all entrails — men
 Died, and their bones were tombless as
 their flesh;
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save
 one,
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men
 at bay,
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping
 dead
 Lured their lank jaws; himself sought
 out no food,
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the
 hand
 Which answer'd not with a caress — he
 died.
 The crowd was famish'd by degrees;
 but two
 Of an enormous city did survive,
 And they were enemies: they met beside
 The dying embers of an altar-place
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy
 things
 For an unholy usage; they raked up,
 And shivering scraped with their cold
 skeleton hands
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame
 Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld,

Each other's aspects — saw, and shriek'd,
 and died —
 Even of their mutual hideousness they
 died,
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
 Famine had written Fiend. The world
 was void,
 The populous and the powerful was a
 lump,
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless,
 lifeless,
 A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood
 still,
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent
 depths;
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal:
 as they dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a
 surge —
 The waves were dead; the tides were in
 their grave,
 The moon, their mistress, had expired
 before;
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant
 air,
 And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had
 no need
 Of aid from them — She was the Uni-
 verse.
July, 1816. December 5, 1816.

PROMETHEUS

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense?
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain,
 The agony they do not show,
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.
 Titan! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where they cannot kill;
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
 The ruling principle of Hate,

Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die;
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee

Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
And in his Soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled,
That in his hand the lightnings
trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen Man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not con-
vulse,

A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To Mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, Man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And Man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence:

To which his Spirit may oppose
Itself — and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concenter'd recompense,
Triumphant where it dare defy,
And making Death a Victory.

July, 1816. December, 1816.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN

ROUSSEAU — Voltaire — our Gibbon —
and De Staël —

Leman! these names are worthy of thy
shore,

Thy shore of names like these! wert
thou no more

Their memory thy remembrance would
recall:

To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
But they have made them lovelier, for
the lore

Of mighty minds doth hallow in the
core

Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous;
but by thee

How much more, Lake of Beauty! do
we feel,

In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality

Is proud, and makes the breath of glory
real!

July, 1816. December 5, 1816.

MANFRED

A DRAMATIC POEM

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MANFRED	WITCH OF THE
CHAMOIS HUNTER	ALPS
ABBOT OF	ARIMANES
ST. MAURICE	NEMESIS
MANUEL	THE DESTINIES
HERMAN	SPIRITS, &c.

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the
Higher Alps — partly in the Castle
of Manfred, and partly in the Moun-
tains.*

ACT I

SCENE I. — MANFRED *alone.* — *Scene, a
Gothic Gallery. — Time, Midnight.*

Man. The lamp must be replenish'd,
but even then

It will not burn so long as I must watch:
My slumbers — if I slumber — are not
sleep,

But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not: in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close

To look within; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing
men.

But grief should be the instructor of the
wise;

Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the
most

Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal
truth,

The Tree of Knowledge is not that of
Life.

Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself —
But they avail not: I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among
men —

But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before
me —

But this avail'd not: — Good, or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no
dread,

And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with
hopes or wishes,

Or lurking love of something on the earth.
Now to my task. —

Mysterious agency!
Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!
Whom I have sought in darkness and in
light —

Ye, who do compass earth about, and
dwell

In subtler essence — ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar
things —

I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you — Rise!
Appear! *[A pause.]*

They come not yet. — Now by the voice
of him

Who is the first among you — by this sign,
Which makes you tremble — by the
claims of him

Who is undying, — Rise! Appear! —
Appear! *[A pause.]*

If it be so — Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birthplace in a star con-
demn'd,

The burning wreck of a demolish'd
world,

A wandering hell in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my
soul,

The thought which is within me and
around me,

I do compel ye to my will — Appear!

*[A star is seen at the darker end of
the gallery: it is stationary; and
a voice is heard singing.]*

FIRST SPIRIT

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,
From my mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer's sunset gilds
With the azure and vermilion,
Which is mixed for my pavilion;
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden:
To thine adoration bow'd,
Mortal — be thy wish avow'd!

SECOND SPIRIT

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The Glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his cavern'd base —
And what with me wouldst *Thou*?

THIRD SPIRIT

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells,
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells;
O'er my calm Hall of Coral
The deep echo roll'd —
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold!

FOURTH SPIRIT

Where the slumbering earthquake
 Lies pillow'd on fire,
 And the lakes of bitumen
 Rise boilingly higher;
 Where the roots of the Andes
 Strike deep in the earth,
 As their summits to heaven
 Shoot soaringly forth;
 I have quitted my birthplace,
 Thy bidding to bide —
 Thy spell hath subdued me,
 Thy will be my guide!

FIFTH SPIRIT

I am the Rider of the wind,
 The stirrer of the storm;
 The hurricane I left behind
 Is yet with lightning warm;
 To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
 I swept upon the blast:
 The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet
 'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
 Why doth thy magic torture me with
 light?

SEVENTH SPIRIT

The star which rules thy destiny
 Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:
 It was a world as fresh and fair
 As e'er revolved round sun in air;
 Its course was free and regular,
 Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
 The hour arrived — and it became
 A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
 A pathless comet, and a curse,
 The menace of the universe;
 Still rolling on with innate force,
 Without a sphere, without a course,
 A bright deformity on high,
 The monster of the upper sky!
 And thou! beneath its influence born —
 Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn —
 Forced by a power (which is not thine,
 And lent thee but to make thee mine)
 For this brief moment to descend,
 Where these weak spirits round thee bend
 And parley with a thing like thee —
 What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with
 me?

The SEVEN SPIRITS

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains,
 winds, thy star,
 Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of
 Clay!
 Before thee at thy quest their spirits
 are —
 What wouldst thou with us, son of
 mortals — say?

Man. Forgetfulness —

First Spirit. Of what — of whom —
 and why?

Man. Of that which is within me;
 read it there —

Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

Spirit. We can but give thee that
 which we possess:

Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
 O'er earth — the whole, or portion — or a
 sign

Which shall control the elements, whereof
 We are the dominators, — each and all,
 These shall be thine.

Man. Oblivion, self-oblivion!
 Can ye not wring from out the hidden
 realms

Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

Spirit. It is not in our essence, in our
 skill;

But — thou may'st die.

Man. Will death bestow it on me?

Spirit. We are immortal, and do not
 forget;

We are eternal; and to us the past
 Is, as the future, present. Art thou
 answer'd?

Man. Ye mock me — but the power
 which brought ye here
 Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not
 at my will!

The mind, the spirit, the Promethean
 spark,

The lightning of my being, is as bright,
 Pervading, and far darting as your own,
 And shall not yield to yours, though
 coop'd in clay!

Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

Spirit. We answer as we answer'd;
 our reply

Is even in thine own words.

Man. Why say ye so?

Spirit. If, as thou say'st, thine essence
 be as ours,

We have replied in telling thee, the thing

Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

Man. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain;

Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

Spirit. Say,
What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us; ask again;
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days—

Man. Accursed! what have I to do with days?

They are too long already. — Hence — begone!

Spirit. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee service;
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

Man. No, none: yet stay — one moment, ere we part,

I would behold ye face to face. I hear Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,

As music on the waters; and I see The steady aspect of a clear large star; But nothing more. Approach me as ye are, Or one, or all, in your accusom'd forms.

Spirit. We have no forms, beyond the elements

Of which we are the mind and principle: But choose a form—in that we will appear.

Man. I have no choice; there is no form on earth

Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him, Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect

As unto him may seem most fitting— Come!

Seventh Spirit (appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure). Behold!

Man. Oh God! if it be thus, and thou Art not a madness and a mockery, I yet might be most happy, I will clasp thee,

And we again will be—

[*The figure vanishes.*

My heart is crush'd!

[*MANFRED falls senseless.*

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;

When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou has turn'd around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;

By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd — now
wither!

SCENE II

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau. — Time,
Morning. — MANFRED alone upon
the Cliffs.*

Man. The spirits I have raised abandon me,
The spells which I have studied baffle me,
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;
I lean no more on superhuman aid;
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in
darkness,
It is not of my search. My mother
Earth!
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you,
ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight — thou shin'st not on my
heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme
edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink be-
neath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to
shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would
bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever — wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse — yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril — yet do not recede;
And my brain reels — and yet my foot is
firm:

There is a power upon me which with-
holds,
And makes it my fatality to live, —
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have
ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself —
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
[*An eagle passes.*

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me — I
should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou
art gone

Where the eye cannot follow thee; but
thine

Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision. — Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!

But we, who name ourselves its sover-
eigns, we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence
make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are — what they name not to
themselves,

And trust not to each other. Hark! the
note, [The Shepherd's pipe in
the distance is heard.

The natural music of the mountain
reed —

For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable — pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the saun-
tering herd;

My soul would drink those echoes. Oh,
that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment — born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Chamois Hunter. Even so
This way the chamois leapt: her nimble
feet
Have baffled me; my gains to-day will
scarce

Repay my break-neck travail. — What is here?

Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd

A height which none even of our mountaineers,

Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb

Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance:

I will approach him nearer.

Man. (not perceiving the other). To be thus —

Gray-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,

Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,

A blighted trunk upon a cursed root, Which but supplies a feeling to decay —

And to be thus, eternally but thus, Having been otherwise! now furrow'd o'er

With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, — not by years, —

And hours, all tortured into ages — hours Which I outlive! — Ye toppling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down

In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath, Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,

And only fall on things that still would live;

On the young flourishing forest, or the hut And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise from up the valley;

I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance

To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,

Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles. — I am giddy.

C. Hun. I must approach him cautiously; if near,

A sudden step will startle him, and he Seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen, Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock

Rocking their alpine brethren; filling up The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;

Damming the rivers with a sudden dash, Which crush'd the waters into mist and made

Their fountains find another channel — thus,

Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg —

Why stood I not beneath it?

C. Hun. Friend! have a care, Your next step may be fatal! — for the love

Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

Man. (not hearing him). Such would have been for me a fitting tomb;

My bones had then been quiet in their depth;

They had not then been strewn upon the rocks

For the wind's pastime — as thus — thus they shall be —

In this one plunge. — Farewell, ye opening heavens!

Look not upon me thus reproachfully — You were not meant for me — Earth!

take these atoms!

[As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and retains him with a sudden grasp.

C. Hun. Hold, madman! — though aweary of thy life,

Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood:

Away with me — I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart — nay, grasp me not —

I am all feebleness — mountains whirl Spinning around me — I grow blind —

What art thou?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon. Away with me —

The clouds grow thicker — there — now lean on me —

Place your foot here — here, take this staff, and cling

A moment to that shrub — now give me your hand,

And hold fast by my girdle — softly —
well —

The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour :
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the
torrent

Hath wash'd since winter. — Come, 'tis
bravely done —

You should have been a hunter. — Follow
me.

[*As they descend the rocks with
difficulty, the scene closes.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. — *A Cottage amongst the
Bernese Alps.*

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. Hun. No, no — yet pause — thou
must not yet go forth :

Thy mind and body are alike unfit
To trust each other, for some hours, at
least ;

When thou art better, I will be thy
guide —

But whither ?

Man. It imports not : I do know
My route full well, and need no further
guidance

C. Hun. Thy garb and gait bespeak
thee of high lineage —

One of the many chiefs, whose castled
crag

Look o'er the lower valleys — which of
these

May call thee lord ? I only know their
portals ;

My way of life leads me but rarely down
To bask by the huge hearths of those old
halls,

Carousing with the vassals ; but the
paths,

Which step from out our mountains to
their doors,

I know from childhood — which of these
is thine ?

Man. No matter.

C. Hun. Well, sir, pardon me the
question,

And be of better cheer. Come, taste my
wine ;

'Tis of an ancient vintage ; many a day
'T has thaw'd my veins among our
glaciers

Let it do thus for thine — Come, pledge
me fairly.

Man. Away, away ! there's blood
upon the brim !

Will it then never — never sink in the
earth ?

C. Hun. What dost thou mean ? thy
senses wander from thee.

Man. I say 'tis blood — my blood !
the pure warm stream

Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and
in ours

When we are in our youth, and had one
heart,

And loved each other as we should not
love,

And this was shed : but still it rises up,
Coloring the clouds, that shut me out from
heaven,

Where thou art not — and I shall never
be.

C. Hun. Man of strange words, and
some half-maddening sin,

Which makes thee people vacancy,
whate'er

Thy dread and sufferance be, there's
comfort yet —

The aid of holy men, and heavenly
patience —

Man. Patience and patience ! Hence
— that word was made

For brutes of burthen, not for birds of
prey ;

Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine, —
I am not of thine order.

C. Hun. Thanks to heaven !
I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell ; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts
are useless.

Man. Do I not bear it ? — Look on
me — I live.

C. Hun. This is convulsion, and no
healthful life.

Man. I tell thee, man ! I have lived
many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing
now

To those which I must number : ages —
ages —

Space and eternity — and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death — and still
unslaked !

C. Hun. Why, on thy brow the seal of
middle age

Hath scarce been set ; I am thine elder far.

Man. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?

It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine

Have made my days and nights imperishable,

Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,

Innumerable atoms; and one desert, Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,

But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,

Rocks and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. Hun. Alas! he's mad — but yet I must not leave him.

Man. I would I were — for then the things I see
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

C. Hun. What is it
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

Man. Myself, and thee — a peasant of the Alps —

Thy humble virtues, hospitable home, And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;

Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;

The days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,

By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,

With cross and garland over its green turf,

And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph; This do I see — and then I look within —
It matters not — my soul was scorched already!

C. Hun. And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

Man. No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange

My lot with living being: I can bear — However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear —
In life what others could not brook to dream,

But perish in their slumber.

C. Hun. And with this — This cautious feeling for another's pain, Canst thou be black with evil? — say not so.

Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge
Upon his enemies?

Man. Oh! no, no, no!
My injuries came down on those who loved me —

On those whom I best loved: I never quelled

An enemy, save in my just defence — But my embrace was fatal.

C. Hun. Heaven give thee rest!
And penitence restore thee to thyself; My prayers shall be for thee.

Man. I need them not — But can endure thy pity. I depart — 'Tis time — farewell! — Here's gold, and thanks for thee —

No words — it is thy due. — Follow me not —

I know my path — the mountain peril's past:

And once again I charge thee, follow not!
[Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE II

A lower Valley in the Alps. — A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon — the sunbow's rays still arch

The torrent with the many hues of heaven,

And roll the sheeted silver's waving column

O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular, And fling its lines of foaming light along,

And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,

The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death, As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes

But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;

I should be sole in this sweet solitude, And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters. — I will call her.

[MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it into the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.]

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light, And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow

To an unearthly stature, in an essence

Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—

Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,

Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves

Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven—

Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame

The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.

Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit

At times to commune with them— if that he

Avail him of his spells — to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

I have expected this— what wouldst thou with me?

Man. To look upon thy beauty— nothing further.

The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I

Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought

From them what they could not bestow, and now

I search no further.

Witch. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,

The rulers of the invisible?

Man. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;

My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards

My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,

Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;

The thirst of their ambition was not mine,

The aim of their existence was not mine;

My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,

Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,

I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me

Was there but one who — but of her anon.
I said with men, and with the thoughts of men,

I held but slight communion; but instead
My joy was in the wilderness,— to breathe

The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,

Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing

Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge

Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave

Of river-stream, of ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,

The stars and their development; or catch

The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;

Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,

While Autumn winds were at their evening song.

These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,— cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,

In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,

Searching its cause in its effect; and drew

From wither'd bones, and skull, and heap'd up dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd

The nights of years in sciences untaught

Save in the old time; and with time
 and toil,
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance
 As in itself hath power upon the air,
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,
 Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
 Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
 Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
 He who from out their fountain dwellings
 raised

Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
 As I do thee; — and with my knowledge
 grew

The thirst of knowledge, and the power
 and joy

Of this most bright intelligence, until —
Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh! I but thus prolong'd my
 words,

Boasting these idle attributes, because
 As I approach the core of my heart's
 grief —

But to my task, I have not named to thee
 Father or mother, mistress, friend, or
 being,

With whom I wore the chain of human
 ties;

If I had such, they seem'd not such to me;
 Yet there was one —

Witch. Spare not thyself — proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments;
 her eyes,

Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
 Even of her voice, they said were like to
 mine;

But soften'd all, and temper'd into
 beauty:

She had the same lone thoughts and
 wanderings,

The quest of hidden knowledge, and a
 mind

To comprehend the universe: nor these
 Alone, but with them gentler powers than
 mine,

Pity, and smiles, and tears — which I had
 not;

And tenderness — but that I had for her;
 Humility — and that I never had.

Her faults were mine — her virtues were
 her own —

I loved her, and destroy'd her!

Witch. With thy hand?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart,
 which broke her heart;

It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have
 shed

Blood, but not hers — and yet her blood
 was shed;

I saw — and could not stanch it.

Witch. And for this —

A being of the race thou dost despise,
 The order, which thine own would rise

above,
 Mingling with us and ours, — thou dost

forego
 The gifts of our great knowledge, and
 shrink'st back

To recreant mortality — Away!

Man. Daughter of Air! I tell thee,
 since that hour —

But words are breath — look on me in my
 sleep,

Or watch my watchings — Come and sit
 by me!

My solitude is solitude no more,
 But peopled with the Furies; — I have

gnash'd
 My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
 Then cursed myself till sunset; — I have

pray'd
 For madness as a blessing — 'tis denied
 me.

I have affronted death — but in the war
 Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
 And fatal things pass'd harmless; the

cold hand
 Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
 Back by a single hair, which would not

break
 In fantasy, imagination, all
 The affluence of my soul — which one

day was
 A Croesus in creation — I plunged deep
 But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me

back
 Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.
 I plunged amidst mankind — Forgetful-

ness
 I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
 And that I have to learn; my sciences,
 My long-pursued and superhuman art,

Is mortal here: I dwell in my despair —
 And live — and live for ever.

Witch. It may be

That I can aid thee.

Man. To do this thy power
 Must wake the dead, or lay me low with

them.

Do so — in any shape — in any hour —
 With any torture — so it be the last.

Witch. That is not in my province;
 but if thou

Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy
wishes.

Man. I will not swear — Obey! and
whom? the spirits

Whose presence I command, and be the
slave

Of those who served me — Never!

Witch. Is this all?
Hast thou no gentler answer? — Yet
bethink thee,

And pause ere thou rejectest.

Man. I have said it.

Witch. Enough! I may retire then —
say!

Man. Retire!

[*The WITCH disappears.*]

Man. (alone). We are the fools of
time and terror: Days

Steal on us, and steal from us; yet we
live,

Loathing our life, and dreading still to
die.

In all the days of this detested yoke —
This vital weight upon the struggling
heart,

Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick
with pain,

Or joy that ends in agony or faintness —

In all the days of past and future, for

In life there is no present, we can number

How few — how less than few — wherein
the soul

Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws
back

As from a stream in winter, though the
chill

Be but a moment's. I have one resource

Still in my science — I can call the dead,

And ask them what it is we dread to be;

The sternest answer can but be the Grave,

And that is nothing. If they answer
not —

The buried Prophet answered to the Hag

Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew

From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping
spirit

An answer and his destiny — he slew

That which he loved, unknowing what
he slew,

And died unpardon'd — though he call'd
in aid

The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused

The Arcadian Evocators to compel

The indignant shadow to depose her
wrath,

Or fix her term of vengeance — she re-
plied

In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.

If I had never lived, that which I love

Had still been living; had I never loved,

That which I love would still be beautiful,

Happy and giving happiness. What is
she?

What is she now? — a sufferer for my
sins —

A thing I dare not think upon — or noth-
ing.

Within few hours I shall not call in vain —

Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:

Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze

On spirit, good or evil — now I tremble,

And feel a strange cold thaw upon my
heart.

But I can act even what I most abhor,

And champion human fears. — The night
approaches. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III

The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

Enter FIRST DESTINY.

The moon is rising broad, and round, and
bright;

And here on snows, where never human
foot

Of common mortal trod, we nightly
tread,

And leave no traces: o'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,

We skim its rugged breakers, which put
on

The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment — a dead whirlpool's
image:

And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
The fretwork of some earthquake —

where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing
by —

Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way

To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
Is our great festival — 't is strange they
come not.

A Voice without, singing.

The Captive Usurper,
Hurl'd down from the throne,

Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;

I broke through his slumbers,
 I shiver'd his chain,
 I leagu'd him with numbers —
 He's Tyrant again!
 With the blood of a million he'll answer
 my care,
 With a nation's destruction — his flight
 and despair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
 But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
 There is not a plank of the hull or the
 deck,
 And there is not a wretch to lament o'er
 his wreck;
 Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by
 the hair,
 And he was a subject well worthy my
 care;
 A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea, —
 But I saved him to wreak further havoc
 for me!

FIRST DESTINY, answering.

The city lies sleeping;
 The morn, to deplore it,
 May dawn on it weeping:
 Sullenly, slowly,
 The black plague flew o'er it —
 Thousands lie lowly;
 Tens of thousands shall perish;
 The living shall fly from
 The sick they should cherish;
 But nothing can vanquish
 The touch that they die from.
 Sorrow and anguish,
 And evil and dread,
 Envelop a nation;
 The blest are the dead,
 Who see not the sight
 Of their own desolation;
 This work of a night —
 This wreck of a realm — this deed of my
 doing —
 For ages I've done, and shall still be re-
 newing!

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
 Our footsteps are their graves;
 We only give to take again
 The spirits of our slaves!

First Des. Welcome! — Where's Nem-
 esis?

Second Des. At some great work;
 But what I know not, for my hands were
 full.

Third Des. Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

First Des. Say, where hast thou been?
 My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

Nem. I was detain'd repairing
 shatter'd thrones,
 Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
 Avenging men upon their enemies,
 And making them repent their own re-
 venge;
 Goading the wise to madness; from the
 dull
 Shaping out oracles to rule the world
 Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
 And mortals dared to ponder for them-
 selves,
 To weigh kings in the balance, and to
 speak

Of freedom, the forbidden fruit. — Away!
 We have outstay'd the hour — mount we
 our clouds! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

*The Hall of Arimanes — Arimanes on his
 Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded
 by the Spirits.*

Hymn of the SPIRITS

Hail to our Master! — Prince of Earth
 and Air!

Who walks the clouds and waters — in
 his hand

The sceptre of the elements, which tear
 Themselves to chaos at his high com-
 mand!

He breatheth — and a tempest shakes
 the sea;

He speaketh — and the clouds reply in
 thunder;

He gazeth — from his glance the sun-
 beams flee;

He moveth — earthquakes rend the
 world asunder.

Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
 His shadow in the Pestilence; his path

The comets herald through the crackling
 skies;

And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.

To him War offers daily sacrifice;
 To him Death pays his tribute; Life
 is his,
 With all its infinite of agonies —
 And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

First Des. Glory to Arimanes! on the
 earth
 His power increaseth — both my sisters
 did

His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

Second Des. Glory to Arimanes! we
 who bow
 The necks of men, bow down before his
 throne!

Third Des. Glory to Arimanes! we
 await His nod!

Nem. Sovereign of Sovereigns! we
 are thine,
 And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,
 And most things wholly so; still to in-
 crease
 Our power, increasing thine, demands our
 care,

And we are vigilant. Thy late commands
 Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A Spirit. What is here?
 A mortal! — Thou most rash and fatal
 wretch,

Bow down and worship!

Second Spirit. I do know the man —
 A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

Third Spirit. Bow down and worship,
 slave! —

What, know'st thou not
 Thine and our Sovereign? — Tremble,
 and obey!

All the Spirits. Prostrate thyself, and
 thy condemned clay,
 Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

Man. I know it;
 And yet ye see I kneel not.

Fourth Spirit. 'Twill be taught thee.

Man. 'Tis taught already; — many a
 night on the earth,
 On the bare ground, have I bow'd down
 my face,
 And strew'd my head with ashes; I have
 known

The fulness of humiliation, for
 I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
 To my own desolation.

Fifth Spirit. Dost thou dare
 Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
 What the whole earth accords, beholding
 not

The terror of his glory? — Crouch, I say.

Man. Bid him bow down to that
 which is above him,
 The overruling Infinite — the Maker
 Who made him not for worship — let him
 kneel,

And we will kneel together.

The Spirits. Crush the worm!

Tear him in pieces! —

First Des. Hence! avaunt! — he's
 mine.

Prince of the Powers invisible! This
 man

Is of no common order, as his port
 And presence here denote; his sufferings
 Have been of an immortal nature, like
 Our own; his knowledge, and his powers
 and will,

As far as is compatible with clay,
 Which clogs the ethereal essence, have
 been such

As clay hath seldom borne; his aspira-
 tions

Have been beyond the dwellers of the
 earth,

And they have only taught him what we
 know —

That knowledge is not happiness, and
 science

But an exchange of ignorance for that
 Which is another kind of ignorance.

This is not all — the passions, attributes
 Of earth and heaven, from which no
 power, nor being,

Nor breath from the worm upwards is
 exempt,

Have pierced his heart, and in their
 consequence

Made him a thing which I, who pity not,
 Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,

And thine, it may be; be it so, or not,
 No other Spirit in this region hath

A soul like his — or power upon his soul.

Nem. What doth he here then?

First Des. Let him answer that.

Man. Ye know what I have known;
 and without power

I could not be amongst ye: but there are
 Powers deeper still beyond — I come in
 quest

Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

Nem. What wouldst thou?

Man. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead — my question is for them.

Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will
avouch
The wishes of this mortal?

Ari. Yea.

Nem. Whom wouldst thou
Uncharnel?

Man. One without a tomb — call up
Astarte.

NEMESIS

Shadow! or Spirit!

Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which return'd to the earth.

Re-appear to the day!
Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worst
Redeem from the worm.

Appear! — Appear! — Appear!
Who sent thee there requires thee here!

*[The Phantom of ASTARTE rises
and stands in the midst.]*

Man. Can this be death? there's
bloom upon her cheek;

But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic — like the unnatural
red

Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd
leaf.

It is the same! Oh, God! that I should
dread

To look upon the same — Astarte! — No.
I cannot speak to her — but bid her
speak —

Forgive me or condemn me.

NEMESIS

By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall'd thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call'd thee!

Man. She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than an-
swer'd.

Nem. My power extends no further,
Prince of Air!
It rests with thee alone — command her
voice.

Ari. Spirit — obey this sceptre!
Nem. Silent still!

She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest
is vain,

And we are baffled also.

Man. Hear me, hear me —
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:

I have so much endured — so much
endure —

Look on me! the grave hath not changed
thee more

Than I am changed for thee. Thou
lovedst me

Too much, as I loved thee: we were not
made

To torture thus each other, though it
were

The deadliest sin to love as we have
loved.

Say that thou loath'st me not — that I do
bear

This punishment for both — that thou
wilt be

One of the blessed — and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire

To bind me in existence — in a life
Which makes me shrink from immor-
tality —

A future like the past, I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek;

I feel but what thou art, and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish

The voice which was my music — Speak
to me!

For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the

hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made
the caves

Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answer'd me — many things an-
swer'd me —

Spirits and men — but thou wert silent
all.

Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd
the stars,

And gazed o'er heaven in vain search of
thee.

Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the
earth,

And never found thy likeness — Speak to
me!

Look on the fiends around — they feel for
me:

I fear them not, and feel for thee alone —

Speak to me! though it be in wrath; —
but say —
I reck not what — but let me hear thee
once —

This once — once more!

Phantom of Astarte. Manfred.

Man. Say on, say on —

I live but in the sound — it is thy voice!

Phan. Manfred! To-morrow ends
thine earthly ills.

Farewell!

Man. Yet one word more — am I for-
given?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. Say, shall we meet again?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. One word for mercy! Say,
thou lovest me.

Phan. Manfred!

The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.

Nem. She's gone, and will not be
recall'd;

Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the
earth.

A Spirit. He is convulsed. — This is
to be a mortal

And seek the things beyond mortality.

Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth
himself, and makes

His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have
made

An awful spirit.

Nem. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worship-
pers?

Man. None.

Nem. Then for a time farewell.

Man. We meet then! where? On
the earth? —

Even as thou wilt: and for the grace ac-
corded

I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!
[*Exit MANFRED.*]

(*Scene closes.*)

ACT III

SCENE I. — *A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Man. What is the hour?

Her. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.

Man.

Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower
As I directed?

Her. All, my lord, are ready:
Here is the key and casket.

Man.

It is well:
Thou may'st retire. [*Exit HERMAN.*]

Man. (alone). There is a calm upon
me —

Inexplicable stillness! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.

If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I
should deem

The golden secret, the sought "Kalon,"
found,

And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though
but once:

It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new
sense,

And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is
there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

Her. My lord, the abbot of St. Mau-
rice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

Abbot. Peace be with Count Manfred!

Man. Thanks, holy father! welcome
to these walls;

Thy presence honors them, and blesseth
those

Who dwell within them.

Abbot. Would it were so, Count! —

But I would fain confer with thee alone.

Man. Herman, retire. — What would
my reverend guest?

Abbot. Thus, without prelude: — Age
and zeal, my office,
And good intent, must plead my privi-
lege;

Our near, though not acquainted neigh-
borhood,

May also be my herald. Rumors strange
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries: may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpaired!

Man.

Proceed, — I listen.

Abbot. 'Tis said thou holdest converse
with the things

Which are forbidden to the search of
man;

That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits

Which walk the valley of the shade of
death,

Thou communest. I know that with
mankind,

Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy
solitude

Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

Man. And what are they who do
avouch these things?

Abbot. My pious brethren — the
scared peasantry —

Even thy own vassals — who do look on
thee

With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in
peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbot. I come to save, and not destroy:
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is
time

For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the
church to heaven.

Man. I hear thee. This is my reply:
whate'er

I may have been, or am, doth rest be-
tween

Heaven and myself. I shall not choose
a mortal

To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances? prove and
punish!

Abbot. My son! I did not speak of
punishment,

But penitence and pardon; — with my-
self

The choice of such remains — and for the
last,

Our institutions and our strong belief
Have given me power to smooth the path
from sin

To higher hope and better thoughts; the
first

I leave to heaven, — "Vengeance is mine
alone!"

So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

Man. Old man! there is no power in
holy men,

Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
Nor agony — nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of
hell,

But all in all sufficient to itself
Would make a hell of heaven — can
exorcise

From out the unbound spirit the quick
sense

Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and
revenge

Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-con-
demn'd

He deals on his own soul.

Abbot. All this is well;
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look
up

With calm assurance to that blessed
place,

Which all who seek may win, whatever
be

Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:
And the commencement of atonement is
The sense of its necessity. Say on —

And all our church can teach thee shall
be taught;

And all we can absolve thee shall be
pardon'd.

Man. When Rome's sixth emperor
was near his last,

The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
To shun the torments of a public death
From senates once his slaves, a certain
soldier,

With show of loyal pity, would have
stanch'd

The gushing throat with his officious robe;
The dying Roman thrust him back, and
said —

Some empire still in his expiring glance —
"It is too late — is this fidelity?"

Abbot. And what of this?

Man. I answer with the Roman —
"It is too late!"

Abbot. It never can be so,
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,
And thy own soul with heaven. Hast
thou no hope?

'Tis strange — even those who do despair
above,

Yet shape themselves some fantasy on
earth,

To which frail twig they cling, like drown-
ing men.

Man. Ay — father! I have had those
earthly visions,
And noble aspirations in my youth,
To make my own the mind of other
men,
The enlightener of nations; and to rise
I knew not whither — it might be to
fall;

But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
Which having leapt from its more daz-
zling height,

Even in the foaming strength of its
abyss,

(Which casts up misty columns that be-
come

Clouds raining from the re-ascended
skies,)

Lies low but mighty still. — But this is
past,

My thoughts mistook themselves.

Abbot. And wherefore so?

Man. I could not tame my nature
down; for he

Must serve who fain would sway; and
soothe, and sue,

And watch all time, and pry into all
place,

And be a living lie, who would become
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and
such

The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle
with

A herd, though to be leader — and of
wolves.

The lion is alone, and so am I.

Abbot. And why not live and act with
other men?

Man. Because my nature was averse
from life;

And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
But find a desolation. Like the wind,

The red-hot breath of the most lone
simoom,

Which dwells but in the desert, and
sweeps o'er

The barren sands which bear no shrubs to
blast,

And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,

But being met is deadly, — such hath
been

The course of my existence; but there
came

Things in my path which are no more.

Abbot.

Alas!
I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling; yet so
young,

I still would —

Man. Look on me! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle
age,

Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure, some of study,
Some worn with toil, some of mere wear-
iness,

Some of disease, and some insanity,
And some of wither'd or of broken hearts;

For this last is a malady which slays
More than are number'd in the lists of
Fate,

Taking all shapes, and bearing many
names.

Look upon me! for even of all these
things

Have I partaken; and of all these things,
One were enough; then wonder not that I

Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

Abbot. Yet, hear me still —

Man. Old man! I do respect
Thine order, and revere thine years; I
deem

Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:

Think me not churlish; I would spare
thyself,

Far more than me, in shunning at this
time

All further colloquy — and so — farewell.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

Abbot. This should have been a noble
creature; he

Hath all the energy which would have
made

A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,

It is an awful chaos — light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and
pure thoughts

Mix'd, and contending without end or
order, —

All dormant or destructive: he will
perish,

And yet he must not; I will try once more
For such are worth redemption; and my
duty

Is to dare all things for a righteous end.
I'll follow him — but cautiously, though
surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.]

SCENE II

Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Her. My lord, you bade me wait on
you at sunset:
He sinks behind the mountain.

Man. Doth he so?
I will look on him. [*MANFRED advances
to the Window of the Hall.*]

Glorious Orb! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did
draw down

The erring spirits who can ne'er return. —
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship,
ere

The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops,
the hearts

Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they
pour'd

Themselves in orisons! Thou material
God!

And representative of the unknown —
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou
chief star!

Centre of many stars! which mak'st
our earth

Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy
rays!

Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the
climes!

And those who dwell in them! for near
or far,

Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee
Even as our outward aspects; — thou
dost rise,

And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee
well!

I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first
glance

Of love and wonder was for thee, then
take

My latest look: thou wilt not beam on
one

To whom the gifts of life and warmth
have been

Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
I follow. [*Exit MANFRED.*]

SCENE III

*The Mountains — The Castle of Manfred
at some distance — A Terrace be-
fore a Tower — Time, Twilight.*

HERMAN, MANUEL and other Dependents
of MANFRED.

Her. 'Tis strange enough; night after
night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower.
Without a witness. I have been within
it, —

So have we all been oft-times; but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, or aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter: I would
give

The fee of what I have to come these three
years,

To pore upon its mysteries.

Manuel. 'Twere dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou know'st
already.

Her. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly
and wise,
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt,
within the castle —

How many years is't?

Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought re-
sembles.

Her. There be more sons in like pre-
dicament.

But wherein do they differ?

Manuel. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and
habits;

Count Sigismund was proud, but gay and
free, —

A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the
night

A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day; he did not walk the
rocks

And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.

Her. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times! I would
that such

Would visit the old walls again; they
look

As if they had forgotten them.

Manuel. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh!
I have seen

Some strange things in them, Herman.
Her. Come, be friendly;
Relate me some to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this
same tower.

Manuel. That was a night indeed! — I
do remember
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and
such
Another evening; — yon red cloud, which
rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then, —
So like that it might be the same; the
wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain
snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his
tower, —
How occupied, we knew not, but with
him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings — her, whom of all earthly
things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to
love, —
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do
The lady Astarte, his —
Hush! who comes here?

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. Where is your master?

Her. Yonder in the tower.

Abbot. I must speak with him.

Manuel. 'Tis impossible;
He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.

Abbot. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be —
But I must see him.

Her. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.

Abbot. Herman! I command thee,
Knock, and apprise the Count of my ap-
proach.

Her. We dare not.

Abbot. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.

Manuel. Reverend father, stop —
I pray you pause.

Abbot. Why so?

Manuel. But step this way,
And I will tell you further. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED *alone.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the
tops

Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beau-
tiful!

I linger yet with Nature, for the Night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry
shade

Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, — upon such a
night

I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken
arches

Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the
stars

Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber:
and

More near from out the Cæsars' palace
came

The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn
breach

Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they
stood

Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars
dwelt,

And dwell the tuneless birds of night,
amidst

A grove which springs through levell'd
battlements,

And twines its roots with the imperial
hearths,

Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Au-
gustan halls,

Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon,
upon

All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the
place

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old,—
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who
still rule

Our spirits from their urns.

'Twas such a night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wild-
est flight

Even at the moment when they should
array
Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. My good lord!
I crave a second grace for this approach;
But yet let not my humble zeal offend
By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
Recoils on me; its good in the effect
May light upon your head—could I say
heart—

Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers,
I should

Recall a noble spirit which hath wan-
der'd;

But is not yet all lost.

Man. Thou know'st me not;
My days are number'd, and my deeds
recorded:

Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away!
Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace
me?

Man. Not I;
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

Abbot. What dost thou mean?

Man. Look there!

What dost thou see?

Abbot. Nothing.

Man. Look there I say.
And steadfastly;—now tell me what
thou seest?

Abbot. That which should shake me,
but I fear it not:

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god, from out the earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his
form

Robed as with angry clouds: he stands
between

Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

Man. Thou hast no cause—he shall
not harm thee—but

His sight may shock thine old limbs into
palsy.

I say to thee—Retire!

Abbot. And I reply—
Never—till I have battled with this
fiend:—

What doth he here?

Man. Why—ay—what doth he
here?

I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

Abbot. Alas! lost mortal! what with
guests like these

Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on
him?

Ah! he unveils his aspect: on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven: from his
eye

Glares forth the immortality of hell—
Avaunt!—

Man. Pronounce—what is thy mis-
sion?

Spirit. Come!—

Abbot. What art thou, unknown be-
ing? answer!—speak!

Spirit. The genius of this mortal.—
Come! 'tis time.

Man. I am prepared for all things, but
deny

The power which summons me. Who
sent thee here?

Spirit. Thou'lt know anon—Come!
Come!

Man. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee
hence!

Spirit. Mortal! thine hour is come—
Away! I say.

Man. I knew, and know my hour is
come, but not

To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

Spirit. Then I must summon up my
brethren.—Rise!

[*Other Spirits rise up.*
Abbot. Avaunt! ye evil ones!—

Avaunt! I say;
Ye have no power where piety hath
power,

And I do charge ye in the name—

Spirit. Old man!
We know ourselves, our mission, and
thine order;
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him — Away!
Away!

Man. I do defy ye, — though I feel
my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly
breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye — earthly
strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what
ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

Spirit. Reluctant mortal!
Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal? Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life? the very
life
Which made thee wretched!

Man. Thou false fiend, thou liest!
My life is in its last hour, — *that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that
hour;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels; my past
power

Was purchased by no compact with thy
crew,
But by superior science — penance, dar-
ing,
And length of watching, strength of mind,
and skill
In knowledge of our fathers — when the
earth

Saw men and spirits walking side by
side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
Upon my strength — I do defy — deny —
Spurn back, and scorn ye! —

Spirit. But thy many crimes
Have made thee —

Man. What are they to such as thee?
Must crimes be punish'd but by other
crimes,
And greater criminals? — Back to thy
hell!

Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I
feel;

Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I
know:

What I have done is done; I bear within

A torture which could nothing gain from
thine:

The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts, —
Is its own origin of ill and end
And its own place and time: its innate
sense,

When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No color from the fleeting things without,
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own
desert.

Thou didst not tempt me, and thou
couldst not tempt me;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy
prey —

But was my own destroyer and will be
My own hereafter. — Back, ye baffled
fiends! —

The hand of death is on me — but not
yours! [*The Demons disappear.*]

Abbot. Alas! how pale thou art — thy
lips are white —

And thy breast heaves — and in thy gasp-
ing throat

The accents rattle: Give thy prayers to
heaven —

Pray — albeit but in thought, — but die
not thus.

Man. 'Tis over — my dull eyes can
fix thee not;

But all things swim around me, and the
earth

Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare
thee well!

Give me thy hand.

Abbot. Cold — cold — even to the
heart —

But yet one prayer — Alas! how fares it
with thee?

Man. Old man! 't is not so difficult
to die. [*MANFRED expires.*]

Abbot. He's gone — his soul hath
ta'en its earthless flight;
Whither? I dread to think — but he is
gone.

September, 1816 — May, 1817.

June 16, 1817.

TO THOMAS MOORE

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be — peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.
July, 1817. 1821.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIM- MAGE

FROM CANTO IV

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge [St. 1
of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's
wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings
expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject
land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on
her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers;
And such she was; — her daughters had
their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaust-
less East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling
showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their
dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;

Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is
here.

States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth
not die,

Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of
Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms
despond

Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn
away —

The keystones of the arch! though all
were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which
Fate

Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits sup-
plied,
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers
have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing
the void.

. [St. 16

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore
the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the
car

Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt — he rends his cap-
tive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom
and his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were
thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,

Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the
knot

Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations, — most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should
not

Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy
watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shake-
speare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even
so,
Although I found her thus, we did not
part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel and
a show.

I can repeople with the past — and of
The present there is still for eye and
thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or
sought;
And of the happiest moments which were
wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colors
caught:
There are some feelings Time cannot
benumb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now
be cold and dumb.

But my soul wanders; I demand [St. 25
it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a
land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old com-
mand,
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly
hand;
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of
earth and sea,

The commonwealth of kings, the men of
Rome!

And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the
home

Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot
be defaced.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is
free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to
be, —
Melted to one vast Iris of the West, —
Where the Day joins the past Eternity,
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's
crest
Floats through the azure air — an island
of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but
still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and re-
mains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian
hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order: — gently
flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues
instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and
glass'd within it glows.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from
afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its
hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow
strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting
day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang
imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,

The last still loveliest, — till — 'tis gone
— and all is gray.

.

Italia! oh, Italia! thou who hast [St. 42
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd
by shame,

And annals grav'd in characters of flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy naked-
ness

Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst
claim

Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who
press

To shed thy blood, and drink the tears
of thy distress;

Then might'st thou more appal; or, less
desired,

Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms; then, still
untired,

Would not be seen the armed torrents
pour'd

Down the deep Alps; nor would the
hostile horde

Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's
sword

Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of
friend or foe.

.

Yet, Italy! through every other [St. 47
land

Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from
side to side;

Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy
hand

Was then our guardian, and is still our
guide;

Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of
heaven!

Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward
driven,

Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be
forgiven.

.

Oh Rome! my country! city of [St. 78
the soul

The orphans of the heart must turn to
thee,

Lone mother of dead empires! and con-
trol

In their shut breast their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance?

Come and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your
way

O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,
Ye!

Whose agonies are evils of a day —

A world is at our feet as fragile as our
clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless
woe;

An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now,
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle
her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,
Flood, and Fire,

Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's
pride;

She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs
ride,

Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far
and wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a
site:

Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is
doubly night?

.

Can tyrants but by tyrants con- [St. 96
quer'd be,

And Freedom find no champion and no
child

Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and unde-
filed?

Or must such minds be nourish'd in the
wild,

Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the
roar

Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled

On infant Washington? Has Earth no
 more
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe
 no such shore?

Where is the rock of Triumph, [St. 112
 the high place
 Where Rome embraced her heroes?
 where the steep
 Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
 The promontory whence the Traitor's
 Leap
 Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors
 heap
 Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field
 below,
 A thousand years of silenced factions
 sleep —
 The Forum, where the immortal accents
 glow,
 And still the eloquent air breathes —
 burns with Cicero!

Arches on arches! as it were [St. 128
 that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one
 dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams
 shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here to
 illumine
 This long-explored but still exhaustless
 mine
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies
 assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye
 of heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monu-
 ment,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is
 given
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath
 bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a
 power
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages
 are its dower.

[St. 139
 And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd ap-
 plause,
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.
 And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore,
 but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore
 not?
 What matters where we fall to fill the
 maws
 Of worms — on battle-plains or listed
 spot?
 Both are but theatres where the chief
 actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
 He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually
 low —
 And through his side the last drops, ebb-
 ing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and
 now
 The arena swims around him — he is
 gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd
 the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far
 away;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at
 play,
 There was their Dacian mother — he,
 their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday —
 All this rush'd with his blood — Shall he
 expire
 And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and
 glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her
 bloody steam;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked
 the ways,
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain
 stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman million's blame
 or praise

Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much — and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void — seats crush'd, walls bow'd —
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of [St. 164
my song,
The being who upheld it through the past?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more — these breathings are his last;
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast
And he himself as nothing: — if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer — let that pass —
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grow phantoms; and the cloud
Between us sinks, and all which ever glow'd,
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear, — but never more,
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart — the heart whose sweat was gore.

But I forget. — My Pilgrim's [St. 175
shrine is won,
And he and I must part, — so let it be —
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me;
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years —
Long, though not very many — since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run;
We have had our reward, and it is here, —
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,

And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as
 dear
 As if there were no man to trouble what
 is clear.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-
 place,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her!
 Ye elements! — in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted — Can ye not
 Accord me such a being! Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
 Though with them to converse can rarely
 be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I
 steal

From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
 conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean
 — roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in
 vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin — his
 control

Stops with the shore; upon the watery
 plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
 remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
 groan,

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd,
 and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths — thy
 fields

Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile
 strength he wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all de-
 spise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy play-
 ful spray

And howling, to his Gods, where haply
 lies

His petty home in some near port or
 bay

And dashest him again to earth: — there
 let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
 walls,

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
 quake,

And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs
 make

Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war —

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
 flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
 mar

Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of
 Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
 save thee —

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what
 are they?

Thy waters wash'd them power while
 they were free,

And many a tyrant since; their shores
 obey

The stranger, slave, or savage; their
 decay

Has dried up realms to deserts: not so
 thou; —

Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves'
 play,

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
 brow:

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou
 rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-
 mighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests; in all time, —
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale,

or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving — boundless, endless, and
 sublime,

The image of eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made;
 each zone

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread,
 fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from
a boy

I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing
fear,

For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I
do here.

My task is done, my song hath ceased,
my theme

Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted
dream.

The torch shall be extinguish'd which
hath lit

My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is
writ;

Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions
flit

Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering,
faint, and low.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath
been—

A sound which makes us linger;—yet—
farewell!

Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the
scene

Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye
swell

A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-
shell;

Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the
pain,

If such there were—with *you*, the moral
of his strain.

June 26—July 20, 1817. 1818.

DON JUAN

DEDICATION

BOB SOUTHEY! You're a poet—Poet-
laureate,

And representative of all the race;
Although 'tis true that you turn'd out a
Tory at

Last,—yours has lately been a com-
mon case;

And now, my Epic Renegade! what are
ye at?

With all the Lakers, in and out of
place?

A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a
pye;

"Which pye being open'd they began to
sing"

(This old song and new simile holds
good).

"A dainty dish to set before the King,"
Or Regent, who admires such kind of
food;—

And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,
But like a hawk encumber'd with his
hood,—

Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish

To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;

And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying
fish

Gasping on deck, because you soar too
high, Bob,

And fall for lack of moisture quite a-dry,
Bob!

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Ex-
cursion"

(I think the quarto holds five hundred
pages).

Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages;

'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star
rages—

And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long
seclusion

From better company, have kept your
own

At Keswick, and through still continued
fusion

Of one another's minds, at last have
grown

To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That poesy has wreaths for you alone;

There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you'd change
your lakes for ocean.

I would not imitate the petty thought,
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been
its price,
You have your salary; was't for that
you wrought?
And Wordsworth has his place in the
Excise.
You're shabby fellows — true — but
poets still,
And duly seated on the immortal hill.

Your bays may hide the baldness of your
brows —
Perhaps some virtuous blushes; — let
them go —
To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs —
And for the fame you would engross
below,
The field is universal, and allows
Scope to all such as feel the inherent
glow;
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore and
Crabbe will try
'Gainst you the question with posterity.

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian
Muses,
Contend not with you on the winged
steed,
I wish your fate may yield ye, when she
chooses,
The fame you envy, and the skill you
need;
And recollect a poet nothing loses
In giving to his brethren their full
meed
Of merit, and complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity
(Who does not often claim the bright
reversion)
Has generally no great crop to spare it,
he
Being only injured by his own asser-
tion;
And although here and there some glori-
ous rarity
Arise like Titan from the sea's immer-
sion,

The major part of such appellants go
To — God knows where — for no one else
can know.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appealed to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, execrates his
wrongs,
And makes the word "Miltonic" mean
"sublime,"
He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

Think'st thou, could he — the blind Old
Man, — arise,
Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze
once more
The blood of monarchs with his prophe-
cies,
Or be alive again — again all hoar
With time and trials, and those helpless
eyes,
And heartless daughters — worn —
and pale — and poor;
Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey
The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid mis-
creant!
Dabbling its sleek young hands in
Erin's gore
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister
shore,
The vulgarest tool that Tyranny could
want,
With just enough of talent, and no
more,
To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,
And offer poison long already mix'd.

An orator of such set trash of phrase
Ineffably — legitimately vile,
That even its grossest flatterers dare not
praise,
Nor foes — all nations — condescend
to smile;
Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can
blaze
From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless
toil,
That turns and turns to give the world a
notion
Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
 And botching, patching, leaving still
 behind
 Something of which its masters are
 afraid,
 States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be
 confined,
 Conspiracy or Congress to be made —
 Cobbling at manacles for all mankind —
 A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old
 chains,
 With God and man's abhorrence for its
 gains.

If we may judge of matter by the mind,
 Emasculated to the marrow *It*
 Hath but two objects, how to serve, and
 bind,
 Deeming the chain it wears even men
 may fit,
 Eutropius of its many masters — blind
 To worth as freedom, wisdom as to
 wit,
 Fearless — because *no* feeling dwells in
 ice,
 Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its
 bonds,
 For I will never *feel* them; — Italy!
 Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds
 Beneath the lie this State-thing
 breathed o'er thee —
 Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green
 voices,
 Have voices — tongues to cry aloud for
 me.
 Europe has slaves, allies, kings, armies
 still,
 And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

Meantime, Sir Laureat, I proceed to ded-
 icate,
 In honest simple verse, this song to
 you.
 And, if in flattering strains I do not pred-
 icate,
 'Tis that I still retain my "buff and
 blue;"

My politics as yet are all to educate:
 Apostasy's so fashionable, too,
 To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite
 Herculean:
 Is it not so, my Tory, Ultra-Julian?
September, 1818. July 15, 1819.

FROM CANTO I

POETICAL COMMANDMENTS

If ever I should condescend to [St. 204
 prose,
 I'll write poetical commandments,
 which
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before; in these I shall
 enrich
 My text with many things that no one
 knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch:
 I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,
 Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden,
 Pope;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth,
 Coleridge, Southey;
 Because the first is crazed beyond all
 hope,
 The second drunk, the third so quaint
 and mouthy:
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is some-
 what drouthy:
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers,
 nor
 Commit — flirtation with the muse of
 Moore.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's
 Muse,
 His Pegasus, nor anything that's his;
 Thou shalt not bear false witness like
 "the Blues" —
 (There's one, at least, is very fond of
 this);
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what
 I choose;
 This is true criticism, and you may
 kiss —
 Exactly as you please, or not — the rod;
 But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

.

LABUNTUR ANNI

"*Non ego hoc ferrem calidus* [St. 212
juventû
Consule Planco," Horace said, and so
 Say I; by which quotation there is meant a
 Hint that some six or seven good years
 ago

(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the
Brenta)

I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of
thing

In my hot youth — when George the
Third was King.

But now at thirty years my hair is gray —
(I wonder what it will be like at forty?
I thought of a peruke the other day —)

My heart is not much greener; and, in
short, I

Have squander'd my whole summer
while 'twas May,

And feel no more the spirit to retort; I
Have spent my life, both interest and
principal,

And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul
invincible.

No more — no more — Oh! never more
on me

The freshness of the heart can fall like
dew,

Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the
bee.

Think'st thou the honey with those ob-
jects grew?

Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy
power

To double even the sweetness of a flower.

No more — no more — Oh! never more,
my heart,

Canst thou be my sole world, my uni-
verse!

Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my
curse:

The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,

And in thy stead I've got a deal of judg-
ment,

Though heaven knows how it ever found
a lodgment.

My days of love are over; me no more
The charms of maid, wife, and still less
of widow,

Can make the fool of which they made
before, —

In short, I must not lead the life I did
do;

The credulous hope of mutual minds is
o'er,

The copious use of claret is forbid too,
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of
Pleasure;

And the two last have left me many a
token

O'er which reflection may be made at
leisure;

Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head,
I've spoken,

"Time is, Time was, Time's past:" —
a chymic treasure

Is glittering youth, which I have spent
betimes —

My heart in passion, and my head on
rhymes.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:

Some liken it to climbing up a hill
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in
vapor;

For this men write, speak, preach, and
heroes kill,

And bards burn what they call their
"midnight taper,"

To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse
bust.

Canto I. *September, 1818.*

July 15, 1819.

FROM CANTO II

THE SHIPWRECK

[St. 49.]

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went
down

Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose
the frown

Of one whose hate is mask'd but to
assail.

Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was
shown,

And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days
had Fear

Been their familiar, and now Death was
here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
 With little hope in such a rolling sea,
 A sort of thing at which one would have
 laugh'd,

If any laughter at such times could be,
 Unless with people who too much have
 quaff'd,

And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
 Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
 Their preservation would have been a
 miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-
 coops, spars,

And all things, for a chance, had been
 cast loose

That still could keep afloat the struggling
 tars,

For yet they strove, although of no
 great use:

There was no light in heaven but a few
 stars,

The boats put off o'ercrowded with
 their crews;

She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
 And, going down head-foremost—sunk,
 in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild fare-
 well—

Then shriek'd the timid, and stood
 still the brave—

Then some leap'd overboard with dread-
 ful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawn'd around her like a
 hell.

And down she suck'd with her the
 whirling wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there
 rush'd,

Louder than the loud ocean, like a
 crash

Of echoing thunder; and then all was
 hush'd,

Save the wild wind and the remorseless
 dash

Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

.

HAIDÉE

[St. III.]

How long in his damp trance young
 Juan lay

He knew not, for the earth was gone for
 him.

And time had nothing more of night nor
 day

For his congealing blood, and senses
 dim;

And how this heavy faintness pass'd
 away

He knew not, till each painful pulse and
 limb,

And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing
 back to life,

For Death, though vanquish'd, still re-
 tired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
 For all was doubt and dizziness; he

thought

He still was in the boat, and had but
 dozed,

And felt again with his despair o'er-
 wrought,

And wish'd it death in which he had
 reposed,

And then once more his feelings back
 were brought,

And slowly by his swimming eyes was
 seen

A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the
 small mouth

Seem'd almost prying into his for
 breath;

And chafing him, the soft warm hand of
 youth

Recall'd his answering spirits back
 from death;

And, bathing his chill temples, tried to
 soothe

Each pulse to animation, till beneath
 Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh

To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle
 flung

Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the
 fair arm

Raised higher the faint head which o'er
 it hung;

And her transparent cheek, all pure
 and warm,

Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then
she wrung

His dewy curls, long drench'd by every
storm;

And watch'd with eagerness each throb
that drew

A sigh from his heaved bosom — and
hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant, —
one

Young, yet her elder, and of brow less
grave,

And more robust of figure — then
begun

To kindle fire, and as the new flames
gave

Light to the rocks that roof'd them,
which the sun

Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoever
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall,
and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of
gold,

That sparkled o'er the auburn of her
hair,

Her clustering hair, whose longer locks
were roll'd

In braids behind; and though her
stature were

Even of the highest for a female mould,

They nearly reach'd her heel; and in
her air

There was a something which bespoke
command,

As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her
eyes

Were black as death, their lashes the
same hue,

Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow
lies

Deepest attraction; for when to the
view

Forth from its raven fringe the full glance
flies,

Ne'er with such force the swiftest
arrow flew;

'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours
his length,

And hurls at once his venom and his
strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's
pure dye

Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip — sweet lips! that make
us sigh

Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary

(A race of mere impostors, when all's
done —

I've seen much finer women, ripe and
real,

Than all the nonsense of their stone
ideal).

I'll tell you why I say so, for 't is just

One should not rail without a decent
cause:

There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she
was

A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's
wrinkling laws,

They will destroy a face which mortal
thought

Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel
wrought.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:

Her dress was very different from the
Spanish,

Simpler, and yet of colors not so grave;
For, as you know, the Spanish women

banish

Bright hues when out of doors, and yet,
while wave

Around them (what I hope will never
vanish)

The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the
case:

Her dress was many-color'd, finely
spun;

Her locks curl'd negligently round her
face,

But through them gold and gems pro-
fusely shone:

Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious

stone

Flash'd on her little hand; but, what
was shocking,

Her small snow feet had slippers, but no
stocking.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
 But of inferior materials: she
 Had not so many ornaments to strike,
 Her hair had silver only, bound to be
 Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
 Was coarser; and her air, though firm,
 less free;
 Her hair was thicker, but less long; her
 eyes
 As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd
 him both
 With food and raiment, and those soft
 attentions,
 Which are — (as I must own) — of
 female growth,
 And have ten thousand delicate in-
 ventions:
 They made a most superior mess of broth,
 A thing which poesy but seldom men-
 tions,
 But the best dish that e'er was cook'd
 since Homer's
 Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

.

The coast — I think it was the [St. 181
 coast that I
 Was just describing — Yes, it *was* the
 coast —

Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
 The sands untumbled, the blue waves
 untost,
 And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's
 cry,
 And dolphin's leap, and little billow
 crost
 By some low rock or shelve, that made
 it fret
 Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

And forth they wander'd, her sire being
 gone,
 As I have said, upon an expedition;
 And mother, brother, guardian, she had
 none,
 Save Zoe, who, although with due
 precision
 She waited on her lady with the sun,
 Thought daily service was her only
 mission,
 Bringing warm water, wreathing her long
 tresses,
 And asking now and then for cast-off
 dresses.

It was the cooling hour, just when the
 rounded
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure
 hill,
 Which then seems as if the whole earth
 it bounded,
 Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim,
 and still,
 With the far mountain-crescent half
 surrounded
 On one side, and the deep sea calm and
 chill,
 Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
 With one star sparkling through it like
 an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand
 in hand,
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
 Glided along the smooth and harden'd
 sand,
 And in the worn and wild receptacles
 Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it
 were plann'd,
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and
 cells,
 They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd
 by an arm,
 Yielded to the deep twilight's purple
 charm.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating
 glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and
 bright;
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling
 into sight;
 They heard the waves splash, and the
 wind so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting
 light
 Into each other — and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays
 Into one focus, kindled from above;
 Such kisses as belong to early days,
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in con-
 cert move,
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a
 blaze,
 Each kiss a heart-quake, — for a kiss's
 strength,
 I think it must be reckon'd by its length.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
Heaven knows how long — no doubt
they never reckon'd;

And if they had, they could not have
secured

The sum of their sensations to a second;
They had not spoken; but they felt
allured,

As if their souls and lips each other
beckon'd,

Which, being join'd, like swarming bees
they clung —

Their hearts the flowers from whence the
honey sprung.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it lone-
liness;

The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momentarily
grew less,

The voiceless sands, and dropping caves,
that lay

Around them, made them to each other
press,

As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could
never die.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone
beach,

They felt no terrors from the night;
they were

All in all to each other; though their
speech

Was broken words, they *thought* a lan-
guage there, —

And all the burning tongues the passions
teach

Found in one sigh the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle — first love, — that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since
her fall.

Alas! the love of women! it is known

To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,

And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to
bring

To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's

spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet,
as real

Torture is theirs, what they inflict they
feel.

They are right; for man, to man so oft
unjust,

Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;

Taught to conceal, their bursting
hearts despond

Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage — and what

rests beyond?

A thankless husband, next a faithless
lover,

Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's
over.

Some take a lover, some take drams or
prayers,

Some mind their household, others dis-
sipation,

Some run away, and but exchange their
cares,

Losing the advantage of a virtuous
station;

Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,

From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil, and then write a

novel.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not
this:

Haidée was Passion's child, born where
the sun

Showers triple light, and scorches even
the kiss

Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was
one

Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen: what was said or

done

Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought
to fear,

Hope, care, nor love beyond, — her heart
beat *here*.

And oh! that quickening of the heart,
that beat!

How much it costs us! yet each rising
throbb

Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,
That wisdom, ever on the watch to rob

Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat
Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has

a tough job

To make us understand each good old
maxim,

So good — I wonder Castlereagh don't
tax 'em.

And now 'twas done — on the lone shore
 were plighted
 Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial
 torches, shed
 Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted;
 Ocean their witness, and the cave their
 bed,
 By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
 Their priest was Solitude, and they
 were wed:
 And they were happy, for to their young
 eyes
 Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the
 suitor,
 Titus the master, Antony the slave,
 Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,
 Sappho the sage blue-stockings, in whose
 grave
 All those may leap who rather would be
 neuter —
 (Leucadia's rock still overlooks the
 wave) —
 Oh, Love! thou art the very god of evil,
 For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state
 precarious,
 And jestest with the brows of mightiest
 men:
 Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,
 Have much employ'd the muse of
 history's pen:
 Their lives and fortunes were extremely
 various,
 Such worthies Time will never see
 again;
 Yet to these four in three things the
 same luck holds,
 They all were heroes, conquerors, and
 cuckolds.

Thou mak'st philosophers; there's Epi-
 curus
 And Aristippus, a material crew!
 Who to immoral courses would allure us
 By theories quite practicable too;
 If only from the devil they would insure
 us,
 How pleasant were the maxim (not
 quite new),
 "Eat, drink, and love; what can the
 rest avail us?"
 So said the royal sage Sardanapalus:

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?
 And should he have forgotten her so
 soon?
 I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
 Perplexing question; but, no doubt,
 the moon
 Does these things for us, and whenever
 newly a
 Strong palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,
 Else how the devil is it that fresh features
 Have such a charm for us poor human
 creatures?

I hate inconstancy — I loathe, detest,
 Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal
 made
 Of such quicksilver clay that in his
 breast
 No permanent foundation can be laid;
 Love, constant love, has been my con-
 stant guest,
 And yet last night, being at a mas-
 querade,
 I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from
 Milan,
 Which gave me some sensations like a
 villain.

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,
 And whisper'd, "Think of every sacred
 tie!"
 "I will, my dear Philosophy!" I said,
 "But then her teeth, and then, oh,
 Heaven! her eye!
 I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,
 Or neither — out of curiosity."
 "Stop!" cried Philosophy, with air so
 Grecian
 (Though she was masqued then as a fair
 Venetian);

"Stop!" so I stopp'd. — But to return:
 that which
 Men call inconstancy is nothing more
 Than admiration due where nature's rich
 Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
 Some favor'd object; and as in the niche
 A lovely statue we almost adore,
 This sort of adoration of the real
 Is but a heightening of the "beau idéal."

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,
 A fine extension of the faculties,
 Platonic, universal, wonderful,
 Drawn from the stars, and filter'd
 through the skies,

Without which life would be extremely dull;

In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
With one or two small senses added, just
To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same object graces quite as killing
As when she rose upon us like an Eve,
'Twould save us many a heart-ache,
many a shilling

(For we must get them anyhow, or
grieve),

Whereas, if one sole lady pleased forever
How pleasant for the heart, as well as
liver.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day, too, like the
sky;

Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be
driven,

And darkness and destruction as on
high:

But when it hath been scorch'd, and
pierced, and riven,

Its storms expire in water-drops; the
eye

Pours forth at last the heart's blood
turn'd to tears,

Which make the English climate of our
years.

The liver is the lazaret of bile,

But very rarely executes its function,
For the first passion stays there such a
while,

That all the rest creep in and form a
junction,

Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge,

compunction,

So that all mischiefs spring up from this
entail,

Like earthquakes from the hidden fire
call'd "central."

In the mean time, without proceeding
more

In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,

That being about the number I'll allow
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;

And, laying down my pen, I make my
bow,

Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead
For them and theirs with all who deign
to read.

Canto II, December, 1818, January, 1819.
July 15, 1819.

FROM CANTO III

THE ISLES OF GREECE

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,

Where grew the arts of war and peace,—

Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,

But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,

The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

Have found the fame your shores refuse:

Their place of birth alone is mute

To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,

I dream'd that Greece might still be
free;

For standing on the Persians' grave,

I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;

And ships, by thousands, lay below,

And men in nations;—all were his!

He counted them at break of day—

And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore

The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more!

And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,

Though link'd among a fetter'd race,

To feel at least a patriot's shame,

Even as I sing, suffuse my face;

For what is left the poet here?

For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?

Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call —

How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave —

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!

It made Anacreon's song divine;

He served — but served Polycrates —

A tyrant; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,

They have a king who buys and sells;

In native swords and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells:

But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,

Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade —

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —

Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

CONCLUSION OF CANTO III

Thus sung, or would, or could, or [St. 87
should have sung,

The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;

If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece

was young,

Yet in these times he might have done

much worse:

His strain display'd some feeling — right

or wrong;

And feeling, in a poet, is the source

Of others' feeling; but they are such

liars,

And take all colors — like the hands of

dyers.

But words are things, and a small drop

of ink,

Falling like dew, upon a thought, pro-

duces

That which makes thousands, perhaps

millions, think;

'Tis strange, the shortest letter which

man uses

Instead of speech, may form a lasting link

Of ages; to what straits old Time re-

duces

Frail man when paper — even a rag like

this,

Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's

his!

And when his bones are dust, his grave

a blank,

His station, generation, even his nation,

Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank

In chronological commemoration,

Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,

Or graven stone found in a barrack's

station

In digging the foundation of a closet,

May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

And glory long has made the sages smile;

'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion,

wind —

Depending more upon the historian's

style

Than on the name a person leaves
 behind:
 Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to
 Hoyle;
 The present century was growing blind
 To the great Marlborough's skill in giving
 knocks,
 Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

Milton's the prince of poets — so we say;
 A little heavy, but no less divine:
 An independent being in his day —
 Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and
 wine;
 But his life falling into Johnson's way,
 We're told this great high priest of all
 the Nine
 Was whipt at college — a harsh sire —
 odd spouse,
 For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

All these are, *certainly*, entertaining facts,
 Like Shakespeare's stealing deer, Lord
 Bacon's bribes;
 Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest
 acts;
 Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well
 describes);
 Like Cromwell's pranks; — but although
 truth exacts
 These amiable descriptions from the
 scribes,
 As most essential to their hero's story,
 They do not much contribute to his glory.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
 He prated to the world of "Panti-
 socracy:"
 Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who
 then
 Season'd his pedlar poems with de-
 mocracy;
 Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
 Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;
 When he and Southey, following the
 same path,
 Espoused two partners (milliners of
 Bath).

Such names at present cut a convict
 figure,
 The very Botany Bay in moral geo-
 graphy;
 Their royal treason, renegado rigor,
 Are good manure for their more bare
 biography.

Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way,
 is bigger

Than any since the birthday of typog-
 raphy;
 A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the "Ex-
 cursion,"
 Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
 Between his own and others' intellect;
 But Wordsworth's poem, and his fol-
 lowers, like
 Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her
 sect,
 Are things which in this century don't
 strike
 The public mind, — so few are the
 elect;
 And the new births of both their stale
 virginities
 Have proved but dropsies, taken for
 divinities.

But let me to my story: I must own,
 If I have any fault, it is digression,
 Leaving my people to proceed alone,
 While I soliloquize beyond expression:
 But these are my addresses from the
 throne,
 Which put off business to the ensuing
 session:
 Forgetting each omission is a loss to
 The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

I know that what our neighbors call
 "*longueurs*,"
 (We've not so good a *word*, but have
 the *thing*,
 In that complete perfection which insures
 An epic from Bob Southey every
 Spring —)
 Form not the true temptation which
 allures
 The reader; but 'twould not be hard
 to bring
 Some fine examples of the *épopée*,
 To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

We learn from Horace, "Homer some-
 times sleeps;"
 We feel without him, Wordsworth
 sometimes wakes, —
 To show with what complacency he
 creeps,
 With his dear "*Wagoners*," around his
 lakes.

He wishes for "a boat" to sail the
 deeps —
 Of ocean? — No, of air; and then he
 makes

Another outcry for "a little boat,"
 And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal
 plain,

And Pegasus runs restive in his
 "Wagon,"

Could he not beg the loan of Charles's
 Wain?

Or pray Medea for a single dragon?

Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,

He fear'd his neck to venture such a
 nag on,

And he must needs mount nearer to the
 moon,

Could not the blockhead ask for a bal-
 loon?

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Wagons!"

Oh! ye shades

Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to
 this?

That trash of such sort not alone evades
 Contempt, but from the bathos' vast
 abyss

Floats scumlike uppermost, and these
 Jack Cades

Of sense and song above your graves
 may hiss —

The "little boatman" and his "Peter
 Bell"

Can sneer at him who drew "Achito-
 phel!"

T' our tale. — The feast was over, the
 slaves gone,

The dwarfs and dancing girls had all
 retired;

The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
 And every sound of revelry expired;

The lady and her lover, left alone,

The rosy flood of twilight's sky ad-
 mired;

Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,

That heavenliest hour of Heaven is
 worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so
 oft

Have felt that moment in its fullest
 power

Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and
 soft,

While swung the deep bell in the distant
 tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
 And not a breath crept through the rosy

air,

And yet the forest leaves seem'd stir'd
 with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's
 above!

Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the Al-
 mighty dove —

What though 'tis but a pictured image
 — strike —

That painting is no idol, — 'tis too like.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
 In nameless print — that I have no de-
 votion;

But set those persons down with me to
 pray,

And you shall see who has the properest
 notion

Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
 My altars are the mountains and the

ocean,

Earth, air, stars, — all that springs from
 the great Whole,

Who hath produced, and will receive the
 soul.

Sweet hour of twilight! — in the solitude
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore

Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial
 wood,

Rooted where once the Adrian wave
 flow'd o'er,

To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
 Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's

lore

And Dryden's lay made haunted ground
 to me,

How have I loved the twilight hour and
 thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,

Making their summer lives one cease-
 less song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's
 and mine,

And vesper bell's that rose the boughs
 along;
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the
 fair throng
 Which learn'd from this example not to
 fly
 From a true lover, — shadow'd my
 mind's eye.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good
 things —

Home to the weary, to the hungry
 cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding
 wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabor'd
 steer;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone
 clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of
 dear,
 Are gather'd round us by thy look of
 rest;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the
 mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and
 melts the heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first
 day
 When they from their sweet friends are
 torn apart;

Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
 Ah! surely nothing dies but something
 mourns!

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
 Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
 Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
 Of nations freed, and the world over-
 joy'd,
 Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon
 his tomb:

Perhaps the weakness of a heart not
 void
 Of feeling for some kindness done, when
 power
 Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

But I'm digressing; what on earth has
 Nero,
 Or any such like sovereign buffoons,

To do with the transactions of my hero,
 More than such madmen's fellow-man
 — the moon's?

Sure my invention must be down at zero,
 And I grown one of many "wooden
 spoons"

Of verse (the name with which we Can-
 tabs please
 To dub the last of honors in degrees).

I feel this tediousness will never do —
 'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut
 down

(In copying) this long canto into two;
 They'll never find it out, unless I own
 The fact, excepting some experienced
 few;

And then as an improvement 'twill be
 shown:

I'll prove that such the opinion of the
 critic is

From Aristotle *passim*. — See *Ποιητικῆς*.
 Canto III. 1819-1820. August 8, 1821.

FROM CANTO IV

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning [St. 1
 In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
 For oftentimes when Pegasus seems
 winning

The race, he sprains a wing, and down
 we tend,

Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven
 for sinning;

Our sin the same, and hard as his to
 mend,

Being pride, which leads the mind to soar
 too far,

Till our own weakness shows us what we
 are.

But time, which brings all beings to their
 level,

And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
 Man, — and, as we would hope, — per-
 haps the devil,

That neither of their intellects are
 vast:

While youth's hot wishes in our red veins
 revel,

We know not this — the blood flows on
 too fast:

But as the torrent widens towards the
 ocean,

We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wish'd that others held the same
opinion;

They took it up when my days grew more
mellow,

And other minds acknowledged my
dominion:

Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow
Leaf," and Imagination droops her
pinion,

And the sad truth which hovers o'er my
desk

Turns what was once romantic to bur-
lesque.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I
weep,

'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, for we must steep
Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's
spring,

Ere what we least wish to behold will
sleep:

Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the
land,

And trace it in this poem every line;
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very*
fine;

But the fact is that I have nothing
plann'd,

Unless it were to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
Who sang when chivalry was more
Quixotic,

And revell'd in the fancies of the time,
True knights, chaste dames, huge giant
kings despotic:

But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
Perhaps no better than they have
treated me,

Who have imputed such designs as show
Not what they saw, but what they
wish'd to see;

But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are
free:

Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
And tells me to resume my story here.

Canto IV. 1819-1820.

August 8, 1821.

FROM CANTO XI

LONDON LITERATURE AND SOCIETY

JUAN knew several languages — [St. 53
as well

He might — and brought them up with
skill, in time

To save his fame with each accomplish'd
belle,

Who still regretted that he did not
rhyme.

There wanted but this requisite to swell
His qualities (with them) into sublime:
Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Man-
nish,

Both long'd extremely to be sung in
Spanish.

However, he did pretty well, and was
Admitted as an aspirant to all

The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,
At great assemblies or in parties small,
He saw ten thousand living authors pass,
That being about their average nu-
meral;

Also the eighty "greatest living poets,"
As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

In twice five years the "greatest living
poet."

Like to the champion fisty in the ring,
Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,
Although 'tis an imaginary thing.

Even I — albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be
king, —

Was reckon'd a considerable time,
The grand Napoleon of the realms of
rhyme.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean
seems Cain:

"La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at
zero,

Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise
again:

But I will fall at least as fell my hero;
 Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign;
 Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,
 With turncoat Southey for my turnkey
 Lowe.

Sir Walter reign'd before me; Moore
 and Campbell
 Before and after: but now grown more
 holy,
 The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
 With poets almost clergymen, or
 wholly:

And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble
 Beneath the very Reverend Rowley
 Powley,
 Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,
 A modern Ancient Pistol — "by these
 hilts!"

Still he excels that artificial hard
 Laborer in the same vineyard, though
 the vine
 Yields him but vinegar for his reward, —
 That neutralized dull Dorus of the Nine;
 That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor
 bard;

That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every
 line: —

Cambyeses' roaring Romans beat at least
 The howling Hebrews of Cybele's
 priest. —

Then there's my gentle Euphues; who,
 they say,

Sets up for being a sort of *moral me*:¹
 He'll find it rather difficult some day

To turn out both, or either, it may be.
 Some persons think that Coleridge hath
 the sway;

And Wordsworth has supporters, two
 or three;

And that deep-mouth'd Bæotian "Sav-
 age Lander"
 Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's
 gander.

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one
 critique,²

¹ Barry Cornwall, once called "a moral Byron."

² The entirely mistaken idea that Keats' decline and death were due to the severe criticism on his *Endymion* in the Quarterly Review, was shared by Shelley, and was generally prevalent until the publication of Milnes's *Life of Keats*. See H. Buxton Forman's edition of Keats's *Works*, Vol. IV., pp. 225-272, and Colvin's *Life of Keats*, pp. 124 and 208.

Just as he really promised something
 great,
 If not intelligible, without Greek
 Contrived to talk about the Gods of
 late,
 Much as they might have been supposed
 to speak.

Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;
 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery
 particle,
 Should let itself be snuff'd out by an
 article.

The list grows long of live and dead pre-
 tenders
 To that which none will gain — or none
 will know

The conqueror at least; who, ere Time
 renders

His last award, will have the long grass
 grow
 Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless
 cinders.

If I might augur, I should rate but low
 Their chances; — they're too numerous,
 like the thirty

Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd
 but dirty.

This is the literary *lower* empire,
 Where the prætorian bands take up
 the matter; —

A "dreadful trade," like his who "gathers
 samphire,"

The insolent soldiery to soothe and
 flatter,
 With the same feelings as you'd coax a
 vampire.

Now, were I once at home and in good
 satire,
 I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,
 And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn
 Their flanks; — but it is hardly worth
 my while

With such small gear to give myself con-
 cern:

Indeed I've not the necessary bile;
 My natural temper's really aught but
 stern,

And even my Muse's worse reproof's a
 smile;

And then she drops a brief and modern
 curtsy,

And glides away, assured she never hurts
 ye.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril
Amongst live poets and blue ladies,
pass'd

With some small profit through that field
so sterile,

Being tired in time, and neither least
nor last,

Left it before he had been treated very
ill;

And henceforth found himself more
gaily class'd

Amongst the higher spirits of the day,
The sun's true son, no vapor, but a ray.

His morns he pass'd in business — which
dissected,

Was like all business, a laborious nothing

That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal
clothing,

And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,
And talk in tender horrors of our loathing

All kinds of toil, save for our country's
good —

Which grows no better, though 'tis time
it should.

His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons,

Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour

In riding round those vegetable puncheons
Call'd "Parks," where there is neither
fruit nor flower

Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;

But after all it is the only "bower"
(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair

Can form a slight acquaintance with
fresh air.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the
world!

Then glare the lamps, then whirl the
wheels, then roar

Through street and square fast flashing
chariots hurl'd

Like harness'd meteors; then along the
floor

Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are
twirl'd;

Then roll the brazen thunders of the
door,

Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of "Or Molu."

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall
sink

With the three-thousandth curtsy;
there the waltz,

The only dance which teaches girls to
think,

Makes one in love even with its very
faults.

Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their
brink,

And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd
to climb,

And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey

Of the good company, can win a corner,
A door that's *in* or boudoir *out* of the
way,

Where he may fix himself like small
"Jack Horner,"

And let the Babel round run as it may,

And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,

Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
Yawning a little as the night grows later.

But this won't do, save by and by; and
he

Who, like Don Juan, takes an active
share,

Must steer with care through all that
glittering sea

Of gems and plumes and pearls and
silks, to where

He deems it is his proper place to be;

Dissolving in the waltz to some soft
air,

Or prouder prancing with mercurial
skill,

Where Science marshals forth her own
quadrille.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views

Upon an heiress or his neighbor's bride,
Let him take care that that which he

pursues

Is not at once too palpably descried.
Full many an eager gentleman oft rues

His haste; impatience is a blundering
guide

Amongst a people famous for reflection,
Who like to play the fool with circum-

spection.

But, if you can contrive, get next at supper;

Or if forestall'd, get opposite and ogle:—

Oh, ye ambrosial moments! always upper

In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,
Which sits for ever upon memory's crupper,

The ghost of vanish'd pleasures once in vogue! Ill

Can tender souls relate the rise and fall
Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball.

But these precautionary hints can touch
Only the common run, who must pursue,

And watch, and ward; whose plans a word too much

Or little overturns; and not the few
Or many (for the number's sometimes such)

Whom a good mien, especially if new,
Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or nonsense,

Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not long since.

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,

Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger
Like other slaves of course must pay his ransom,

Before he can escape from so much danger

As will environ a conspicuous man.
Some

Talk about poetry, and "rack and manger,"

And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble;—

I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

They are young, but know not youth—
it is anticipated;

Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;

Their vigor in a thousand arms is dissipated;

Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes to a Jew;

Both senates see their nightly votes participated

Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew;

And having voted, dined, drunk, gamed, and whored,
The family vault receives another lord.

But "carpe diem," Juan, "carpe, [St. 86 carpe!"]

To-morrow sees another race as gay
And transient and devour'd by the same harpy.

"Life's a poor player,"—then "play out the play,

Ye villains!" and above all keep a sharp eye

Much less on what you do than what you say:

Be hypocritical, be cautious, be Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

But how shall I relate in other cantos
Of what befell our hero in the land,
Which 'tis the common cry and lie to vaunt as

A moral country? But I hold my hand—

For I disdain to write an Atalantis;
But 'tis as well at once to understand
You are *not* a moral people, and you know it

Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be
My topic, with of course the due restriction

Which is required by proper courtesy; 'And recollect the work is only fiction,

And that I sing of neither mine nor me,
Though every scribe, in some slight turn of diction,

Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt

This—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but *speak out*.

Whether he married with the third or fourth

Offspring of some sage husband-hunting countess,

Or whether with some virgin of more worth

(I mean in Fortune's matrimonial bounties)

He took to regularly peopling Earth,
Of which your lawful, awful wedlock fount is,—

Or whether he was taken in for damages,
For being too excursive in his homages, —

Is yet within the unread events of time.

Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I
will back

Against the same given quantity of
rhyme,

For being as much the subject of at-
tack

As ever yet was any work sublime,

By those who love to say that white is
black.

So much the better! — I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts
for a throne.

Canto XI. 1822-1823. August 29, 1823.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT¹

BY

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO EN-
TITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER"

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

PREFACE

It hath been wisely said, that "One fool makes
many;" and it hath been poetically observed —

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
— POPE.

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had
no business, and where he never was before, and
never will be again, the following poem would not
have been written. It is not impossible that it may
be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any
species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*.
The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegade
intolerance, and impious cant, of the poem by the
author of "Wat Tyler," are something so stupen-
dous as to form the sublime of himself — containing
the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem — a word on his preface.
In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Lau-
reate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic
School," the which he doth recommend to the
notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his
other laurels the ambition of those of an informer.
If there exists anywhere, except in his imagination,
such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it

¹ Southey published in 1821 a poem called *A Vision of Judgment*, in which he extolled George III for his personal virtues, and described his reception into heaven. In the Preface of this poem he bitterly attacked Byron for immorality in his writings. See full accounts of the affair in the biographies of Byron and Southey. The briefest and best treatment of it is in Nichol's *Life of Byron*, toward the end of Chap. VIII.

by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of *him*;" for they laughed consensually."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures, in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of "Wat Tyler"?
2ndly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3dly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, "a rancorous renegade?"

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own laws on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare he call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding, its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-Jacobin," by his present patrons. Hence all this "skimble-scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him — "*qualis ab incepto*."

If there is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written everything else, for aught that the writer cared — had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonize a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king, — inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France, — like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favorably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate:

His keys were rusty, and the lock was
dull,

So little trouble had been given of late;

Not that the place by any means was
full,

But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"

The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger
pull,

And a "pull altogether," as they say
At sea — which drew most souls another
way.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to
do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal
blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful
tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton
whale.

The guardian seraphs had retired on
high,
Finding their charges past all care be-
low;
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the
sky
Save the recording angel's black
bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings
in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will
no doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly minis-
ters,)
For some resource to turn himself
about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn
out
By the increased demand for his re-
marks:
Six angels and twelve saints were named
his clerks.

This was a handsome board — at least
for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough
to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily
driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day too slew its thousands six or
seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,

They threw their pens down in divine
disgust —
The page was so besmear'd with blood
and dust.

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the
very devil
On this occasion his own work abhor'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel:
Though he himself had sharpen'd every
sword,
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of
evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves
insertion —
'Tis, that he has both generals in rever-
sion.)

Let's skip a few short years of hollow
peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as
wont,
And heaven none — they form the
tyrant's lease,
With nothing but new names sub-
scribed upon 't;
'Twill one day finish: meantime they
increase,
"With seven heads and ten horns," and
all in front,
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but
ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

In the first year of freedom's second
dawn
Died George the Third; although no
tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense with-
drawn
Left him nor mental nor external
sun;
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from
lawn,
A worse king never left a realm un-
done!
He died — but left his subjects still be-
hind,
One half as mad — and t'other no less
blind.

He died! his death made no great stir
on earth:
His burial made some pomp; there was
profusion

Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great
dearth

Of aught but tears — save those shed
by collusion.

For these things may be bought at their
true worth;

Of elegy there was the due infusion —
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks,
and banners,
Herald's and relics of old Gothic manners,

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see
the show,

Who cared about the corpse? The
funeral

Made the attraction, and the black the
woe.

There throb'd not there a thought
which pierced the pall;

And when the gorgeous coffin was laid
low,

It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and
air;

But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as
bare

As the mere million's base unummied
clay —

Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

He's dead — and upper earth with him
has done;

He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone

For him, unless he left a German will;
But where's the proctor who will ask his
son?

In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most un-
common,

Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

"God save the king!" It is a large
economy

In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one
am I

Of those who think damnation better
still:

I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight re-
striction,

The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

I know this is unpopular; I know
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be
damn'd

For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we're
cramm'd

With the best doctrines till we quite
o'erflow;

I know that all save England's church
have sham'd.

And that the other twice two hundred
churches

And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad
purchase.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
God knows, as helpless as the devil can
wish,

And not a whit more difficult to damn,
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd
fish,

Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost everybody born to die.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo!
there came

A wondrous noise he had not heard of
late —

A rushing sound of wind, and stream,
and flame;

In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made aught save a
saint exclaim;

But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I
think!"

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er
his eyes —

At which St. Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd
his nose:

"Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee
rise!"

Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as
glows

An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly
dyes:

To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the matter?

"Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third is dead."

"And who is George the Third?" replied the apostle:

"*What George? what Third?*" "The king of England," said

The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to jostle

Him on his way; but does he wear his head?

Because the last we saw here had a tussle,

And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,

Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

"He was, if I remember, king of France; That head of his, which could not keep a crown

On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance

A claim to those of martyrs — like my own:

If I had had my sword, as I had once

When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;

But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,

I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

"And then he set up such a headless howl,

That all the saints came out and took him in;

And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;

That fellow Paul — the parvenu! The skin

Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his cowl

In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin,

So as to make a martyr, never sped Better than did this weak and wooden head.

"But had it come up here upon its shoulders,

There would have been a different tale to tell:

The fellow-feeling in the saints' beholders

Seems to have acted on them like a spell,

And so this very foolish head heaven solders

Back on its trunk: it may be very well, And seems the custom here, to overthrow Whatever has been wisely done below."

The angel answer'd, "Peter! do not pout: The king who comes has head and all entire,

And never knew much what it was about —

He did as doth the puppet — by its wire,

And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:

My business and your own is not to inquire

Into such matters, but to mind our cue — Which is to act as we are bid to do."

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,

Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,

Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan

Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile or Inde,

Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man

With an old soul, and both extremely blind,

Halted before the gate, and in his shroud Seated their fellow traveller on a cloud.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host

A Spirit of a different aspect waved His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast

Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;

His brow was like the deep when tempest-toss'd;

Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved

Eternal wrath on his immortal face,

And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,

With such a glance of supernatural hate,

As made Saint Peter wish himself within;

He patter'd with his keys at a great rate,
And sweated through his apostolic skin :
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
Like birds when soars the falcon; and
they felt

A tingling to the tip of every feather,
And form'd a circle like Orion's belt
Around their poor old charge; who scarce
knew whither

His guards had led him, though they
gently dealt
With royal manes (for by many stories,
And true, we learn the angels all are
Tories).

As things were in this posture, the gate
flew

Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
Flung over space an universal hue
Of many-color'd flame, until its tinges
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and
made a new

Aurora borealis spread its fringes
O'er the North Pole; the same seen,
when ice-bound,
By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's
Sound."

And from the gate thrown open issued
beaming

A beautiful and mighty Thing of
Light,

Radiant with glory, like a banner stream-
ing

Victorious from some world-o'erthrow-
ing fight :

My poor comparisons must needs be
teeming

With earthly likenesses, for here the
night

Of clay obscures our best conceptions,
saving

Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey
raving.

'Twas the archangel Michael; all men
know

The make of angels and archangels,
since

There's scarce a scribbler has not one to
show,

From the fiends' leader to the angels'
prince;

There also are some altar-pieces, though
I really can't say that they much
evinced
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
But let the connoisseurs explain *their*
merits.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
A goodly work of him from whom all
glory

And good arise; the portal past — he
stood;

Before him the young cherubs and
saints hoary —

(I say *young*, begging to be understood
By looks, not years; and should be
very sorry

To state, they were not older than St.
Peter,

But merely that they seem'd a little
sweeter).

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down
before

That arch-angelic hierarchy, the first
Of essences angelical, who wore

The aspect of a god; but this ne'er
nursed

Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose
core

No thought, save for his Master's
service, durst

Intrude, however glorified and high;
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

He and the sombre, silent Spirit met —
They knew each other both for good

and ill;
Such was their power, that neither could

forget
His former friend and future foe; but

still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret

In either's eye, as if 'twere less their
will

Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their "champ
clos" the spheres.

But here they were in neutral space: we
know

From Job, that Satan hath the power
to pay

A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;
And that the "sons of God," like those

of clay,

Must keep him company; and we might
show

From the same book, in how polite a
way

The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil — but 'twould take up
hours.

And this is not a theologic tract,
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,
If Job be allegory or a fact,

But a true narrative; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an
act

As sets aside the slightest thought of
trick.

'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
And accurate as any other vision.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
The gate of heaven; like eastern
thresholds is

The place where Death's grand cause is
argued o'er,

And souls despatch'd to that world or
to this;

And therefore Michael and the other
wore

A civil aspect: though they did not
kiss,

Yet still between his Darkness and his
Brightness

There pass'd a mutual glance of great
politeness.

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern
beau,

But with a graceful Oriental bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just where be-
low

The heart in good men is supposed to
tend;

He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
But kindly; Satan met his ancient
friend

With more hauteur, as might an old
Castilian

Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

He merely bent his diabolic brow

An instant; and then raising it, he
stood

In act to assert his right or wrong, and
show

Cause why King George by no means
could or should

Make out a case to be exempt from woe
Eternal, more than other kings, endued
With better sense and hearts, whom his-
tory mentions,

Who long have "paved hell with their
good intentions."

Michael began: "What wouldst thou
with this man,

Now dead, and brought before the
Lord? What ill

Hath he wrought since his mortal race
began,

That thou canst claim him? Speak!
and do thy will,

If it be just: if in this earthly span
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
His duties as a king and mortal, say,
And he is thine; if not, let him have
way."

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air,
"even here,

Before the Gate of him thou servest,
must

I claim my subject: and will make appear
That as he was my worshipper in dust,

So shall he be in spirit, although dear
To thee and thine, because nor wine nor
lust

Were of his weaknesses; yet on the
throne

He reign'd o'er millions to serve me
alone.

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was,
Once, more thy Master's: but I triumph
not

In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas;
Need he thou servest envy me my lot;

With all the myriads of bright worlds
which pass

In worship round him, he may have
forgot

Yon weak creation of such paltry things;
I think few worth damnation save their
kings, —

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
Assert my right as lord: and even had

I such an inclination, it were (as you
Well know) superfluous; they are

grown so bad,
That hell has nothing better left to do

Than leave them to themselves: so
much more mad

And evil by their own internal curse,
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I
worse.

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again :
When this old, blind, mad, helpless,
weak, poor worm

Began in youth's first bloom and flush to
reign,

The world and he both wore a different
form,

And much of earth and all the watery
plain

Of ocean call'd him king : through
many a storm

His isles had floated on the abyss of
time ;

For the rough virtues chose them for their
clime.

"He came to his sceptre young ; he
leaves it old :

Look to the state in which he found his
realm,

And left it ; and his annals too behold,
How to a minion first he gave the helm ;

How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but over-
whelm

The meanest hearts ; and for the rest,
but glance

Thine eye along America and France.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe) ; but as a
tool

So let him be consumed. From out the
past

Of ages, since mankind have known the
rule

Of monarchs — from the bloody rolls
amass'd

Of sin and slaughter — from the
Cæsar's school,

Take the worst pupil ; and produce a
reign

More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd
with the slain.

"He ever warr'd with freedom and the
free :

Nations as men, home subjects, foreign
foes,

So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty !'
Found George the Third their first

opponent. Whose

History was ever stain'd as his will be

With national and individual woes ?

I grant his household abstinence ; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs
want ;

"I know he was a constant consort ; own
He was a decent sire, and middling
lord.

All this is much, and most upon a throne ;
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper
shown.

I grant him all the kindest can accord ;
And this was well for him, but not for
those

Millions who found him what oppression
chose.

"The New World shook him off ; the
Old yet groans

Beneath what he and his prepared, if
not

Completed : he leaves heirs on many
thrones

To all his vices, without what begot
Compassion for him — his tame virtues ;
drones

Who sleep, or despots who have now
forgot

A lesson which shall be re-taught them,
wake

Upon the thrones of earth ; but let them
quake !

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
The faith which makes ye great on
earth, implored

A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old, —
Freedom to worship — not alone your
Lord,

Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter !
cold

Must be your souls, if you have not
abhorr'd

The foe to Catholic participation
In all the license of a Christian nation.

"True ! he allow'd them to pray God :
but as

A consequence of prayer, refused the
law

Which would have placed them upon the
same base

With those who did not hold the saints
in awe."

But here Saint Peter started from his place,
 And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:
 Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
 While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
 My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
 Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
 The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"
 "Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge
 The wrongs he made your satellites endure;
 And if to this exchange you should be given,
 I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven!"

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint!
 and devil!

Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.
 Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil!

Satan, excuse this warmth of his expression,
 And condescension to the vulgar's level:
 Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
 Have you got more to say?" — "No."
 — "If you please,
 I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy hand,

Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
 Clouds farther off than we can understand,

Although we find him sometimes in our skies;

Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
 In all the planets, and hell's batteries
 Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions

As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

This was a signal unto such damned souls
 As have the privilege of their damnation

Extended far beyond the mere controls
 Of worlds past, present, or to come;
 no station

Is theirs particularly in the rolls
 Of hell assign'd; but where their inclination
 Or business carries them in search of game,
 They may range freely — being damn'd the same.

They're proud of this — as very well they may,

It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key

Stuck in their loins; or like to an "entré"
 Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.

I borrow my comparisons from clay,
 Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be

Offended with such base low likenesses;
 We know their posts are nobler far than these.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell —

About ten million times the distance reckon'd

From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
 How much time it takes up, even to a second,

For every ray that travels to dispel
 The fogs of London, through which, dimly beacon'd

The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,

If that the *summer* is not too severe:

I say that I can tell — 'twas half a minute;

I know the solar beams take up more time

Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;

But then their telegraph is less sublime,

And if they ran a race, they would not win it

'Gainst Satan's courier's bound for their own clime.

The sun takes up some years for every ray
 To reach its goal — the devil not half a day.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
 Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd
 (I've seen a something like it in the skies
 In the *Ægean*, ere a squall); it near'd,

And, growing bigger, took another guise;
 Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,
 Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the
 grammar
 Of the last phrase, which makes the
 stanza stammer; —

But take your choice) : and then it grew
 a cloud

And so it was — a cloud of witnesses.
 But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a
 crowd

Of locusts numerous as the heavens
 saw these;
 They shadowed with their myriads space;
 their loud

And varied cries were like those of
 wild geese
 (If nations may be liken'd to a goose),
 And realized the phrase of "hell broke
 loose."

Here crashed a sturdy oath of stout John
 Bull,

Who damned away his eyes as hereto-
 fore :

There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!" —
 "What's your wull?"

The temperate Scot exclaimed: the
 French ghost swore

In certain terms I shan't translate in full,
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst
 the war,

The voice of Jonathan was heard to ex-
 press,

"Our president is going to war, I guess."

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch,
 and Dane;

In short, an universal shoal of shades,
 From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain.
 Of all climes and professions, years and
 trades,

Ready to swear against the good king's
 reign,

Bitter as clubs in cards are against
 spades :

All summon'd by this grand "subpœna,"
 to

Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me
 or you.

When Michael saw this host, he first
 grew pale,

As angels can; next, like Italian twi-
 light,

He turn'd all colors — as a peacock's tail,
 Or sunset streaming through a Gothic
 skylight

In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
 Or distant lightning on the horizon by
 night,

Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
 Of thirty regiments in red, green, and
 blue.

Then he address'd himself to Satan:
 "Why —

My good old friend, for such I deem
 you, though

Our different parties make us fight so
 shy,

I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
 Our difference is *political*, and I

Trust that, whatever may occur below,
 You know my great respect for you: and
 this

Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss —

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
 My call for witnesses? I did not
 mean

That you should half of earth and hell
 produce;

'Tis even superfluous, since two honest,
 clean,

True testimonies are enough: we lose
 Our time, nay, our eternity, between

The accusation and defence: if we
 Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortal-
 ity."

Satan replied, "To me the matter is
 Indifferent, in a personal point of
 view :

I can have fifty better souls than this
 With far less trouble than we have gone
 through

Already; and I merely argued his
 Late Majesty of Britain's case with
 you

Upon a point of form: you may dispose
 Of him; I've kings enough below, God
 knows!"

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd
 "multi-faced"

By multo-scribbling Southey). "Then
 we'll call

One or two persons of the myriads placed
 Around our congress, and dispense with
 all

The rest," quoth Michael: "Who may be
so graced
As to speak first? there's choice enough
— who shall
It be?" Then Satan answer'd, "There
are many;
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well
as any."

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite
Upon the instant started from the
throng,
Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;
For all the fashions of the flesh stick
long
By people in the next world; where unite
All the costumes since Adam's, right
or wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds
Assembled, and exclaim'd, "My friends
of all
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst
these clouds;
So let's to business: why this general
call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon your
vote?"

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake;
these things
Are of a former life, and what we do
Above is more august; to judge of kings
Is the tribunal met: so now you know."
"Then I presume those gentlemen with
wings,"
Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and that
soul below
Looks much like George the Third, but
to my mind
A good deal older — Bless me! is he
blind?"

"He is what you behold him, and his
doom
Depends upon his deeds," the Angel
said;
"If you have aught to arraign in him,
the tomb
Gives license to the humblest beggar's
head

To lift itself against the loftiest." —
"Some,"
Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them
laid in lead,
For such a liberty — and I, for one,
Have told them what I thought beneath
the sun."

"Above the sun repeat, then, what thou
hast
To urge against him," said the Arch-
angel. "Why,"
Replied the spirit, "since old scores are
past,
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
With all his Lords and Commons: in
the sky
I don't like ripping up old stories, since
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to
oppress
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
But then I blame the man himself much
less
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be
unwilling
To see him punish'd here for their excess,
Since they were both damn'd long ago,
and still in
Their place below: for me, I have for-
given,
And vote his 'habeas corpus' into
heaven."

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand
all this;
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you
died,
And seem to think it would not be amiss
To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
Reign is concluded; whatsoe'er betide,
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost
your labor,
For at the best he will but be your neigh-
bor.

"However, I knew what to think of it,
When I beheld you in your jesting way,
Flitting and whispering round about the
spit
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:

That fellow even in hell breeds farther
ills;
I'll have him *gagg'd* — 'twas one of his
own bills.

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a
shadow stalk'd,

And at the name there was a general
squeeze,

So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
In comfort, at their own aerial ease,

But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but
to be balk'd,

As we shall see), and jostled hands
and knees,

Like wind compress'd and pent within a
bladder,

Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

The shadow came — a tall, thin, gray-
hair'd figure,

That look'd as it had been a shade on
earth;

Quick in its motions, with an air of
vigor,

But naught to mark its breeding or its
birth;

Now it wax'd little, then again grew
bigger,

With now an air of gloom, or savage
mirth;

But as you gazed upon its features, they
Changed every instant — to *what*, none
could say.

Thè more intently the ghosts gazed, the
less

Could they distinguish whose the
features were;

The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even
to guess;

They varied like a dream — now here,
now there;

And several people swore from out the
press,

They knew him perfectly; and one
could swear

He was his father: upon which another
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's
brother:

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,

An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,

A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight

Mysterious changed his countenance

at least

As oft as they their minds; though in
full sight

He stood, the puzzle only was in-
creased;

The man was a phantasmagoria in
Himself — he was so volatile and thin.

The moment that you had pronounced
him *one*,

Presto! his face changed, and he was
another;

And when that change was hardly well
put on,

It varied, till I don't think his own
mother

(If that he had a mother) would her son
Have known, he shifted so from one to

t'other;

Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
At this epistolary "Iron Mask."

For sometimes he like Cerberus would
seem —

"Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely
says

Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might
deem

That he was not *one*; now many rays
Were flashing round him; and now a

thick steam
Hid him from sight — like fogs on Lon-
don days:

Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to
people's fancies,

And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

I've an hypothesis — 'tis quite my own;
I never let it out till now, for fear

Of doing people harm about the throne,
And injuring some minister or peer,

On whom the stigma might perhaps be
blown;

It is — my gentle public, lend thine ear!
'Tis that what Junius we are wont to call

Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

I don't see wherefore letters should not
be

Written without hands, since we daily
view

Them written without heads; and books,
we see,

Are fill'd as well without the latter too:
And really till we fix on somebody

For certain sure to claim them as his
due,

Their author, like the Niger's mouth,
will bother
The world to say if *there* be mouth or
author.

"And who and what art thou?" the
Archangel said.

"For *that* you may consult my title-
page,"

Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:
"If I have kept my secret half an age,
I scarce shall tell it now." — "Canst thou
upbraid,"

Continued Michael, "George Rex, or
allege

Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You
had better

First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

"My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and
tomb."

"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of
some past

Exaggeration? something which may
doom

Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou
wast

Too bitter — is it not so? — in thy
gloom

Of passion?" — "Passion!" cried the
phantom dim,

"I loved my country, and I hated him.

"What I have written, I have written:
let

The rest be on his head or mine!" so
spoke

Old "Nominis Umbra"; and while
speaking yet,

Away he melted in celestial smoke.

Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't
forget

To call George Washington, and John
Horne Tooke,

And Franklin;" — but at this time there
was heard

A cry for room, though not a phantom
stirr'd.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and
the aid

Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made

His way, and look'd as if his journey
cost

Some trouble. When his burden down
he laid,

"What's this?" cried Michael; "why,
'tis not a ghost?"

"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would
think

Some of his works about his neck were
chain'd.

But to the point; while hovering o'er
the brink

Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,

And stooping, caught this fellow at a
libel —

No less on history than the Holy Bible.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael: so the
affair

Belongs to all of us, you understand.

I snatch'd him up just as you see him
there,

And brought him off for sentence out of
hand:

I've scarcely been ten minutes in the
air —

At least a quarter it can hardly be:

I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

Here Satan said, "I know this man of
old,

And have expected him for some time
here;

A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,

Or more conceited in his petty sphere:

But surely it was not worth while to fold
Such trash below your wing, As-

modeus dear:

We had the poor wretch safe (without
being bored

With carriage) coming of his own accord.

"But since he's here, let's see what he
has done."

"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he antici-
pates

The very business you are now upon,

And scribbles as if head clerk to the
Fates.

Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's,

prates?"

"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he
has to say:
You know we're bound to that in every
way."

Now the bard, glad to get an audience,
which

By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and
pitch

His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach

Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in
flow;

But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would
stir.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be
spurr'd

Into recitative, in great dismay
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long
array;

And Michael rose ere he could get a word
Of all his founder'd verses under way,
And cried, "For God's sake stop, my
friend! 'twere best —

Non Di, non homines — you know the
rest."

A general bustle spread throughout the
throng,

Which seem'd to hold all verse in detes-
tation:

The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not
long

Before, to profit by a new occasion:
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd,
"What! what!

Pye come again? No more — no more of
that!"

The tumult grew; an universal cough
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
When Castlereagh has been up long
enough

(Before he was first minister of state,
I mean — the *slaves hear now*); some
cried "Off, off!"

As at a farce; till, grown quite des-
perate,

The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

The varlet was not an ill-favor'd knave;
A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which
gave

A smart and sharper-looking sort of
grace

To his whole aspect, which, though
rather grave,

Was by no means so ugly as his case;
But that, indeed, was hopeless as can be,
Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd
the noise

With one still greater, as is yet the
mode

On earth besides; except some grumbling
voice,

Which now and then will make a slight
inroad

Upon decorous silence, few will twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly over-
crow'd;

And now the bard could plead his own
bad cause,

With all the attitudes of self-applause.

He said — (I only give the heads) — he
said,

He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas
his way

Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides;
'twould delay

Too long the assembly (he was pleased to
dread),

And take up rather more time than a
day,

To name his works — he would but cite a
few —

"Wat Tyler" — "Rhymes on Blen-
heim" — "Waterloo."

He had written praises of a regicide;
He had written praises of all kings
whatever;

He had written for republics far and
wide,

And then against them bitterer than
ever;

For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas
clever;

Then grew a hearty anti-Jacobin —
Had turn'd his coat — and would have
turn'd his skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had
call'd

Reviewing "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er
crawl'd —

Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had
been maul'd :

He had written much blank verse, and
blanker prose,
And more of both than anybody knows.

He had written Wesley's life: here
turning round

To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write
yours,

In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes and preface, all that most
allures

The pious purchaser; and there's no
ground

For fear, for I can choose my own re-
viewers :

So let me have the proper documents,
That I may add you to my other saints."

Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well,
if you,

With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There
are few

Whose memoirs could be render'd more
divine.

Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you
shine

Like your own trumpet. By the way,
my own

Has more of brass in it, and is as well
blown.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my
'Vision'!

Now you shall judge, all people; yes,
you shall

Judge with my judgment, and by my
decision

Be guided who shall enter heaven or
fall.

I settle all these things by intuition,
Times present, past, to come, heaven,
hell, and all,

Like King Alfonso. When I thus see
double,

I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and
no

Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent;
so

He read the first three lines of the
contents;

But at the fourth, the whole spiritual
show

Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they
sprang,

Like lightning, off from his "melodious
twang."

Those grand heroics acted as a spell :

The angels stopp'd their ears and plied
their pinions;

The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down
to hell;

The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their
own dominions —

(For 'tis not yet decided where they
dwell,

And I leave every man to his opinions);
Michael took refuge in his trump — but,
lo!

His teeth were set on edge, he could not
blow!

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his
keys,

And at the fifth line knock'd the poet
down;

Who fell like Phaëton, but more at ease;
Into his lake, for there he did not drown;

A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath,

whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there.

He first sank to the bottom — like his
works,

But soon rose to the surface — like him-
self;

For all corrupted things are buoy'd like
corks,

By their own rottenness, like as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,

It may be, still, like dull books on a
shelf,

In his own den, to scrawl some "Life"
or "Vision,"

As Welborn says — "the devil turn'd pre-
cision."

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all
delusion,

And show'd me what I in my turn have
shown;

All I saw farther, in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipp'd into
heaven for one;

And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

May 7 — October 4, 1821.

October 15, 1822.

IMPROMPTUS¹

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all — and sellest some —
My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new Quarterly is seen, —
But where is thy new Magazine,
My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine —
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
And Sermons, to thy mill bring grist;
And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without "the Board of Longitude,"
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray.
April 11, 1818. 1830.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight
for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neigh-
bors;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and
of Rome,
And get knock'd on the head for his
labors.

¹ From letters addressed to Mr. Murray, or to Thomas Moore.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous
plan,
And is always as nobly required;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get
knighted.

November 5, 1820. 1824.

So we'll go no more roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon.
February 28, 1817. 1830.

THE world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs in a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.
November 5, 1820. 1830.

Who kill'd John Keats?
"I," says the Quarterly,¹
So savage and Tartarly;
"'Twas one of my feats."

Who shot the arrow?
"The poet-priest Milman
(So ready to kill man),
Or Southey, or Barrow."
July 30, 1821. 1830.

FOR Orford and for Waldegrave
You give much more than me you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A live lord must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose, —
Certes, I should have more than those,
My Murray.

¹ See the note on page 228.

SHELLEY

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

****COMPLETE WORKS**, 8 volumes, edited by H. Buxton Forman, Macmillan, 1876-1879, new edition, 1882. — **POETICAL WORKS**, 3 volumes, edited from the original editions by R. H. Shepherd, Chatto, 1888. — ***POETICAL WORKS**, 4 volumes, edited by G. E. Woodberry, Houghton Mifflin, 1892 (Centenary Edition). — **POETICAL WORKS**, 5 volumes, edited by H. Buxton Forman, Bell, 1892 (Aldine Edition). — **COMPLETE WORKS**, 8 volumes, edited by N. H. Dole, Virtue, 1904 (Laurel Edition). — ***POETICAL WORKS**, 1 volume, edited by Edward Dowden, Macmillan, 1890 (Globe Edition). — ***POETICAL WORKS**, 1 volume, edited by G. E. Woodberry, Houghton Mifflin, 1901 (Cambridge Edition). — ****POETICAL WORKS**, 1 volume, edited by Thomas Hutchinson, with textual notes and new material, Clarendon Press, 1904 (Oxford Edition). — **POEMS**, 2 volumes, edited by C. D. Locock, Methuen, 1911. — ***COMPLETE WORKS**, 10 volumes, edited by Roger Ingpen and W. E. Peck, Benn, 1926 ff. — ***LETTERS**, collected and edited by Roger Ingpen, 2 volumes, Scribners, 1909.

BIOGRAPHY

MEDWIN (Thomas), *Life of Shelley*, 1847. — HOGG (T. J.), *Life of Shelley*, 1858. — MIDDLETON (C. S.), *Shelley and His Writings*, 1858. — **SHELLEY MEMORIALS**, edited by Lady Shelley, 1859. — GARNETT (Richard), *Relics of Shelley*, 1862. — ROSSETTI (W. M.), *Life of Shelley* (prefixed to his edition of Shelley's Works), 1870. — SMITH (G. B.), *Shelley, a Critical Biography*, 1877. — ****SYMONDS (J. A.)**, *Shelley*, 1878 (English Men of Letters Series). — JEAFFRESON (J. C.), *The Real Shelley*, 1885. — DOWDEN (Edward), *Life of Shelley*, 1886 (the standard biography, but not altogether satisfactory. Lacking both in frankness and in sympathy). — RABBE (Félix), *Shelley, sa vie et ses œuvres*, 1887; English translation, 1888. — SHARP (William), *Shelley*, 1887 (Great Writers Series). — SALT (H. S.), *Shelley, a Biographical Study*, 1896. — CLUTTON-BROCK (A.), *Shelley, the Man and the Poet*, 1909. — ACKERMANN (R.), *Percy Bysshe Shelley, der Mann, der Dichter und sein Werk*, 1906. — BRAILSFORD (H. N.), *Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle*, 1919. — GRIBBLE (F. H.), *The Romantic Life of Shelley and the Sequel*, 1912. — KOSZUL (A. H.), *La Jeunesse de Shelley*, 1910. — MAUROIS (A.), *Ariel, the Life of Shelley* (translated by Ella d'Arcy), 1924. — MEDWIN (T.), *Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1914. — PECK (W. E.), *Shelley, His Life and Work*, 1927. — ANGELI (H. R.), *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*, 1911. — BELLESSERT (A.), *Nouvelles Études et autres figures: la vie romantique de Shelley*, 1923. — BIAGI (G.), *Gli ultimi giorni di Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1922. — EIMER (M.), *Die persönlichen Beziehungen zwischen Byron und den Shelleys*, 1910. — INGPEN (R.), *Shelley in England: New Facts and Letters*, 1917. — MAURER (O.), *Shelley und die Frauen*, 1906. — *See also*: Mrs. Shelley's Notes to the Poems; Moore's *Life of Byron*; C. Kegan Paul's *William Godwin, His Friends and Contemporaries*; and Mrs. F. A. Marshall's *The Life and Letters of Mary W. Shelley*.

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

*TRELAWNEY (E. J.), *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*. — HUNT (Leigh), *Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*; *Autobiography*. — MEDWIN (Thomas), *Shelley Papers*. — MITFORD (Mary Russell), *Recollections of a Literary Life*. — DE QUINCEY (T.), *Essays on Poets*. — *PEACOCK (Thomas Love), *Memoirs of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. — MILLER (A. B.), *Leigh Hunt in his Relations with Byron, Keats, and Shelley*.

LATER CRITICISM

BATES (E. S.), *A Study of Shelley's Cenci*, 1908. — *BAGEHOT (Walter), *Literary Studies*, 1879. — *BOURGET (Paul), *Études et portraits*. — BRADLEY (A. C.), *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, 1909. — BRANDES (G. M. C.), *Shelley und Lord Byron: zwei litterarische Charakterbilder*, 1904. — BROOKE (S. A.), *Studies in Poetry*, 1907. — *BROWNING (Robert), *On the Poet, Objective and Subjective*; and on Shelley as Man and Poet, 1852, 1881. — CALVERT (G. H.), *Coleridge, Shelley, Goethe*, 1880. — DOWDEN (Edward), *French Revolution and English Literature: Essay VI*, 1897; *Transcripts and Studies*, 1888; *Studies in Literature: Transcendental Movement and Literature*; *French Revolution and Literature*, 1878. — GARNETT (Richard), *Essays of an Ex-Librarian: Shelley and Lord Beaconsfield*, 1901. — GOSSE (E.), *Questions at Issue*, 1893. — HUTTON (R. H.), *Literary Essays*, 1871, 1888. — LANG (Andrew), *Letters to Dead Authors*, 1886. — MACDONALD (George), *Imagination and Other Essays* (1883), 1886. — MASSON (David), *Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Other Essays*, 1874. — PAYNE (W. M.), *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — SCUDDER (Vida D.), *The Greek Spirit in Shelley and Browning*. — SHARP (J. C.), *Aspects of Poetry*, 1881. — SHELLEY SOCIETY, *Papers*, 1888. — SLICER (T. R.), *Shelley, an Appreciation*. — STEPHEN (Leslie), *Hours in a Library, Vol. III: Godwin and Shelley*, 1879, 1892. — SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Shelley* (in Chambers' *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Vol. III, new edition, 1904); *Essays and Studies: Notes on the Text of Shelley*, 1875. — SYMONS (A.), *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 1909. — THOMSON (James), *Biographical and Critical Studies*, 1896. — *THOMPSON (Francis), *Shelley*, 1909 (from *Dublin Review*, July, 1908). — TODHUNTER (John), *A Study of Shelley*, 1880. — *TRENT (W. P.), *Authority of Criticism: à propos of Shelley*, 1899. — *WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Makers of Literature* (1890), 1900; *The Torch*, 1905. — YEATS (W. B.), *Ideas of Good and Evil: The Philosophy of Shelley*, 1903.

ARNOLD (M.), *Essays in Criticism*, second series, 1888. — CAINE (T. Hall), *Cobwebs of Criticism*, 1883. — DAWSON (W. J.), *Makers of English Poetry* (1890), 1906. — DE VERE (Aubrey), *Essays, Chiefly on Poetry*, 1887. — HANCOCK (A. E.), *French Revolution and the English Poets*, 1899. — JOHNSON (C. F.), *Three Americans and Three Englishmen*, 1886. — LANG (Andrew), *Poets' Country*, 1907. — MORE (Paul E.), *Shelburne Essays*, seventh series, 1910. — ZANELLA (G.), *Paralleli letterari: Shelley, Leopardi*, 1885.

ASANGER (F.), *Percy Bysshe Shelleys Sprachstudien*, 1911. — BALD (Marjory A.), *Shelley's Mental Progress* (in *English Association Essays and Studies*, 1928). — BEACH (J. W.), *Latter-day Critics of Shelley* (in *Yale Review*, 1922). — BLUNDEN (E. C.), *Shelley and Keats as They Struck Their Contemporaries*, 1925. — CARPENTER (E.) and BARNEFIELD (C.), *Psychology of the Poet Shelley*, 1925. — CHEVRILLON (A.), *Études anglaises: la nature dans la poésie de Shelley*, 1920. — CHUBB (E. W.), *Masters of English Literature*, 1914. — CLARKE (G. H.), *Refocussing Shelley* (in *Sewanee Review*, January, 1925). — EDMUNDS (E. W.), *Shelley and His Poetry*, 1912. — ELLIOTT (G. R.), *How Poetic is Shelley's Poetry?* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1922). — ELTON (O.), *Shelley*, 1924. — GARNETT (R. S.), *Letters about Shelley Interchanged by Three Friends*, Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett, and William Michael Rossetti, 1917. — GINGERICH (S. F.), *Studies in the Romantic Poets*,

1925. — GORDON (G. S.), *Shelley and the Oppressors of Mankind*, 1923. — GRAHAM (W.), *Shelley's Debt to Leigh Hunt* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1925). — HERFORD (C. H.), *Shelley* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XII). — HUGHES (A. M. D.), *The Nascent Mind of Shelley* (in *Englische Studien*, 1912). — JACK (A. A.), *Shelley, an Essay*, 1904. — LIPTZIN (S.), *Shelley in Germany*, 1924. — LOVETT (R. M.), *Ethical Paradox in Shelley* (in *New Republic*, 1922). — MACDONALD (D. J.), *The Radicalism of Shelley*, 1912. — MADARIAGA (S. de), *Shelley and Calderon*, 1920. — MAUROIS (A.), *Un Écrivain original* (in *Mercure de France*, March 1, 1928; with discussion in later numbers). — MOORE (T. V.), *Percy Bysshe Shelley, an Introduction to the Study of Character*, 1922. — PICCOLI (R.), *Religione e poesia nell' opere di Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1922. — PIOLI (G.), *Percy Bysshe Shelley, sua concezione della vita*, 1923. — POWYS (J. C.), *Visions and Revisions*, 1915. — QUILLER-COUCH (Sir A. T.), *Studies in Literature*, second series, 1922. — SCHMITT (H.), *Shelley als Romantiker* (in *Englische Studien*, 1911). — SLAUGHTER (G.), *Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1822-1922* (in *North American Review*, 1922). — SOLVE (M. T.), *Shelley, His Theory of Poetry*, 1928. — STAWELL (M.), *On Shelley's The Triumph of Life* (in *English Association Essays and Studies*, 1914). — STRONG (A. T.), *Three Studies in Shelley*, 1921. — SUDDARD (S. J. M.), *Keats, Shelley, and Shakespeare Studies*, 1912. — WHITE (N. I.), *The Beautiful Angel and His Biographers* (in *South Atlantic Quarterly*, January, 1925); *Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, or Every Man his Own Allegorist* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1925). — WINSTANLEY (Lillian), *Platonism in Shelley* (in *English Association Essays and Studies*, 1913). — WYLIE (Laura J.), *Social Studies in English Literature: Shelley's Democracy*, 1926. — ZACCHETTI (C.), *Shelley e Dante*, 1922.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

*BROWNING, *Memorabilia*; *Pauline*; etc. — BOURGET (Paul), *Sur un Volume de Shelley*. — AGANOR, *Leggenda eterna: pel monumento a Shelley*, 1900. — PALGRAVE (F. T.), *Lyrical Poems: Two Graves at Rome*. — FORMAN (Alfred), *Sonnets: Two Sonnets to Shelley*. — LANG (A.), *Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of the Shelley Society*. — *THOMSON (James), *Shelley, a Poem*. — *ROSSETTI (D. G.), *Five English Poets: Percy Bysshe Shelley*. — *ROSSETTI (W. M.), *Shelley's Heart*. — DE VERE (Aubrey), *Lines Composed at Lerici*. — HUNT (Leigh), *Sonnet to Shelley*. — LANGFORD (J. A.), *Shelley*. — *TABB (J. B.), *Shelley, a Sonnet*. — HAYNE (P. H.), *Poems: Shelley*, 1855. — PIKE (Albert), *Tribute to Shelley*, 1835. — TAYLOR (Bayard), *Ode to Shelley*. — ROBERTS (C. G. D.), *Ave! an Ode for the Shelley Centenary*. — *WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Poems: Shelley, a Sonnet; Shelley's House*. — WATSON (William), **Shelley's Centenary; To Edward Dowden on His Life of Shelley; Quatrain to Harriet Shelley*. — CARMAN (Bliss), *By the Aurelian Wall: The White Gull*. — PARKES (B. R.), *Gabriel*, 1856 (a poem on the life of Shelley). — *CARDUCCI (G.), *Odi barbare: Presso di l'Urna di Shelley* (translated in *Independent*, December, 1906). — VAN DYKE (Henry), *The White Bees: Two Sonnets*, 1909 (from *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1906). — DUCLO (Estelle), *Shelley* (in *Book News*, April, 1908). — THOMAS (Edith M.), *The Guest at the Gate: Bion and Adonais*, 1909 (from *Century Magazine*, 1906). — SCHEFFAUER (H.), *Looms of Life: The Fire Funeral*, 1909. — MORRISON (T.), *Shelley* (in *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1927). — RICE (C. Y.), *To Shelley* (in *New York Bookman*, December, 1911). — SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Cor Cordium*.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

*FORMAN (H. B.), *The Shelley Library: An Essay in Bibliography*, 1886. — SALEM PUBLIC LIBRARY, *Special Reading List*. — ANDERSON (J. P.), *Appendix to Sharp's Life of Shelley*. — WISE (T. J.), *A Shelley Library, a Catalogue of Printed Books, Manuscripts, and Autograph Letters by Percy Bysshe Shelley, Harriet Shelley, and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, 1924.

SHELLEY

STANZAS — APRIL 1814¹

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the
moon,
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale
beam of even:
Away! the gathering winds will call the
darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the
serene lights of heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every
voice cries, Away!
Tempt not with one last tear thy
friend's ungentle mood:
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares
not entreat thy stay:
Duty and dereliction guide thee back
to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;
Pour bitter tears on its desolated
hearth;
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they
go and come,
And complicate strange webs of mel-
ancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods
shall float around thine head:
The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam
beneath thy feet:
But thy soul or this world must fade in
the frost that binds the dead,
Ere midnight's frown and morning's
smile, ere thou and peace may
meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess
their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the
moon is in the deep:
Some respite to its turbulence unresting
ocean knows;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves,
hath its appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest — yet till
the phantoms flee
Which that house and heath and gar-
den made dear to thee erewhile,
Thy remembrance, and repentance, and
deep musings are not free
From the music of two voices and the
light of one sweet smile.

1814. 1816.

TO COLERIDGE¹

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ

OH! there are spirits of the air,
And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair
As star-beams among twilight trees: —
Such lovely ministers to meet
Oft hast thou turned from men thy
lonely feet.

With mountain winds, and babbling
springs,
And moonlight seas, that are the voice
Of these inexplicable things,
Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice
When they did answer thee; but they
Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes
Beams that were never meant for
thine,
Another's wealth: — tame sacrifice
To a fond faith! still dost thou pine?
Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,
Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy
demands?

¹ The poem beginning "Oh, there are spirits in the air" was addressed in idea to Coleridge, whom he never knew, and at whose character he could only guess imperfectly, through his writings, and accounts he heard of him from some who knew him well. He regarded his change of opinions as rather an act of will than conviction, and believed that in his inner heart he would be haunted by what Shelley considered the better and holier aspirations of his youth. (From Mrs. Shelley's *Note on the Early Poems*.) See also Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, I, 472, and note.

¹ See Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, I, 104-11.

Ah! wherefore didst thou build thine
hope

On the false earth's inconstancy?
Did thine own mind afford no scope
Of love, or moving thoughts to thee?
That natural scenes or human smiles
Could steal the power to wind thee in
their wiles.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled
Whose falsehood left thee broken-
hearted;
The glory of the moon is dead;
Night's ghosts and dreams have now
departed;
Thine own soul still is true to thee,
But changed to a foul fiend through
misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever
Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,
Dream not to chase;—the mad en-
deavor

Would scourge thee to severer pangs.
Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,
Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.
1815. 1816.

ALASTOR

OR

THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE

PREFACE

The poem entitled *Alastor* may be considered as allegorical of one of the most interesting situations of the human mind. It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, and tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the Being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requisitions on the sympathy of corresponding powers in other human beings. The poet is represented as uniting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He

seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave.

The picture is not barren of instruction to actual men. The Poet's self-centred seclusion was avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin. But that Power which strikes the luminaries of the world with sudden darkness and extinction, by awakening them to too exquisite a perception of its influences, dooms to a slow and poisonous decay those meaner spirits that dare to abjure its dominion. Their destiny is more abject and inglorious as their delinquency is more contemptible and pernicious. They who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth, and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief; these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse. They languish, because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead. They are neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world, nor benefactors of their country. Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tenderhearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow-beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

"The good die first,
And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket!"

December 14, 1815.

Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quærebam quid amarem, amans amare. — *Confess. St. August.*

EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!
If our great Mother has imbued my soul
With aught of natural piety to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with
mine;
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and
even,
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight tingling silent-
ness;
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
And winter robing with pure snow and
crowns
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare
boughs;
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she
breathes
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to
me;
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved

And cherished these my kindred; then
 forgive
 This boast, belovèd brethren, and with-
 draw
 No portion of your wonted favor now!

Mother of this unfathomable world!
 Favor my solemn song, for I have loved
 Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched
 Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy
 steps,
 And my heart ever gazes on the depth
 Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my
 bed
 In charnels and on coffins, where black
 death
 Keeps record of the trophies won from
 thee,
 Hoping to still these obstinate question-
 ings
 Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone
 ghost,

Thy messenger, to render up the tale
 Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,
 When night makes a weird sound of its
 own stillness,

Like an inspired and desperate alchymist
 Staking his very life on some dark hope,
 Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks
 With my most innocent love, until strange
 tears

Uniting with those breathless kisses, made
 Such magic as compels the charmed night
 To render up thy charge: . . . and,
 though ne'er yet

Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,
 Enough from incommunicable dream,
 And twilight phantasms, and deep noon-
 day thought,

Has shone within me, that serenely now
 And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre
 Suspended in the solitary dome
 Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
 I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that
 my strain

May modulate with murmurs of the air,
 And motions of the forests and the sea,
 And voice of living beings, and woven
 hymns

Of night and day, and the deep heart of
 man.

There was a Poet whose untimely
 tomb
 No human hands with pious reverence
 reared,

But the charmed eddies of autumnal
 winds

Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyra-
 mid

Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilder-
 ness:—

A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden
 decked

With weeping flowers, or votive cypress
 wreath,

The lone couch of his everlasting sleep:—
 Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no

lorn bard
 Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious
 sigh:

He lived, he died, he sung, in solitude.
 Strangers have wept to hear his passion-
 ate notes,

And virgins, as unknown he passed, have
 pined

And wasted for fond love of his wild
 eyes.

The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to
 burn,

And Silence, too enamored of that voice,
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision, and bright silver
 dream,

His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
 And sound from the vast earth and
 ambient air

Sent to his heart its choicest impulses,
 The fountains of divine philosophy

Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
 Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past

In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
 And knew. When early youth had

pass'd, he left
 His cold fireside and alienated home

To seek strange truths in undiscovered
 lands.

Many a wide waste and tangled wilder-
 ness

Has lured his fearless steps; and he has
 bought

With his sweet voice and eyes, from
 savage men,

His rest and food. Nature's most secret
 steps

He like her shadow has pursued, where'er
 The red volcano overcanopies

Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
 With burning smoke, or where bitumen

lakes
 On black bare pointed islets ever beat

With sluggish surge, or where the secret
caves
Rugged and dark, winding among the
springs
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls,
Frequent with crystal column, and clear
shrines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty
Than gems or gold, the varying roof of
heaven
And the green earth lost in his heart its
claims
To love and wonder; he would linger long
In lonesome vales, making the wild his
home,
Until the doves and squirrels would
partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless
food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,
And the wild antelope, that starts when-
e'er
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form
More graceful than her own.

His wandering step
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old:
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the
waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of
strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,
Dark Æthiopia in her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples
there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble demons
watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead
men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute
walls around,
He lingered, poring on memorials
Of the world's youth, through the long
burning day
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor,
when the moon

Filled the mysterious halls with floating
shades
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant
mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he
saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his
food,
Her daily portion, from her father's tent,
And spread her matting for his couch,
and stole
From duties and repose to tend his
steps:—
Enamored, yet not daring for deep awe
To speak her love:— and watched his
nightly sleep,
Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips
Parted in slumber, whence the regular
breath
Of innocent dreams arose: then, when
red morn
Made paler the pale moon, to her cold
home
Wildered, and wan, and panting, she
returned.

The Poet wandering on, through
Arabie
And Persia, and the wild Carmanian
waste,
And o'er the aerial mountains which pour
down
Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,
In joy and exultation held his way;
Till in the vale of Cashmire, far within
Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants
entwine
Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,
Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretched
His languid limbs. A vision on his sleep
There came, a dream of hopes that never
yet
Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a
a veiled maid
Sate near him, talking in low solemn
tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own
soul
Heard in the calm of thought; its music
long,
Like woven sounds of streams and
breezes, held
His inmost sense suspended in its web

Of many-colored woof and shifting hues.
 Knowledge and truth and virtue were her
 theme,
 And lofty hopes of divine liberty,
 Thoughts the most dear to him, and
 poesy,
 Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
 Of her pure mind kindled through all her
 frame
 A permeating fire: wild numbers then
 She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous
 sobs
 Subdued by its own pathos: her fair
 hands
 Were bare alone, sweeping from some
 strange harp
 Strange symphony, and in their branch-
 ing veins
 The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.
 The beating of her heart was heard to fill
 The pauses of her music, and her breath
 Tumultuously accorded with those fits
 Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,
 As if her heart impatiently endured
 Its bursting burthen: at the sound he
 turned,
 And saw by the warm light of their own
 life
 Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous
 veil
 Of woven wind, her outspread arms now
 bare,
 Her dark locks floating in the breath of
 night,
 Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips
 Outstretched, and pale, and quivering
 eagerly.
 His strong heart sunk and sickened with
 excess
 Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs
 and quelled
 His gasping breath, and spread his arms
 to meet
 Her panting bosom: . . . she drew back
 a while,
 Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,
 With frantic gesture and short breathless
 cry
 Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.
 Now blackness veiled his dizzy eyes, and
 night
 Involved and swallowed up the vision;
 sleep,
 Like a dark flood suspended in its course,
 Rolled back its impulse on his vacant
 brain.

Roused by the shock he started from his
 trance —
 The cold white light of morning, the blue
 moon
 Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,
 The distinct valley and the vacant woods,
 Spread round him where he stood.
 Whither have fled
 The hues of heaven that canopied his
 bower
 Of yesternight? The sounds that
 soothed his sleep,
 The mystery and the majesty of Earth,
 The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes
 Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly
 As ocean's moon looks on the moon in
 heaven.
 The spirit of sweet human love has sent
 A vision to the sleep of him who spurned
 Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues
 Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting
 shade;
 He overleaps the bounds. Alas! alas!
 Were limbs, and breath, and being inter-
 twined
 Thus treacherously? Lost, lost, for ever
 lost,
 In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep
 That beautiful shape! Does the dark
 gate of death
 Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,
 O Sleep? Does the bright arch of rain-
 bow clouds,
 And pendent mountains seen in the calm
 lake,
 Lead only to a black and watery depth,
 While death's blue vault, with loathliest
 vapors hung,
 Where every shade which the foul grave
 exhales
 Hides its dead eye from the detested day,
 Conduct, O Sleep, to thy delightful
 realms?
 This doubt with sudden tide flowed on his
 heart;
 The insatiate hope which it awakened
 stung
 His brain even like despair.
 While daylight held
 The sky, the Poet kept mute conference
 With his still soul. At night the passion
 came,
 Like the fierce fiend of a distempered
 dream
 And shook him from his rest, and led
 him forth

Into the darkness. — As an eagle, grasped
In folds of the green serpent, feels her
breast

Burn with the poison, and precipitates
Through night and day, tempest, and
calm, and cloud,

Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind
flight

O'er the wide æry wilderness: thus
driven

By the bright shadow of that lovely
dream,

Beneath the cold glare of the desolate
night,

Through tangled swamps and deep pre-
cipitous dells,

Startling with careless step the moonlight
snake,

He fled. Red morning dawned upon his
flight,

Shedding the mockery of its vital hues
Upon his cheek of death. He wandered
on

Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep,
Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud;

Through Balk, and where the desolated
tombs

Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind
Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered
on,

Day after day, a weary waste of hours,
Bearing within his life the brooding care
That ever fed on its decaying flame.

And not his limbs were lean; his scat-
tered hair

Sered by the autumn of strange suffering
Sung dirges in the wind; his listless hand
Hung like dead bone within its withered
skin;

Life, and the lustre that consumed it,
shone

As in a furnace burning secretly
From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,
Who ministered with human charity

His human wants, beheld with wondering
awe

Their fleeting visitant. The mountain-
eer,

Encountering on some dizzy precipice
That spectral form, deemed that the
Spirit of wind

With lightning eyes, and eager breath,
and feet

Disturbing not the drifted snow, had
paused

In its career: the infant would conceal

His troubled visage in his mother's robe
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,
To remember their strange light in many
a dream

Of after-times; but youthful maidens,
taught

By nature, would interpret half the woe
That wasted him, would call him with
false names

Brother, and friend, would press his
pallid hand

At parting, and watch, dim through tears,
the path

Of his departure from their father's door.

At length upon the lone Chorasmian
shore

He paused, a wide and melancholy waste
Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse
urged

His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was
there,

Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.
It rose as he approached, and with strong
wings

Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright
course

High over the immeasurable main.
His eyes pursued its flight. — "Thou hast
a home,

Beautiful bird; thou voyagest to thine
home,

Where thy sweet mate will twine her
downy neck

With thine, and welcome thy return with
eyes

Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.
And what am I that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying
notes,

Spirit more vast than thine, frame more
attuned

To beauty, wasting these surpassing
powers

In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and
heaven

That echoes not my thoughts?" A
gloomy smile

Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering
lips.

For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly
Its precious charge, and silent death
exposed,

Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,
With doubtful smile mocking its own
strange charms.

Startled by his own thoughts he looked
 around.
 There was no fair fiend near him, not a
 sight
 Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.
 A little shallop floating near the shore
 Caught the impatient wandering of his
 gaze.
 It had been long abandoned, for its sides
 Gaped wide with many a rift, and its
 frail joints
 Swayed with the undulations of the tide.
 A restless impulse urged him to embark
 And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's
 waste;
 For well he knew that mighty Shadow
 loves
 The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny, sea and
 sky
 Drank its inspiring radiance, and the
 wind
 Swept strongly from the shore, blackening
 the waves.
 Following his eager soul, the wanderer
 Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak
 aloft
 On the bare mast, and took his lonely
 seat,
 And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil
 sea
 Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats
 Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds
 Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly
 Along the dark and ruffled waters fled
 The straining boat. — A whirlwind swept
 it on,
 With fierce gusts and precipitating force,
 Through the white ridges of the chafed
 sea.
 The waves arose. Higher and higher
 still
 Their fierce necks writhed beneath the
 tempest's scourge
 Like serpents struggling in a vulture's
 grasp.
 Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war
 Of wave ruining on wave, and blast on
 blast
 Descending, and black flood on whirl-
 pool driven
 With dark obliterating course, he sate:
 As if their genii were the ministers

Appointed to conduct him to the light
 Of those beloved eyes, the Poet sate
 Holding the steady helm. Evening came
 on,
 The beams of sunset hung their rainbow
 hues
 High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted
 spray
 That canopied his path o'er the waste
 deep;
 Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
 Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided
 locks
 O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of
 day;
 Night followed, clad with stars. On
 every side
 More horribly the multitudinous streams
 Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual
 war
 Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as
 to mock
 The calm and spangled sky. The little
 boat
 Still fled before the storm; still fled, like
 foam
 Down the steep cataract of a wintry
 river;
 Now pausing on the edge of the riven
 wave;
 Now leaving far behind the bursting
 mass
 That fell, convulsing ocean. Safely
 fled —
 As if that frail and wasted human form,
 Had been an elemental god.
 At midnight
 The moon arose: and lo! the ethereal
 cliffs
 Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
 Among the stars like sunlight, and around
 Whose caverned base the whirlpools
 and the waves
 Bursting and eddying irresistibly
 Rage and resound for ever. — Who shall
 save? —
 The boat fled on, — the boiling torrent
 drove, —
 The crags closed round with black and
 jagged arms,
 The shattered mountains overhung the
 sea,
 And faster still, beyond all human speed,
 Suspended on the sweep of the smooth
 wave,
 The little boat was driven. A cavern there

Yawned, and amid its slant and winding
 depths
 Ingulfed the rushing sea. The boat fled
 on
 With unrelaxing speed. — "Vision and
 Love!"
 The Poet cried aloud, "I have beheld
 The path of thy departure. Sleep and
 death
 Shall not divide us long!"

The boat pursued

The windings of the cavern. Daylight
 shone
 At length upon that gloomy river's flow;
 Now, where the fiercest war among the
 waves
 Is calm, on the unfathomable stream
 The boat moved slowly. Where the
 mountain, riven,
 Exposed those black depths to the azure
 sky,
 Ere yet flood's enormous volume fell
 Even to the base of Caucasus, with sound
 That shook the everlasting rocks, the
 mass
 Filled with one whirlpool all that ample
 chasm;
 Stair above stair the eddying water rose,
 Circling immeasurably fast, and laved
 With alternating dash the gnarled roots
 Of mighty trees, that stretched their
 giant arms
 In darkness over it. I' the midst was left,
 Reflecting, yet distorting every cloud,
 A pool of treacherous and tremendous
 calm.
 Seized by the sway of the ascending
 stream,
 With dizzy swiftness, round, and round,
 and round,
 Ridge after ridge the straining boat arose,
 Till on the verge of the extremest curve,
 Where, through an opening of the rocky
 bank,
 The waters overflow, and a smooth spot
 Of glassy quiet mid those battling tides
 Is left, the boat paused shuddering. —
 Shall it sink
 Down the abyss? Shall the reverting
 stress
 Of that resistless gulf embosom it?
 Now shall it fall? — A wandering stream
 of wind,
 Breathed from the west, has caught the
 expanded sail,

And, lo! with gentle motion, between
 banks
 Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,
 Beneath a woven grove it sails, and hark!
 The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar,
 With the breeze murmuring in the musical
 woods.
 Where the embowering trees recede, and
 leave
 A little space of green expanse, the cove
 Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow
 flowers
 For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,
 Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave
 Of the boat's motion marred their pensive
 task,
 Which nought but vagrant bird, or wan-
 ton wind,
 Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay
 Had e'er disturbed before. The Poet
 longed
 To deck with their bright hues his with-
 ered hair,
 But on his heart its solitude returned,
 And he forbore. Not the strong impulse
 hid
 In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and
 shadowy frame
 Had yet performed its ministry: it hung
 Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud
 Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the
 floods
 Of night close over it.

The noonday sun

Now shone upon the forest, one vast
 mass
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnifi-
 cence
 A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge
 caves,
 Scooped in the dark base of their æry
 rocks
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for
 ever,
 The meeting boughs and implicated
 leaves
 Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led
 By love, or dream, or god, or mightier
 Death,
 He sought in Nature's dearest haunt,
 some bank,
 Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More
 dark
 And dark the shades accumulate. The
 oak,
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,

Embraces the light beech. The pyramids

Of the tall cedar overarching frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed

In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms,
flow around

The gray trunks, and, as gamesome infants' eyes,

With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,

Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,

These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs

Uniting their close union; the woven leaves

Make network of the dark blue light of day,

And the night's noontide clearness, mutable

As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns

Beneath these canopies extend their swells,

Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms

Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,

A soul-dissolving odor, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,

Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep

Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,

Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,

Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,

Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck

Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;

Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star

Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,

Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,

Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,

Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Hither the Poet came. His eyes beheld

Their own wan light through the reflected lines

Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth

Of that still fountain; as the human heart,
Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,
Sees its own treacherous likeness there.

He heard
The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung

Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel

An unaccustomed presence, and the sound

Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs

Of that dark fountain rose. A Spirit seemed

To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes

Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,
Borrowed from aught the visible world affords

Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;—
But undulating woods, and silent well,

And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom
Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming,

Held commune with him, as if he and it
Were all that was,—only . . . when his regard

Was raised by intense pensiveness, . . . two eyes,

Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,

And seemed with their serene and azure smiles

To beckon him.

Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went,

pursuing
The windings of the dell.—The rivulet

Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine

Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell

Among the moss with hollow harmony
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones

It danced; like childhood laughing as it
went:

Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud

That overhung its quietness.—“O
stream!

Whose source is inaccessible profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome
stillness,

Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow
gulfs,

Thy searchless fountain, and invisible
course

Have each their type in me: and the
wide sky,

And measureless ocean may declare as
soon

What oozy cavern or what wandering
cloud

Contains thy waters, as the universe
Tell where these living thoughts reside,
when stretched

Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall
waste

I’ the passing wind!”

Beside the grassy shore

Of the small stream he went; he did im-
press

On the green moss his tremulous step,
that caught

Strong shuddering from his burning
limbs. As one

Roused by some joyous madness from the
couch

Of fever, he did move; yet not like him
Forgetful of the grave, where, when the
flame

Of his frail exultation shall be spent,
He must descend. With rapid steps he
went

Beneath the shade of trees, beside the
flow

Of the wild babbling rivulet; and now
The forest’s solemn canopies were
changed

For the uniform and lightsome evening
sky.

Gray rocks did peep from the spare moss,
and stemmed

The struggling brook: tall spires of
windlestrae

Threw their thin shadows down the
rugged slope,

And nought but gnarled roots of ancient
pines

Branchless and blasted, clenched with
grasping roots

The unwilling soil. A gradual change
was here,

Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow
away,

The smooth brow gathers, and the hair
grows thin

And white, and where irradiate dewy
eyes

Had shone, gleam stony orbs:—so from
his steps

Bright flowers departed, and the beauti-
ful shade

Of the green groves, with all their odor-
ous winds

And musical motions. Calm, he still
pursued

The stream, that with a larger volume
now

Rolled through the labyrinthine dell,
and there

Fretted a path through its descending
curves

With its wintry speed. On every side
now rose

Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,
Lift their black and barren pinnacles

In the light of evening, and, its precipice
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,

Mid toppling stones, black gulfs and
yawning caves,

Whose windings gave ten thousand vari-
ous tongues

To the loud stream. Lo! where the pass
expands

Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain
breaks,

And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world: for wide expand

Beneath the wan stars and descending
moon

Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty
streams,

Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lus-
trous gloom

Of leaden-colored even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight, on
the verge

Of the remote horizon. The near scene,
In naked and severe simplicity,

Made contrast with the universe. A pine,
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the va-

cancy

Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant
blast

Yielding one only response, at each pause
In most familiar cadence, with the howl
The thunder and the hiss of homeless
streams

Mingling its solemn song, whilst the
broad river,

Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged
path,

Fell into that immeasurable void,
Scattering its waters to the passing
winds.

Yet the gray precipice and solemn
pine

And torrent were not all;— one silent
nook

Was there. Even on the edge of that
vast mountain,

Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked in its serenity

The dark earth, and the bending vault
of stars.

It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to
smile

Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining
arms,

And did embower with leaves for ever
green,

And berries dark, the smooth and even
space

Of its inviolated floor, and here
The children of the autumnal whirlwind
bore,

In wanton sport, those bright leaves,
whose decay,

Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
Rivals the pride of summer. 'Tis the
haunt

Of every gentle wind, whose breath can
teach

The wilds to love tranquillity. One
step,

One human step alone, has ever broken
The stillness of its solitude:— one voice

Alone inspired its echoes;— even that
voice

Which hither came, floating among the
winds,

And led the loveliest among human forms
To make their wild haunts the depository

Of all the grace and beauty that endued
Its motions, render up its majesty,

Scatter its music on the unfeeling storm,

And to the damp leaves and blue cavern
mould,

Nurses of rainbow flowers and branching
moss,

Commit the colors of that varying cheek,
That snowy breast, those dark and
drooping eyes.

The dim and hornèd moon hung low,
and poured

A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge
That overflowed its mountains. Yellow
mist

Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and
drank

Wan moonlight even to fulness: not a
star

Shone, not a sound was heard; the very
winds,

Danger's grim playmates, on that preci-
pice

Slept, clasped in his embrace. — O, storm
of death!

Whose sightless speed divides this sullen
night:

And thou, colossal Skeleton, that, still
Guiding its irresistible career

In thy devastating omnipotence,
Art king of this frail world, from the red
field

Of slaughter, from the reeking hospital,
The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy bed

Of innocence, the scaffold and the throne,
A mighty voice invokes thee. Ruin calls

His brother Death. A rare and regal
prey

He hath prepared, prowling around the
world;

Glutted with which thou mayst repose,
and men

Go to their graves like flowers or creep-
ing worms,

Nor ever more offer at thy dark shrine
The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.

When on the threshold of the green
recess

The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew
that death

Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,
Did he resign his high and holy soul

To images of the majestic past,
That paused within his passive being

now,
Like winds that bear sweet music, when
they breathe

Through some dim latticed chamber.

He did place

His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone
Reclined his languid head, his limbs did

rest,

Diffused and motionless, on the smooth
brink

Of that obscurest chasm;— and thus he

lay,

Surrendering to their final impulses

The hovering powers of life. Hope and
despair,

The torturers, slept; no mortal pain or
fear

Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,
And his own being unalloyed by pain,
Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed
The stream of thought, till he lay breath-
ing there

At peace, and faintly smiling:— his last
sight

Was the great moon, which o'er the
western line

Of the wide world her mighty horn sus-
pended,

With those dun beams inwoven darkness
seemed

To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills
It rests, and still as the divided frame
Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,
That ever beat in mystic sympathy
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler
still:

And when two lessening points of light
alone

Gleamed through the darkness, the alter-
nate gasp

Of his faint respiration scarce did stir
The stagnate night:— till the minutest

ray

Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in
his heart.

It paused—it fluttered. But when
heaven remained

Utterly black, the murky shades involved
An image, silent, cold, and motionless,
As their own voiceless earth and vacant
air.

Even as a vapor fed with golden beams
That ministered on sunlight, ere the west
Eclipses it, was now that wondrous
frame—

No sense, no motion, no divinity—

A fragile lute, on whose harmonious
strings

The breath of heaven did wander—a
bright stream

Once fed with many-voicèd waves—a
dream

Of youth, which night and time have
quenched forever,

Still, dark, and dry, and unremembered
now.

O, for Medea's wondrous alchemy,
Which wheresoe'er it fell made the earth
gleam

With bright flowers, and the wintry
boughs exhale

From vernal blooms fresh fragrance!
O, that God,

Profuse of poisons, would concede the
chalice

Which but one living man has drained,
who now

Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that
feels

No proud exemption in the blighting
curse

He bears, over the world wanders for
ever,

Lone as incarnate death! O, that the
dream

Of dark magician in his visioned cave,
Raking the cinders of a crucible

For life and power, even when his feeble
hand

Shakes in its last decay, were the true
law

Of this so lovely world! But thou art
fled

Like some frail exhalation; which the
dawn

Robes in its golden beams,— ah! thou
hast fled!

The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,
The child of grace and genius. Heartless
things

Are done and said i' the world, and
many worms

And beasts and men live on, and mighty
Earth

From sea and mountain, city and wilder-
ness,

In vesper low or joyous orison,
Lifts still its solemn voice:— but thou

art fled—

Thou canst no longer know or love the
shapes

Of this phantasmal scene, who have to
thee

Been purest ministers, who are, alas!
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips
So sweet even in their silence, on those
eyes

That image sleep in death, upon that
form

Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let
no tear

Be shed—not even in thought. Nor,
when those hues

Are gone, and those divinest lineaments
Worn by the senseless wind, shall live
alone

In the frail pauses of this simple strain,
Let not high verse, mourning the memory
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery
Their own cold powers. Art and elo-
quence,

And all the shows o' the world are frail
and vain

To reap a loss that turns their lights to
shade.

It is a woe too "deep for tears," when all
Is left at once, when some surpassing
Spirit,

Whose light adorned the world around it,
leaves

Those who remain behind, not sobs or
groans,

The passionate tumult of a clinging hope;
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human
things,

Birth and the grave, that are not as they
were.¹ 1815. March, 1816.

¹ None of Shelley's poems is more characteristic than this. The solemn spirit that reigns throughout, the worship of the majesty of nature, the broodings of a poet's heart in solitude—the mingling of the exulting joy which the various aspects of the visible universe inspires with the sad and struggling pangs which human passion imparts—give a touching interest to the whole. The death which he had often contemplated during the last months as certain and near he here represented in such colors as had, in his lonely musings, soothed his soul to peace. The versification sustains the solemn spirit which breathes throughout: it is peculiarly melodious. The poem ought rather to be considered didactic than narrative; it was the outpouring of his own emotions, embodied in the purest form he could conceive, painted in the ideal hues which his brilliant imagination inspired, and softened by the recent anticipation of death. (Mrs. Shelley's Note.)

The deeper meaning of *Alastor* is to be found, not in the thought of death nor in the poet's recent communings with nature, but in the motto from St. Augustine placed upon its title-page, and in the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, composed about a year

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats tho' unseen amongst us,—
visiting

This various world with as inconstant
wing

As summer winds that creep from flower
to flower,—

Like moonbeams that behind some piny
mountain shower,

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;

Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
Like clouds in starlight widely
spread,—

Like memory of music fled,—

Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost
shine upon

Of human thought or form,—where
art thou gone?

Why dost thou pass away and leave our
state,

This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and
desolate?

Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain
river,

Why aught should fail and fade that once
is shown,

Why fear and dream and death and
birth

Cast on the daylight of this earth

later. Enamored of ideal loveliness, the poet pursues his vision through the universe, vainly hoping to assuage the thirst which has been stimulated in his spirit, and vainly longing for some mortal realization of his love. *Alastor*, like *Epipsychidion*, reveals the mistake which Shelley made in thinking that the idea of beauty could become incarnate for him in any earthly form: while the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* recognizes the truth that such realization of the ideal is impossible. The very last letter written by Shelley sets the misconception in its proper light: "I think one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." But this Shelley discovered only with "the years that bring the philosophic mind," and when he was upon the very verge of his untimely death. (Symonds' *Life of Shelley*.)

Such gloom, — why man has such a
scope
For love and hate, despondency and
hope?

III

No voice from some sublimer world hath
ever

To sage or poet these responses
given —

Therefore the names of Demon,
Ghost, and Heaven,

Remain the records of their vain en-
deavor,

Frail spells — whose uttered charm might
not avail to sever,

From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone — like mist o'er moun-
tains driven,

Or music by the night wind sent,
Thro' strings of some still instru-
ment,

Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet
dream.

IV

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds
depart

And come, for some uncertain mo-
ments lent.

Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou
art,

Keep with thy glorious train firm state
within his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies,

That wax and wane in lovers' eyes —

Thou — that to human thought art
nourishment,

Like darkness to a dying flame!

Depart not as thy shadow came,

Depart not — lest the grave should
be,

Like life and fear, a dark reality.

V

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and
sped

Thro' many a listening chamber, cave
and ruin,

And starlight wood, with fearful steps
pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed
dead.

I called on poisonous names with which
our youth is fed;

I was not heard — I saw them not —

When musing deeply on the lot

Of life, at the sweet time when winds
are wooing

All vital things that wake to bring

News of birds and blossoming, —

Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;

I shrieked, and clasped my hands in
ecstasy!

VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine — have I not kept
the vow?

With beating heart and streaming eyes,
even now

I call the phantoms of a thousand
hours

Each from his voiceless grave: they have
in visioned bowers

Of studious zeal or love's delight

Outwatched with me the envious
night —

They know that never joy illumed my
brow

Unlinked with hope that thou
wouldst free

This world from its dark slavery,

That thou — O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words can-
not express.

VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past — there is a har-
mony

In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which thro' the summer is not heard or
seen,

As if it could not be, as if it had not
been!

Thus let thy power, which like the
truth

Of nature on my passive youth

Descended, to my onward life supply

Its calm — to one who worships
thee,

And every form containing thee,

Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did
bind

To fear himself, and love all human
kind.

1816. 1817.

MONT BLANC¹

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF
CHAMOUNI

THE everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its
rapid waves,
Now dark — now glittering — now reflecting gloom —
Now lending splendor, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters, — with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
Where waters and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve — dark, deep
Ravine —
Thou many-colored, many-voicèd vale,
Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail
Fast cloud shadows and sunbeams : awful scene,
Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down
From the ice gulfs that gird his secret throne,
Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame
Of lightning thro' the tempest; — thou dost lie,

¹ "Mont Blanc" was inspired by a view of that mountain and its surrounding peaks and valleys, as he lingered on the Bridge of Arve on his way through the Valley of Chamouni. Shelley makes the following mention of this poem in his publication of the *History of a Six Weeks' Tour, and Letters from Switzerland*: "The poem entitled *Mont Blanc* is written by the author of the two letters from Chamouni and Vevai. It was composed under the immediate impression of the deep and powerful feelings excited by the objects which it attempts to describe; and, as an undisciplined overflowing of the soul, rests its claim to approbation on an attempt to imitate the untamable wildness and inaccessible solemnity from which those feelings sprang." (From Mrs. Shelley's *Note on the Poems of 1816*.) Compare Coleridge's "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" (p. 109). Coleridge had never been in the Vale of Chamouni, and drew the suggestion and part of the substance of his Hymn from a poem by Frederike Brun.

Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
Children of elder time, in whose devotion
The chainless winds still come and ever came
To drink their odors, and their mighty swinging
To hear — an old and solemn harmony;
Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep
Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
Robes some unsculptured image; the strange sleep
Which when the voices of the desert fail
Wraps all in its own deep eternity; —
Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion,
A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame;
Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,
Thou art the path of that unresting sound —
Dizzy Ravine! and when I gaze on thee
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
To muse on my own separate phantasy,
My own, my human mind, which passively
Now renders and receives fast influencings,
Holding an unremitting interchange
With the clear universe of things around;
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
Seeking among the shadows that pass by
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep, — that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live. — I look on high;
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? or do I lie

In dream, and does the mightier world of
sleep

Spread far around and inaccessible
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep
to steep

That vanishes among the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears, — still, snowy, and
serene —

Its subject mountains their unearthly
forms

Pile around it, ice and rock; broad vales
between

Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that
spread

And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's
bone,

And the wolf tracks her there — how
hideously

Its shapes are heaped around! rude,
bare, and high,

Ghastly, and scarred, and riven. — Is this
the scene

Where the old Earthquake-demon taught
her young

Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a
sea

Of fire envelope once this silent snow?
None can reply — all seems eternal now.

The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so
mild,

So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with nature recon-
ciled;

Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to
repeal

Large codes of fraud and woe; not under-
stood

By all, but which the wise, and great,
and good

Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the
streams,

Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth; lightning and
rain,

Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurri-
cane,

The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep

Holds every future leaf and flower; —
the bound

With which from that detested trance
they leap;

The works and ways of man, their death
and birth,

And that of him and all that his may be;
All things that move and breathe with
toil and sound

Are born and die; revolve, subside and
swell.

Power dwells apart in its tranquillity
Remote, serene, and inaccessible:

And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,
On which I gaze, even these primeval
mountains

Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers
creep

Like snakes that watch their prey, from
their far fountains,

Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice,
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal
power

Have piled: dome, pyramid, and pin-
nacle,

A city of death, distinct with many a
tower

And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin

Is there, that from the boundaries of the
sky

Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are
strewn

Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand; the
rocks, drawn down

From yon remotest waste, have over-
thrown

The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-
place

Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes
its spoil;

Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race

Of man, flies far in dread; his work and
dwelling

Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's
stream,

And their place is not known. Below,
vast caves

Shine in the rushing torrents' restless
gleam,

Which from those secret chasms in tumult
welling

Meet in the vale, and one majestic River,

The breath and blood of distant lands,
 for ever
 Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
 Breathes its swift vapors to the circling
 air.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high:— the
 power is there,
 The still and solemn power of many
 sights,
 And many sounds, and much of life and
 death.

In the calm darkness of the moonless
 nights,
 In the lone glare of day, the snows descend

Upon that Mountain; none beholds
 them there,

Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking
 sun,

Or the star-beams dart through them:
 — Winds contend

Silently there, and heap the snow with
 breath

Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
 The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
 Keeps innocently, and like vapor broods
 Over the snow. The secret strength of
 things

Which governs thought, and to the infinite
 dome

Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!

And what were thou, and earth, and
 stars, and sea,

If to the human mind's imaginings

Silence and solitude were vacancy?

July 23, 1816. 1817.

TO MARY —

DEDICATION OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
 And I return to thee, mine own heart's
 home;

As to his Queen some victor Knight of
 Faëry,

Earning bright spoils for her enchanted
 dome;

Nor thou disdain that, ere my fame
 become

A star among the stars of mortal night,

If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,

Its doubtful promise thus I would unite

With thy beloved name, thou Child of
 love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many
 an hour

Is ended — and the fruit is at thy feet!
 No longer where the woods to frame a
 bower

With interlacèd branches mix and
 meet,

Or where, with sounds like many voices
 sweet,

Waterfalls leap among wild islands green
 Which framed for my lone boat a lone
 retreat

Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I
 be seen:

But beside thee, where still my heart
 has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear
 Friend, when first

The clouds which wrap this world
 from youth did pass.

I do remember well the hour which burst
 My spirit's sleep: a fresh Maydawn it
 was,

When I walked forth upon the glittering
 grass,

And wept, I knew not why: until there
 rose

From the near schoolroom voices that,
 alas!

Were but one echo from a world of
 woes —

The harsh and grating strife of tyrants
 and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands, and looked
 around,

But none was near to mock my stream-
 ing eyes,

Which poured their warm drops on the
 sunny ground —

So, without shame, I spake: — "I
 will be wise,

And just, and free, and mild, if in me
 lies

Such power, for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannize

Without reproach or check." I then
 controlled

My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was
 meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest
 thought

Heap knowledge from forbidden mines
 of lore.

Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or
taught

I cared to learn, but from that secret
store

Wrought linkèd armor for my soul,
before

It might walk forth to war among man-
kind;

Thus power and hope were strength-
ened more and more

Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which
I pined.

Alas that love should be a blight and
snare

To those who seek all sympathies in
one!—

Such once I sought in vain; then black
despair,

The shadow of a starless night, was
thrown

Over the world in which I moved alone :
Yet never found I one not false to me,
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of
icy stone

Which crushed and withered mine, that
could not be

Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by
thee.

Thou Friend, whose presence on my
wintry heart

Fell, like bright Spring upon some herb-
less plain,

How beautiful and calm and free thou
wert

In thy young wisdom, when the mortal
chain

Of Custom thou didst burst and rend
in twain,

And walk as free as light the clouds
among,

Which many an envious slave then
breathed in vain

From his dim dungeon, and my spirit
sprung

To meet thee from the woes which had
begirt it long!

No more alone through the world's wilder-
ness,

Although I trod the paths of high
intent,

I journeyed now: no more companion-
less,

Where solitude is like despair, I went.—

There is the wisdom of a stern content
When Poverty can blight the just and
good,

When Infamy dares mock the innocent,
And cherished friends turn with the
multitude

To trample: this was ours, and we un-
shaken stood!

Now has descended a serener hour,
And, with inconstant fortune, friends
return;

Though suffering leaves the knowledge
and the power

Which says "Let scorn be not repaid
with scorn."

And from thy side two gentle babes are
born

To fill our home with smiles, and thus
are we

Most fortunate beneath life's beaming
morn:

And these delights, and thou, have been
to me

The parents of the Song I consecrate to
thee.

Is it that now my inexperienced fingers
But strike the prelude of a loftier strain?

Or must the lyre on which my spirit
lingers

Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound
again,

Though it might shake the Anarch
Custom's reign,

And charm the minds of men to Truth's
own sway

Holier than was Amphion's? I would
fain

Reply in hope — but I am worn away,
And Death and Love are yet contending
for their prey.

And what art thou? I know, but dare
not speak:

Time may interpret to his silent years.
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful

cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead

wears,
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy

tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy

Is whispered, to subdue my fondest
fears:

And, through thine eyes, even in thy
soul I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from
thy birth,
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring
Child.

I wonder not—for One then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance
undefiled

Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee, through the tempests
dark and wild

Which shake these latter days; and thou
canst claim

The shelter, from thy Sire, of an immortal
name.

One voice came forth from many a mighty
spirit

Which was the echo of three-thousand
years;

And the tumultuous world stood mute
to hear it,

As some lone man who in a desert
hears:

The music of his home:—unwonted
fears

Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,
And Faith and Custom and low-
thoughted cares,

Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a
space

Left the torn human heart, their food
and dwelling-place.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among
mankind!

If there must be no response to my
cry—

If men must rise and stamp, with fury
blind,

On his pure name who loves them—
thou and I,

Sweet friend! can look from our
tranquillity

Like lamps into the world's tempestuous
night,—

Two tranquil stars, while clouds are
passing by

Which wrap them from the foundering
seaman's sight,

That burn from year to year with unex-
tinguished light.

1817. 1818.

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs
of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them, on the
sand,

Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
frown,

And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold
command,

Tell that its sculptor well those passions
read

Which yet survive, stamped on these life-
less things,

The hand that mocked them and the
heart that fed:

And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and de-
spair!"

Nothing beside remains. Round the
decay

Of that colossal wreck, boundless and
bare

The lone and level sands stretch far
away.

1817. 1818.

ON A FADED VIOLET

THE odor from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The color from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,— my tears revive it not!
I sigh,— it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

1818. 1821.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,

Drifting on his dreary way,
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track :
 Whilst above the sunless sky,
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
 And behind the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity ;
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore
 Still recedes, as ever still
 Longing with divided will,
 But no power to seek or shun,
 He is ever drifted on
 O'er the unrepousing wave
 To the haven of the grave.
 What, if there no friends will greet ;
 What, if there no heart will meet
 His with love's impatient beat ;
 Wander wheresoe'er he may,
 Can he dream before that day
 To find refuge from distress
 In friendship's smile, in love's caress ?
 Then 'twill wreak him little woe
 Whether such there be or no :
 Senseless is the breast, and cold,
 Which relenting love would fold ;
 Bloodless are the veins and chill
 Which the pulse of pain did fill ;
 Every little living nerve
 That from bitter words did swerve
 Round the tortured lips and brow,
 Are like sapless leaflets now
 Frozen upon December's bough.
 On the beach of a northern sea
 Which tempests shake eternally,
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
 Lies a solitary heap,
 One white skull and seven dry bones,
 On the margin of the stones,
 Where a few gray rushes stand,
 Boundaries of the sea and land :
 Nor is heard one voice of wail
 But the sea-mews, as they sail
 O'er the billows of the gale ;
 Or the whirlwind up and down
 Howling, like a slaughtered town,
 When a king in glory rides
 Through the pomp of fratricides :
 Those unburied bones around
 There is many a mournful sound ;

There is no lament for him,
 Like a sunless vapor, dim,
 Who once clothed with life and thought
 What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
 In the waters of wide Agony :
 To such a one this morn was led
 My bark by soft winds piloted :
 'Mid the mountains Euganean
 I stood listening to the pæan,
 With which the legioned rooks did hail
 The sun's uprise majestic ;
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Thro' the dewy mist they soar
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky,
 So their plumes of purple grain,
 Starred with drops of golden rain,
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,
 As in silent multitudes
 On the morning's fitful gale
 Thro' the broken mist they sail,
 And the vapors cloven and gleaming
 Follow down the dark steep streaming,
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,
 Bounded by the vaporous air,
 Islanded by cities fair ;
 Underneath day's azure eyes
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls,
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline ;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
 Shine like obelisks of fire,
 Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise,
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City, thou hast been
 Ocean's child, and then his queen;
 Now is come a darker day,
 And thou soon must be his prey,
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier.
 A less drear ruin than than now,
 With thy conquest-branded brow
 Stooping to the slave of slaves
 From thy throne, among the waves
 Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state,
 Save where many a palace gate
 With green sea-flowers overgrown
 Like a rock of ocean's own,
 Topples o'er the abandoned sea
 As the tides change sullenly.
 The fisher on his watery way,
 Wandering at the close of day,
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
 Lead a rapid masque of death
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
 Quivering through ærial gold,
 As I now behold them here,
 Would imagine not they were
 Sepulchres, where human forms,
 Like pollution-nourished worms
 To the corpse of greatness cling,
 Murdered, and now mouldering:
 But if Freedom should awake
 In her omnipotence, and shake
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold
 All the keys of dungeons cold,
 Where a hundred cities lie
 Chained like thee, ingloriously,
 Thou and all thy sister band
 Might adorn this sunny land,
 Twining memories of old time
 With new virtues more sublime;
 If not, perish thou and they,
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day
 By her sun consumed away,
 Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
 In the waste of years and hours,
 From your dust new nations spring
 With more kindly blossoming.
 Perish — let there only be
 Floating o'er thy hearthless sea
 As the garment of thy sky

Clothes the world immortally,
 One remembrance, more sublime
 Than the tattered pall of time,
 Which scarce hides thy visage wan; —
 That a tempest-cleaving Swan¹
 Of the songs of Albion,
 Driven from his ancestral streams
 By the might of evil dreams,
 Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
 Welcomed him with such emotion
 That its joy grew his, and sprung
 From his lips like music flung
 O'er a mighty thunder-fit
 Chastening terror: — what though yet
 Poesy's unfailing River,
 Which thro' Albion winds for ever
 Lashing with melodious wave
 Many a sacred Poet's grave,
 Mourn its latest nursling fled?
 What though thou with all thy dead
 Scarce can for this fame repay
 Aught thine own? oh, rather say,
 Though thy sins and slaveries foul
 Overcloud a sunlike soul? —
 As the ghost of Homer clings
 Round Scamander's wasting springs;
 As divinest Shakespere's might
 Fills Avon and the world with light
 Like omniscient power which he
 Imaged 'mid mortality;
 As the love from Petrarch's urn,
 Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
 A quenchless lamp by which the heart
 Sees things unearthly; — so thou art
 Mighty spirit — so shall be
 The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
 Like thought-winged Liberty,
 Till the universal light
 Seems to level plain and height;
 From the sea a mist has spread,
 And the beams of morn lie dead
 On the towers of Venice now,
 Like its glory long ago.
 By the skirts of that gray cloud
 Many-domèd Padua proud
 Stands, a peopled solitude,
 'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
 Where the peasant heaps his grain
 In the garner of his foe,
 And the milk-white oxen slow
 With the purple vintage strain,
 Heaped upon the creaking wain,

¹ Byron.

That the brutal Celt may swell
 Drunken sleep with savage will;
 And the sickle to the sword
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,
 Overgrows this region's foison,
 Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
 To destruction's harvest home:
 Men must reap the things they sow,
 Force from force must ever flow,
 Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
 That love or reason cannot change
 The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
 Those mute guests at festivals,
 Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
 Played at dice for Ezzelin,
 Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
 And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
 But Death promised, to assuage her,
 That he would petition for
 Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
 When the destined years were o'er,
 Over all between the Po
 And the eastern Alpine snow,
 Under the mighty Austrian.
 Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
 And since that time, ay, long before,
 Both have ruled from shore to shore,
 That incestuous pair, who follow
 Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
 As Repentance follows Crime,
 And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
 Padua, now no more is burning;
 Like a meteor, whose wild way
 Is lost over the grave of day,
 It gleams betrayed and to betray:
 Once remotest nations came
 To adore that sacred flame,
 When it lit not many a hearth
 On this cold and gloomy earth:
 Now new fires from antique light
 Spring beneath the wide world's might
 But their spark lies dead in thee,
 Trampled out by tyranny.
 As the Norway woodman quells,
 In the depth of piny dells,
 One light flame among the brakes,
 While the boundless forest shakes,
 And its mighty trunks are torn
 By the fire thus lowly born:
 The spark beneath his feet is dead,
 He starts to see the flames it fed

Howling through the darkened sky
 With a myriad tongues victoriously,
 And sinks down in fear: so thou,
 O Tyranny, beholdest now
 Light around thee, and thou hearest
 The loud flames ascend, and fearest:
 Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
 In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now:
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
 When a soft and purple mist
 Like a vaporous amethyst,
 Or an air-dissolvèd star
 Mingling light and fragrance, far
 From the curved horizon's bound
 To the point of heaven's profound,
 Fills the overflowing sky:
 And the plains that silent lie
 Underneath, the leaves unsodden
 Where the infant frost has trodden
 With his morning-wingèd feet,
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
 And the red and golden vines,
 Piercing with their trellised lines
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
 The dun and bladed grass no less,
 Pointing from this hoary tower
 In the windless air; the flower
 Glimmering at my feet; the line
 Of the olive-sandalled Apennine,
 In the south dimly islanded;
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread
 High between the clouds and sun;
 And of living things each one;
 And my spirit which so long
 Darkened this swift stream of song,
 Interpenetrated lie
 By the glory of the sky:
 Be it love, light, harmony,
 Odor or the soul of all
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
 Or the mind which feeds this verse
 Peopling the lone universe.
 Noon descends, and after noon
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,
 Leading the infantine moon,
 And that one star, which to her
 Almost seems to minister
 Half the crimson light she brings
 From the sunset's radiant springs:
 And the soft dreams of the morn
 (Which like wingèd winds had borne
 To that silent isle, which lies
 'Mid remembered agonies,
 The frail bark of this lone being)

Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony :
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine :
We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envyng us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude ;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves ;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood :
They, not it, would change ; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

October, 1818. 1819.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear,
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,

The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Soli-
tude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds
strown ;

I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers,
thrown :

I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet ! did any heart now share in
my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory
crowned —

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround —
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another
measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last
monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in
memory yet. *1818. 1824.*

SONNET: ENGLAND IN 1819

AN old, mad, blind, despised, and dying
king, —
Princes, the dregs of their dull race who
flow

#3 turns: (air) leaves, (water) 273

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and
 fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed
 in air)
 With living hues and odors plain and hill;
 Wild Spirit, which art moving every-
 where;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, Oh hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep
sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves
are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven
and Ocean, (clouds like leaves)
Angels of rain and lightning: there are
spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the
head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim
verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm.
Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing
night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst:
Oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer
dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline
streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and
flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of
Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the
leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic
red.

Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold
and low.

Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

¹ This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it. (*Shelley's note.*)

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far
below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which
wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with
fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves:
Oh hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over
heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore
need.

Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and
bowed

One too like thee: *tameless*, and swift,
and proud.

v

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal
tone,

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new
birth!

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
kind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth

wind not much sand in poem
except V stanza.

wind glows like a prophet
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far be-
hind? 1819. 1820.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how!
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
And the Champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart; —
As I must on thine,
O! beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast; —
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

1819. 1822.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE Fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine? —

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

1819. 1819.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND¹

A LYRICAL DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

AUDISNE HAEC AMPHIARAE, SUB TERRAM ABDITE?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PROMETHEUS	MERCURY
DEMOCORON	HERCULES
JUPITER	ASIA
THE EARTH	PANTHEA
OCEAN	IONE
APOLLO	} Oceanides
THE PHANTASM OF JUPITER	
THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH	
THE SPIRIT OF THE MOON	
SPIRITS OF THE HOURS	
SPIRITS. ECHOES. FAUNS. FURIES	

ACT I

SCENE — A RAVINE OF ICY ROCKS IN THE INDIAN CAUCASUS.

PROMETHEUS *is discovered bound to the Precipice. PANTHEA and IONE are seated at his feet. Time, night. During the Scene, morning slowly breaks.*

Prometheus. Monarch of Gods and Demons, and all Spirits

But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds

Which Thou and I alone of living things Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth

Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou

Requitest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,

And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,

With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.

Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate, Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn

O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.

Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,

And moments aye divided by keen pangs Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,

Scorn and despair, — these are mine empire; —

More glorious far than that which thou surveyest

From thine unenvied throne, O, Mighty God!

Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame

Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling

mountain, Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,

Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life. Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.

I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?

I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun, Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or

calm, Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,

Have its deaf waves not heard my agony? Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears

Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains

Eat with their burning cold into my bones,

Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips

His beak in poison not his own, tears up My heart; and shapeless sights come

wandering by, The ghastly people of the realm of dream,

Mocking me: and the Earthquake-fiends are charged

To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds

When the rocks split and close again behind:

While from their loud abysses howling throng

The genii of the storm, urging the rage Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.

¹ See note at the end of the poem.

And yet to me welcome is day and
 night,
 Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the
 morn,
 Or starry, dim, and slow, the other
 climbs
 The leaden-colored east; for then they
 lead
 The wingless, crawling hours, one among
 whom
 — As some dark Priest hailes the reluctant
 victim —
 Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the
 blood
 From these pale feet, which then might
 trample thee
 If they disdained not such a prostrate
 slave.
 Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What
 ruin
 Will hunt thee undefended thro' the wide
 Heaven!
 How will thy soul, cloven to its depth
 with terror,
 Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,
 Not exultation, for I hate no more,
 As then ere misery made me wise. The
 curse
 Once breathed on thee I would recall.
 Ye Mountains,
 Whose many-voicèd Echoes, through the
 mist
 Of cataracts, flung the thunder of that
 spell!
 Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinkling
 frost,
 Which vibrated to hear me, and then
 crept
 Shuddering thro' India! Thou serenest
 Air,
 Thro' which the Sun walks burning with-
 out beams!
 And ye swift Whirlwinds, who on poisèd
 wings
 Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed
 abyss,
 As thunder, louder than your own, made
 rock
 The orbèd world! If then my words had
 power,
 Though I am changed so that aught evil
 wish
 Is dead within; although no memory be
 Of what is hate, let them not lose it now!
 What was that curse? for ye all heard
 me speak.

First Voice (from the Mountains)

Thrice three hundred thousand years
 O'er the Earthquake's couch we stood:
 Oft, as men convulsed with fears,
 We trembled in our multitude.

Second Voice (from the Springs)

Thunderbolts had parched our water,
 We had been stained with bitter blood,
 And had run mute, 'mid shrieks of
 slaughter,
 Thro' a city and a solitude.

Third Voice (from the Air)

I had clothed, since Earth uprose,
 Its wastes in colors not their own,
 And oft had my serene repose
 Been cloven by many a rending groan.

Fourth Voice (from the Whirlwinds)

We had soared beneath these mountains
 Unresting ages; nor had thunder,
 Nor yon volcano's flaming fountains,
 Nor any power above or under
 Ever made us mute with wonder.

First Voice

But never bowed our snowy crest
 As at the voice of thine unrest.

Second Voice

Never such a sound before
 To the Indian waves we bore.
 A pilot asleep on the howling sea
 Leaped up from the deck in agony,
 And heard, and cried, "Ah, woe is me!"
 And died as mad as the wild waves be.

Third Voice

By such dread words from Earth to
 Heaven
 My still realm was never riven;
 When its wound was closed, there stood
 Darkness o'er the day like blood.

Fourth Voice

And we shrank back; for dreams of ruin
 To frozen caves our flight pursuing
 Made us keep silence — thus — and
 thus —
 Though silence is a hell to us.

The Earth. The tongueless Caverns of
the craggy hills
Cried "Misery!" then; the hollow
Heaven replied,
"Misery!" and the Ocean's purple
waves,
Climbing the land, howled to the lashing
winds,
And the pale nations heard it, "Misery!"

Prometheus. I hear a sound of voices:
not the voice
Which I gave forth. Mother, thy sons
and thou
Scorn him, without whose all-enduring
will
Beneath the fierce omnipotence of Jove,
Both they and thou had vanished, like
thin mist
Unrolled on the morning wind. Know ye
not me,
The Titan? He who made his agony
The barrier to your else all-conquering
foe?

Oh, rock-embosomed lawns, and snow-
fed streams,
Now seem athwart froze vapors, deep
below,
Thro' whose o'ershadowing woods I
wandered once
With Asia, drinking life from her loved
eyes;
Why scorns the spirit which informs ye,
now
To commune with me? me alone, who
checked,
As one who checks a fiend-drawn
charioteer,
The falsehood and the force of him who
reigns
Supreme, and with the groans of pining
slaves
Fills your dim glens and liquid wilder-
nesses:

Why answer ye not, still? Brethren!

The Earth. They dare not.
Prometheus. Who dares? for I would
hear that curse again.

Ha, what an awful whisper rises up!
'Tis scarce like sound; it tingles thro'
the frame
As lightning tingles, hovering ere it
strike.

Speak, Spirit! from thine inorganic voice
I only know that thou art moving near
And love. How cursed I him?

The Earth. How canst thou hear

Who knowest not the language of the
dead?

Prometheus. Thou art a living spirit:
speak as they.

The Earth. I dare not speak like life,
lest Heaven's fell King
Should hear, and link me to some wheel
of pain

More torturing than the one whereon I
roll.

Subtle thou art and good, and tho' the
Gods

Hear not this voice, yet thou art more
than God

Being wise and kind: earnestly hearken
now.

Prometheus. Obscurely thro' my brain,
like shadows dim,

Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick.
I feel

Faint, like one mingled in entwining love;
Yet 'tis not pleasure.

The Earth. No, thou canst not hear;
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is
known

Only to those who die.

Prometheus. And what art thou,
O, melancholy Voice?

The Earth. I am the Earth,
Thy mother; she within whose stony
veins,

To the last fibre of the loftiest tree
Whose thin leaves trembled in the frozen
air,

Joy ran, as blood within a living frame,
When thou didst from her bosom, like a
cloud

Of glory arise, a spirit of keen joy!
And at thy voice her pining sons uplifted

Their prostrate brows from the polluting
dust,

And our almighty Tyrant with fierce
dread

Grew pale, until his thunder chained thee
here.

Then, see those million worlds which
burn and roll

Around us: their inhabitants beheld
My sphered light wane in wide Heaven;
the sea

Was lifted by strange tempest, and new
fire

From earthquake-rifted mountains of
bright snow

Shook its portentous hair beneath
Heaven's frown;

Lightning and Inundation vexed the
 plains;
 Blue thistles bloomed in cities; foodless
 toads
 Within voluptuous chambers panting
 crawled:
 When Plague had fallen on man, and
 beast and worm,
 And Famine; and black blight on herb
 and tree;
 And in the corn, and vines, and meadow-
 grass,
 Teemed ineradicable poisonous weeds
 Draining their growth, for my wan breast
 was dry
 With grief; and the thin air, my breath,
 was stained
 With the contagion of a mother's hate
 Breathed on her child's destroyer; aye,
 I heard
 Thy curse, the which, if thou rememberest
 not,
 Yet my innumerable seas and streams,
 Mountains, and caves, and winds, and
 yon wide air,
 And the inarticulate people of the dead,
 Preserve, a treasured spell. We meditate
 In secret joy and hope those dreadful
 words
 But dare not speak them.

Prometheus. Venerable mother!

All else who live and suffer take from
 thee
 Some comfort; flowers, and fruits, and
 happy sounds,
 And love, though fleeting; these may
 not be mine.
 But mine own words, I pray, deny me
 not.

The Earth. They shall be told. Ere
 Babylon was dust,
 The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
 Met his own image walking in the garden.
 That apparition, sole of men, he saw.
 For know there are two worlds of life and
 death:
 One that which thou beholdest; but the
 other
 Is underneath the grave, where do in-
 habit
 The shadows of all forms that think and
 live
 Till death unite them and they part no
 more;
 Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
 And all that fate creates or love desires,

Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous
 shapes.
 There thou art, and dost hang, a writhing
 shade,
 'Mid whirlwind-peopled mountains; all
 the gods
 Are there, and all the powers of nameless
 worlds,
 Vast, sceptred phantoms; heroes, men,
 and beasts;
 And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom;
 And he, the supreme Tyrant, on his
 throne
 Of burning gold. Son, one of these shall
 utter
 The curse which all remember. Call at will
 Thine own ghost, or the ghost of Jupiter,
 Hades or Typhon, or what mightier Gods
 From all-prolific Evil, since thy ruin
 Have sprung, and trampled on my pros-
 trate sons.
 Ask, and they must reply: so the revenge
 Of the Supreme may sweep thro' vacant
 shades,
 As rainy wind thro' the abandoned gate
 Of a fallen palace.
Prometheus. Mother, let not aught
 Of that which may be evil, pass again
 My lips, or those of aught resembling me.
 Phantasm of Jupiter, arise, appear!

Ione

My wings are folded o'er mine ears:
 My wings are crossed o'er mine eyes:
 Yet thro' their silver shade appears,
 And thro' their lulling plumes arise,
 A Shape, a throng of sounds;
 May it be no ill to thee
 O thou of many wounds!
 Near whom, for our sweet sister's sake,
 Ever thus we watch and wake.

Panthea

The sound is of whirlwind under-
 ground,
 Earthquake, and fire, and mountains
 cloven;
 The shape is awful like the sound,
 Clothed in dark purple, star-inwoven.
 A sceptre of pale gold
 To stay steps proud, o'er the slow
 cloud
 His veined hand doth hold.
 Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,
 Like one who does, not suffers wrong.

Phantasm of Jupiter. Why have the
secret powers of this strange world
Driven me, a frail and empty phantom,
hither

On direst storms? What unaccustomed
sounds

Are hovering on my lips, unlike the voice
With which our pallid race hold ghastly
talk

In darkness? And, proud sufferer, who
art thou?

Prometheus. Tremendous Image, as
thou art must be

He whom thou shadowest forth. I am
his foe,

The Titan. Speak the words which I
would hear,

Although no thought inform thine empty
voice.

The Earth. Listen! And tho' your
echoes must be mute,

Gray mountains, and old woods, and
haunted springs,

Prophetic caves, and isle-surrounding
streams,

Rejoice to hear what yet ye cannot speak.

Phantasm. A spirit seizes me and
speaks within:

It tears me as fire tears a thunder-cloud.

Panthea. See, how he lifts his mighty
looks, the Heaven

Darkens above.

Ione. He speaks! O shelter me!

Prometheus. I see the curse on
gestures proud and cold,

And looks of firm defiance, and calm
hate,

And such despair as mocks itself with
smiles,

Written as on a scroll: yet speak: Oh,
speak!

Phantasm

Fiend, I defy thee! with a calm, fixed
mind,

All that thou canst inflict I bid thee
do;

Foul Tyrant both of Gods and Human-
kind,

One only being shalt thou not sub-
due.

Rain then thy plagues upon me here,
Ghastly disease, and frenzying fear;

And let alternate frost and fire

Eat into me, and be thine ire

Lightning, and cutting hail, and legioned
forms

Of furies, driving by upon the wounding
storms.

Ay, do thy worst. Thou art omnipo-
tent.

O'er all things but thyself I gave thee
power,

And my own will. Be thy swift mis-
chiefs sent

To blast mankind, from yon ethereal
tower.

Let thy malignant spirit move

In darkness over those I love:

On me and mine I imprecate

The utmost torture of thy hate;

And thus devote to sleepless agony,

This undecending head, while thou must
reign on high.

But thou, who art the God and Lord:
O, thou,

Who fillest with thy soul this world
of woe,

To whom all things of Earth and
Heaven do bow

In fear and worship: all-prevailing
foe!

I curse thee! let a sufferer's curse

Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse;

Till thine Infinity shall be

A robe of envenomed agony;

And thine Omnipotence a crown of pain,
To cling like burning gold round thy dis-
solving brain.

Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this
Curse

Ill deeds, then be thou damned, be-
holding good;

Both infinite as is the universe,

And thou, and thy self-torturing soli-
tude.

An awful image of calm power

Though now thou sittest, let the hour

Come, when thou must appear to be

That which thou art internally.

And after many a false and fruitless
crime

Scorn track thy lagging fall thro' bound-
less space and time.

Prometheus. Were these my words,
O, Parent?

The Earth. They were thine.

Prometheus. It doth repent me : words
are quick and vain ;
Grief for awhile is blind, and so was
mine.
I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

The Earth

Misery, Oh misery to me,
That Jove at length should vanquish
thee.
Wail, howl aloud, Land and Sea,
The Earth's rent heart shall answer ye.
Howl, Spirits of the living and the
dead,
Your refuge, your defence lies fallen and
vanquishèd.

First Echo

Lies fallen and vanquishèd !

Second Echo

Fallen and vanquishèd !

Ione

Fear not : 'tis but some passing spasm
The Titan is unvanquished still.
But see, where thro' the azure chasm
Of yon forked and snowy hill
Trampling the slant winds on high
With golden-sandalled feet, that
glow
Under plumes of purple dye,
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
A Shape comes now,
Stretching on high from his right hand
A serpent-cinctured wand.

Panthea. 'Tis Jove's world-wandering
herald, Mercury.

Ione

And who are those with hydra tresses
And iron wings that climb the wind,
Whom the frowning God represses
Like vapors streaming up behind,
Clanging loud, an endless crowd —

Panthea

These are Jove's tempest-walking
hounds,
Whom he gluts with groans and blood,
When charioted on sulphurous cloud
He bursts Heaven's bounds.

Ione

Are they now led, from the thin dead
On new pangs to be fed?

Panthea

The Titan looks as ever, firm, not proud.

First Fury. Ha ! I scent life !

Second Fury. Let me but look into his
eyes !

Third Fury. The hope of torturing
him smells like a heap
Of corpses, to a death-bird after battle.

First Fury. Darest thou delay, O
Herald ! take cheer, Hounds
Of Hell : what if the Son of Maia soon
Should make us food and sport — who
can please long

The Omnipotent ?

Mercury. Back to your towers of
iron,

And gnash, beside the streams of fire
and wail,

Your foodless teeth. Geryon, arise !
and Gorgon,

Chimæra, and thou Sphinx, subtlest of
fiends

Who ministered to Thebes Heaven's
poisoned wine,

Unnatural love, and more unnatural
hate :

These shall perform your task.

First Fury. Oh, mercy ! mercy !
We die with our desire : drive us not
back !

Mercury. Crouch then in silence.

Awful Sufferer

To thee unwilling, most unwillingly
I come, by the great Father's will driven
down,

To execute a doom of new revenge.

Alas ! I pity thee, and hate myself

That I can do no more : aye from thy
sight

Returning, for a season, Heaven seems
Hell,

So thy worn form pursues me night and
day,

Smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm
and good,

But vainly wouldst stand forth alone in
strife

Against the Omnipotent ; as yon clear
lamps

That measure and divide the weary years

From which there is no refuge, long have
 taught
 And long must teach. Even now thy
 Torturer arms
 With the strange might of unimagined
 pains
 The powers who scheme slow agonies in
 Hell,
 And my commission is to lead them here,
 Or what more subtle, foul, or savage
 fiends
 People the abyss, and leave them to their
 task.
 Be it not so! there is a secret known
 To thee, and to none else of living things,
 Which may transfer the sceptre of wide
 Heaven,
 The fear of which perplexes the Su-
 preme:
 Clothe it in words, and bid it clasp his
 throne
 In intercession; bend thy soul in prayer,
 And like a suppliant in some gorgeous
 fane,
 Let the will kneel within thy haughty
 heart:
 For benefits and meek submission tame
 The fiercest and the mightiest.
Prometheus. Evil minds
 Change good to their own nature. I
 gave all
 He has; and in return he chains me here
 Years, ages, night and day: whether the
 Sun
 Split my parched skin, or in the moony
 night
 The crystal-wingèd snow cling round my
 hair:
 Whilst my beloved race is trampled down
 By his thought-executing ministers.
 Such is the tyrant's recompense: 'tis
 just:
 He who is evil can receive no good;
 And for a world bestowed, or a friend lost,
 He can feel hate, fear, shame; not grati-
 tude:
 He but requites me for his own misdeed.
 Kindness to such is keen reproach, which
 breaks
 With bitter stings the light sleep of
 Revenge.
 Submission, thou dost know I cannot
 try:
 For what submission but that fatal word,
 The death-seal of mankind's captivity,
 Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword,

Which trembles o'er his crown, would he
 accept,
 Or could I yield? Which yet I will not
 yield.
 Let others flatter Crime, where it sits
 throned
 In brief Omnipotence: secure are they:
 For Justice, when triumphant, will weep
 down
 Pity, not punishment, on her own wrongs,
 Too much avenged by those who err. I
 wait,
 Enduring thus, the retributive hour
 Which since we spake is even nearer
 now.
 But hark, the hell-hounds clamor: fear
 delay:
 Behold! Heaven lowers under thy
 Father's frown.
Mercury. Oh, that we might be spared:
 I to inflict
 And thou to suffer! Once more answer
 me:
 Thou knowest not the period of Jove's
 power?
Prometheus. I know but this, that it
 must come.
Mercury. Alas!
 Thou canst not count thy years to come of
 pain?
Prometheus. They last while Jove
 must reign: nor more, nor less
 Do I desire or fear.
Mercury. Yet pause, and plunge
 Into Eternity, where recorded time,
 Even all that we imagine, age on age,
 Seems but a point, and the reluctant
 mind
 Flags wearily in its unending flight,
 Till it sink, dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless;
 Perchance it has not numbered the slow
 years
 Which thou must spend in torture, unre-
 priev'd?
Prometheus. Perchance no thought
 can count them, yet they pass.
Mercury. If thou might'st dwell
 among the Gods the while
 Lapped in voluptuous joy?
Prometheus. I would not quit
 This bleak ravine, these unrepentant
 pains.
Mercury. Alas! I wonder at, yet
 pity thee.
Prometheus. Pity the self-despising
 slaves of Heaven,

Not me, within whose mind sits peace
 serene,
 As light in the sun, throned : how vain is
 talk !

Call up the fiends.

Ione. O, sister, look ! White fire
 Has cloven to the roots yon huge snow-
 loaded cedar ;
 How fearfully God's thunder howls
 behind !

Mercury. I must obey his words and
 thine : alas !

Most heavily remorse hangs at my heart !

Panthea. See where the child of
 Heaven, with wingèd feet,
 Runs down the slanted sunlight of the
 dawn.

Ione. Dear sister, close thy plumes
 over thine eyes

Lest thou behold and die : they come :
 they come

Blackening the birth of day with count-
 less wings,

And hollow underneath, like death.

First Fury. Prometheus !

Second Fury. Immortal Titan !

Third Fury. Champion of
 Heaven's slaves !

Prometheus. He whom some dreadful
 voice invokes is here,

Prometheus, the chained Titan. Hor-
 rible forms,

What and who are ye ? Never yet there
 came

Phantasms so foul thro' monster-teeming
 Hell

From the all-miscreative brain of Jove ;
 Whilst I behold such execrable shapes,

Methinks I grow like what I contem-
 plate,

And laugh and stare in loathsome sym-
 pathy.

First Fury. We are the ministers of
 pain, and fear,

And disappointment, and mistrust, and
 hate,

And clinging crime ; and as lean dogs
 pursue

Thro' wood and lake some struck and
 sobbing fawn,

We track all things that weep, and bleed,
 and live,

When the great King betrays them to our
 will.

Prometheus. Oh ! many fearful na-
 tures in one name,

I know ye ; and these lakes and echoes
 know

The darkness and the clangor of your
 wings.

But why more hideous than your loathèd
 selves

Gather ye up in legions from the deep ?
Second Fury. We knew not that :

Sisters, rejoice, rejoice !

Prometheus. Can aught exult in its
 deformity ?

Second Fury. The beauty of delight
 makes lovers glad,

Gazing on one another : so are we.

As from the rose which the pale priestess
 kneels

To gather for her festal crown of flowers
 The aërial crimson falls, flushing her
 cheek,

So from our victim's destined agony
 The shade which is our form invests us

round,

Else we are shapeless as our mother
 Night.

Prometheus. I laugh your power, and
 his who sent you here,

To lowest scorn. Pour forth the cup of
 pain.

First Fury. Thou thinkest we will
 rend thee bone from bone,

And nerve from nerve, working like fire
 within ?

Prometheus. Pain is my element, as
 hate is thine ;

Ye rend me now : I care not.

Second Fury. Dost imagine

We will but laugh into thy lidless eyes ?
Prometheus. I weigh not what ye do,

but what ye suffer,

Being evil. Cruel was the power which
 called

You, or aught else so wretched, into light.

Third Fury. Thou think'st we will
 live thro' thee, one by one,

Like animal life, and tho' we can obscure
 not

The soul which burns within, that we
 will dwell

Beside it, like a vain loud multitude

Vexing the self-content of wisest men :

That we will be dread thought beneath
 thy brain,

And foul desire round thine astonished
 heart,

And blood within thy labyrinthine veins
 Crawling like agony.

Prometheus. Why, ye are thus now;
Yet am I king over myself, and rule
The torturing and conflicting throngs
within,
As Jove rules you when Hell grows
mutinous.

Chorus of Furies

From the ends of the earth, from the
ends of the earth,
Where the night has its grave and the
morning its birth,

Come, come, come!

Oh, ye who shake hills with the scream of
your mirth,

When cities sink howling in ruin; and ye
Who with wingless footsteps trample
the sea,

And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's
track,

Sit chattering with joy on the foodless
wreck,

Come, come, come!

Leave the bed, low, cold, and red,

Strewed beneath a nation dead;

Leave the hatred, as in ashes

Fire is left for future burning:

It will burst in bloodier fashion,

When ye stir it, soon returning:

Leave the self-contempt implanted

In young spirits, sense-enchanted,

Misery's yet unkindled fuel:

Leave Hell's secrets half unchanted

To the maniac dreamer; cruel

More than ye can be with hate

Is he with fear.

Come, come, come!

We are steaming up from Hell's wide gate,

And we burthen the blast of the atmos-

phere,

But vainly we toil till ye come here.

Ione. Sister, I hear the thunder of
new wings.

Panthea. These solid mountains
quiver with the sound

Even as the tremulous air: their shadows
make

The space within my plumes more black
than night.

First Fury

Your call was as a wingèd car
Driven on whirlwinds fast and far;
It rapt us from red gulf of war.

Second Fury

From wide cities, famine-wasted;

Third Fury

Groans half heard, and blood untasted;

Fourth Fury

Kingly conclaves stern and cold,
Where blood with gold is bought and
sold;

Fifth Fury

From the furnace, white and hot,
In which —

A Fury

Speak not: whisper not:

I know all that ye would tell,

But to speak might break the spell

Which must bend the Invincible,

The stern of thought;

He yet defies the deepest power of Hell.

Fury

Tear the veil!

Another Fury

It is torn.

Chorus

The pale stars of the morn

Shine on a misery, dire to be borne.

Dost thou faint, mighty Titan? We laugh
thee to scorn.

Dost thou boast the clear knowledge thou
waken'dst for man?

Then was kindled within him a thirst
which outran

Those perishing waters; a thirst of fierce
fever,

Hope, love, doubt, desire, which consume
him for ever.

One came forth of gentle worth

Smiling on the sanguine earth;

His words outlived him, like swift
poison,

Withering up truth, peace, and pity.

Look! where round the wide horizon

Many a million-peopled city

Vomits smoke in the bright air.

Mark that outcry of despair!

'Tis his mild and gentle ghost

Wailing for the faith he kindled:

Look again, the flames almost

To a glow-worm's lamp have dwindle:

The survivors round the embers
Gather in dread.

Joy, joy, joy!
Past ages crowd on thee, but each one
remembers,
And the future is dark, and the present
is spread
Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless
head.

Semichorus I

Drops of bloody agony flow
From his white and quivering brow.
Grant a little respite now:
See a disenchanted nation
Springs like day from desolation;
To Truth its state is dedicate,
And Freedom leads it forth, her mate;
A legions band of linked brothers
Whom Love calls children —

Semichorus II

'Tis another's:
See how kindred murder kin:
'Tis the vintage time for death and sin;
Blood, like new wine, bubbles within;
Till Despair smothers
The struggling world, which slaves and
tyrants win.
[All the FURIES vanish, except one.

Ione. Hark, sister! what a low yet
dreadful groan
Quite unsuppressed is tearing up the heart
Of the good Titan, as storms tear the deep,
And beasts hear the sea moan in inland
caves.

Darest thou observe how the fiends
torture him?

Panthea. Alas! I looked forth twice,
but will no more.

Ione. What didst thou see?

Panthea. A woful sight: a youth
With patient looks nailed to a crucifix.

Ione. What next?

Panthea. The heaven around, the
earth below
Was peopled with thick shapes of human
death,
All horrible, and wrought by human
hands,
And some appeared the work of human
hearts,
For men were slowly killed by frowns and
smiles;

And other sights too foul to speak and
live

Were wandering by. Let us not tempt
worse fear

By looking forth: those groans are grief
enough.

Fury. Behold an emblem: those who
do endure

Deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and
chains, but heap

Thousandfold torment on themselves
and him.

Prometheus. Remit the anguish of
that lighted stare;

Close those wan lips; let that thorn-
wounded brow

Stream not with blood; it mingles with
thy tears!

Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and
death,

So thy sick throes shake not that cruci-
fix,

So those pale fingers play not with thy
gore.

O, horrible! Thy name I will not speak,
It hath become a curse. I see, I see

The wise, the mild, the lofty, and the
just,

Whom thy slaves hate for being like to
thee,

Some hunted by foul lies from their
heart's home,

An early-chosen, late-lamented home;
As hooded ounces cling to the driven
hind;

Some linked to corpses in unwholesome
cells:

Some — Hear I not the multitude laugh
loud? —

Impaled in lingering fire: and mighty
realms

Float by my feet, like sea-uprooted isles,
Whose sons are kneaded down in common
blood

By the red light of their own burning
homes.

Fury. Blood thou canst see, and fire;
and canst hear groans;

Worse things, unheard, unseen, remain
behind.

Prometheus. Worse?

Fury. In each human heart
terror survives

The ruin it has gorged: the loftiest fear
All that they would disdain to think were
true:

Hypocrisy and custom make their minds
The fanes of many a worship, now out-
worn.

They dare not devise good for man's
estate,

And yet they know not that they do not
dare.

The good want power, but to weep barren
tears.

The powerful goodness want: worse
need for them.

The wise want love; and those who love
want wisdom;

And all best things are thus confused to
ill.

Many are strong and rich, and would be
just,

But live among their suffering fellow-men
As if none felt: they know not what they
do.

Prometheus. Thy words are like a
cloud of wingèd snakes;

And yet I pity those they torture not.

Fury. Thou pitiest them? I speak
no more! [*Vanishes.*

Prometheus. Ah woe!
Ah woe! Alas! pain, pain ever, for
ever!

I close my tearless eyes, but see more
clear

Thy works within my woe-illumèd mind,
Thou subtle tyrant! Peace is in the
grave.

The grave hides all things beautiful and
good:

I am a God and cannot find it there,
Nor would I seek it: for, though dread
revenge,

This is defeat, fierce king, not victory.
The sights with which thou torturest gird
my soul

With new endurance, till the hour arrives
When they shall be no types of things
which are.

Panthea. Alas! what sawest thou?

Prometheus. There are two woes:
To speak, and to behold; thou spare me
one.

Names are there, Nature's sacred watch-
words, they

Were borne aloft in bright emblazonry;
The nations thronged around, and cried
aloud,

As with one voice, Truth, liberty, and
love!

Suddenly fierce confusion fell from heaven

Among them: there was strife, deceit,
and fear:

Tyrants rushed in, and did divide the
spoil.

This was the shadow of the truth I saw.
The Earth. I felt thy torture, son,

with such mixed joy
As pain and virtue give. To cheer thy
state

I bid ascend those subtle and fair spirits,
Whose homes are the dim caves of human
thought,

And who inhabit, as birds wing the wind,
Its world-surrounding ether: they behold

Beyond that twilight realm, as in a glass,
The future: may they speak comfort to
thee!

Panthea. Look, sister, where a troop
of spirits gather,

Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful
weather,

Thronging in the blue air!
Ione. And see! more come,

Like fountain-vapors when the winds are
dumb,

That climb up the ravine in scattered lines.
And, hark! is it the music of the pines?

Is it the lake? Is it the waterfall?

Panthea. 'Tis something sadder,
sweeter far than all.

Chorus of Spirits

From unremembered ages we
Gentle guides and guardians be
Of heaven-oppressed mortality;
And we breathe, and sicken not,
The atmosphere of human thought.

Be it dim, and dank, and gray,
Like a storm-extinguished day,
Travelled o'er by dying gleams;

Be it bright as all between
Cloudless skies and windless streams,
Silent, liquid, and serene;

As the birds within the wind,
As the fish within the wave,

As the thoughts of man's own mind
Float thro' all above the grave;

We make there our liquid lair,
Voyaging cloudlike and unpent
Thro' the boundless element:

Thence we bear the prophecy
Which begins and ends in thee!

Ione. More yet come, one by one:
the air around them

Looks radiant as the air around a star.

First Spirit

On a battle-trumpet's blast
 I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,
 'Mid the darkness upward cast.
 From the dust of creeds outworn,
 From the tyrant's banner torn,
 Gathering 'round me, onward borne,
 There was mingled many a cry—
 Freedom! Hope! Death! Victory!
 Till they faded thro' the sky;
 And one sound, above, around,
 One sound beneath, around, above,
 Was moving; 'twas the soul of love;
 'Twas the hope, the prophecy,
 Which begins and ends in thee.

Second Spirit

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,
 Which rocked beneath, immovably;
 And the triumphant storm did flee,
 Like a conqueror, swift and proud,
 Between, with many a captive cloud,
 A shapeless, dark and rapid crowd,
 Each by lightning riven in half:
 I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh:
 Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff
 And spread beneath a hell of death
 O'er the white waters. I alit
 On a great ship lightning-split,
 And speeded hither on the sigh
 Of one who gave an enemy
 His plank, then plunged aside to die.

Third Spirit

I sate beside a sage's bed,
 And the lamp was burning red
 Near the book where he had fed,
 When a Dream with plumes of flame,
 To his pillow hovering came,
 And I knew it was the same
 Which had kindled long ago
 Pity, eloquence, and woe;
 And the world awhile below
 Wore the shade its lustre made.
 It has borne me here as fleet
 As Desire's lightning feet;
 I must ride it back ere morrow,
 Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

Fourth Spirit

On a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love-adept
 In the sound his breathing kept;

Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.

He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
 Nor heed nor see, what things they be;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality!
 One of these awakened me,
 And I sped to succor thee.

Ione

Behold'st thou not two shapes from the
 east and west
 Come, as two doves to one beloved nest,
 Twin nurslings of the all-sustaining air
 On swift still wings glide down the atmosphere?
 And, hark! their sweet, sad voices! 'tis
 despair
 Mingled with love and then dissolved in
 sound.

Panthea. Canst thou speak, sister?
 all my words are drowned.

Ione. Their beauty gives me voice.
 See how they float
 On their sustaining wings of skiey grain,
 Orange and azure deepening into gold:
 Their soft smiles light the air like a star's
 fire.

Chorus of Spirits

Hast thou beheld the form of love?

Fifth Spirit

As over wide dominions
 I sped, like some swift cloud that wings
 the wide air's wildernesses,
 That planet-crested shape swept by on
 lightning-braided pinions,
 Scattering the liquid joy of life from his
 ambrosial tresses:
 His footsteps paved the world with light;
 but as I past 'twas fading,
 And hollow Ruin yawned behind: great
 sages bound in madness,
 And headless patriots, and pale youths
 who perished, unupbraiding,
 Gleamed in the night. I wandered o'er,
 till thou, O King of sadness,
 Turned by thy smile the worst I saw to
 recollected gladness.

Sixth Spirit

Ah, sister! Desolation is a delicate thing:
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not on
 the air,
 But treads with killing footstep, and
 fans with silent wing
 The tender hopes which in their hearts
 the best and gentlest bear;
 Who, soothed to false repose by the
 fanning plumes above
 And the music-stirring motion of its soft
 and busy feet,
 Dream visions of ærial joy, and call the
 monster, Love,
 And wake, and find the shadow Pain,
 as he whom now we greet.

Chorus

Tho' Ruin now Love's shadow be,
 Following him, destroyingly,
 On Death's white and wingèd steed
 Which the fleetest cannot flee.
 Trampling down both flower and weed,
 Man and beast, and foul and fair,
 Like a tempest thro' the air;
 Thou shalt quell this horseman grim,
 Woundless though in heart or limb.

Prometheus. Spirits! how know ye
 this shall be?

Chorus

In the atmosphere we breathe,
 As buds grow red when the snow-storms
 flee,
 From spring gathering up beneath,
 Whose mild winds shake the elder brake,
 And the wandering herdsmen know
 That the white-thorn soon will blow:
 Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace,
 When they struggle to increase,
 Are to us as soft winds be
 To shepherd boys, the prophecy
 Which begins and ends in thee.

Ione. Where are the Spirits fled?

Panthea. Only a sense
 Remains of them, like the omnipotence
 Of music, when the inspired voice and
 lute
 Languish, ere yet the responses are mute,
 Which thro' the deep and labyrinthine
 soul,
 Like echoes thro' long caverns, wind and
 roll.

Prometheus. How fair these airborn
 shapes! and yet I feel
 Most vain all hope but love; and thou
 art far,
 Asia! who, when my being overflowed,
 Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine
 Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust.
 All things are still: alas! how heavily
 This quiet morning weighs upon my heart;
 Tho' I should dream I could even sleep
 with grief
 If slumber were denied not. I would fain
 Be what it is my destiny to be,
 The savior and the strength of suffering
 man,
 Or sink into the original gulf of things:
 There is no agony, and no solace left;
 Earth can console, Heaven can torment
 no more.

Panthea. Hast thou forgotten one
 who watches thee
 The cold dark night, and never sleeps
 but when
 The shadow of thy spirit falls on her?

Prometheus. I said all hope was vain
 but love: thou lovest.

Panthea. Deeply in truth; but the
 eastern star looks white,
 And Asia waits in that far Indian vale
 The scene of her sad exile; rugged once
 And desolate and frozen, like this ravine;
 But now invested with fair flowers and
 herbs,
 And haunted by sweet airs and sounds,
 which flow
 Among the woods and waters, from the
 ether
 Of her transforming presence, which
 would fade
 If it were mingled not with thine. Fare-
 well!

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Morning. A lovely Vale in
 the Indian Caucasus. ASIA alone.*

Asia. From all the blasts of heaven
 thou hast descended:
 Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which
 makes
 Unwonted tears throng to the horny
 eyes,
 And beatings haunt the desolated heart,
 Which should have learnt repose: thou
 hast descended

Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake, O
Spring!

O child of many winds! As suddenly
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been
sweet;

Like genius, or like joy which riseth up
As from the earth, clothing with golden
clouds

The desert of our life.

This is the season, this the day, the hour;
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet
sister mine.

Too long desired, too long delaying,
come!

How like death-worms the wingless mo-
ments crawl!

The point of one white star is quivering
still

Deep in the orange light of widening
morn

Beyond the purple mountains: thro' a
chasm

Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams
again

As the waves fade, and as the burning
threads

Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:

'Tis lost! and thro' yon peaks of cloud-
like snow

The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

[PANTHEA enters.

I feel, I see

Those eyes which burn thro' smiles that
fade in tears,

Like stars half quenched in mists of silver
dew.

Belovèd and most beautiful, who wearest
The shadow of that soul by which I live,
How late thou art! the spherèd sun had
climbed

The sea: my heart was sick with hope,
before

The printless air felt thy belated plumes.

Panthea. Pardon, great Sister! but
my wings were faint

With the delight of a remembered dream,
As are the noontide plumes of summer
winds

Satiate with sweet flowers. I was wont
to sleep

Peacefully, and awake refreshed and
calm

Before the sacred Titan's fall, and thy
Unhappy love, had made, thro' use and
pity,

Both love and woe familiar to my heart
As they had grown to thine: erewhile I
slept

Under the glaucous caverns of old Ocean
Within dim bowers of green and purple
moss,

Our young Ione's soft and milky arms
Locked then, as now, behind my dark,
moist hair,

While my shut eyes and cheek were
pressed within

The folded depth of her life-breathing
bosom:

But not as now, since I am made the
wind

Which falls beneath the music that I bear
Of thy most wordless converse; since
dissolved

Into the sense with which love talks, my
rest

Was troubled and yet sweet; my waking
hours

Too full of care and pain.

Asia. Lift up thine eyes,
And let me read thy dream.

Panthea. As I have said
With our sea-sister at his feet I slept.

The mountain mists, condensing at our
voice

Under the moon, had spread their snowy
flakes,

From the keen ice shielding our linkèd
sleep.

Then two dreams came. One, I remember
not.

But in the other his pale wound-worn
limbs

Fell from Prometheus, and the azure
night

Grew radiant with the glory of that form
Which lives unchanged within and his
voice fell

Like music which makes giddy the dim
brain,

Faint with intoxication of keen joy:

"Sister of her whose footsteps pave the
world

With loveliness — more fair than aught
but her,

Whose shadow thou art — lift thine eyes
on me."

I lifted them: the overpowering light
Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er

By love; which, from his soft and flowing
limbs,
And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint
eyes,
Steamed forth like vaporous fire; an
atmosphere
Which wrapt me in its all-dissolving
power,
As the warm ether of the morning sun
Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wander-
ing dew.

I saw not, heard not, moved not, only felt
His presence flow and mingle thro' my
blood

Till it became his life, and his grew mine,
And I was thus absorbed, until it past,
And like the vapors when the sun sinks
down,

Gathering again in drops upon the pines,
And tremulous as they, in the deep night
My being was condensed; and as the
rays

Of thought were slowly gathered, I could
hear

His voice, whose accents lingered ere they
died

Like footsteps of weak melody: thy
name

Among the many sounds alone I heard
Of what might be articulate; tho' still
I listened thro' the night when sound
was none.

Ione wakened then, and said to me:

"Canst thou divine what troubles me
to-night?

I always knew what I desired before,
Nor ever found delight to wish in vain.
But now I cannot tell thee what I seek:
I know not; something sweet, since it is
sweet

Even to desire; it is thy sport, false
sister;

Thou hast discovered some enchantment
old,

Whose spells have stolen my spirit as I
slept

And mingled it with thine: for when
just now

We kissed, I felt within thy parted lips
The sweet air that sustained me, and the
warmth

Of the life-blood, for loss of which I faint,
Quivered between our intertwining arms."

I answered not, for the Eastern star grew
pale,

But fled to thee.

Asia. Thou speakest, but thy words
Are as the air: I feel them not: Oh, lift
Thine eyes, that I may read his written
soul!

Panthea. I lift them tho' they droop
beneath the load

Of that they would express: what canst
thou see

But thine own fairest shadow imaged
there?

Asia. Thine eyes are like the deep,
blue, boundless heaven

Contracted to two circles underneath

Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, meas-
ureless,

Orb within orb, and line thro' line in-
woven.

Panthea. Why lookest thou as if a
spirit past?

Asia. There is a change: beyond their
inmost depth

I see a shade, a shape: 'tis He, arrayed
In the soft light of his own smiles, which
spread

Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded
moon.

Prometheus, it is thine! depart not yet!
Say not those smiles that we shall meet
again

Within that bright pavilion which their
beams

Shall build on the waste world? The
dream is told.

What shape is that between us? Its
rude hair

Roughens the wind that lifts it, its regard
Is wild and quick, yet 'tis a thing of air,
For thro' its gray robe gleams the golden
dew

Whose stars the noon has quenched not
Dream. Follow! Follow!

Panthea. It is mine other dream.

Asia. It disappears.

Panthea. It passes now into my mind.
Methought

As we sate here, the flower-infolding buds
Burst on yon lightning-blasted almond-
tree,

When swift from the white Scythian
wilderness

A wind swept forth wrinkling the Earth
with frost:

I looked, and all the blossoms were blown
down;

But on each leaf was stamped, as the
blue bells

Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief,
O, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

Asia. As you speak, your words
Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten
sleep

With shapes. Methought among the
lawns together

We wandered, underneath the young
gray dawn,

And multitudes of dense white fleecy
clouds

Were wandering in thick flocks along the
mountains

Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;
And the white dew on the new bladed
grass,

Just piercing the dark earth, hung
silently:

And there was more which I remember
not:

But on the shadows of the morning clouds,
Athwart the purple mountain slope, was
written

FOLLOW, O, FOLLOW! as they vanished
by,

And on each herb, from which Heaven's
dew had fallen,

The like was stamped, as with a withering
fire,

A wind arose among the pines; it
shook

The clinging music from their boughs, and
then

Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell
of ghosts,

Were heard: O, FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW
ME!

And then I said: "Panthea, look on
me."

But in the depth of those belovèd eyes

Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

Echo. Follow, follow!

Panthea. The crags, this clear spring
morning, mock our voices

As they were spirit-tongued.

Asia. It is some being
Around the crags. What fine clear
sounds! O, list!

Echoes (unseen)

Echoes we: listen!

We cannot stay:

As dew-stars glisten

Then fade away—

Child of Ocean!

Asia. Hark! Spirits speak. The
liquid responses

Of their ærial tongues yet sound.

Panthea. I hear.

Echoes

O, follow, follow,

As our voice recedeth

Thro' the caverns hollow,

Where the forest spreadeth;

(More distant)

O, follow, follow!

Thro' the caverns hollow,

As the song floats thou pursue,

Where the wild bee never flew,

Thro' the noontide darkness deep,

By the odor-breathing sleep

Of faint night-flowers, and the waves

At the fountain-lighted caves,

While our music, wild and sweet,

Mocks thy gently falling feet,

Child of Ocean!

Asia. Shall we pursue the sound? It
grows more faint

And distant.

Panthea. List! the strain floats
nearer now.

Echoes

In the world unknown

Sleeps a voice unspoken;

By thy step alone

Can its rest be broken;

Child of Ocean!

Asia. How the notes sink upon the
ebbing wind!

Echoes

O, follow, follow!

Thro' the caverns hollow,

As the song floats thou pursue,

By the woodland noontide dew;

By the forests, lakes, and fountains

Thro' the many-folded mountains;

To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,

Where the Earth reposed from spasms,

On the day when He and thou

Parted, to commingle now;

Child of Ocean!

Asia. Come, sweet Panthea, link thy
hand in mine,

And follow, ere the voices fade away.

SCENE II. — *A Forest, intermingled with
Rocks and Caverns.*

ASIA and PANTHEA pass into it. Two
young Fauns are sitting on a Rock
listening.

Semichorus I of Spirits

The path thro' which that lovely twain
Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtain'd out from Heaven's wide
blue;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
Nor aught, save where some cloud of
dew,
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
Of the green laurel, blown anew;
And bends, and then fades silently,
One frail and fair anemone:
Or when some star of many a one
That climbs and wanders thro' steep
night,
Has found the cleft thro' which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon
Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
And the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground.

Semichorus II

There the voluptuous nightingales,
Are awake thro' all the broad noonday.
When one with bliss or sadness fails,
And thro' the windless ivy-boughs,
Sick with sweet love, droops dying
away
On its mate's music-panting bosom;
Another from the swinging blossom,
Watching to catch the languid close
Of the last strain, then lifts on high
The wings of the weak melody,
Till some new strain of feeling bear
The song, and all the woods are mute;
When there is heard thro' the dim air
The rush of wings, and rising there
Like many a lake-surrounded flute,
Sounds overflow the listener's brain
So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

Semichorus I

There those enchanted eddies play
Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw,
By Demogorgon's mighty law,
With melting rapture, or sweet awe,
All spirits on that secret way;
As inland boats are driven to Ocean
Down streams made strong with moun-
tain-thaw:
And first there comes a gentle sound
To those in talk or slumber bound
And wakes the destined. Soft emotion
Attracts, impels them: those who saw
Say from the breathing earth behind
There steams a plume-uplifting wind
Which drives them on their path, while
they
Believe their own swift wings and feet
The sweet desires within obey:
And so they float upon their way,
Until, still sweet, but loud and strong,
The storm of sound is driven along,
Sucked up and hurrying: as they fleet
Behind, its gathering billows meet
And to the fatal mountain bear
Like clouds amid the yielding air.

First Faun. Canst thou imagine where
those spirits live
Which make such delicate music in the
woods?
We haunt within the least frequented
caves
And closest coverts, and we know these
wilds,
Yet never meet them, tho' we hear them
oft:
Where may they hide themselves?
Second Faun. 'Tis hard to tell:
I have heard those more skilled in spirits
say,
The bubbles, which the enchantment of
the sun
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers
that pave
The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,
Are the pavilions where such dwell and
float
Under the green and golden atmosphere
Which noontide kindles thro' the woven
leaves;
And when these burst, and the thin fiery
air,
The which they breathed within those
lucent domes.

Ascends to flow like meteors thro' the
 night,
 They ride on them, and rein their head-
 long speed,
 And bow their burning crests, and glide
 in fire

Under the waters of the earth again.

First Faun. If such live thus, have
 others other lives,
 Under pink blossoms or within the bells
 Of meadow flowers, or folded violets
 deep,

Or on their dying odors, when they die,
 Or in the sunlight of the spherèd dew?

Second Faun. Ay, many more which
 we may well divine.

But, should we stay to speak, noontide
 would come,

And thwart Silenus find his goats un-
 drawn,

And grudge to sing those wise and lovely
 songs

Of fate, and chance, and God, and Chaos
 old,

And Love, and the chained Titan's wo-
 ful doom,

And how he shall be loosed, and make the
 earth

One brotherhood: delightful strains
 which cheer

Our solitary twilights, and which charm
 To silence the unenvying nightingales.

SCENE III. — *A Pinnacle of Rock among
 Mountains.* ASIA and PANTHEA.

Panthea. Hither the sound has borne
 us — to the realm

Of Demogorgon, and the mighty portal,
 Like a volcano's meteor-breathing chasm,

Whence the oracular vapor is hurled up
 Which lonely men drink wandering in
 their youth,

And call truth, virtue, love, genius, or
 joy,

That maddening wine of life, whose dregs
 they drain

To deep intoxication; and uplift,
 Like Mænads who cry loud, Evœe!

The voice which is contagion to the world.
Asia. Fit throne for such a power!

Magnificent!

How glorious art thou, Earth! And if
 thou be

The shadow of some spirit lovelier still,

Though evil stain its work, and it should
 be

Like its creation, weak yet beautiful,
 I could fall down and worship that and
 thee.

Even now my heart adareth: Wonderful!
 Look, sister, ere the vapor dim thy brain:
 Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
 As a lake, paving in the morning sky,
 With azure waves which burst in silver
 light,

Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on
 Under the curdling winds, and islanding
 The peak whereon we stand, midway,
 around,

Encinctured by the dark and blooming
 forests,

Dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illu-
 mined caves,

And wind-enchanted shapes of wander-
 ing mist;

And far on high the keen sky-cleaving
 mountains

From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling
 The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling
 spray,

From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
 Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-
 drops.

The vale is girdled with their walls, a
 howl

Of cataracts from their thaw-cloven
 ravines,

Satiates the listening wind, continuous,
 vast,

Awful as silence. Hark! the rushing
 snow!

The sun-awakened avalanche! whose
 mass,

Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered
 there

Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds
 As thought by thought is piled, till some
 great truth

Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
 Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains
 now.

Panthea. Look how the gusty sea of
 mist is breaking

In crimson foam, even at our feet! it rises
 As Ocean at the enchantment of the
 moon

Round foodless men wrecked on some
 oozy isle.

Asia. The fragments of the cloud are
 scattered up;

The wind that lifts them disentwines my
hair;
Its billows now sweep o'er mine eyes;
my brain
Grows dizzy; I see thin shapes within the
mist.

Panthea. A countenance with beckon-
ing smiles: there burns
An azure fire within its golden locks!
Another and another: hark! they speak!

Song of Spirits

To the deep, to the deep,
Down, down!
Through the shade of sleep,
Through the cloudy strife
Of Death and of Life;
Through the veil and the bar
Of things which seem and are
Even to the steps of the remotest throne,
Down, down!

While the sound whirls around,
Down, down!
As the fawn draws the hound,
As the lightning the vapor,
As the weak moth the taper;
Death, despair; love, sorrow;
Time both; to-day, to-morrow;
As steel obeys the spirit of the stone,
Down, down!

Through the gray, void abysm,
Down, down!
Where the air is no prism,
And the moon and stars are not,
And the cavern-crag wears not
The radiance of Heaven,
Nor the gloom to Earth given,
Where there is one pervading, one alone,
Down, down!

In the depth of the deep,
Down, down!
Like veiled lightning aslep,
Like the spark nursed in embers,
The last look Love remembers,
Like a diamond, which shines
On the dark wealth of mines,
A spell is treasured but for thee alone,
Down, down!

We have bound thee, we guide thee;
Down, down!
With the bright form beside thee;

Resist not the weakness,
Such strength is in meekness
That the Eternal, the Immortal,
Must unloose through life's portal
The snake-like Doom coiled underneath
his throne

By that alone.

SCENE IV.—*The Cave of DEMOGORGON.*
ASIA and PANTHEA.

Panthea. What veiled form sits on that
ebon throne?

Asia. The veil has fallen.

Panthea. I see a mighty darkness
Filling the seat of power, and rays of
gloom

Dart round, as light from the meridian
sun,

Ungazed upon and shapeless; neither
limb,

Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is
A living Spirit.

Demogorgon. Ask what thou wouldst
know.

Asia. What canst thou tell?

Demogorgon. All things thou
dar'st demand.

Asia. Who made the living world?

Demogorgon. God.

Asia. Who made all
That it contains? thought, passion,
reason, will,

Imagination?

Demogorgon. God: Almighty God.

Asia. Who made that sense which,
when the winds of spring

In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears
which dim

The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude
When it returns no more?

Demogorgon. Merciful God.

Asia. And who made terror, madness,
crime, remorse,

Which from the links of the great chain of
things,

To every thought within the mind of
man

Sway and drag heavily, and each one
reels

Under the load towards the pit of death;
Abandoned hope, and love that turns to
hate;

And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than
 blood;
 Pain, whose unheeded and familiar
 speech
 Is howling, and keen shrieks, day after
 day;
 And Hell, or the sharp fear of Hell?
Demogorgon. He reigns.
Asia. Utter his name: a world pining
 in pain
 Asks but his name: curses shall drag him
 down.
Demogorgon. He reigns.
Asia. I feel, I know it: who?
Demogorgon. He reigns.
Asia. Who reigns? There was the
 Heaven and Earth at first,
 And Light and Love; then Saturn, from
 whose throne
 Time fell, an envious shadow: such the
 state
 Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his
 sway,
 As the calm joy of flowers and living
 leaves
 Before the wind or sun has withered
 them
 And semivital worms; but he refused
 The birthright of their being, knowledge,
 power,
 The skill which wields the elements, the
 thought
 Which pierces this dim universe like light,
 Self-empire, and the majesty of love;
 For thirst of which they fainted. Then
 Prometheus
 Gave wisdom, which is strength, to
 Jupiter,
 And with this law alone, "Let man be
 free,"
 Clothed him with the dominion of wide
 Heaven,
 To know nor faith, nor love, nor law; to
 be
 Omnipotent but friendless, is to reign;
 And Jove now reigned; for on the race of
 man
 First famine, and then toil, and then
 disease,
 Strife, wounds, and ghastly death unseen
 before,
 Fell; and the unseasonable seasons
 drove
 With alternating shafts of frost and fire,
 Their shelterless, pale tribes to mountain
 caves:

And in their desert hearts fierce wants he
 sent,
 And mad disquietudes, and shadows idle
 Of unreal good, which levied mutual war,
 So ruining the lair wherein they raged.
 Prometheus saw, and waked the legioned
 hopes
 Which sleep within folded Elysian flowers,
 Nepenthe, Moly, Amaranth, fadeless
 blooms,
 That they might hide with thin and rain-
 bow wings
 The shape of Death; and Love he sent
 to bind
 The disunited tendrils of that vine
 Which bears the wine of life, the human
 heart:
 And he tamed fire which, like some beast
 of prey,
 Most terrible, but lovely, played beneath
 The frown of man; and tortured to his
 will
 Iron and gold, the slaves and signs of
 power,
 And gems and poisons, and all subtlest
 forms
 Hidden beneath the mountains and the
 waves.
 He gave man speech, and speech created
 thought,
 Which is the measure of the universe;
 And Science struck the thrones of earth
 and heaven,
 Which shook, but fell not; and the har-
 monious mind
 Poured itself forth in all-prophetic song;
 And music lifted up the listening spirit
 Until it walked, exempt from mortal care,
 Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet
 sound;
 And human hands first mimicked and
 then mocked,
 With moulded limbs more lovely than its
 own,
 The human form, till marble grew divine;
 And mothers, gazing, drank the love men
 see
 Reflected in their race, behold, and perish.
 He told the hidden power of herbs and
 springs,
 And Disease drank and slept. Death
 grew like sleep.
 He taught the implicated orbits woven
 Of the wide-wandering stars; and how
 the sun
 Changes his lair, and by what secret spell

The pale moon is transformed, when her
broad eye
Gazes not on the interlunar sea :
He taught to rule, as life directs the
limbs,
The tempest-wingèd chariots of the
Ocean,
And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities
then
Were built, and through their snow-like
columns flowed
The warm winds, and the azure æther
shone,
And the blue sea and shadowy hills were
seen.
Such, the alleviations of his state,
Prometheus gave to man, for which he
hangs
Withering in destined pain: but who
rains down
Evil, the immedicable plague, which,
while
Man looks on his creation like a God
And sees that it is glorious, drives him on
The wreck of his own will, the scorn of
earth,
The outcast, the abandoned, the alone?
Not Jove: while yet his frown shook
heaven, ay when
His adversary from adamant chains
Cursed him, he trembled like a slave.
Declare
Who is his master? Is he too a slave?
Demogorgon. All spirits are enslaved
which serve things evil:
Thou knowest if Jupiter be such or no.
Asia. Whom called'st thou God?
Demogorgon. I spoke but as ye
speak,
For Jove is the supreme of living things.
Asia. Who is the master of the slave?
Demogorgon. If the abysm
Could vomit forth its secrets. . . . But a
voice
Is wanting, the deep truth is imageless;
For what would it avail to bid thee gaze
On the revolving world? What to bid
speak
Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and
Change? To these
All things are subject but eternal Love.
Asia. So much I asked before, and
my heart gave
The response thou has given; and of
such truths
Each to itself must be the oracle.

One more demand; and do thou answer
me
As mine own soul would answer, did it
know
That which I ask. Prometheus shall
arise
Henceforth the sun of this rejoicing
world:
When shall the destined hour arrive?
Demogorgon. Behold!
Asia. The rocks are cloven, and
through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingèd
steeds
Which trample the dim winds: in each
there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued
them there.
And yet I see no shapes but the keen
stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth,
and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own
speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it.
Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they
all
Sweep onward.
Demogorgon. These are the immortal
Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits
for thee.
Asia. A spirit with a dreadful coun-
tenance
Checks its dark chariot by the craggy
gulf.
Unlike thy brethren, ghastly charioteer,
Who art thou? Whither wouldst thou
bear me? Speak!
Spirit. I am the shadow of a destiny
More dread than is my aspect: ere yon
planet
Has set, the darkness which ascends
with me
Shall wrap in lasting night heaven's king-
less throne.
Asia. What meanest thou?
Panthea. That terrible shadow
floats
Up from its throne, as may the lurid
smoke
Of earthquake-ruined cities o'er the sea.
Lo! it ascends the car; the coursers fly

Terrified: watch its path among the
stars

Blackening the night!

Asia. Thus I am answered;
strange!

Panthea. See, near the verge, another
chariot stays;

An ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire,
Which comes and goes within its sculptured rim

Of delicate strange tracery; the young
spirit

That guides it has the dove-like eyes of
hope;

How its soft smiles attract the soul! as
light

Lures winged insects through the lamp-
less air.

Spirit

My coursers are fed with the lightning,
They drink of the whirlwind's stream,

And when the red morning is brightning
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam;

They have strength for their swiftness
I deem,

Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

I desire; and their speed makes night
kindle;

I fear: they outstrip the Typhoon;
Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle

We encircle the earth and the moon:

We shall rest from long labors at noon:
Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

SCENE V.—*The Car pauses within a
Cloud on the Top of a Snowy Mountain.* ASIA, PANTHEA, and the
SPIRIT of the Hour.

Spirit

On the brink of the night and the morn-
ing

My coursers are wont to respire;
But the Earth has just whispered a warn-
ing

That their flight must be swifter than
fire:

They shall drink the hot speed of
desire!

Asia. Thou breathest on their nostrils,
but my breath
Would give them swifter speed.

Spirit. Alas! it could not.

Panthea. Oh Spirit! pause, and tell
whence is the light
Which fills the cloud? the sun is yet
unrisen.

Spirit. The sun will rise not until
noon. Apollo

Is held in heaven by wonder; and the
light

Which fills this vapor, as the aërial hue
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,
Flows from thy mighty sister.

Panthea. Yes, I feel—

Asia. What is it with thee, sister?
Thou art pale.

Panthea. How thou art changed! I
dare not look on thee;

I feel but see thee not. I scarce endure
The radiance of thy beauty. Some good
change

Is working in the elements, which suffer
Thy presence thus unveiled. The Ne-
reids tell

That on the day when the clear hyaline
Was cloven at thy uprise, and thou didst
stand

Within a veined shell, which floated on
Over the calm floor of the crystal sea,

Among the Ægean isles, and by the shores
Which bear thy name; love, like the

atmosphere
Of the sun's fire filling the living world,

Burst from thee, and illumined earth and
heaven

And the deep ocean and the sunless caves
And all that dwells within them; till grief
cast

Eclipse upon the soul from which it came:
Such art thou now; nor is it I alone,

Thy sister, thy companion, thine own
chosen one,

But the whole world which seeks thy
sympathy.

Hearest thou not sounds i' the air which
speak the love

Of all articulate beings? Feelest thou
not

The inanimate winds enamored of thee?
List! (*Music.*)

Asia. Thy words are sweeter than
aught else but his

Whose echoes they are: yet all love is
sweet,

Given or returned. Common as light is
love,

And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining
 air,
 It makes the reptile equal to the God:
 They who inspire it most are fortunate,
 As I am now; but those who feel it most
 Are happier still, after long sufferings,
 As I shall soon become.

Panthea. List! Spirits speak.

Voice in the Air Singing

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between
 them;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire; then screen
 them
 In those looks, where whoso gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Thro' the vest which seems to hide
 them;

As the radiant lines of morning
 Thro' the clouds ere they divide them;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.
 Fair are others; none beholds thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendor,
 And all feel, yet see thee never,
 As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
 And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,
 Till they fail, as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Asia

My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet sing-
 ing;

And thine doth like an angel sit
 Beside a helm conducting it,
 Whilst all the winds with melody are
 ringing.

It seems to float ever, for ever,
 Upon that many-winding river,
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,
 A paradise of wildernesses!
 Till, like one in slumber bound,

Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
 Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading
 sound:

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
 In music's most serene dominions;
 Catching the winds that fan that happy
 heaven.

And we sail on, away, afar,
 Without a course, without a star,
 But, by the instinct of sweet music
 driven;

Till through Elysian garden islets
 By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
 Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
 The boat of my desire is guided:
 Realms where the air we breathe is love,
 Which in the winds and on the waves doth
 move,

Harmonizing this earth with what we feel
 above.

We have pass'd Age's icy caves,
 And Manhood's dark and tossing
 waves,
 And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to
 betray:

Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
 Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
 Through Death and Birth, to a diviner
 day;

A paradise of vaulted bowers,
 Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
 And watery paths that wind between
 Wildernesses calm and green,
 Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
 And rest, having beheld; somewhat like
 thee:

Which walk upon the sea, and chant
 melodiously!

ACT III

SCENE I. — *Heaven.* JUPITER *on his
 Throne; THETIS and the other
 Deities assembled.*

Jupiter. Ye congregated powers of
 heaven, who share
 The glory and the strength of him ye
 serve,

Rejoice! henceforth I am omnipotent.
 All else had been subdued to me; alone
 The soul of man, like unextinguished fire,
 Yet burns towards heaven with fierce
 reproach, and doubt,

And lamentation, and reluctant prayer,
Hurling up insurrection, which might
make

Our antique empire insecure, though built
On eldest faith, and hell's coeval, fear;
And tho' my curses thro' the pendulous
air,

Like snow on herbless peaks, fall flake by
flake,
And cling to it; tho' under my wrath's
night

It climbs the crags of life, step after step,
Which wound it, as ice wounds unsan-
dalled feet,

It yet remains supreme o'er misery,
Aspiring, unrepressed, yet soon to fall:
Even now have I begotten a strange
wonder,

That fatal child, the terror of the earth,
Who waits but till the destined hour
arrive,

Bearing from Demogorgon's vacant
throne

The dreadful might of ever-living limbs
Which clothed that awful spirit un-
beheld,

To redescend, and trample out the spark.
Pour forth heaven's wine, Idæan Gany-
mede,

And let it fill the Dædal cups like fire,
And from the flower-inwoven soil divine
Ye all-triumphant harmonies arise,
As dew from earth under the twilight
stars:

Drink! be the nectar circling thro' your
veins

The soul of joy, ye ever-living Gods,
Till exultation burst in one wide voice
Like music from Elysian winds.

And thou
Ascend beside me, veiled in the light
Of the desire which makes thee one with
me,

Thetis, bright image of eternity!
When thou didst cry, "Insufferable night!
God! Spare me! I sustain not the
quick flames,

The penetrating presence; all my being,
Like him whom the Numidian seps did
thaw

Into a dew with poison, is dissolved,
Sinking thro' its foundations:" even then
Two mighty spirits, mingling, made a
third

Mightier than either, which, unbodied
now

Between us floats, felt, although unbe-
held,

Waiting the incarnation, which ascends,
(Hear ye the thunder of the fiery wheels
Grinding the winds?) from Demogorgon's
throne.

Victory! victory! Feel'st thou not, O
world,

The earthquake of his chariot thundering
up

Olympus?

*{The Car of the HOUR arrives. DEMO-
GORGON descends, and moves
towards the Throne of JUPITER.*

Awful shape, what art thou?

Speak!

Demogorgon. Eternity. Demand not
direr name.

Descend, and follow me down the abyss.
I am thy child, as thou wert Saturn's
child;

Mightier than thee: and we must dwell
together

Henceforth in darkness. Lift thy light-
nings not.

The tyranny of heaven none may retain,
Or reassume, or hold, succeeding thee:
Yet if thou wilt, as 'tis the destiny
Of trodden worms to writhe till they are
dead,

Put forth thy might.

Jupiter. Detested prodigy!

Even thus beneath the deep Titanian
prisons

I trample thee! thou lingerest?

Mercy! mercy!

No pity, no release, no respite! Oh,
That thou wouldst make mine enemy my
judge,

Even where he hangs, seared by my long
revenge,

On Caucasus! he would not doom me
thus.

Gentle, and just, and dreadless, is he not
The monarch of the world? What then
art thou?

No refuge! no appeal!

Sink with me then,

We too will sink on the wide waves of
ruin,

Even as a vulture and a snake outspent
Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,

Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock
Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire,
And overwhelm on them into the bottomless
void

This desolated world, and thee, and me,
The conqueror and the conquered, and
the wreck
Of that for which they combated.

Ai! Ai!

The elements obey me not. I sink
Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.
And, like a cloud, mine enemy above
Darkens my fall with victory! Ai, Ai!

SCENE II. — *The Mouth of a great River
in the Island Atlantis. Ocean is
discovered reclining near the Shore;
APOLLO stands beside him.*

Ocean. He fell, thou sayest, beneath
his conqueror's frown?

Apollo. Aye, when the strife was
ended which made dim

The orb I rule, and shook the solid stars,
The terrors of his eye illumined heaven
With sanguine light, through the thick
ragged skirts

Of the victorious darkness, as he fell:
Like the last glare of day's red agony,
Which, from a rent among the fiery
clouds,
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled
deep.

Ocean. He sunk to the abyss? To the
dark void?

Apollo. An eagle so caught in some
bursting cloud

On Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes
Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now
blinded

By the white lightning, while the ponder-
ous hail
Beats on his struggling form, which sinks
at length

Prone, and the aerial ice clings over it.

Ocean. Henceforth the fields of
Heaven-reflecting sea

Which are my realm, will heave, un-
stained with blood,
Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains
of corn

Swayed by the summer air; my streams
will flow

Round many-peopled continents, and
round

Fortunate isles; and from their glassy
thrones

Blue Proteus and his humid nymphs
shall mark

The shadow of fair ships, as mortals see
The floating bark of the light-laden moon
With that white star, its sightless pilot's
crest,

Borne down the rapid sunset's ebbing sea;
Tracking their path no more by blood and
groans,

And desolation, and the mingled voice
Of slavery and command! but by the
light

Of wave-reflected flowers, and floating
odors,

And music soft, and mild, free, gentle
voices,

And sweetest music, such as spirits love.

Apollo. And I shall gaze not on the
deeds which make

My mind obscure with sorrow, as eclipse
Darkens the sphere I guide; but list, I
hear

The small, clear, silver lute of the young
Spirit

That sits i' the morning star.

Ocean. Thou must away;

Thy steeds will pause at even, till when
farewell:

The loud deep calls me home even now
to feed it

With azure calm out of the emerald urns
Which stand for ever full beside my
throne.

Behold the Nereids under the green sea,
Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-
like stream,

Their white arms lifted o'er their stream-
ing hair

With garlands pied and starry sea-flower
crowns,

Hastening to grace their mighty sister's
joy. [*A sound of waves is heard.*

It is the unpastured sea hungering for
calm.

Peace, monster; I come now. Farewell.
Apollo. Farewell.

SCENE III. — CAUCASUS. PROMETHEUS,
HERCULES, IONE, the EARTH, SPIR-
ITS, ASIA, and PANTHEA, borne in
the Car with the SPIRIT OF THE
HOUR. HERCULES unbinds PROME-
THEUS, who descends.

Hercules. Most glorious among spirits,
thus doth strength

To wisdom, courage, and long-suffering
love,

And thee, who art the form they animate,
Minister like a slave.

Prometheus. Thy gentle words
Are sweeter even than freedom long
desired
And long delayed.

Asia, thou light of life,
Shadow of beauty unbeheld: and ye,
Fair sister nymphs, who made long years
of pain

Sweet to remember, thro' your love and
care:

Henceforth we will not part. There is a
cave,

All overgrown with trailing odorous
plants,

Which curtain out the day with leaves
and flowers,

And paved with veinèd emerald, and a
fountain

Leaps in the midst with an awakening
sound.

From its curved roof the mountain's
frozen tears

Like snow, or silver, or long diamond
spires,

Hand downward, raining forth a doubtful
light:

And there is heard the ever-moving air,
Whispering without from tree to tree,
and birds,

And bees; and all around are mossy
seats,

And the rough walls are clothed with
long soft grass;

A simple dwelling, which shall be our
own;

Where we will sit and talk of time and
change,

As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves
unchanged.

What can hide man from mutability?

And if ye sigh, then I will smile; and
thou,

Ione, shalt chant fragments of sea-music,
Until I weep, when ye shall smile away
The tears she brought, which yet were
sweet to shed.

We will entangle buds and flowers and
beams

Which twinkle on the fountain's brim,
and make

Strange combinations out of common
things,

Like human babes in their brief inno-
cence;

And we will search, with looks and words
of love,

For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than
the last,

Our unexhausted spirits; and like lutes
Touched by the skill of the enamored
wind,

Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,
From difference sweet where discord
cannot be;

And hither come, sped on the charmed
winds,

Which meet from all the points of heaven,
as bees

From every flower aërial Enna feeds,
At their known island-homes in Himera,
The echoes of the human world, which
tell

Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,
And dove-eyed pity's murmured pain,
and music,

Itself the echo of the heart, and all
That tempers or improves man's life, now
free;

And lovely apparitions, dim at first,
Then radiant, as the mind, arising bright
From the embrace of beauty, whence the
forms

Of which these are the phantoms, cast
on them

The gathered rays which are reality,
Shall visit us, the progeny immortal
Of Painting, Sculpture, and rapt Poesy,
And arts, tho' unimagined, yet to be.

The wandering voices and the shadows
these

Of all that man becomes, the mediators
Of that best worship love, by him and us
Given and returned; swift shapes and
sounds, which grow

More fair and soft as man grows wise
and kind,

And, veil by veil, evil and error fall:
Such virtue has the cave and place
around.

[*Turning to the Spirit of the Hour.*

For thee, fair Spirit, one toil remains.
Ione,

Give her that curvèd shell, which Proteus
old

Made Asia's nuptial boon, breathing
within it

A voice to be accomplished, and which
thou

Didst hide in grass under the hollow
rock.

Ione. Thou most desired Hour, more
loved and lovely
Than all thy sisters, this is the mystic
shell;

See the pale azure fading into silver
Lining it with a soft yet glowing light:
Looks it not like lulled music sleeping
there?

Spirit. It seems in truth the fairest
shell of Ocean:
Its sounds must be at once both sweet
and strange.

Prometheus. Go, borne over the cities
of mankind
On whirlwind-footed coursers: once
again

Outspeed the sun around the orbèd world;
And as thy chariot cleaves the kindling air,
Thou breathe into the many-folded shell,
Loosening its mighty music; it shall be
As thunder mingled with clear echoes:
then

Return; and thou shalt dwell beside our
cave.

And thou, O, Mother Earth!—

The Earth. I hear, I feel;
Thy lips are on me, and thy touch runs
down

Even to the adamantine central gloom
Along these marble nerves; 'tis life, 'tis
joy,

And through my withered, old, and icy
frame

The warmth of an immortal youth shoots
down

Circling. Henceforth the many children
fair

Folded in my sustaining arms; all
plants,

And creeping forms, and insects rainbow-
winged,

And birds, and beasts, and fish, and
human shapes,

Which drew disease and pain from my
wan bosom,

Draining the poison of despair, shall
take

And interchange sweet nutriment; to
me

Shall they become like sister antelopes
By one fair dam, snow-white and swift

as wind,
Nursed among lilies near a brimming
stream.

The dew-mists of my sunless sleep shall
float

Under the stars like balm: night-folded
flowers

Shall suck, unwithering hues in their
repose:

And men and beasts in happy dreams
shall gather

Strength for the coming day, and all its
joy:

And death shall be the last embrace of her
Who takes the life she gave, even as a
mother

Folding her child, says, "Leave me not
again."

Asia. Oh, mother! wherefore speak
the name of death?

Cease thy to love, and move, and
breathe, and speak,

Who die?

The Earth. It would avail not to
reply:

Thou art immortal, and this tongue is
known

But to the uncommunicating dead.
Death is the veil which those who live

call life:
They sleep, and it is lifted: and mean-
while

In mild variety the seasons mild
With rainbow-skirted showers, and odorous
winds,

And long blue meteors cleansing the dull
night,

And the life-kindling shafts of the keen
sun's

All-piercing bow, and the dew-mingled
rain

Of the calm moonbeams, a soft influence
mild,

Shall clothe the forests and the fields, ay,
even

The crag-built deserts of the barren deep,
With ever-living leaves, and fruits, and
flowers.

And thou! There is a cavern where my
spirit

Was panted forth in anguish whilst thy
pain

Made my heart mad, and those who did
inhale it

Became mad too, and built a temple there,
And spoke, and were oracular, and lured

The erring nations round to mutual war,
And faithless faith, such as Jove kept

with thee;
Which breath now rises, as amongst tall
weeds

A violet's exhalation, and it fills
 With a serener light and crimson air
 Intense, yet soft, the rocks and woods
 around;
 It feeds the quick growth of the serpent
 vine,
 And the dark linkèd ivy tangling wild,
 And budding, blown, or odor-faded
 blooms
 Which star the winds with points of
 colored light,
 As they rain thro' them, and bright
 golden globes
 Of fruit, suspended in their own green
 heaven,
 And thro' their veined leaves and amber
 stems
 The flowers whose purple and translucent
 bowls
 Stand ever mantling with aërial dew,
 The drink of spirits : and its circles round,
 Like the soft waving wings of noonday
 dreams,
 Inspiring calm and happy thoughts, like
 mine,
 Now thou art thus restored. This cave
 is thine.
 Arise! Appear!

[*A Spirit rises in the likeness
 of a winged child.*

This is my torch-bearer :
 Who let his lamp out in old time with
 gazing
 On eyes from which he kindled it anew
 With love, which is as fire, sweet daughter
 mine,
 For such is that within thine own. Run,
 wayward,
 And guide this company beyond the peak
 Of Bacchic Nysa, Mænad-haunted moun-
 tain,
 And beyond Indus and its tribute rivers,
 Trampling the torrent streams and glassy
 lakes
 With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying,
 And up the green ravine, across the vale,
 Beside the windless and crystalline pool,
 Where ever lies, on unersing waves,
 The image of a temple, built above,
 Distinct with column, arch, and archi-
 trave,
 And palm-like capital, and over-wrought
 And populous most with living imagery,
 Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles
 Fill the hushed air with everlasting love.
 It is deserted now, but once it bore

Thy name, Prometheus; there the emu-
 lous youths
 Bore to thy honor thro' the divine gloom
 The lamp which was thine emblem; even
 as those
 Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope
 Into the grave, across the night of life,
 As thou hast borne it most triumphantly
 To this far goal of Time. Depart, fare-
 well.
 Beside that temple is the destined cave.

SCENE IV.—*A Forest. In the Back-
 ground a Cave. PROMETHEUS, ASIA,
 PANTHEA, IONE, and the SPIRIT OF
 THE EARTH.*

Ione. Sister, it is not earthly: how it
 glides
 Under the leaves! how on its head there
 burns
 A light, like a green star, whose emerald
 beams
 Are twined with its fair hair! how, as
 it moves,
 The splendor drops in flakes upon the
 grass!
 Knowest thou it?
Panthea. It is the delicate spirit
 That guides the earth thro' heaven
 From afar
 The populous constellations call that
 light
 The loveliest of the planets; and some-
 times
 It floats along the spray of the salt sea,
 Or makes its chariot of a foggy cloud,
 Or walks thro' fields or cities while men
 sleep,
 Or o'er the mountain tops, or down the
 rivers,
 Or thro' the green waste wilderness, as
 now,
 Wondering at all it sees. Before Jove
 reigned
 It loved our sister Asia, and it came
 Each leisure hour to drink the liquid
 light
 Out of her eyes, for which it said it
 thirsted
 As one bit by a dipsas, and with her
 It made its childish confidence, and told
 her
 All it had known or seen, for it saw much,
 Yet idly reasoned what it saw; and called
 her—

For whence it sprung it knew not, nor
do I—

Mother, dear mother.

The Spirit of the Earth (running to Asia).

Mother, dearest mother;

May I then talk with thee as I was wont?

May I then hide my eyes in thy soft arms,

After thy looks have made them tired of
joy?

May I then play beside thee the long
noons,

When work is none in the bright silent
air?

Asia. I love thee, gentlest being, and
henceforth

Can cherish thee unenvied: speak, I
pray:

Thy simple talk once solaced, now de-
lights.

Spirit of the Earth. Mother, I am
grown wiser, though a child

Cannot be wise like thee, within this day;

And happier too; happier and wiser both.
Thou knowest that toads, and snakes, and
loathly worms,

And venomous and malicious beasts, and
boughs

That bore ill berries in the woods, were
ever

An hindrance to my walks o'er the green
world:

And that, among the haunts of human-
kind,

Hard-featured men, or with proud, angry
looks,

Or cold, staid gait, or false and hollow
smiles,

Or the dull sneer of self-loved ignorance,
Or other such foul masks, with which ill
thoughts

Hide that fair being whom we spirits call
man;

And women too, ugliest of all things evil,
(Tho' fair, even in a world where thou art
fair,

When good and kind, free and sincere
like thee),

When false or frowning made me sick at
heart

To pass them, tho' they slept, and I un-
seen.

Well, my path lately lay thro' a great city
Into the woody hills surrounding it:

A sentinel was sleeping at the gate:

When there was heard a sound, so loud
it shook

The towers amid the moonlight, yet more
sweet

Than any voice but thine, sweetest of all;

A long, long sound, as it would never end:

And all the inhabitants leapt suddenly

Out of their rest, and gathered in the
streets,

Looking in wonder up to Heaven, while
yet

The music pealed along. I hid myself
Within a fountain in the public square,

Where I lay like the reflex of the moon
Seen in a wave under green leaves; and
soon

Those ugly human shapes and visages
Of which I spoke as having wrought me
pain,

Passed floating thro' the air, and fading
still

Into the winds that scattered them; and
those

From whom they passed seemed mild and
lovely forms

After some foul disguise had fallen, and all
Were somewhat changed, and after brief
surprise

And greetings of delighted wonder, all
Went to their sleep again: and when the
dawn

Came, would'st thou think that toads,
and snakes, and efts,

Could e'er be beautiful? yet so they were,
And that with little change of shape or
hue:

All things had put their evil nature off;
I cannot tell my joy, when o'er a lake

Upon a drooping bough with nightshade
twined,

I saw two azure halcyons clinging down-
ward

And thinning one bright bunch of amber
berries,

With quick long beaks, and in the deep
there lay

Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky;

So, with my thoughts full of these happy
changes,

We meet again, the happiest change of all.

Asia. And never will we part, till thy
chaste sister

Who guides the frozen and inconstant
moon

Will look on thy more warm and equal
light

Till her heart thaw like flakes of April snow
And love thee,

Spirit of the Earth. What; as Asia
loves Prometheus?

Asia. Peace, wanton, thou art yet
not old enough.

Think ye by gazing on each other's eyes
To multiply your lovely selves, and fill
With spherèd fires the interlunar air?

Spirit of the Earth. Nay, mother, while
my sister trims her lamp
'Tis hard I should go darkling.

Asia. Listen; look!

The SPIRIT OF THE HOUR enters.

Prometheus. We feel what thou hast
heard and seen; yet speak.

Spirit of the Hour. Soon as the sound
had ceased whose thunder filled
The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,
There was a change: the impalpable thin
air

And the all-circling sunlight were trans-
formed,

As if the sense of love dissolved in them
Had folded itself round the spherèd world.
My vision then grew clear, and I could see
Into the mysteries of the universe:

Dizzy as with delight I floated down;
Winnowing the lightsome air with languid
plumes,

My coursers sought their birthplace in the
sun,

Where they henceforth will live exempt
from toil

Pasturing flowers of vegetable fire;
And where my moonlike car will stand
within

A temple, gazed upon by Phidian forms
Of thee, and Asia, and the Earth, and me,
And you fair nymphs looking the love we
feel,—

In memory of the tidings it has borne, —
Beneath a dome fretted with graven
flowers,

Poised on twelve columns of resplendent
stone,

And open to the bright and liquid sky.

Yoked to it by an amphisbenic snake
The likeness of those winged steeds will
mock

The flight from which they find repose.
Alas,

Whither has wandered now my partial
tongue

When all remains untold which ye would
hear?

As I have said I floated to the earth:
It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss
To move, to breathe, to be; I wandering
went

Among the haunts and dwellings of man-
kind,

And first was disappointed not to see
Such mighty change as I had felt within
Expressed in outward things; but soon

I looked,
And behold, thrones were kingless, and
men walked

One with the other even as spirits do,
None fawned, none trampled; hate, dis-
dain, or fear,

Self-love or self-contempt, on human
brows,

No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
"All hope abandon ye who enter here;"
None frowned, none trembled, none with
eager fear

Gazed on another's eye of cold command,
Until the subject of the tyrant's will
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,
Which spurred him, like an outspent
horse, to death.

None wrought his lips in truth-entangling
lines

Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained
to speak;

None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own
heart

The sparks of love and hope till there
remained

Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed,
And the wretch crept a vampire among
men,

Infecting all with his own hideous ill;
None talked that common, false, cold,
hollow talk

Which makes the heart deny the yes it
breathes,

Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy
With such a self-mistrust as has no name.
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and
kind

As the free heaven which rains fresh light
and dew

On the wide earth, passed; gentle radiant
forms,

From custom's evil taint exempt and
pure;

Speaking the wisdom once they could not
think,

Looking emotions once they feared to
feel,

And changed to all which once they dared
 not be,
 Yet being now, made earth like heaven;
 nor pride,
 Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,
 The bitterness of those drops of treasured
 gall,
 Spoilt the sweet taste of the nepenthe,
 love.

Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and
 prisons, wherein,
 And beside which, by wretched men were
 borne
 Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and
 tomes
 Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by igno-
 rance,
 Were like those monstrous and barbaric
 shapes,
 The ghosts of a no more remembered
 fame,
 Which, from their unworn obelisks, look
 forth
 In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs
 Of those who were their conquerors:
 mouldering round
 Those imaged to the pride of kings and
 priests,
 A dark yet mighty faith, a power as
 wide

As is the world it wasted, and are now
 But an astonishment; even so the tools
 And emblems of its last captivity,
 Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,
 Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded
 now.

And those foul shapes, abhorred by god
 and man,

Which, under many a name and many a
 form,

Strange, savage, ghastly, dark and exe-
 crable,

Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world;
 And which the nations, panic-stricken,
 served

With blood, and hearts broken by long
 hope, and love

Dragged to his altars soiled and garland-
 less,

And slain among men's unreclaiming
 tears,

Flattering the thing they feared, which
 fear was hate,

Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their aban-
 doned shrines:

The painted veil, by those who were,
 called life,
 Which mimicked, as with colors idly
 spread,

All men believed and hoped, is torn
 aside;

The loathsome mask has fallen, the man
 remains, —

Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, — but
 man:

Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nation-
 less,

Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the
 king

Over himself; just, gentle, wise — but
 man:

Passionless? no: yet free from guilt or
 pain,

Which were, for his will made or suffered
 them,

Nor yet exempt, tho' ruling them like
 slaves,

From chance, and death, and mutability,
 The clogs of that which else might over-
 soar

The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
 Pinnaced dim in the intense inane.

ACT IV

SCENE. — *A Part of the Forest near the Cave
 of PROMETHEUS. PANTHEA and
 IONE are sleeping: they awaken
 gradually during the first Song.*

Voice of unseen Spirits

The pale stars are gone!
 For the sun, their swift shepherd,

To their folds them compelling,

In the depths of the dawn,

Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and
 they flee

Beyond his blue dwelling,

As fawns flee the leopard.

But where are ye?

*A Train of dark Forms and Shadows
 passes by confusedly, singing.*

Here, oh, here:

We bear the bier

Of the Father of many a cancelled year!

Spectres we

Of the dead Hours be,

We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.

Strew, oh, strew
 Hair, not yew!
 Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew!
 Be the faded flowers
 Of Death's bare bowers
 Spread on the corpse of the King of
 Hours!

Haste, oh, haste!
 As shades are chased,
 Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue
 waste.
 We melt away,
 Like dissolving spray,
 From the children of a diviner day,
 With the lullaby
 Of winds that die
 On the bosom of their own harmony!

Ione

What dark forms were they?

Panthea

The past Hours weak and gray,
 With the spoil which their toil
 Raked together
 From the conquest but One could
 foil.

Ione

Have they past?

Panthea

They have past;
 They outspeeded the blast,
 While 'tis said, they are fled:

Ione

Whither, oh, whither?

Panthea

To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

Voice of unseen Spirits

Bright clouds float in heaven,
 Dew-stars gleam on earth,
 Waves assemble on ocean,
 They are gathered and driven
 By the storm of delight, by the panic of
 glee!
 They shake with emotion,
 They dance in their mirth.
 But where are ye?

The pine boughs are singing
 Old songs with new gladness,
 The billows and fountains
 Fresh music are flinging,
 Like the notes of a spirit from land and
 from sea;
 The storms mock the mountains
 With the thunder of gladness.
 But where are ye?

Ione. What charioteers are these?
Panthea. Where are their
 chariots?

Semichorus of Hours

The voice of the Spirits of Air and of
 Earth
 Have drawn back the figured curtain of
 sleep
 Which covered our being and darkened
 our birth
 In the deep.

A Voice

In the deep?

Semichorus II

Oh, below the deep.

Semichorus I

An hundred ages we had been kept
 Cradled in visions of hate and care,
 And each one who waked as his brother
 slept,
 Found the truth —

Semichorus II

Worse than his visions were!

Semichorus I

We have heard the lute of Hope in sleep;
 We have known the voice of Love in
 dreams,
 We have felt the wand of Power, and
 leap —

Semichorus II

As the billows leap in the morning
 beams!

Chorus

Weave the dance on the floor of the breeze,
 Pierce with song heaven's silent light,
 Enchant the day that too swiftly flees,
 To check its flight ere the cave of night.

Once the hungry Hours were hounds
 Which chased the day like a bleeding deer,
 And it limped and stumbled with many wounds
 Through the nightly dells of the desert year.

But now, oh weave the mystic measure
 Of music, and dance, and shapes of light,
 Let the Hours, and the spirits of might
 and pleasure,
 Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite.

A Voice

Unite!

Panthea. See, where the Spirits of the human mind
 Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils,
 approach.

Chorus of Spirits

We join the throng
 Of the dance and the song,
 By the whirlwind of gladness borne along;
 As the flying-fish leap
 From the Indian deep,
 And mix with the sea-birds, half asleep.

Chorus of Hours

Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,
 For sandals of lightning are on your feet,
 And your wings are soft and swift as thought,
 And your eyes are as love which is veiled
 not?

Chorus of Spirits

We come from the mind
 Of human kind
 Which was late so dusk, and obscene,
 and blind,
 Now 'tis an ocean
 Of clear emotion,
 A heaven of serene and mighty motion

From that deep abyss
 Of wonder and bliss,
 Whose caverns are crystal palaces;
 From those skiey towers
 Where Thought's crowned powers
 Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!

From the dim recesses
 Of woven caresses,
 Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses;
 From the azure isles,
 Where sweet Wisdom smiles,
 Delaying your ships with her siren wiles.

From the temples high
 Of Man's ear and eye,
 Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy;
 From the murmurings
 Of the unsealed springs
 Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.

Years after years,
 Through blood, and tears,
 And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes,
 and fears;
 We waded and flew,
 And the islets were few
 Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness grew.

Our feet now, every palm,
 Are sandalled with calm,
 And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;
 And, beyond our eyes,
 The human love lies
 Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

Chorus of Spirits and Hours

Then weave the web of the mystic measure;
 From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
 Come, swift Spirits of might and of pleasure,
 Fill the dance and the music of mirth,
 As the waves of a thousand streams
 rush by
 To an ocean of splendor and harmony!

Chorus of Spirits

Our spoil is won,
 Our task is done,
 We are free to dive, or soar, or run;

Beyond and around,
Or within the bound
Which clips the world with darkness
round.

We'll pass the eyes
Of the starry skies
Into the hoar deep to colonize:
Death, Chaos, and Night,
From the sound of our flight,
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's
might.

And Earth, Air, and Light,
And the Spirit of Might,
Which drives round the stars in their
fiery flight;
And Love, Thought, and Breath,
The powers that quell Death,
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.

And our singing shall build
In the void's loose field
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield;
We will take our plan
From the new world of man,
And our work shall be called the Pro-
methean.

Chorus of Hours

Break the dance, and scatter the song;
Let some depart, and some remain.

Semichorus I

We, beyond heaven, are driven along!

Semichorus II

Us the enchantments of earth retain:

Semichorus I

Ceaseless, and rapid, and fierce, and free,
With the Spirits which build a new earth
and sea,
And a heaven where yet heaven could
never be.

Semichorus II

Solemn, and slow, and serene, and bright,
Leading the Day and outspeeding the
Night,
With the powers of a world of perfect
light.

Semichorus I

We whirl, singing loud, round the gather-
ing sphere,
Till the trees, and the beasts, and the
clouds appear
From its chaos made calm by love, not
fear.

Semichorus II

We encircle the ocean and mountains of
earth,
And the happy forms of its death and
birth
Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

Chorus of Hours and Spirits

Break the dance, and scatter the song,
Let some depart, and some remain,
Wherever we fly we lead along
In leashes, like starbeams, soft yet strong,
The clouds that are heavy with love's
sweet rain.

Panthea. Ha! they are gone!

Ione. Yet feel you no delight
From the past sweetness?

Panthea. As the bare green hill
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny
water

To the unpavilioned sky!

Ione. Even whilst we speak
New notes arise. What is that awful
sound?

Panthea. 'Tis the deep music of the
rolling world
Kindling within the strings of the waved
air,

Æolian modulations.

Ione. Listen too,
How every pause is filled with under-
notes,

Clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones,
Which pierce the sense, and live within
the soul,

As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal
air

And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

Panthea. But see where through two
openings in the forest
Which hanging branches overcanopy,
And where two runnels of a rivulet,
Between the close moss violet-inwoven,
Have made their path of melody, like
sisters

Who part with sighs that they may meet
 in smiles,
 Turning their dear disunion to an isle
 Of lovely grief, a wood of sweet sad
 thoughts;
 Two visions of strange radiance float
 upon
 The ocean-like enchantment of strong
 sound,
 Which flows intenser, keener, deeper yet
 Under the ground and through the wind-
 less air.

Ione. I see a chariot like that thinnest
 boat,
 In which the mother of the months is
 borne
 By ebbing night into her western cave,
 When she upsprings from interlunar
 dreams,
 O'er which is curved an orblike canopy
 Of gentle darkness, and the hills and
 woods
 Distinctly seen through that dusk airy
 veil,
 Regard like shapes in an enchanter's glass;
 Its wheels are solid clouds, azure and
 gold,
 Such as the genii of the thunderstorm
 Pile on the floor of the illumined sea
 When the sun rushes under it; they roll
 And move and grow as with an inward
 wind;
 Within it sits a wingèd infant, white
 Its countenance, like the whiteness of
 bright snow,
 Its plumes are as feathers of sunny frost,
 Its limbs gleam white, through the wind-
 flowing folds
 Of its white robe, woof of ethereal pearl.
 Its hair is white, the brightness of white
 light
 Scattered in strings; yet its two eyes
 are heavens
 Of liquid darkness, which the Deity
 Within seems pouring, as a storm is
 poured
 From jagged clouds, out of their arrowy
 lashes,
 Tempering the cold and radiant air
 around,
 With fire that is not brightness: in its
 hand
 It sways a quivering moonbeam, from
 whose point
 A guiding power directs the chariot's
 prow

Over its wheelèd clouds, which as they roll
 Over the grass, and flowers, and waves,
 wake sounds,
 Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew.

Panthea. And from the other opening
 in the wood
 Rushes, with loud and whirlwind har-
 mony,
 A sphere, which is as many thousand
 spheres,
 Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass
 Flow, as through empty space, music and
 light:
 Ten thousand orbs involving and in-
 volved,
 Purple and azure, white, and green, and
 golden,
 Sphere within sphere; and every space
 between
 Peopled with unimaginable shapes,
 Such as ghosts dream dwell in the lamp-
 less deep,
 Yet each inter-transparent, and they
 whirl
 Over each other with a thousand motions,
 Upon a thousand sightless axles spinning,
 And with the force of self-destroying
 swiftness,
 Intensely, slowly, solemnly roll on,
 Kindling with mingled sounds, and many
 tones,
 Intelligible words and music wild.
 With mighty whirl the multitudinous orb
 Grinds the bright brook into an azure
 mist
 Of elemental subtlety, like light:
 And the wild odor of the forest flowers,
 The music of the living grass and air,
 The emerald light of leaf-entangled beams
 Round its intense yet self-conflicting
 speed,
 Seem kneaded into one aërial mass
 Which drowns the sense. Within the
 orb itself,
 Pillowed upon its alabaster arms,
 Like to a child o'erwearied with sweet
 toil,
 On its own folded wings, and wavy hair,
 The Spirit of the Earth is laid asleep,
 And you can see its little lips are moving,
 Amid the changing light of their own
 smiles,
 Like one who talks of what he loves in
 dream.

Ione. 'Tis only mocking the orb's
 harmony.

Panthea. And from a star upon its
forehead, shoot,
Like swords of azure fire, or golden
spears
With tyrant-quelling myrtle overtined,
Embleming heaven and earth united now,
Vast beams like spokes of some invisible
wheel
Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter
than thought,
Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings,
And perpendicular now, and now trans-
verse,
Pierce the dark soil, and as they pierce
and pass,
Make bare the secrets of the earth's deep
heart;
Infinite mine of adamant and gold,
Valueless stones, and unimagined gems,
And caverns on crystalline columns poised
With vegetable silver overspread;
Wells of unfathomed fire, and water
springs
Whence the great sea, even as a child is
fed,
Whose vapors clothe earth's monarch
mountain-tops
With kingly ermine snow. The beams
flash on
And make appear the melancholy ruins
Of cancelled cycles; anchors, beaks of
ships;
Planks turned to marble; quivers, helms,
and spears,
And gorgon-headed targes, and the wheels
Of scythèd chariots and the emblazonry
Of trophies, standards, and armorial
beasts,
Round which death laughed, sepulchred
emblems
Of dead destruction, ruin within ruin!
The wrecks beside of many a city vast,
Whose population which the earth grew
over
Was mortal, but not human; see, they lie,
Their monstrous works, and uncouth
skeletons,
Their statues, homes and fanes; pro-
digious shapes
Huddled in gray annihilation, split,
Jammed in the hard, black deep; and
over these,
The anatomies of unknown wingèd
things,
And fishes which were isles of living
scale,

And serpents, bony chains, twisted
around
The iron crags, or within heaps of dust
To which the tortuous strength of their
last pangs
Had crushed the iron crags; and over
these
The jagged alligator, and the might
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which
once
Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy
shores,
And weed-overgrown continents of earth,
Increased and multiplied like summer
worms
On an abandoned corpse, till the blue
globe
Wrapt deluge round it like a cloak, and
they
Yelled, gasped, and were abolished; or
some God
Whose throne was in a comet, passed, and
cried,
Be not! And like my words they were
no more.

The Earth

The joy, the triumph, the delight, the
madness!
The boundless, overflowing, bursting
gladness,
The vaporous exultation not to be con-
fined!
Ha! ha! the animation of delight
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of
light,
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its
own wind.

The Moon

Brother mine, calm wanderer,
Happy globe of land and air,
Some Spirit is darted like a beam from
thee,
Which penetrates my frozen frame,
And passes with the warmth of flame,
With love, and odor, and deep melody
Through me, through me!

The Earth

Ha! ha! the caverns of my hollow
mountains,
My cloven fire-crags, sound-exulting
fountains

Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable
laughter.

The oceans, and the deserts, and the
abysses,

And the deep air's unmeasured wilder-
nesses,

Answer from all their clouds and billows,
echoing after.

They cry aloud as I do. Sceptred curse,
Who all our green and azure universe
Threatenedst to muffle round with black
destruction, sending

A solid cloud to rain hot thunder-
stones,

And splinter and knead down my
children's bones,

All I bring forth, to one void mass, batter-
ing and blending.

Until each crag-like tower, and storied
column,

Palace, and obelisk, and temple solemn,
My imperial mountains crowned with
cloud, and snow, and fire;

My sea-like forests, every blade and
blossom,

Which finds a grave or cradle in my
bosom,

Were stamped by thy strong hate into a
lifeless mire.

How art thou sunk, withdrawn,
covered, drunk up

By thirsty nothing, as the brackish cup
Drained by a desert-troop, a little drop
for all;

And from beneath, around, within,
above,

Filling thy void annihilation, love
Burst in like light on caves cloven by the
thunder-ball.

The Moon

The snow upon my lifeless mountains
Is loosened into living fountains,

My solid oceans flow, and sing, and shine :
A spirit from my heart bursts forth,

It clothes with unexpected birth
My cold bare bosom: Oh! it must be
thine

On mine, on mine!

Gazing on thee, I feel, I know
Green stalks burst forth, and bright
flowers grow,

And living shapes upon my bosom move :
Music is in the sea and air,
Winged clouds soar here and there,
Dark with the rain new buds are dream-
ing of :

'Tis love, all love!

The Earth

It interpenetrates my granite mass,
Through tangled roots and trodden clay
doth pass,

Into the utmost leaves and delicatest
flowers;

Upon the winds, among the clouds 'tis
spread,

It wakes a life in the forgotten dead,
They breathe a spirit up from their
obscurest bowers.

And like a storm bursting its cloudy
prison

With thunder, and with whirlwind, has
arisen

Out of the lamplless caves of unimagined
being:

With earthquake shock and swiftness
making shiver

Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved
for ever,

Till hate, and fear, and pain, light-van-
quished shadows, fleeing,

Leave Man, who was a many-sided
mirror,

Which could distort to many a shape of
error,

This true fair world of things, a sea re-
flecting love;

Which over all his kind as the sun's
heaven

Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and
even

Darting from starry depths radiance and
life, doth move,

Leave Man, even as a leprous child is
left,

Who follows a sick beast to some warm
cleft

Of rocks, through which the might of
healing springs is poured;

Then when it wanders home with rosy
smile,

Unconscious, and its mother fears
awhile

It is a spirit, then, weeps on her child
restored —

Man, oh, not men! a chain of linkèd
 thought,
 Of love and might to be divided not,
 Compelling the elements with adaman-
 tine stress;
 As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's
 gaze,
 The unquiet republic of the maze
 Of planets, struggling fierce towards
 heaven's free wilderness —

Man, one harmonious soul of many a
 soul,
 Whose nature is its own divine control,
 Where all things flow to all, as rivers to
 the sea;
 Familiar acts are beautiful through love;
 Labor, and pain, and grief, in life's
 green grove
 Sport like tame beasts, none knew how
 gentle they could be!

His will, with all mean passions, bad
 delights,
 And selfish cares, its trembling
 satellites,
 A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,
 Is as a tempest-wingèd ship, whose helm
 Love rules, through waves which dare
 not overwhelm,
 Forcing life's wildest shores to own its
 sovereign sway.

All things confess his strength.
 Through the cold mass
 Of marble and of color his dreams pass;
 Bright threads whence mothers weave the
 robes their children wear;
 Language is a perpetual orphic song,
 Which rules with Dædal harmony a
 throng
 Of thoughts and forms, which else sense-
 less and shapeless were.

The lightning is his slave; heaven's
 utmost deep
 Gives up her stars, and like a flock of
 sheep
 They pass before his eye, are numbered,
 and roll on!
 The tempest is his steed, he strides the
 air;
 And the abyss shouts from her depth
 laid bare,
 Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils
 me; I have none.

The Moon

The shadow of white death has past
 From my path in heaven at last,
 A clinging shroud of solid frost and sleep;
 And through my newly-woven bowers,
 Wander happy paramours,
 Less mighty, but as mild as those who keep
 Thy vales more deep.

The Earth

As the dissolving warmth of dawn may
 fold
 A half unfrozen dew-globe, green and
 gold,
 And crystalline, till it becomes a wingèd
 mist,
 And wanders up the vault of the blue
 day,
 Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last
 ray
 Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and
 amethyst.

The Moon

Thou art folded, thou art lying
 In the light which is undying
 Of thine own joy, and heaven's smile
 divine;
 All suns and constellations shower
 On thee a light, a life, a power
 Which doth array thy sphere; thou pour-
 est thine
 On mine, on mine!

The Earth

I spin beneath my pyramid of night,
 Which points into the heavens dream-
 ing delight,
 Murmuring victorious joy in my en-
 charmed sleep;
 As a youth lulled in love-dreams faintly
 sighing,
 Under the shadows of his beauty lying,
 Which round his rest a watch of light and
 warmth doth keep.

The Moon

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
 When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,
 High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes
 are dull;
 So when thy shadow falls on me,
 Then am I mute and still, by thee
 Covered; of thy love, Orb most beautiful,
 Full, oh, too full!

Thou art speeding round the sun
 Brightest world of many a one:
 Green and azure sphere which shinest
 With a light which is divinest
 Among all the lamps of Heaven
 To whom life and light is given;
 I, thy crystal paramour,
 Borne beside thee by a power
 Like the polar Paradise,
 Magnet-like of lovers' eyes;
 I, a most enamored maiden
 Whose weak brain is overladen
 With the pleasure of her love,
 Maniac-like around thee move
 Gazing, an insatiate bride,
 On thy form from every side
 Like a Mænad, round the cup
 Which Agave lifted up
 In the weird Cadmæan forest.
 Brother, whereso'er thou soarest
 I must hurry, whirl and follow
 Through the heavens wide and hollow,
 Sheltered by the warm embrace
 Of thy soul from hungry space,
 Drinking from thy sense and sight
 Beauty, majesty, and might,
 As a lover or chameleon
 Grows like what it looks upon
 As a violet's gentle eye
 Gazes on the azure sky
 Until its hue grows like what it denotes,
 As a gray and watery mist
 Glows like solid amethyst
 Athwart the western mountain it enfolds,
 When the sunset sleeps
 Upon its snow.

The Earth

And the weak day weeps
 That it should be so.
 Oh, gentle Moon, the voice of thy delight
 Falls on me like thy clear and tender light
 Soothing the seaman, borne the summer night,
 Through isles for ever calm:
 Oh, gentle Moon, thy crystal accents pierce
 The caverns of my pride's deep universe,
 Charming the tiger joy, whose trappings fierce
 Made wounds which need thy balm.

Panthea. I rise as from a bath of
 sparkling water,

A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,
 Out of the stream of sound.

Ione. Ah me! sweet sister,
 The stream of sound has ebbed away
 from us,
 And you pretend to rise out of its wave,
 Because your words fall like the clear,
 soft dew
 Shaken from a bathing wood-nymph's
 limbs and hair.

Panthea. Peace! peace! A mighty
 Power, which is as darkness,
 Is rising out of Earth, and from the sky
 Is showered like night, and from within
 the air
 Bursts, like eclipse which had been
 gathered up
 Into the pores of sunlight: the bright
 visions,
 Wherein the singing spirits rode and
 shone,
 Gleam like pale meteors through a watery
 night.

Ione. There is a sense of words upon
 mine ear.

Panthea. An universal sound like
 words: Oh, list!

Demogorgon

Thou, Earth, calm empire of a happy
 soul,
 Sphere of divinest shapes and harmonies,
 Beautiful orb! gathering as thou dost
 roll
 The love which paves thy path along
 the skies:

The Earth

I hear: I am as a drop of dew that
 dies.

Demogorgon

Thou, Moon, which gazest on the nightly
 Earth
 With wonder, as it gazes upon thee;
 Whilst each to men, and beasts, and the
 swift birth
 Of birds, is beauty, love, calm, har-
 mony:

The Moon

I hear: I am a leaf shaken by thee!

Demogorgon

Ye kings of suns and stars, Demons and
 Gods,
 Ethereal Dominations, who possess
 Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes
 Beyond Heaven's constellated wilder-
 ness :

A Voice from above

Our great Republic hears, we are blest.
 and bless.

Demogorgon

Ye happy dead, whom beams of brightest
 verse
 Are clouds to hide, not colors to por-
 tray,
 Whether your nature is that universe
 Which once ye saw and suffered —

A Voice from beneath

Or as they
 Whom we have left, we change and
 pass away.

Demogorgon

Ye elemental Genii, who have homes
 From man's high mind even to the
 central stone
 Of sullen lead; from Heaven's star-
 fretted domes
 To the dull weed some sea-worm
 battens on ;

A confused Voice

We hear: thy words waken Oblivion.

Demogorgon

Spirits, whose homes are flesh : ye beasts
 and birds,
 Ye worms, and fish; ye living leaves
 and buds;
 Lightning and wind; and ye untameable
 herds,
 Meteors and mists, which throng air's
 solitudes; —

A Voice

Thy voice to us is wind among still
 woods,

Demogorgon

Man, who wert once a despot and a slave;
 A dupe and a deceiver; a decay;
 A traveller from the cradle to the grave
 Through the dim night of this im-
 mortal day:

All

Speak; thy strong words may never
 pass away.

Demogorgon

This is the day, which down the void
 abyss
 At the Earth-born's spell yawns for
 Heaven's despotism,
 And Conquest is dragged captive
 through the deep:
 Love, from its awful throne of patient
 power
 In the wise heart, from the last giddy
 hour
 Of dead endurance, from the slippery,
 steep,
 And narrow verge of crag-like agony,
 springs
 And folds over the world its healing
 wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endur-
 ance,
 These are the seals of that most firm
 assurance
 Which bars the pit over Destruction's
 strength;
 And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
 Mother of many acts and hours, should
 free
 The serpent that would clasp her with
 his length;
 These are the spells by which to
 reassume
 An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks in-
 finite;
 To forgive wrongs darker than death or
 night;
 To defy Power, which seems omni-
 potent;
 To love, and bear; to hope till Hope
 creates
 From its own wreck the thing it contem-
 plates;

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;

This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;

This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.¹ *September 1818-1819.*
1820.

¹ The prominent feature of Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was that evil is not inherent in the system of the creation, but an accident that might be expelled. This also forms a portion of Christianity: God made earth and man perfect, till he, by his fall,

"Brought death into the world and all our woe."

Shelley believed that mankind had only to will that there should be no evil, and there would be none. It is not my part in these Notes to notice the arguments that have been urged against this opinion, but to mention the fact that he entertained it, and was indeed attached to it with fervent enthusiasm. That man could be so perfectionized as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation, was the cardinal point of his system. And the subject he loved best to dwell on was the image of One warring with the Evil Principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all — even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity; a victim full of fortitude and hope and the spirit of triumph, emanating from a reliance in the ultimate omnipotence of Good. Such he had depicted in his last poem, when he made Laon the enemy and the victim of tyrants. He now took a more idealized image of the same subject. He followed certain classical authorities in figuring Saturn as the good principle, Jupiter the usurping evil one, and Prometheus as the regenerator, who, unable to bring mankind back to primitive innocence, used knowledge as a weapon to defeat evil, by leading mankind, beyond the state wherein they are sinless through ignorance, to that in which they are virtuous through wisdom. Jupiter punished the temerity of the Titan by chaining him to a rock of Caucasus, and causing a vulture to devour his still-renewed heart. There was a prophecy afloat in heaven portending the fall of Jove, the secret of averting which was known only to Prometheus; and the god offered freedom from torture on condition of its being communicated to him. According to the mythological story, this referred to the offspring of Thetis, who was destined to be greater than his father. Prometheus at last bought pardon for his crime of enriching mankind with his gifts, by revealing the prophecy. Hercules killed the vulture, and set him free; and Thetis was married to Peleus, the father of Achilles.

Shelley adapted the catastrophe of this story to his peculiar views. The son greater than his father, born of the nuptials of Jupiter and Thetis, was to dethrone Evil, and bring back a happier reign than that of Saturn. Prometheus defies the power of his enemy, and endures centuries of torture; till the hour arrives when Jove, blind to the real event, but darkly guessing that some great good to himself will flow, espouses Thetis. At the moment, the Primal Power of the world drives him from his usurped throne, and Strength, in the person of Hercules, liberates Humanity, typified in Prometheus, from the tortures generated by evil done or suffered. Asia, one of the Oceanides, is the wife

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

PART FIRST

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss

In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,

As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,

of Prometheus — she was, according to other mythological interpretations, the same as Venus and Nature. When the benefactor of mankind is liberated, Nature resumes the beauty of her prime, and is united to her husband, the emblem of the human race, in perfect and happy union. In the fourth Act, the Poet gives further scope to his imagination, and idealizes the forms of creation — such as we know them, instead of such as they appeared to the Greeks. Maternal Earth, the mighty parent, is superseded by the Spirit of the Earth, the guide of our planet through the realms of sky; while his fair and weaker companion and attendant, the Spirit of the Moon, receives bliss from the annihilation of Evil in the superior sphere.

Shelley develops more particularly in the lyrics of this drama his abstruse and imaginative theories with regard to the creation. It requires a mind as subtle and penetrating as his own to understand the mystic meanings scattered throughout the poem. They elude the ordinary reader by their abstraction and delicacy of distinction, but they are far from vague. It was his design to write prose metaphysical essays on the nature of Man, which would have served to explain much of what is obscure in his poetry; a few scattered fragments of observations and remarks alone remain. He considered these philosophical views of Mind and Nature to be instinct with the intensest spirit of poetry.

More popular poets clothe the ideal with familiar and sensible imagery. Shelley loved to idealize the real — to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to bestow such also on the most delicate and abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind. Sophocles was his great master in this species of imagery. (*From Mrs. Shelley's Note.*)

And their breath was mixed with fresh
odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the
instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip
tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's
recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so
pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and
blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal
anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath
address,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing
breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender
sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet
tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant
bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering
blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting
through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did
glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radi-
ance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden, along and
across,
Some open at once to the sun and the
breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming
trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate
bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day
drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening
dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening
eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had un-
folded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor
shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love
make dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual
atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could give
small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to
the root,
Received more than all, it loved more
than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong
to the giver,

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright
flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart
is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining
wings,
Shed the music of many murmurings;

The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plum'd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides
high,
Then wander like spirits among the
spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it
bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went
by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from
heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air
was all love,
And delight, tho' less bright, was far more
deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of
sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the
insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, tho' they ever
impress
The light sand which paves it, conscious-
ness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might
fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the
Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART SECOND

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers did they waken or
dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely
mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien
and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the
ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even:
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night
walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the
Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing
face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep
from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than
Paradise:

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were
awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Tho' the veil of daylight concealed him
from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it
pressed;
You might hear by the heaving of her
breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion
behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy
sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green
deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden
sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;

I doubt not they felt the spirit that
came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their
frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the
stream
On those that were faint with the sunny
beam;

And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder
showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender
hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier
bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants,
she
Could never have nursed them more
tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing
worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely
forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers
full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose
intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft
moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm
not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to
come,
She left clinging round the smooth and
dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden minister-
ing
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown — she
died!

PART THIRD

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened,
were,

Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of
Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and
slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and
low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin
plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the
grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did
pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a
mournful tone,
And safe in the pines, and gave groan for
groan.

The garden once fair, became cold and
foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its
soul,
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear
and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson
snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and
wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf by leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray,
 and red,
 And white with the whiteness of what is
 dead,
 Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind
 past;
 Their whistling noise made the birds
 aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingèd
 seeds,
 Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
 Till they clung round many a sweet
 flower's stem,
 Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
 Fell from the stalks on which they were
 set;
 And the eddies drove them here and there,
 As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken
 stalks,
 Were bent and tangled across the walks;
 And the leafless network of parasite
 bowers
 Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the
 snow,
 All loathliest weeds began to grow,
 Whose coarse leaves were splashed with
 many a speck,
 Like the water-snake's belly and the
 toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
 And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock
 dank,
 Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
 And stifled the air till the dead wind
 stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse
 feels loath,
 Filled the place with a monstrous under
 growth,
 Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and
 blue,
 Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics, and fungi, with mildew and
 mould
 Started like mist from the wet ground
 cold;

Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
 With a spirit of growth had been ani-
 mated!

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
 Made the running rivulet thick and dumb
 And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
 Dammed it up with roots knotted like
 water snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
 The vapors arose which have strength to
 kill:

At morn they were seen, at noon they
 were felt,
 At night they were darkness no star could
 melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to
 spray
 Crept and flitted in broad noonday
 Unseen; every branch on which they
 alit
 By a venomous blight was burned and
 bit.

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
 Wept, and the tears within each lid
 Of its folded leaves which together grew
 Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches
 soon
 By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
 The sap shrank to the root through every
 pore
 As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came: the wind was his
 whip:
 One choppy finger was on his lip:
 He had torn the cataracts from the hills
 And they clanked at his girdle like man-
 acles;

His breath was a chain which without a
 sound
 The earth, and the air, and the water
 bound;
 He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-
 throne
 By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of
 living death
 Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.

Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for
want :

The birds dropped stiff from the frozen
air

And were caught in the branches naked
and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain
And its dull drops froze on the boughs
again,

Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain
grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering
about

Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child
out,

Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy
and stiff,

And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came
back

The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and
docks, and darnels,

Rose like the dead from their ruined
charnels.

CONCLUSION

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit
sat

Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never passed away :
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ; not they.
1820. 1820.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting
flowers,

From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that
waken

The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's
breast,

As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the fashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,

While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or
stream,

The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue
smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor
eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,

When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,

Which an earthquake rocks and
swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from the
 lit sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy
 nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's
 thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built
 tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on
 high,
 Are each paved with the moon and
 these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning
 zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of
 pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel
 and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner
 unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like
 shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I
 march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to
 my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing
 below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and
 shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when with never a
 stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their
 convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
 from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

1820. 1820.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just
 begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
 delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
 there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and
 heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of
 melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it
 heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows
 her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbehoben
 Its aërial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which
screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these
 heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
 doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so
 divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want,

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad
 satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a
 crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
 saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should
 come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of
 the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am
 listening now. 1820. 1820.

TO —

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
 Thou needest not fear mine;
 My spirit is too deeply laden
 Ever to burthen thine,

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
 Thou needest not fear mine;
 Innocent is the heart's devotion
 With which I worship thine.
 1820. 1824.

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks,
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams;—
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams:
 And gliding and springing
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep;
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold,
 With his trident the mountains strook
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks;— with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind
 It concealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below.
 The beard and the hair
 Of the River-god were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,
 As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair!”
 The loud Ocean heard,
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer;
 And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam;

Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream:—
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
 Where the Ocean Powers
 Sit on their pearled thrones,
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones;
 Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of colored light;
 And under the caves,
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night:—
 Outspeeding the shark,
 And the sword-fish dark,
 Under the ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain cliffs
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks,
 Like friends once parted
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap
 From their cradles steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill;
 At noontide they flow
 Through the woods below
 And the meadows of Asphodel;
 And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore;
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky
 When they love but live no more.

1820. 1824.

HYMN OF PAN

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come;
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass,
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,

To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal Earth,
 And of Heaven — and the giant wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth, —
 And then I changed my pip-
 ings, —

Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasp'd a reed :
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
 It breaks in our bosom and then we
 bleed :

All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.
 1820. 1824.

THE QUESTION

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the
 way,
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to
 spring,
 And gentle odors led my steps astray,
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmur-
 ing
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which
 lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to
 fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the
 stream,
 But kissed it and then fled, as thou might-
 est in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the
 earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets;
 Faint oxslips; tender bluebells, at
 whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall
 flower that wets —
 Like a child, half in tenderness and
 mirth —
 Its mother's face with heaven's collected
 tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice,
 it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglan-
 tine,
 Green cowbind and the moonlight-
 colored May,
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups,
 whose wine
 Was the bright dew, yet drained not by
 the day;
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
 With its dark buds and leaves, wander-
 ing astray;
 And flowers azure, black, and streaked
 with gold,
 Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple
 pranked with white,
 And starry river buds among the sedge,
 And floating water-lilies, broad and
 bright,
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
 With moonlight beams of their own
 watery light;
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep
 green
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober
 sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
 That the same hues, which in their nat-
 ural bowers
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array
 Kept these imprisoned children of the
 Hours
 Within my hand, — and then, elate
 and gay,
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
 That I might there present it! — oh! to
 whom?
 1820. 1822.

SONG

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure,
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure,
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight!
 The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
 And the starry night;
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Every thing almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
 What difference? but thou dost possess
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee —

Thou art love and life! Oh come,
 Make once more my heart thy home.
 1820.¹ 1824.

TO THE MOON

ART thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven and gazing on the
 earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different
 birth, —
 And ever changing, like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy?
 1820. 1824.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
 In what cavern of the night
 Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
 Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
 In what depth of night or day
 Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
 Like the world's rejected guest,
 Hast thou still some secret nest
 On the tree or billow?
 1820. 1824.

TIME LONG PAST

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead
 Is Time long past.
 A tone which is now forever fled,
 A hope which is now forever past,
 A love so sweet it could not last,
 Was Time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night
 Of Time long past:
 And, was it sadness or delight,
 Each day a shadow onward cast
 Which made us wish it yet might last —
 That Time long past.

¹ Though included by Mrs. Shelley, and by later editors, among the poems of 1821, there is a copy of this poem in the Harvard College Manuscripts, dated in Shelley's handwriting, "Pisa, May 1820." See note in Edward Dowden's edition of Shelley.

Young Love should teach Time, in his
 own gray style,
 All that thou art. Art thou not void of
 guile,
 A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless?
 A well of sealed and secret happiness,
 Whose waters like blithe light and music
 are,
 Vanquishing dissonance and gloom? A
 Star
 Which moves not in the moving Heavens,
 alone?
 A smile amid dark frowns? a gentle tone
 Amid rude voices? a beloved light?
 A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight?
 A Lute which those whom Love has
 taught to play
 Make music on, to soothe the roughest day
 And lull fond grief asleep? a buried
 treasure?
 A cradle of young thoughts of wingless
 pleasure;
 A violet-shrouded grave of Woe?— I
 measure
 The world of fancies, seeking one like
 thee,
 And find— alas! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough
 way,
 And lured me towards sweet Death; as
 Night by Day,
 Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift
 Hope,
 Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,
 In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
 Were less ethereally light: the brightness
 Of her divinest presence trembles through
 Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew
 Embodied in the windless Heaven of June
 Amid the splendor-wingèd stars, the
 Moon
 Burns, inextinguishably beautiful:
 And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full
 Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,
 Killing the sense with passion; sweet as
 stops
 Of planetary music heard in trance.
 In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,
 The sunbeams of those wells which ever
 leap
 Under the lightnings of the soul— too
 deep
 For the brief fathom-line of thought or
 sense.
 The glory of her being, issuing thence,

Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a
 warm shade
 Of unentangled intermixture, made
 By Love, of light and motion: one in-
 tense
 Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,
 Whose flowing outlines mingle in their
 flowing
 Around her cheeks and utmost fingers
 glowing
 With the unintermitted blood, which
 there
 Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air
 The crimson pulse of living morning
 quiver),
 Continuously prolonged, and ending
 never,
 Till they are lost, and in that Beauty
 furled
 Which penetrates and clasps and fills the
 world;
 Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.
 Warm fragrance seems to fall from her
 light dress
 And her loose hair; and where some
 heavy tress
 The air of her own speed has disentwined,
 The sweetness seems to satiate the faint
 wind;
 And in the soul a wild odor is felt,
 Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt
 Into the bosom of a frozen bud.—
 See where she stands! a mortal shape
 indued
 With love and life and light and deity,
 And motion which may change but can-
 not die;
 An image of some bright Eternity;
 A shadow of some golden dream; a
 Splendor
 Leaving the third sphere pilotless; a
 tender
 Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love
 Under whose motions life's dull billows
 move;
 A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and
 Morning;
 A Vision like incarnate April, warning,
 With smiles and tears, Frost the An-
 atomy
 Into his summer grave.

Ah, woe is me!

What have I dared? where am I lifted?
 how
 Shall I descend, and perish not? I know

That Love makes all things equal: I
have heard
By mine own heart this joyous truth
averred:
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship, blends itself with
God.

Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of the
Fate
Whose course has been so starless! Oh,
too late
Belovèd! Oh, too soon adored, by me!
For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshipped
thine,
A divine presence in a place divine;
Or, should have moved beside it on this
earth,
A shadow of that substance, from its
birth;
But not as now:—I love thee; yes, I
feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast
delight.
We—are we not formed, as notes of
music are,
For one another, though dissimilar;
Such difference without discord, as can
make
Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits
shake
As trembling leaves in a continuous air?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids
me dare
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are
wrecked.
I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should
select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise,
commend
To cold oblivion, though it is in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary
footsteps tread,
Who travel to their home among the
dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous
foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True Love in this differs from gold and
clay
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows
bright,
Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy
light,
Imagination! which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human phantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors,
fills
The Universe with glorious beams, and
kills
Error, the worm, with many a sun-like
arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that con-
templates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates
One object, and one form, and builds
thereby
A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in
this:
Evil from good; misery from happiness;
The baser from the nobler; the impure
And frail, from what is clear and must
endure.
If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and
thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we
know not
How much, while any yet remains un-
shared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow
spared:
This truth is that deep well, whence sages
draw
The unenvied light of hope; the eternal
law
By which those live, to whom this world
of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's
dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the
caves

Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
 Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous
 floor
 Paved her light steps; — on an imagined
 shore,
 Under the gray beak of some promontory
 She met me, robed in such exceeding
 glory,
 That I beheld her not. In solitudes
 Her voice came to me through the whisper-
 ing woods,
 And from the fountains, and the odors
 deep
 Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in
 their sleep
 Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them
 there,
 Breathed but of *her* to the enamored air;
 And from the breezes whether low or
 loud,
 And from the rain of every passing cloud,
 And from the singing of the summer birds,
 And from all sounds, all silence. In the
 words
 Of antique verse and high romance, — in
 form,
 Sound, color — in whatever checks that
 Storm
 Which with the shattered present chokes
 the past;
 And in that best philosophy, whose taste
 Makes this cold common hell, our life, a
 doom
 As glorious as a fiery martyrdom;
 Her Spirit was the harmony of truth. —

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy
 youth
 I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of
 fire,
 And towards the loadstar of my one
 desire,
 I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight
 Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
 When it would seek in Hesper's setting
 sphere
 A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
 As if it were a lamp of earthly flame. —
 But She, whom prayers or tears then
 could not tame,
 Passed, like a God throned on a wingèd
 planet,
 Whose burning plumes to tenfold swift-
 ness fan it,
 Into the dreary cone of our life's shade;
 And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,

I would have followed, though the grave
 between
 Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are
 unseen:
 When a voice said: — "O Thou of hearts
 the weakest,
 The phantom is beside thee whom thou
 seekest."
 Then I — "Where?" the world's echo
 answered "where!"
 And in that silence, and in my despair,
 I questioned every tongueless wind that
 flew
 Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
 Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my
 soul;
 And murmured names and spells which
 have control
 Over the sightless tyrants of our fate;
 But neither prayer nor verse could dis-
 sipate
 The night which closed on her; nor
 uncreate
 That world within this Chaos, mine and
 me,
 Of which she was the veiled Divinity,
 The world I say of thoughts that wor-
 shipped her:
 And therefore I went forth, with hope
 and fear
 And every gentle passion sick to death,
 Feeding my course with expectation's
 breath,
 Into the wintry forest of our life;
 And struggling through its error with vain
 strife,
 And stumbling in my weakness and my
 haste,
 And half bewildered by new forms, I past
 Seeking among those untaught foresters
 If I could find one form resembling hers,
 In which she might have masked herself
 from me.
 There, — One, whose voice was venomèd
 melody
 Sate by a well, under blue nightshade
 bowers;
 The breath of her false mouth was like
 faint flowers,
 Her touch was as electric poison, — flame
 Out of her looks into my vitals came,
 And from her living cheeks and bosom
 flew
 A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew
 Into the core of my green heart, and lay
 Upon its leaves; until, as hair grown gray

O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown
prime
With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of that idol of my thought.
And some were fair — but beauty dies
away :

Others were wise — but honeyed words
betray :

And One was true — oh ! why not true
to me ?

Then, as a hunted deer that could not flee,
I turned upon my thoughts, and stood
at bay,

Wounded and weak and panting ; the
cold day

Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain.
When, like a noonday dawn, there shone
again

Deliverance. One stood on my path who
seemed

As like the glorious shape which I had
dreamed,

As is the Moon, whose changes ever run
Into themselves, to the eternal Sun ;

The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of
Heaven's bright isles,

Who makes all beautiful on which she
smiles,

That wandering shrine of soft yet icy
flame

Which ever is transformed, yet still the
same,

And warms not but illumines. Young
and fair

As the descended Spirit of that sphere,
She hid me, as the Moon may hide the
night

From its own darkness, until all was
bright

Between the Heaven and Earth of my
calm mind,

And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,
She led me to a cave in that wild place,
And sate beside me, with her downward
face

Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon
Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.

And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
And all my being became bright or dim
As the Moon's image in a summer sea,
According as she smiled or frowned on
me ;

And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed :
Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead ; —

For at her silver voice came Death and
Life,

Unmindful each of their accustomed strife,
Masked like twin babes, a sister and a
brother,

The wandering hopes of one abandoned
mother,

And through the cavern without wings
they flew,

And cried " Away, he is not of our crew."
I wept, and though it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of
my sleep,

Blotting that Moon, whose pale and
waning lips

Then shrank as in the sickness of
eclipse ; —

And how my soul was as a lampless sea,
And who was then its Tempest ; and
when She,

The Planet of that hour, was quenched,
what frost

Crept o'er those waters, till from coast
to coast

The moving billows of my being fell
Into a death of ice, immovable ; —

And then — what earthquakes made it
gape and split,

The white Moon smiling all the while on
it,

These words conceal : — If not, each word
would be

The key of stanchless tears. Weep not
for me !

At length, into the obscure Forest came
The Vision I had sought through grief and
shame.

Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
Flashed from her motion splendor like the

Morn's

And from her presence life was radiated
Through the gray earth and branches
bare and dead ;

So that her way was paved, and roofed
above

With flowers as soft as thoughts of bud-
ding love ;

And music from her respiration spread
Like light, — all other sounds were pene-
trated

By the small, still, sweet spirit of that
sound,

So that the savage winds hung mute
around ;

And odors warm and fresh fell from her hair,
 Dissolving the dull cold in the frore air:
 Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,
 When light is changed to love, this glorious One
 Floated into the cavern where I lay,
 And called my Spirit, and the dreaming clay
 Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below
 As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow
 I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night
 Was penetrating me with living light:
 I knew it was the Vision veiled from me
 So many years — that it was Emily.

Twain Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth,
 This world of love, this *me*; and into birth
 Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart
 Magnetic might into its central heart;
 And lift its billows and its mists, and guide
 By everlasting laws, each wind and tide
 To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave;
 And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave
 Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers
 The armies of the rainbow-winged showers;
 And, as those married lights, which from the towers
 Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe
 In liquid sleep and splendor, as a robe;
 And all their many-mingled influence blend,
 If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end; —
 So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway
 Govern my sphere of being, night and day!
 Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed might:
 Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light;
 And, through the shadow of the seasons three,
 From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,
 Light it into the Winter of the tomb,
 Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.
 Thou too, O Comet beautiful and fierce,
 Who drew the heart of this frail Universe

Towards thine own; till, wrecked in that convulsion,
 Alternating attraction and repulsion,
 Thine went astray and that was rent in twain;
 Oh, float into our azure heaven again!
 Be there love's folding-star at thy return;
 The living Sun will feed thee from its urn
 Of golden fire; the Moon will veil her horn
 In thy last smiles; adoring Even and Morn
 Will worship thee with incense of calm breath
 And lights and shadows; as the star of Death
 And Birth is worshipped by those sisters wild
 Called Hope and Fear — upon the heart are piled
 Their offerings, — of this sacrifice divine
 A world shall be the altar.

Lady mine,
 Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth
 Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth
 Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,
 Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me.
 To whatsoever of dull mortality
 Is mine, remain a vestal sister still;
 To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,
 Not mine but me, henceforth be thou united
 Even as a bride, delighting and delighted.
 The hour is come: — the destined Star has risen
 Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.
 The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set
 The sentinels — but true love never yet
 Was thus constrained: it overleaps all fence:
 Like lightning, with invisible violence
 Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath,
 Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death,
 Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
 Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array

Of arms; more strength has Love than he
 or they;
 For it can burst his charnel, and make free
 The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
 The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,

A ship is floating in the harbor now,
 A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's
 brow;

There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
 No keel has ever ploughed that path
 before;

The halcyons brood around the foamless
 isles;

The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its
 wiles;

The merry mariners are bold and free:
 Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with
 me?

Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
 Is a far Eden of the purple East;

And we between her wings will sit, while
 Night

And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue
 their flight,

Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.

It is an Isle under Ionian skies,
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,

And, for the harbors are not safe and good,
 This land would have remained a solitude

But for some pastoral people native there,
 Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden
 air

Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
 Simple and spirited; innocent and bold.

The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
 With ever-changing sound and light and

foam,
 Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;

And all the winds wandering along the
 shore

Undulate with the undulating tide:

There are thick woods where sylvan forms
 abide;

And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
 As clear as elemental diamond,

Or serene morning air; and far beyond,
 The mossy tracks made by the goats and

deer
 (Which the rough shepherd treads but
 once a year),

Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers,
 and halls

Built round with ivy, which the water-
 falls

Illumining, with sound that never fails
 Accompany the noonday nightingales;
 And all the place is peopled with sweet
 airs;

The light clear element which the isle
 wears

Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
 Which floats like mist laden with unseen
 showers

And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
 And from the moss violets and jonquils

peep,
 And dart their arrowy odor through the
 brain

Till you might faint with that delicious
 pain,

And every motion, odor, beam, and tone
 With that deep music is in unison:

Which is a soul within the soul — they
 seem

Like echoes of an antenatal dream. —
 It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth,

and Sea,
 Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;

Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
 Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young

air.
 It is a favored place. Famine or Blight,
 Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never

light
 Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures,
 they

Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
 The wingèd storms, chanting their thun-
 der-psalm

To other lands, leave azure chasms of
 calm

Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
 From which its fields and woods ever

renew
 Their green and golden immortality.

And from the sea there rise, and from the
 sky

There fall, clear exhalations, soft and
 bright,

Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
 Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,

Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
 Glowing at once with love and loveliness,

Blushes and trembles at its own excess:
 Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less

Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
 An atom of th' Eternal, whose own smile

Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen
 O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and

forests green,

Filling their bare and void interstices. —
 But the chief marvel of the wilderness
 Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how
 None of the rustic island-people know;
 'Tis not a tower of strength, though with
 its height

It overtops the woods; but, for delight,
 Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere
 crime

Had been invented, in the world's young
 prime,

Reared it, a wonder of that simple time,
 An envy of the isles, a pleasure-house
 Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.
 It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,
 But, as it were Titanic; in the heart
 Of Earth having assumed its form, then
 grown

Out of the mountains, from the living
 stone,

Lifting itself in caverns light and high!
 For all the antique and learned imagery
 Has been erased, and in the place of it
 The ivy and the wild-vine interknit
 The volumes of their many twining
 stems;

Parasite flowers illumine with dewy gems
 The lampless halls, and when they fade,
 the sky

Peeps through their winter-woof of
 tracery

With Moonlight patches, or star atoms
 keen,

Or fragments of the day's intense
 serene; —

Working mosaic on their Parian floors.
 And, day and night, aloof, from the high
 towers

And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
 To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
 Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks,
 and all that we

Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I
 have vowed

Thee to be lady of the solitude. —
 And I have fitted up some chambers there
 Looking towards the golden Eastern air,
 And level with the living winds, which flow
 Like waves above the living waves
 below. —

I have sent books and music there, and
 all

Those instruments with which high spirits
 call

The future from its cradle, and the past
 Out of its grave, and make the present
 last

In thoughts and joys which sleep, but
 cannot die,
 Folded within their own eternity.

Our simple life wants little, and true taste
 Hires not the pale drudge Luxury, to
 waste

The scene it would adorn, and therefore
 still,

Nature with all her children, haunts the
 hill.

The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy,
 yet

Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls
 fit

Round the evening tower, and the young
 stars glance

Between the quick bats in their twilight
 dance;

The spotted deer bask in the fresh moon-
 light

Before our gate, and the slow, silent night
 Is measured by the pants of their calm
 sleep.

Be this our home in life, and when years
 heap

Their withered hours, like leaves, on our
 decay,

Let us become the overhanging day,
 The living soul of this Elysian isle,
 Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile
 We two will rise, and sit, and walk to-
 gether,

Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
 And wander in the meadows, or ascend
 The mossy mountains, where the blue
 heavens bend

With lightest winds, to touch their para-
 mour;

Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,
 Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea
 Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy, —
 Possessing and possessed by all that is
 Within that calm circumference of bliss,
 And by each other, till to love and live
 Be one: — or, at the noontide hour, arrive
 Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to
 keep

The moonlight of the expired night asleep,
 Through which the awakened day can
 never peep;

A veil for our seclusion, close as Night's,
 Where secure sleep may kill thine inno-
 cent lights;

Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the
rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn
again.

And we will talk, until thought's melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it
die

In words, to live again in looks, which
dart

With thrilling tone into the voiceless
heart,

Harmonizing silence without a sound.

Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms
bound,

And our veins beat together; and our
lips

With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them, and
the wells

Which boil under our being's inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity,
As mountain-springs under the morning
Sun.

We shall become the same, we shall be
one

Spirit within two frames, oh! wherefore
two?

One passion in twin-hearts, which grows
and grew,

Till like two meteors of expanding flame,
Those spheres instinct with it become the
same,

Touch, mingle, are transfigured; ever
still

Burning, yet ever inconsumable:

In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure and light and unim-
bued

To nourish their bright lives with baser
prey,

Which point to Heaven and cannot pass
away:

One hope within two wills, one will be-
neath

Two overshadowing minds, one life, one
death,

One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,
And one annihilation. Woe is me!

The winged words on which my soul
would pierce

Into the height of love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of
fire —

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!

Weak Verses, go, kneel at your Sover-
eign's feet,

And say: — "We are the masters of thy
slave;

What wouldest thou with us and ours
and thine?"

Then call your sisters from Oblivion's
cave,

All singing loud: "Love's very pain is
sweet,

But its reward is in the world divine
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the
grave."

So shall ye live when I am there. Then
haste

Over the hearts of men, until ye meet
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,
And bid them love each other and be
blest;

And leave the troop which errs, and which
reproves,

And come and be my guest, — for I am
Love's. 1821. 1821.

TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!

Out of thy misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;

When light rode high, and the dew was
gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,

Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon —
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

1821. 1824.

TIME

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are
years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep
woe
Are brackish with the salt of human
tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy
ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for
more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable
shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in
storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea? 1821. 1824.

SONNET: POLITICAL GREATNESS

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms
or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny
makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of their
hearts,
History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant
starts
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene
imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers
knit
By force or custom? Man, who man
would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

1821. 1824.

MUTABILITY

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou — and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

1821. 1824.

A LAMENT

O WORLD! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb
Trembling at that where I had stood
before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more — Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter
hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with
delight
No more — Oh, never more!

1821. 1824.

TO —

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory —
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken,

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone
Love itself shall slumber on.

1821. 1824.

ADONAI8

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS,
AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION, ETC.

Ἀσθὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐῷος
Νῦν δὲ θανῶν λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμέ-
vois.

PLATO

I WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!
Oh weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a
head!

And thou, sad Hour, selected from all
years

To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure
compeers,

And teach them thine own sorrow! Say:

“With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!”

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when
he lay,

When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft
which flies

In darkness? where was lorn Urania

When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,

’Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise

She sate, while one, with soft enamored

breath,

Rekindled all the fading melodies

With which, like flowers that mock the

corse beneath,

He had adorned and hid the coming bulk

of death.

Oh weep for Adonais — he is dead!

Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and

weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their

burning bed

Thy fiery tears, and let thy lov’d heart

keep,

Like his, a mute and uncomplaining

sleep;

For he is gone, where all things wise and

fair

Descend; — oh, dream not that the am-

orous Deep

Will yet restore him to the vital air;

Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs

at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country’s
pride,

The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a
loathèd rite

Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear

Sprite

Yet reigns o’er earth; the third among

The sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!

Not all to that bright station dared to
climb;

And happier they their happiness who
knew,

Whose tapers yet burn through that night
of time

In which suns perished; others more
sublime,

Struck by the envious wrath of man or
God,

Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent
prime;

And some yet live, treading the thorny
road,

Which leads, through toil and hate, to
Fame’s serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has
perished,

The nursing of thy widowhood, who
grew,

Like a pale flower by some sad maiden
cherished,

And fed with true love tears, instead of
dew;

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!

Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the
last,

The bloom, whose petals nipt before they
blew

Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;

The broken lily lies — the storm is over-
past.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and

decay,

He came; and bought, with price of pur-
est breath,

A grave among the eternal. — Come
away!

Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never
more! —

Within the twilight chamber spreads
apace,
The shadow of white Death, and at the
door

Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-
place;

The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to
deface

So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal
curtain draw.

Oh weep for Adonais! — The quick
Dreams,

The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living
streams

Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he
taught

The love which was its music, wander
not, —

Wander no more, from kindling brain to
brain,

But droop there, whence they sprung;
and mourn their lot

Round the cold heart, where, after their
sweet pain,

They ne'er will gather strength, or find a
home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps
his cold head,

And fans him with her moonlight wings,
and cries;

"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not
dead;

See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there
lies

A tear some Dream has loosened from his
brain."

Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!

She knew not 'twas her own; as with no
stain

She faded, like a cloud which had outwept
its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming
them;

Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem, *which*
Which frozen tears instead of pearls
begem;

Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more
weak;

And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen
cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw
the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the
guarded wit,

And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp
death

Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night
clips,

It flushed through his pale limbs, and
passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Ado-
rations,

Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering
Incarnations

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phan-
tasies;

And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the
gleam

Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp; — the moving pomp
might seem

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal
stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into
thought,

From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet
sound,

Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watchtower, and her hair
unbound,

Wet with the tears which should adorn the
ground,

Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afair the melancholy thunder moaned,

Pale Ocean in inquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing
in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless moun-
tains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered
lay,
And will no more reply to winds or foun-
tains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young
green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing
day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more
dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined
away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the
woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and
she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is
flown
For whom should she have waked the
sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to
sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious
pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's
domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth
complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty
nest,
As Albion wails for thee; the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy inno-
cent breast
And scared the angel soul that was its
earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous
tone:

Remembered of life -
The ants, the bees, the swallows re-
appear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead
Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every
brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and
brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden
snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their
trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and
hill and Ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart
has burst
As it has ever done, with change and
motion,
From the great morning of the world
when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream im-
mersed
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer
light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred
thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's
delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewed
might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit
tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when
splendor
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine
death
And mock the merry worm that wakes
beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone
which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the
sheath
By sightless lightning?—th' intense
atom glows—~~unseen mind~~
A moment, then is quenched in a most
cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be
But for our grief, as if it had not
been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what
scene

Coleridge &
Keats

Curse
of Cain

Physical
death
of the
soul

The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what
life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are
green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the
morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year
wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless
Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's
core,
A wound more fierce than his with tears
and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched
Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's
song
Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory
stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading
Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that
springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and
drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow
and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmos-
phere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her
way
Even to the mournful place where
Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with
stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her airy
tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they
fell:
And barbed tongues, and thoughts more
sharp than they
Rent the soft Form they never could
repel,

Whose sacred blood, like the young tears
of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserv-
ing way.

In the death chamber for a moment Death
Shamed by the presence of that living
Might
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her
dear delight.

"Leave me not wild and drear and com-
fortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless
night!

Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled,
and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once
again;

Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning
brain

That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts
else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot
thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths
of men

Too soon, and with weak hands though
mighty heart

Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was
then

Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the
spear?

Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent
sphere,

The monsters of life's waste had fled from
thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the
dead;

The vultures to the conqueror's banner
true

Who feed where Desolation first has fed,

And whose wings rain contagion; — how
they fled;
 When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
 And smiled! — The spoilers tempt no
 second blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn
 them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles
 spawn;

He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again;
 So is it in the world of living men:
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven,
 and when

It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or
 shared its light
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's
 awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the mountain
 shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles
 rent;

[The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his
 song

In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music
 from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail
 Form,

A phantom among men; companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm —
 Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
 Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilder-
 ness,

And his own thoughts, along that rugged
 way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father
 and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift —
 A Love in desolation masked; — a Power
 Girt round with weakness; — it can
 scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour;

† It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow; — even whilst we
 speak

Is it not broken? On the withering
 flower

* The killing sun smiles brightly: on a
 cheek

The life can burn in blood, even while the
 heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-
 blown,

And faded violets, white, and pied, and
 blue;

And a light spear topped with a cypress
 cone,

* Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses
 grew

Yet dripping with the forest's noonday
 dew,

Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it;
 of that crew

He came the last, neglected and apart;
 A herd-abandoned deer struck by the
 hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
 Smiled through their tears; well knew
 that gentle band

Who in another's fate now wept his own;
 * As in the accents of an unknown land,

He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
 The Stranger's mien, and murmured:
 "Who art thou?"

He answered not, but with a sudden hand
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined
 brow,

Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh,
 that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the
 dead?

Athwart what brow is that dark mantle
 thrown?

What form leans sadly o'er the white
 deathbed,

In mockery of monumental stone,
 The heavy heart heaving without a
 moan?

If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
 Taught, soothed, loved, honored the
 departed one;

Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs
 The silence of that heart's accepted
 sacrifice.

Euphonia Underhill 1st pair

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown

Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?

The nameless worm would now itself disown:

It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,

But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,

Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!

But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'er-flow:

Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;

Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,

And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.¹

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;

He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;

Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now —

Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow

Back to the burning fountain whence it came,

A portion of the Eternal, which must glow

Through time and change, unquenchably the same,

Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —

He hath awakened from the dream of life —

'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings. — *We decay*
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoured the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,

Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain

He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;

Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,

With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;

Mourn not for Adonais, — Thou young Dawn

Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee

The spirit thou lamentest is not gone; *All*
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!

Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown

O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare

Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard

His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;

He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,

Spreading itself where'er that Power may move

Which has withdrawn his being to its own;

Which wields the world with never wearied love,

Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

¹ See the note on page 328.

Spirit of Keats's stanza place in former

2nd pair

38

*Charming spirit of love
admirable
2nd pair
15 lines
one consolation?*

Source of all spirit living in the spirit of the world

*que savez
plane
center
unlike
decide
in life
Escape
Selling
of
a tree
Kings
ETRU
europe
soil -
Native
sacred
which
evidence
Linder
Mund*

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he
doth bear

His part, while the one Spirit's plastic
stress

Sweeps through the dull dense world,
compelling there

All new successions to the forms they
wear;

Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks
its flight

To its own likeness, as each mass may
bear;

And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the
Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished
not;

Like stars to their appointed height they
climb

And death is a low mist which cannot
blot

The brightness it may veil. When lofty
thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what

Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live
there

And move like winds of light on dark and
stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond
mortal thought,

Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not

Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved

Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:

Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing
reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth
are dark

But whose transmitted effluence cannot
die

So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.

"Thou art become as one of us," they
cry,

"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has
long

Swung blind in unascended majesty,

Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper
of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh come
forth

Fond wretch! and know thyself and him
aright.

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendu-
lous Earth;

As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might

Satiate the void circumference: then
shrink

Even to a point within our day and
night;

And keep thy heart light lest it make thee
sink

When hope has kindled hope and lured
thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
Oh! not of him, but of our joy: 'tis

nought

That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have

wrought;

For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world

their prey;

And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's

decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass
away.

Go thou to Rome, — at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;

And where its wrecks like shattered
mountains rise,

And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses
dress

The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead

Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead

A light of laughing flowers along the
grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which
dull Time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sub-
lime,

Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand

+ World enclosed by dark outside
 dove pure white radiance of heaven
 death drinks glass - I have sacrifice
 before human soul & eternity.

SHELLEY

343

Like flame transformed to marble; and
 beneath,
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their
 camp of death
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce ex-
 tinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too
 young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which con-
 signed

Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou
 find

Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's
 bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to be-
 come?

The One remains, the many change and
 pass;
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's
 shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity, +
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.

— Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou
 dost seek!
 Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure
 sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words,
 are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting
 truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink,
 my Heart?
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all
 things here
 They have departed; thou shouldst now
 depart!
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman; and what still is
 dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee
 wither.
 The soft sky smiles, — the low wind
 whispers near;
 'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can
 join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Uni-
 verse,

That Beauty in which all things work and
 move,

That Benediction which the eclipsing
 Curse

Of birth can quench not, that sustain-
 ing Love

Which through the web of being blindly
 wove

By man and beast and earth and air and
 sea,

Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst; now beams
 on me.

Consuming the last clouds of cold mortal-
 ity.

The breath whose might I have invoked
 in song

Descends on me; my spirit's bark is
 driven,

Far from the shore, far from the trembling
 throng

Whose sails were never to the tempest
 given;

The massy earth and spherèd skies are
 riven!

I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil

of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,

Beacons from the abode where the
 Eternal are. 1821. 1821.

SONGS FROM HELLAS

LIFE MAY CHANGE, BUT IT MAY FLY NOT

LIFE may change, but it may fly not;
 Hope may vanish, but can die not;
 Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
 Love repulsed, — but it returneth!

Yet were life a charnel where
 Hope lay confined with Despair;
 Yet were truth a sacred lie,
 Love were lust — If Liberty

Lent not life its soul of light,
 Hope its iris of delight,
 Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
 Love its power to give and bear.

1821. 1822.

WORLDS ON WORLDS ARE ROLLING EVER

WORLDS on worlds are rolling ever
 From creation to decay,
 Like the bubbles on a river
 Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
 But they are still immortal
 Who, through birth's orient portal
 And death's dark chasm hurrying to and
 fro,
 Clothe their unceasing flight
 In the brief dust and light
 Gathered around their chariots as they
 go;
 New shapes they still may weave,
 New gods, new laws receive,
 Bright or dim are they as the robes they
 last
 On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,
 A Promethean conqueror came;
 Like a triumphal path he trod
 The thorns of death and shame.
 A mortal shape to him
 Was like the vapor dim
 Which the orient planet animates with
 light;
 Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,
 Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
 Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken
 flight;
 The moon of Mahomet
 Arose, and it shall set:
 While blazoned as on heaven's immortal
 noon
 The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
 From one whose dreams are Para-
 dise
 Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to
 weep,
 And day peers forth with her blank
 eyes;
 So fleet, so faint, so fair,
 The Powers of earth and air
 Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:
 Apollo, Pan, and Love,
 And even Olympian Jove
 Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared
 on them;
 Our hills and seas and streams
 Dispeopled of their dreams,

Their waters turned to blood, their dew
 to tears,
 Wailed for the golden years.
 1821. 1822.

DARKNESS HAS DAWNED IN THE EAST

DARKNESS has dawned in the East
 On the noon of time:
 The death-birds descend to their feast,
 From the hungry clime.
 Let Freedom and Peace flee far
 To a sunnier strand,
 And follow Love's folding star
 To the Evening land!

The young moon has fed
 Her exhausted horn,
 With the sunset's fire:
 The weak day is dead,
 But the night is not born;
 And, like loveliness panting with wild
 desire
 While it trembles with fear and delight,
 Hesperus flies from awakening night,
 And pants in its beauty and speed with
 light
 Fast flashing, soft, and bright.
 Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the
 free!
 Guide us far, far away,
 To climes where now veiled by the ardor
 of day
 Thou art hidden
 From waves on which weary noon
 Faints in her summer swoon,
 Between Kingless continents sinless as
 Eden,
 Around mountains and islands invio-
 lably
 Prankt on the sapphire sea.

Through the sunset of hope,
 Like the shapes of a dream,
 What Paradise islands of glory gleam!
 Beneath Heaven's cope,
 Their shadows more clear float by—
 The sound of their oceans, the light
 of their sky,
 The music and fragrance their soli-
 tudes breathe
 Burst, like morning on a dream, or like
 Heaven on death
 Through the walls of our prison;
 And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!
 1821. 1822.

FINAL CHORUS: THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE
BEGINS ANEW

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires
gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:¹
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

¹ *Saturn and Love* were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. *All those who fell*, or the Gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt; *the One who rose*, or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of the Pagan World were amerced of their worship; and *the many unsubdued*, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity. (*From Shelley's note.*)

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

1821. 1822.

TO-MORROW

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?
When young and old and strong and
weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek, —
In thy place — ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled — To-day.

1821. 1824.

TO —

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

1821. 1824.

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

ARIEL to Miranda. — Take
This slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain;
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;

Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
 From life to life, must still pursue
 Your happiness; — for thus alone
 Can Ariel ever find his own.
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,
 As the mighty verses tell,
 To the throne of Naples, he
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
 Flitting on, your prow before,
 Like a living meteor.
 When you die, the silent Moon,
 In her interlunar swoon,
 Is not sadder in her cell
 Than deserted Ariel.
 When you live again on earth,
 Like an unseen star of birth,
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea
 Of life from your nativity.
 Many changes have been run,
 Since Ferdinand and you begun
 Your course of love, and Ariel still
 Has tracked your steps, and served your
 will;

Now, in humbler, happier lot,
 This is all remembered not;
 And now, alas! the poor sprite is
 Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
 In a body like a grave; —
 From you he only dares to crave,
 For his service and his sorrow,
 A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
 To echo all harmonious thought,
 Felled a tree, while on the steep
 The woods were in their winter sleep,
 Rocked in that repose divine
 On the wind-swept Apennine;
 And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
 And some of Spring approaching fast,
 And some of April buds and showers,
 And some of songs in July bowers,
 And all of love; and so this tree, —
 Oh that such our death may be! —
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
 To live in happier form again:
 From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
 The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
 And taught it justly to reply,
 To all who question skilfully,
 In language gentle as thine own;
 Whispering in enamored tone
 Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
 And summer winds in sylvan cells;
 For it had learnt all harmonies
 Of the plains and of the skies,

Of the forests and the mountains.
 And the many-voiced fountains;
 The clearest echoes of the hills,
 The softest notes of falling rills,
 The melodies of birds and bees,
 The murmuring of summer seas,
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
 And airs of evening; and it knew
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,
 As it floats through boundless day,
 Our world enkindles on its way —
 All this it knows, but will not tell
 To those who cannot question well
 The spirit that inhabits it;
 It talks according to the wit
 Of its companions; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before,
 By those who tempt it to betray
 These secrets of an elder day:
 But sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone
 For our beloved Jane alone.

1822. 1832-1833.

LINES: "WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED"

WHEN the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead —

When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute: —
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
 Love first leaves the well-built nest,
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possessed.

O Love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
 As the storms rock the ravens on high :
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.
1822. 1824.

SONG FROM CHARLES THE FIRST

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough ;
 The frozen wind crept on above,
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
 No flower upon the ground,
 And little motion in the air
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.
1822. 1824.

A DIRGE

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song ;
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Knells all the night long ;
 Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods, whose branches strain,
 Deep caves and dreary main,
 Wail, for the world's wrong !
1822. 1824.

KEATS

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

***COMPLETE WORKS*, 4 volumes, edited by H. Buxton Forman, Reeves and Turner, 1883, new edition, 1889. — *COMPLETE WORKS*, 5 volumes, edited by H. Buxton Forman, Crowell, 1900-1901. — *COMPLETE WORKS*, 4 volumes, edited by N. H. Dole, Virtue, 1904 (Laurel Edition). — *COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS*, together with the *LETTERS*, 1 volume, edited by H. E. Scudder, Houghton Mifflin, 1899 (Cambridge Edition). — *POETICAL WORKS*, 1 volume, edited by F. T. Palgrave, Macmillan, 1884 (Golden Treasury Series). — *POETICAL WORKS*, 1 volume, Macmillan, 1902 (Globe Edition). — **POETICAL WORKS*, 1 volume, edited by E. de Sélincourt, Dodd, Mead, 1905. — **POETICAL WORKS*, 1 volume, edited by H. Buxton Forman, Clarendon Press, 1906 (Oxford Edition). — *LETTERS AND PAPERS*, edited by G. C. Williamson, Lane, 1914. — *POEMS*, 2 volumes, edited by Sir Sidney Colvin, Chatto, 1915.

BIOGRAPHY

**MILNES* (R. M., Lord Houghton), *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains*, 1848; revised edition, 1867. — **COLVIN* (Sidney), *Keats*, 1887 (English Men of Letters Series). — **ROSSETTI* (W. M.), *Keats*, 1887 (Great Writers Series). — *SHARP* (J.), *John Keats, His Life and Letters*, 1892. — *GOTHEIN* (M.), *John Keats' Leben und Werke*, 1897. — **HANCOCK* (A. E.), *John Keats, a Literary Biography*, 1908. — *WOLFF* (Lucien), *John Keats, sa vie et son œuvre*, 1910. — **COLVIN* (Sir Sidney), *John Keats, His Life and Poetry*, 1917. — **GARROD* (H. W.), *Keats*, 1926. — **LOWELL* (Amy), *John Keats*, 2 volumes, 1925. — *WILLIAMSON* (G. C.), *Keats's Letters, Papers, and Other Relics*, 1914. — *CHANCELLOR* (E. B.), *Keats in Rome* (in *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1921). — *RUSK* (R. L.), *Keats in the Wordsworth Country* (in *North American Review*, March, 1924).

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

HUNT (Leigh), *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries; Autobiography; Review of La Belle Dame sans Merci* (in *Indicator*, May 10, 1820); *Review of the Poems of 1820* (in *Indicator*, August 2 and 9, 1820) (given in Forman's edition of *Keats*, Vol. II); *Imagination and Fancy*, 1844. — ? **GIFFORD* (William), *Review of Endymion* (in *Quarterly Review*, No. 37, 1818). — *JEFFREY* (Lord Francis), *Edinburgh Review*, No. 67, art. 10, August, 1820: *Keats's Poetry*. — *MITFORD* (M. L.), *Recollections of a Literary Life*. — *CLARKE* (Charles and Mary Cowden), *Recollections of Writers*. — *DE QUINCEY* (Masson's edition), Vol. XI. — *HAYDON* (B. R.), *Correspondence and Table-Talk*. — *BLUNDEN* (E. C.), *Shelley and Keats as They Struck Their Contemporaries*, 1925. — *CORNELIUS* (Roberta D.), *Two Early Reviews of Keats's First Volume* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1925). — *See also*: *Medwin's Life of Shelley*; *Shelley Memorials* by Lady Shelley; *Taylor's Life of B. R. Haydon*; *Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron*; *George Paston's B. R. Haydon and His Friends*, 1905; and *A. B. Miller's Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, and Keats*, 1909.

LATER CRITICISM

*ARNOLD (M.), *Essays in Criticism*, second series, 1888. — BRADLEY (A. C.), *Oxford Lectures on Poetry: The Letters of Keats*, 1909. — BRIDGES (Robert S.), *Keats, a Critical Essay*, 1895. — BROOKE (S. A.), *Studies in Poetry*, 1907. — DOWDEN (Edward), *Studies in Literature: Transcendental Movement and Literature*, 1878. — GOSSE (E.), *Critical Kit-kats*, 1896. — LANG (A.), **Letters on Literature*, 1889; *Poets' Country*, 1907. — *LOWELL, *Prose Works*, Vol. I: *Keats (essay of 1854)*. — MABIE (H. W.), *Essays in Literary Interpretation: John Keats, Poet and Man*, 1892. — MASSON (David), *Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Other Essays*, 1874. — MORE (Paul E.), *Shelburne Essays*, fourth series, 1906. — PAYNE (W. M.), *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — REED (Myrtle), *The Love Affairs of Literary Men*, 1907. — RICKETTS (A.), *Personal Forces in Modern Literature*, 1906. — ROBERTSON (J. M.), *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, 1897. — *SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Miscellanies*, 1886. — TEXTE (Joseph), *Études de littérature européenne: Keats et le néo-hellénisme dans la poésie anglaise*, 1898. — TORREY (Bradford), *Friends on the Shelf*, 1906. — WATSON (William), *Excursions in Criticism: Keats' Letters*, 1893. — WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Studies in Letters and Life*, 1890.

CAINE (T. Hall), *Cobwebs of Criticisms*, 1883. — DAWSON (W. J.), *Makers of English Poetry (1890)*, 1906. — DE VERE (A.), *Essays, Chiefly on Poetry*, 1887. — HUDSON (W. H.), *Studies in Interpretation: Keats, Clough, Arnold*, 1896. — HUTTON (R. H.), *Brief Literary Criticisms*, 1906. — NENCIONI (E.), *Letteratura inglese (on Colvin's Biography)*. — SYMONS (A.), *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 1909.

BRADFORD (G.), *Bare Souls*, 1924. — CHEW (S. C.), *Keats after a Hundred Years (in New Republic, March 9, 1921)*. — CHUBB (E. W.), *Masters of English Literature*, 1914. — CRAWFORD (A. R.), *Keats's Ode to the Nightingale (in Modern Language Notes, 1922)*. — DARBISHIRE (Helen), *Keats and Egypt (in Review of English Studies, 1927)*. — ELLIOTT (G. R.), *The Real Tragedy of Keats (in Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, 1921)*. — EVANS (B. I.), *Keats and the Golden Ass (in Nineteenth Century, August, 1926)*. — FAUSSET (H. I.), *Keats, a Study in Development*, 1922. — FINNEY (C. L.), *Keats's Philosophy of Beauty (in Philological Quarterly, January, 1926)*. — GRENDON (F.), *Influence of Keats upon the Early Poetry of Tennyson (in Sewanee Review, July, 1907)*. — HERFORD (C. H.), *Keats (in Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. XII)*. — HUDSON (W. H.), *Keats and His Poetry*, 1912. — JOHN KEATS MEMORIAL VOLUME (containing various lectures on Keats), 1921. — LAFOURCADE (G.), *Swinburne's Hyperion, with an Essay on Swinburne and Keats*, 1928. — LAWRENCE (D. H.), *Nightingale (in Forum, September, 1927)*. — MACKAIL (J. W.), *Lectures on Poetry*, 1911. — MURRAY (J. M.), *Keats and Shakespeare*, 1925. — POWYS (J. C.), *Visions and Revisions*, 1915. — RANNIE (D. W.), *Keats's Epithets (in English Association Essays and Studies, 1912)*. — SAMUEL (H.), *Life and Poetry of John Keats (in Contemporary Review, April, 1921)*. — STEDMAN (E. C.), *Genius and Other Essays*, 1911. — SUDDARD (Sarah J. M.), *Keats, Shelley, and Shakespeare Studies*, 1912. — THORPE (C. D.), *The Mind of John Keats*, 1926. — VAN DOREN (M.), *John Keats, 1821-1921 (in New York Nation, February 23, 1921)*. — VAN DYKE (H.), *Companionable Books: The Poet of Immortal Youth*, 1922.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

SHELLEY, ***Adonais*; **Fragment on Keats's Epitaph*. — HUNT (Leigh), *Foliage, or Poems Original and Translated: To John Keats; On Receiving a Crown of Ivy from the Same; On the Same; *To the Grasshopper and the Cricket*. — PALGRAVE (F. T.), *Lyrical Poems: Two Graves at Rome*. — *ROSSETTI, *Five English Poets: John Keats*. — *GILDER (R. W.), *Poems: An Inscription in Rome*. — LONGFELLOW, *Keats, a Sonnet*. — LOWELL, *Poems: Sonnet to the Spirit of Keats*. — MOORE (G. L.), *Keats, a Sonnet*. — TABB (John B.), *Keats, a Sonnet*. — PAYN (James), *Stories from Boccaccio, and other Poems: Sonnet to John Keats*. — SCOTT

(W. B.), Poems: Sonnet on the Inscription, Keats's Tombstone; Ode to the Memory of John Keats. — *SPINGARN (J. E.), Keats (in *Columbia Verse*, 1892-97). — GRISWOLD (G.), To Keats (in *Harvard Lyrics*, 1899). — CARMAN (Bliss), By the Aurelian Wall. — *REESE (Lizette R.), A Branch of May. — DE VERE (Aubrey), Sonnet to Keats. — *BROWNING (E. B.), in *Aurora Leigh*, Book I. — *BROWNING (R.), Popularity. — JOHNSON (R. U.), The Name Writ in Water (in *Century Magazine*, February, 1906). — THOMAS (Edith M.), The Guest at the Gate: Bion and Adonaïs; The House Beside the Spanish Steps, 1909. — VAN DYKE (Henry), The White Bees: Two Sonnets, 1909 (from the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1906). — STRINGER (Arthur), The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems, 1907. — BRAITHWAITE (W. S.), Lyrics of Life and Love, 1907. — STAFFORD (W. P.), Dorian Days, 1909. — SCHEFFAUER (H.), Looms of Life: Keats at Winter Sundown, 1909. — LANIER (Clifford), Apollo and Keats on Browning, 1909. — BARKER (E.), Keats (in the *Forum*, March, 1909). — BRAGANÇA (A.), Keats (in *Harper's*, October, 1921). — CONE (H. G.), Two Sonnets in Memory of John Keats (in *Sewanee Review*, January, 1922). — DALY (T. A.), John Keats (in *Literary Digest*, March 12, 1921). — MARTIN (E. L.), Keats to Fannie Brawne (in *Poetry*, January, 1921). — MORLEY (C.), In an Auction Room: Letter of John Keats to Fannie Brawne (in *Current Opinion*, April, 1921). — PHILLPOTTS (E.), The Grave of Keats (in *Sewanee Review*, January, 1925). — TURNER (N. B.), To Keats (in *Century Magazine*, February, 1912). — WILSON (A. E.), To a Life Mask of Keats, the Day the Mold was Made (in *Canadian Magazine*, December, 1923).

CONCORDANCE

BALDWIN (D. L.), A Concordance to the Poems of John Keats, 1917.

KEATS

IMITATION OF SPENSER¹

Now Morning from her orient chamber
came,
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant
hill;
Crowning its lawny crest with amber
flame,
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill;
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down
distill,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven
bowers,
And, in its middle space, a sky that never
lowers.

There the king-fisher saw his plumage
bright
Vieing with fish of brilliant dye below;
Whose silken fins, and golden scales light
Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby
glow:
There saw the swan his neck of arched
snow,
And oar'd himself along with majesty;
Sparkled his jetty eyes; his feet did
show
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,
And on his back a fay reclined voluptu-
ously.

Ah! could I tell the wonders of an isle
That in that fairest lake had placed
been,
I could e'en Dido of her grief beguile;
Or rob from aged Lear his bitter teen:
For sure so fair a place was never seen,
Of all that ever charm'd romantic eye:

¹ "It was the *Faerie Queene* that awakened his genius. In Spenser's fairy-land he was enchanted, breathed in a new world, and became another being; till, enamored of the stanza, he attempted to imitate it, and succeeded. . . . This, his earliest attempt, the 'Imitation of Spenser,' is in his first volume of poems." (Quoted by Colvin from the Houghton MSS.)

It seem'd an emerald in the silver sheen
Of the bright waters; or as when on high,
Through clouds of fleecy white, laughs
the cerulean sky.

And all around it dipp'd luxuriously
Sloping of verdure through the glossy
tide,
Which, as it were in gentle amity,
Rippled delighted up the flowery side;
As if to glean the ruddy tears, it tried,
Which fell profusely from the rose-tree
stem!

Haply it was the workings of its pride,
In strife to throw upon the shore a gem
Outvieing all the buds in Flora's diadem.
1813 or 1814. 1817.¹

TO SOLITUDE

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the
steep,—

Nature's observatory — whence the dell,
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd where the
deer's swift leap

Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove
bell.

But though I'll gladly trace these scenes
with thee,

Yet the sweet converse of an innocent
mind,

Whose words are images of thoughts
refin'd,

Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits
flee. ? 1815. May 5, 1816.²

¹ The dates for Keats's poems are made up from Sidney Colvin's careful study of the order of composition of the poems, in his *Life of Keats*, and from H. Buxton Forman's excellent notes in his edition of Keats's *Works*.

² In Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. Probably the first lines of Keats ever printed.

HOW MANY BARDS GILD THE LAPSES OF TIME

How many bards gild the lapses of time!
A few of them have ever been the food
Of my delighted fancy, — I could brood
Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime:
And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
These will in throngs before my mind
intrude:

But no confusion, no disturbance rude
Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.
So the unnumber'd sounds that evening
store;

The songs of birds — the whisp'ring of the
leaves —

The voice of waters — the great bell that
heaves

With solemn sound, — and thousand
others more,

That distance of recognizance bereaves,
Make pleasing music, and not wild up-
roar. ? 1816. 1817.

KEEN, FITFUL GUSTS ARE WHIS- PERING HERE AND THERE

KEEN, fitful gusts are whispering here
and there

Among the bushes half leafless, and dry;
The stars look very cold about the sky,
And I have many miles on foot to fare.

Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
Or of those silver lamps that burn on
high,

Or of the distance from home's pleasant
lair:

For I am brimful of the friendliness
That in a little cottage I have found;
Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd;
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.
? 1816. 1817.

TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PENT

To one who has been long in city pent
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven, — to breathe a
prayer

Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Who is more happy, when, with heart's
content,

Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel, — an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright
career,

He mourns that day so soon has glided
by:

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

June, 1816. 1817.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of
gold,

And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen;

Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his
demesne;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud
and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild sur-
mise —

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

1816. December 1, 1816.

GREAT SPIRITS NOW ON EARTH ARE SOJOURNING

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourn-
ing;

He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel's
wing;

He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's
sake:

And lo! — whose steadfastness would
never take

A meaner sound than Raphael's whis-
pering.

And other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another
heart

And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings in the human mart?
Listen awhile ye nations, and be dumb.

November, 1816. 1817.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot
sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-
mown mead;

That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the
lead

In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out
with fun

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant
weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never;
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove
there shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing
ever,

And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy
hills. *December 30, 1816. 1817.*

SLEEP AND POETRY

"As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
"Was unto me, but why that I ne might
"Rest I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight
"[As I suppose] had more of hertis ese
"Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese."

CHAUCER.

WHAT is more gentle than a wind in
summer?

What is more soothing than the pretty
hummer

That stays one moment in an open
flower,

And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?
What is more tranquil than a muskrose
blowing

In a green island, far from all men's
knowing?

More healthful than the leafiness of dales?

More secret than a nest of nightingales?
More serene than Cordelia's countenance?
More full of visions than a high romance?
What, but thee, Sleep? Soft closer of our
eyes!

Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping
willows!

Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!
Most happy listener! when the morning
blesses

Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
That glance so brightly at the new sun-
rise.

But what is higher beyond thought than
thee?

Fresher than berries of a mountain tree?
More strange, more beautiful, more
smooth, more regal,

Than wings of swans, than doves, than
dim-seen eagle?

What is it? And to what shall I compare
it?

It has a glory, and nought else can share
it:

The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and
holy,

Chasing away all worldliness and folly;
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of
thunder,

Or the low rumblings earth's regions
under;

And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wondrous thing
That breathes about us in the vacant air:
So that we look around with prying stare,
Perhaps to see shapes of light, aërial
limning,

And catch soft floatings from a faint-
heard hymning;

To see the laurel wreath, on high sus-
pended,

That is to crown our name when life is
ended.

Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
And from the heart up-springs, rejoice!
rejoice!

Sounds which will reach the Framers of
all things,

And die away in ardent mutterings.

No one who once the glorious sun has seen
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom
clean

For his great Maker's presence, but must
know

What 'tis I mean, and feel his being glow :
Therefore no insult will I give his spirit,
By telling what he sees from native merit.

O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven— Should I rather
kneel

Upon some mountain-top until I feel
A glowing splendor round about me hung,
And echo back the voice of thine own
tongue?

O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent
prayer,

Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sun-beams to the great
Apollo

Like a fresh sacrifice; or if I can bear
The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring me
to the fair

Visions of all places: a bowery nook
Will be elysium—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves, and flowers—about
the playing

Of nymphs in woods, and fountains; and
the shade

Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid
And many a verse from so strange in-
fluence

That we must ever wonder how, and
whence

It came. Also imaginings will hover
Round my fireside, and haply there dis-
cover

Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
In happy silence, like the clear meander
Through its lone vales; and where I
found a spot

Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered
dress

Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
Write on my tablets all that was per-
mitted,

All that was for our human senses fitted.
Then the events of this wide world I'd
seize

Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease

Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out an immortality.

Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's
sleep

While his boat hastens to the monstrous
steep

Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy, without grief or
care,

Riding the springy branches of an elm.

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then I will pass the countries that I see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains. First the
realm I'll pass

Of Flora, and old Pan; sleep in the grass,
Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
And choose each pleasure that my fancy
sees;

Catch the white-handed nymphs in
shady places,

To woo sweet kisses from averted faces,—
Play with their fingers, touch their
shoulders white

Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it: till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it
best

May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest;
Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
Will set a green robe floating round her
head,

And still will dance with ever varied ease,
Smiling upon the flowers and the trees:
Another will entice me on, and on
Through almond blossoms and rich cin-
namon;

Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems up-
curl'd

In the recesses of a pearly shell.

And can I ever bid these joys farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agonies, the strife

Of human hearts: for lo! I see afar,
O'er-sailing the blue cragginess, a car
And steeds with streamy manes — the
charioteer

Looks out upon the winds with glorious
fear:

And now the numerous tramplings
quiver lightly

Along a huge cloud's ridge; and now
with sprightly

Wheel downward come they into fresher
skies,

Tipt round with silver from the sun's
bright eyes.

Still downward with capacious whirl
they glide;

And now I see them on a green-hill's side
In breezy rest among the nodding stalks.
The charioteer with wond'rous gesture
talks

To the trees and mountains; and there
soon appear

Shapes of delight, of mystery, and fear,
Passing along before a dusky space

Made, by some mighty oaks: as they
would chase

Some ever-fleeting music on they sweep.
Lo! how they murmur, laugh, and smile,
and weep:

Some with upholden hand and mouth
severe;

Some with their faces muffled to the ear
Between their arms; some, clear in
youthful bloom,

Go glad and smilingly athwart the gloom;
Some looking back, and some with up-
ward gaze;

Yes, thousands in a thousand different
ways

Flit onward—now a lovely wreath of girls
Dancing their sleek hair into tangled
curls;

And now broad wings. Most awfully
intent

The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen: O that I might
know

All that he writes with such a hurrying
glow.

The visions all are fled — the car is fled
Into the light of heaven, and in their
stead

A sense of real things comes doubly strong,
And, like a muddy stream, would bear
along

My soul to nothingness: but I will strive
Against all doubtings, and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot, and
the strange

Journey it went.

Is there so small a range,
In the present strength of manhood, that
the high

Imagination cannot freely fly

As she was wont of old? prepare her
steeds,

Paw up against the light, and do strange
deeds

Upon the clouds? Has she not shewn us
all?

From the clear space of ether, to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding? From
the meaning

Of Jove's large eye-brow, to the tender
greening

Of April meadows? Here her altar shone,
E'en in this isle; and who could paragon

The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
Of harmony, to where it aye will poise

Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,

Eternally around a dizzy void?
Ay, in those days the Muses were nigh
cloy'd

With honors; nor had any other care
Than to sing out and soothe their wavy
hair.

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a
schism

Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
Made great Apollo blush for this his
land.

Men were thought wise who could not
understand

His glories: with a puling infant's force
They sway'd about upon a rocking horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Ah dismal
soul'd!

The winds of heaven blew, the ocean
roll'd

Its gathering waves — ye felt it not.
The blue

Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious: beauty was awake!

Why were ye not awake? But ye were
dead

To things ye knew not of, — were closely
wed

To musty laws lined out with wretched
 rule
 And compass vile: so that ye taught a
 school
 Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and
 fit,
 Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's
 wit,
 Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
 A thousand handicraftsmen wore the
 mask
 Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
 That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his
 face,
 And did not know it,—no, they went
 about,
 Holding a poor, decrepit standard out
 Mark'd with most flimsy mottos, and in
 large
 The name of one Boileau!

O ye whose charge

It is to hover round our pleasant hills!
 Whose congregated majesty so fills
 My boundly reverence, that I cannot
 trace
 Your hallowed names, in this unholy
 place,
 So near those common folk; did not their
 shames
 Affright you? Did our old lamenting
 Thames
 Delight you? Did ye never cluster
 round
 Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
 And weep? Or did ye wholly bid adieu
 To regions where no more the laurel
 grew?
 Or did ye stay to give a welcoming
 To some lone spirits who could proudly
 sing
 Their youth away, and die? 'Twas even
 so:
 But let me think away those times of
 woe:
 Now 'tis a fairer season; ye have
 breathed
 Rich benedictions o'er us; ye have
 wreathed
 Fresh garlands: for sweet music has
 been heard
 In many places;—some has been up-
 stirr'd
 From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
 By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick
 brake,

Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
 Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating
 wild
 About the earth: happy are ye and glad.
 These things are doubtless: yet in truth
 we've had
 Strange thunders from the potency of
 song;
 Mingled indeed with what is sweet and
 strong,
 From majesty: but in clear truth the
 themes
 Are ugly clubs, the Poets Polyphemes
 Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless
 shower
 Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of
 power;
 'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own
 right arm.
 The very archings of her eye-lids charm
 A thousand willing agents to obey,
 And still she governs with the mildest
 sway:
 But strength alone though of the Muses
 born
 Is like a fallen angel: trees upturn,
 Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and
 sepulchres
 Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs
 And thorns of life; forgetting the great
 end
 Of poesy, that it should be a friend
 To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts
 of man.

Yet I rejoice: a myrtle fairer than
 E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
 Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds
 A silent space with ever sprouting green.
 All tenderest birds there find a pleasant
 screen,
 Creep through the shade with jaunty
 fluttering,
 Nibble the little cupped flowers and sing.
 Then let us clear away the choking thorns
 From round its gentle stem; let the
 young fawns,
 Yeaned in after times, when we are flown,
 Find a fresh sward beneath it, overgrown
 With simple flowers: let there nothing be
 More boisterous than a lover's bended
 knee;
 Nought more ungentle than the placid
 look
 Of one who leans upon a closed book;

Nought more untr tranquil than the grassy
slopes

Between two hills. All hail delightful
hopes!

As she was wont, th' imagination
Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone,
And they shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing
things.

O may these joys be ripe before I die.

Will not some say that I presumptuously
Have spoken? that from hastening disgrace

'Twere better far to hide my foolish face?
That whining boyhood should with reverence bow

Ere the dread thunderbolt could reach?
How!

If I do hide myself, it sure shall be
In the very fane, the light of Poesy:

If I do fall, at least I will be laid
Beneath the silence of a poplar shade;
And over me the grass shall be smooth
shaven;

And there shall be a kind memorial
graven.

But off Despondence! miserable bane!
They should not know thee, who athirst
to gain

A noble end, are thirsty every hour.
What though I am not wealthy in the
dower

Of spanning wisdom; though I do not
know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that
blow

Hither and thither all the changing
thoughts

Of man: though no great minist'ring
reason sorts

Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving: yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty; thence too I've
seen

The end and aim of Poesy. 'Tis clear
As anything most true; as that the year
Is made of the four seasons — manifest
As a large cross, some old cathedral's crest,
Lifted to the white clouds. Therefore
should I

Be but the essence of deformity,
A coward, did my very eye-lids wink
At speaking out what I have dared to
think.

Ah! rather let me like a madman run
Over some precipice; let the hot sun
Melt my Dedalian wings, and drive me
down

Convuls'd and headlong! Stay! an in-
ward frown

Of conscience bids me be more calm
awhile.

An ocean dim, sprinkled with many an
isle,

Spreads awfully before me. How much
toil!

How many days! what desperate tur-
moil!

Ere I can have explored its widenesses.
Ah, what a task! upon my bended
knees,

I could unsay those — no, impossible!
Impossible!

For sweet relief I'll dwell
On humbler thoughts, and let this strange
essay

Begun in gentleness die so away.
E'en now all tumult from my bosom
fades:

I turn full hearted to the friendly aids
That smooth the path of honor; brother-
hood,

And friendliness the nurse of mutual
good.

The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant
sonnet

Into the brain ere one can think upon it;
The silence when some rhymes are com-
ing out;

And when they're come, the very pleasant
rout:

The message certain to be done tomor-
row.

'Tis perhaps as well that it should be to
borrow

Some precious book from out its snug
retreat,

To cluster round it when we next shall
meet.

Scarce can I scribble on; for lovely airs
Are fluttering round the room like doves
in pairs;

Many delights of that glad day recalling,
When first my senses caught their tender
falling.

And with these airs come forms of ele-
gance

Stooping their shoulders o'er a horse's
prance,

Careless, and grand — fingers soft and round
 Parting luxuriant curls; — and the swift bound
 Of Bacchus from his chariot, when his eye
 Made Ariadne's cheek look blushing.
 Thus I remember all the pleasant flow
 Of words at opening a portfolio.

Things such as these are ever harbingers
 To trains of peaceful images: the stirs
 Of a swan's neck unseen among the rushes:

A linnet starting all about the bushes:
 A butterfly, with golden wings broad parted

Nestling a rose, convuls'd as though it smarted

With over pleasure — many, many more,
 Might I indulge at large in all my store
 Of luxuries: yet I must not forget
 Sleep, quiet, with his poppy coronet:
 For what there may be worthy in these rhymes

I partly owe to him: and thus, the chimes
 Of friendly voices had just given place
 To as sweet a silence, when I 'gan retrace
 The pleasant day, upon a couch at ease.
 It was a poet's house¹ who keeps the keys
 Of pleasure's temple. Round about were hung

The glorious features of the bards who sung

In other ages — cold and sacred busts
 Smiled at each other. Happy he who trusts

To clear Futurity his darling fame!
 Then there were fauns and satyrs taking aim

At swelling apples with a frisky leap
 And reaching fingers, 'mid a luscious heap

Of vine leaves. Then there rose to view a fane

Of liny marble, and thereto a train
 Of nymphs approaching fairly o'er the sward:

One, loveliest, holding her white hand toward

The dazzling sun-rise: two sisters sweet
 Bending their graceful figures till they meet

¹ Leigh Hunt's. The following lines are a description of the room in which the poem was written, with its decorations.

Over the trippings of a little child:
 And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild
 Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping.
 See, in another picture, nymphs are wiping

Cherishingly Diana's timorous limbs; —
 A fold of lawny mantle dabbling swims
 At the bath's edge, and keeps a gentle motion

With the subsiding crystal: as when ocean

Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er

Its rocky marge, and balances once more
 The patient weeds; that now unshent by foam

Feel all about their undulating home.

Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down

At nothing; just as though the earnest frown

Of over thinking had that moment gone
 From off her brow, and left her all alone.

Great Alfred's too, with anxious, pitying eyes,

As if he always listened to the sighs
 Of the goaded world; and Kosciusko's worn

By horrid suffrance — mightily forlorn.

Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,

Starts at the sight of Laura; nor can wean
 His eyes from her sweet face. Most happy they!

For over them was seen a free display
 Of out-spread wings, and from between them shone

The face of Poesy: from off her throne
 She overlook'd things that I scarce could tell.

The very sense of where I was might well
 Keep Sleep aloof: but more than that there came

Thought after thought to nourish up the flame

Within my breast; so that the morning light

Surprised me even from a sleepless night;
 And up I rose refresh'd, and glad, and gay,
 Resolving to begin that very day
 These lines; and howsoever they be done,
 I leave them as a father does his son.

? 1816. 1817.

AFTER DARK VAPORS HAVE OPPRESSED OUR PLAINS

AFTER dark vapors have oppress'd our
plains

For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly
stains.

The anxious month, relieved from its
pains,

Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May,
The eyelids with the passing coolness
play,

Like rose leaves with the drip of summer
rains.

And calmest thoughts come round us —
as, of leaves

Budding — fruit ripening in stillness —
autumn suns

Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves, —
Sweet Sappho's cheek — a sleeping in-
fant's breath —

The gradual sand that through an hour-
glass runs —

A woodland rivulet — a Poet's death.
January, 1817. February 23, 1817.

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.¹

GLORY and loveliness have passed away;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathed incense do we see up-borne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:
No crowd of nymphs soft voic'd and
young, and gay,

In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.

But there are left delights as high as these,
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time, when under pleasant
trees

Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
With these poor offerings, a man like
thee. *1817. 1817.*

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

My spirit is too weak — mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep

¹ Dedication of the volume of 1817.

Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's
eye.

Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
Bring round the heart an undescribable
feud;

So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the
rude

Wasting of old Time — with a billowy
main —

A sun — a shadow of a magnitude.
1817. March 9, 1817.

ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER

COME hither all sweet maidens soberly,
Down-looking aye, and with a chasten'd
light

Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
And meekly let your fair hands joined be,
As if so gentle that ye could not see,
Untouched, a victim of your beauty
bright,

Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
Sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea:
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;
Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary
lips

For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her
smile.

O horrid dream! see how his body dips
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam
awhile:

He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous
breath! *? . . . 1829.*

ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the
spell

Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy
sound.

Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from whence it some-
time fell,

When last the winds of heaven were un-
bound.

Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed
and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with up-
roar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody, —
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and
brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs
quir'd! *August, 1817. 1848.*

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming
brain,
Before high piled books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd
grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd
face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of
chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love! — then on the
shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do
sink. *1817. 1848.*

FROM ENDYMION

FROM BOOK I

PROEM

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we
wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth.
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened
ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of
all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the
pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady
boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and
clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest
brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or
read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become
soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the
moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom
o'er-cast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness
that I

Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just
new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as
the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly
steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into
bowers.

Many and many a verse I hope to write,
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and
 white,
 Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the
 bees
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet
 peas,
 I must be near the middle of my story.
 O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
 See it half finished: but let Autumn bold,
 With universal tinge of sober gold,
 Be all about me when I make an end.
 And now at once, adventuresome, I send
 My herald thought into a wilderness:
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly
 dress
 My uncertain path with green, that I
 may speed
 Easily onward, through flowers and weed.

HYMN TO PAN

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof
 doth hang
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life,
 death
 Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
 Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
 Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels
 darken;
 And through whole solemn hours dost sit,
 and hearken
 The dreary melody of bedded reeds —
 In desolate places, where dank moisture
 breeds
 The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
 Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
 Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx — do thou
 now,
 By thy love's milky brow!
 By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
 Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet,
 turtles
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong
 myrtles,
 What time thou wanderest at eventide
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt
 the side
 Of thine enmossed realms: O thou, to
 whom
 Broad leaved fig trees even now foredoom
 Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted bees
 Their golden honeycombs; our village leas

Their fairest-blossom'd beans and pop-
 pied corn;
 The chuckling linnet its five young un-
 born,
 To sing for thee; low creeping straw-
 berries
 Their summer coolness; pent up butter-
 flies
 Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh
 budding year
 All its completions — be quickly near,
 By every wind that nods the mountain
 pine,
 O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr
 flies
 For willing service; whether to surprise
 The squatted hare while in half sleeping
 fit;
 Or upward ragged precipices flit
 To save poor lambkins from the eagle's
 maw;
 Or by mysterious enticement draw
 Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy
 main,
 And gathered up all fancifullest shells
 For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-
 peeping;
 Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
 The while they pelt each other on the
 crown
 With silvery oak apples, and fir cones
 brown —
 By all the echoes that about thee ring,
 Hear us, O satyr king!

O Harkener to the loud clapping
 shears,
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers
 A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
 When snouted wild-boars routing tender
 corn
 Anger our huntsman: Breather round our
 farms,
 To keep off mildews, and all weather
 harms:
 Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
 That come a swooning over hollow
 grounds,
 And wither drearily on barren moors:
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors
 Leading to universal knowledge — see,
 Great son of Dryope,

The many that are come to pay their
vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the
heaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded
earth
Gives it a touch ethereal — a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown — but no more: we humbly
screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly
bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-
rendering,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

THE COMING OF DIAN

[*Endymion speaks, to his Sister Peona.*]

"THIS river does not see the naked sky,
Till it begins to progress silverly
Around the western border of the wood,
Whence, from a certain spot, its winding
flood

Seems at the distance like a crescent
moon;

And in that nook, the very pride of June,
Had I been used to pass my weary eves;
There rather for the sun unwilling leaves
So dear a picture of his sovereign power,
And I could witness his most kingly hour,
When he doth lighten up the golden reins,
And paces leisurely down amber plains
His snorting four. Now when his chariot
last

Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,
There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed
Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red:
At which I wondered greatly, knowing well
That but one night had wrought this
flowery spell;

And, sitting down close by, began to
muse

What it might mean. Perhaps, thought
I, Morpheus,

In passing here, his owlet pinions shook;
Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook

Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
Had dipt his rod in it: such garland
wealth

Came not by common growth. Thus on
I thought,

Until my head was dizzy and distraught.
Moreover, through the dancing poppies
stole

A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul;
And shaping visions all about my sight
Of colors, wings, and bursts of spangly
light;

The which became more strange, and
strange, and dim,

And then were gulf'd in a tumultuous
swim:

And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
The enchantment that afterwards befell?
Yet it was but a dream: yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern
spring,

Could figure out and to conception bring
All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky
way

Among the stars in virgin splendor pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appeared to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward
glance:

So kept me stedfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.

When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And dropped my vision to the horizon's
verge;

And lo! from opening clouds, I saw
emerge

The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingle with her argent spheres did
roll

Through clear and cloudy, even when she
went

At last into a dark and vapory tent —
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed
train

Of planets all were in the blue again.

To commune with those orbs, once more
I rais'd

My sight right upward: but it was quite
dazed

By a bright something, sailing down
 apace,
 Making me quickly veil my eyes and
 face:
 Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
 Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
 Whence that completed form of all com-
 pleteness?
 Whence came that high perfection of all
 sweetness?
 Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where,
 O where
 Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
 Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western
 sun;
 Not — thy soft hand, fair sister! let me
 shun
 Such folly before thee — yet she had,
 Indeed, locks bright enough to make me
 mad;
 And they were simply gordian'd up and
 braided,
 Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
 Her pearl round ears, white neck, and
 orb'd brow;
 The which were blended in, I know not
 how,
 With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
 Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and
 faintest sighs,
 That, when I think thereon, my spirit
 clings
 And plays about its fancy, till the stings
 Of human neighborhood envenom all.
 Unto what awful power shall I call?
 To what high fane? — Ah! see her hover-
 ing feet,
 More bluely vein'd, more soft, more
 whitely sweet
 Than those of sea-born Venus, when she
 rose
 From out her cradle shell. The wind
 out-blows
 Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
 'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a mil-
 lion
 Of little eyes, as though thou wert to
 shed,
 Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
 Handfuls of daisies." — "Endymion, how
 strange!
 Dream within dream!" — "She took an
 airy range,
 And then, towards me, like a very maid,
 Came blushing, waning, willing, and
 afraid,

And press'd me by the hand: Ah! 'twas
 too much;
 Methought I fainted at the charmed
 touch,
 Yet held my recollection, even as one
 Who dives three fathoms where the
 waters run
 Gurgling in beds of coral: for anon,
 I felt upmounted in that region
 Where falling stars dart their artillery
 forth,
 And eagles struggle with the buffeting
 north
 That balances the heavy meteor-stone; —
 Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
 But lapp'd and lull'd along the dangerous
 sky.
 Soon, as it seem'd, we left our journeying
 high,
 And straightway into frightful eddies
 swoop'd;
 Such as aye muster where gray time has
 scoop'd
 Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's
 side:
 Their hollow sounds arous'd me, and I
 sigh'd
 To faint once more by looking on my
 bliss —
 I was distracted; madly did I kiss
 The wooing arms which held me, and did
 give
 My eyes at once to death: but 'twas to
 live,
 To take in draughts of life from the gold
 fount
 Of kind and passionate looks; to count,
 and count
 The moments, by some greedy help that
 seem'd
 A second self, that each might be re-
 deem'd
 And plunder'd of its load of blessedness.
 Ah, desperate mortal! I ev'n dar'd to press
 Her very cheek against my crown'd lip,
 And, at that moment, felt my body dip
 Into a warmer air: a moment more,
 Our feet were soft in flowers. There was
 store
 Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
 A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
 Loiter'd around us; then of honey cells,
 Made delicate from all white-flower bells;
 And once, above the edges of our nest,
 An arch face peep'd, — an Oread as I
 guess'd.

"Why did I dream that sleep o'er-
 power'd me
 In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
 Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
 And stare them from me? But no, like a
 spark
 That needs must die, although its little
 beam
 Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream
 Fell into nothing — into stupid sleep.
 And so it was, until a gentle creep,
 A careful moving caught my waking ears,
 And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my
 tears,
 My clenched hands; — for lo! the poppies
 hung
 Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel
 sung
 A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
 Had chidden herald Hesperus away,
 With leaden looks: the solitary breeze
 Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did
 teaze
 With wayward melancholy; and I
 thought,
 Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it
 brought,
 Faint fare-thee-wells, and sigh-shrilled
 adieus! —
 Away I wander'd — all the pleasant hues
 Of heaven and earth had faded: deepest
 shades
 Were deepest dungeons; heaths and
 sunny glades
 Were full of pestilent light; our taintless
 rills
 Seem'd sooty, and o'er-spread with up-
 turn'd gills
 Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown
 In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-
 grown
 Likes piked aloe. If an innocent bird
 Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and
 stirr'd
 In little journeys, I beheld in it
 A disguis'd demon, missioned to knit
 My soul with under darkness; to entice
 My stumblings down some monstrous
 precipice:
 Therefore I eager followed, and did curse
 The disappointment. Time, that aged
 nurse,
 Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank
 gentle heaven!
 These things, with all their comfortings,
 are given

To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
 Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
 Of weary life."

FROM BOOK II

INVOCATION TO THE POWER OF LOVE

O SOVEREIGN power of love! O grief!
 O balm!
 All records, saving thine, come cool, and
 calm,
 And shadowy, through the mist of passed
 years:
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
 Have become indolent; but touching
 thine,
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth
 pine,
 One kiss brings honey-dew from buried
 days.
 The woes of Troy, towers smothering
 o'er their blaze,
 Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears,
 keen blades,
 Struggling, and blood, and shrieks — all
 dimly fades
 Into some backward corner of the brain;
 Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
 The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
 Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded
 cheat!
 Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
 Wide sea, that one continuous murmur
 breeds
 Along the pebbled shore of memory!
 Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
 Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
 To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,
 And golden keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and
 dry.
 But wherefore this? What care, though
 owl did fly
 About the great Athenian admiral's mast?
 What care, though striding Alexander past
 The Indus with his Macedonian num-
 bers?
 Though old Ulysses tortured from his
 slumbers
 The glutt'd Cyclops, what care? — Juliet
 leaning
 Amid her window-flowers, — sighing, —
 weaning
 Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
 Doth more avail than these: the silver
 flow

Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
 Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
 Are things to brood on with more ardency
 Than the death-day of empires. Fear-
 fully
 Must such conviction come upon his
 head,
 Who, thus far, discontent, has dared to
 tread,
 Without one muse's smile, or kind be-
 hest,
 The path of love and poesy. But rest,
 In chafing restlessness, is yet more drear
 Than to be crush'd, in striving to uprear
 Love's standard on the battlements of
 song.
 So once more days and nights aid me
 along,
 Like legion'd soldiers.

FROM BOOK IV

ROUNDELAY

"O SORROW,
 Why dost borrow
 The natural hue of health, from vermeil
 lips?
 To give maiden blushes
 To the white rose bushes?
 Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

"O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—
 To give the glow-worm light?
 Or, on a moonless night,
 To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-
 spray?

"O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The mellow ditties from a mourning
 tongue? —
 To give at evening pale
 Unto the nightingale,
 That thou mayst listen the cold dew
 among?

"O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 Heart's lightness from the merriment of
 May? —
 A lover would not tread
 A cowslip on the head,

Though he should dance from eve till
 peep of day —
 Nor any drooping flower
 Held sacred for thy bower,
 Wherever he may sport himself and play.

"To Sorrow,
 I bade good-morrow,
 And thought to leave her far away be-
 hind;
 But cheerly, cheerly,
 She loves me dearly;
 She is so constant to me, and so kind:
 I would deceive her
 And so leave her,
 But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river
 side,
 I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide
 There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
 And so I kept
 Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
 Cold as my fears.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river
 side,
 I sat a-weeping: what enamor'd bride,
 Cheated by shadowy wooer from the
 clouds,
 But hides and shrouds
 Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

"And as I sat, over the light blue hills
 There came a noise of revellers: the rills
 Into the wide stream came of purple
 hue —
 'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver
 thrills
 From kissing cymbals made a merry
 din —
 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
 Like to a moving vintage down they
 came,
 Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all
 on flame;
 All madly dancing through the pleasant
 valley,
 To scare thee, Melancholy!
 O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
 And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
 By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
 Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and
 moon: —
 I rush'd into the folly!

"Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
 Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
 With sidelong laughing;
 And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
 His plump white arms, and shoulders,
 enough white
 For Venus' pearly bite;
 And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
 Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
 Tipsily quaffing.

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye!
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
 Your lutes, and gentler fate? —
 'We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
 A conquering!
 Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill be-tide,
 We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide: —
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our wild minstrelsy!"

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye!
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
 Your nuts in oak-tree cleft? —
 'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
 For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
 Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth! —
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our mad minstrelsy!"

"Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
 And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
 Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants:
 Onward these myriads — with song and dance,
 With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,

Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rower's toil:
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

"Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the plains;
 A three days' journey in a moment done:
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

"I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown!
 I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring!
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce!
 The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans,
 Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale. —
 Into these regions came I following him,
 Sick-hearted, weary — so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear
 Alone, without a peer:
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

"Young stranger!
 I've been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every clime:
 Alas! 'tis not for me!
 Bewitch'd I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

"Come then, Sorrow!
 Sweetest Sorrow!
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
 I thought to leave thee
 And deceive thee,
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

"There is not one,
 No, no, not one

But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
 Thou art her mother,
 And her brother,
 Her playmate, and her wooer in the
 shade."

THE FEAST OF DIAN

WHO, who from Dian's feast would be
 away?

For all the golden bowers of the day
 Are empty left? Who, who away would
 be

From Cynthia's wedding and festivity?
 Not Hesperus: lo! upon his silver wings
 He leans away for highest heaven sings,
 Snapping his lucid fingers merrily!—

Ah, Zephyrus! art here, and Flora too!
 Ye tender bibbers of the rain and dew,
 Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
 Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill

Your baskets high
 With fennel green, and balm, and golden
 pines,

Savory, latter-mint, and columbines,
 Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny
 thyme;

Yea, every flower and leaf of every clime,
 All gather'd in the dewy morning: hie
 Away! fly, fly!—

Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,
 Aquarius! to whom king Jove has given
 Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of
 feather'd wings,

Two fan-like fountains, — thine illumin-
 ings

For Dian play:

Dissolve the frozen purity of air;
 Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
 Shew cold through watery pinions; make
 more bright

The Star-Queen's crescent on her mar-
 riage night:

Haste, haste away!—

Castor has tamed the planet Lion, see!
 And of the Bear has Pollux mastery:
 A third is in the race! who is the third,
 Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?

The tramping Centaur!

The Lion's mane's on end: the Bear how
 fierce!

The Centaur's arrow ready seems to
 pierce

Some enemy: far forth his bow is bent
 Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent,
 Pale unrelentor,

When he shall hear the wedding lutes a-
 playing. —

Andromeda! sweet woman! why delaying
 So timidly among the stars: come hither!
 Join this bright throng, and nimbly fol-
 low whither

They all are going.

Danae's Son, before Jove newly bow'd,
 Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud.

Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral:
 Ye shall for ever live and love, for all

Thy tears are flowing.

1817. 1818.

ROBIN HOOD

No! those days are gone away,
 And their hours are old and gray,
 And their minutes buried all
 Under the down-trodden pall
 Of the leaves of many years:
 Many times have winter's shears,
 Frozen North, and chilling East,
 Sounded tempests to the feast
 Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
 Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
 And the twanging bow no more;
 Silent is the ivory shrill
 Past the heath and up the hill;
 There is no mid-forest laugh,
 Where lone Echo gives the half
 To some wight, amaz'd to hear
 Jestings, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
 You may go, with sun or moon,
 Or the seven stars to light you,
 Or the polar ray to right you;
 But you never may behold
 Little John, or Robin bold;
 Never one, of all the clan,
 Thrumming on an empty can
 Some old hunting ditty, while
 He doth his green way beguile
 To fair hostess Merriment,
 Down beside the pasture Trent;
 For he left the merry tale
 Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
 Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
 Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
 Idling in the "grenè shawe;"

TO HOMER

STANDING aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit Dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So thou wast blind; — but then the veil
was rent,

For Jove uncurtained Heaven to let thee
live,

And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,
And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive.
Aye, on the shores of darkness there is light,
And precipices show untrodden green,
There is a budding morrow in midnight,¹
There is a triple sight in blindness keen;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befell
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven,
and Hell. 1818. 1848.

LINES

ON

THE MERMAID TAVERN

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tipped drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
1818. 1820.

¹ Forman records in his notes that Rossetti considered this to be "Keats' finest single line of poetry." (*Keats's Works*, II. 238.)

FANCY

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond
her:

Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloyes with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd
Fancy, high-commission'd: — send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it: — thou shalt
hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment — hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plum'd lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;

And every leaf, and every flower
 Pearled with the self-same shower.
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
 Meagre from its celled sleep;
 And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the henbird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
 Every thing is spoilt by use:
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
 Too much gaz'd at? Where's the maid
 Whose lip mature is ever new?
 Where's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary? Where's the face
 One would meet in every place?
 Where's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft?
 At a touch sweet pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let, then, winged Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind:
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide;
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Slipped its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid. — Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash;
 Quickly break her prison-string
 And such joys as these she'll bring. —
 Let the winged Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home. 1818. 1820.

ISABELLA

OR

THE POT OF BASIL

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!

Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
 They could not in the self-same mansion
 dwell

Without some stir of heart, some
 malady;

They could not sit at meals but feel how
 well

It soothed each to be the other by;
 They could not, sure, beneath the same
 roof sleep

But to each other dream, and nightly
 weep.

With every morn their love grew ten-
 derer,

With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
 He might not in house, field, or garden
 stir,

But her full shape would all his seeing
 fill;

And his continual voice was pleasanter
 To her, than noise of trees or hidden
 rill;

Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
 She spoilt her half-done broidery with
 the same.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the
 latch,

Before the door had given her to his
 eyes;

And from her chamber-window he would
 catch

Her beauty farther than the falcon
 spies;

And constant as her vespers would he
 watch,

Because her face was turn'd to the
 same skies;

And with sick longing all the night out-
 wear,

To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

A whole long month of May in this sad
 plight

Made their cheeks paler by the break
 of June:

"To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
 To-morrow will I ask my lady's
 boon." —

"O may I never see another night,
 Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's
 tune." —

So spake they to the pillows; but, alas,
 Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek

Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
 Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth
 seek

By every lull to cool her infant's pain:

"How ill she is," said he, "I may not
 speak,
 And yet I will, and tell my love all
 plain:
 If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her
 tears,
 And at the least 'twill startle off her
 cares."

So said he one fair morning, and all day
 His heart beat awfully against his
 side;
 And to his heart he inwardly did pray
 For power to speak; but still the ruddy
 tide
 Stifled his voice, and puls'd resolve
 away —
 Fever'd his high conceit of such a
 bride,
 Yet brought him to the meekness of a
 child:
 Alas! when passion is both meek and
 wild!

So once more he had wak'd and anguished
 A dreary night of love and misery,
 If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
 To every symbol on his forehead high;
 She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
 And straight all flush'd; so, lisped
 tenderly,
 "Lorenzo!" — here she ceas'd her timid
 quest,
 But in her tone and look he read the rest.

"O Isabella, I can half perceive
 That I may speak my grief into thine
 ear;
 If thou didst ever anything believe,
 Believe how I love thee, believe how
 near
 My soul is to its doom: I would not
 grieve
 Thy hand by unwelcome pressing,
 would not fear
 Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
 Another night, and not my passion shrive.

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry
 cold,¹
 Lady! thou leadest me to summer
 clime,
 And I must taste the blossoms that
 unfold
 In its ripe warmth this gracious morn-
 ing time."

So said, his erewhile timid lips grew
 bold,
 And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme:
 Great bliss was with them, and great
 happiness
 Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
 Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
 Only to meet again more close, and share
 The inward fragrance of each other's
 heart.

She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
 Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
 He with light steps went up a western
 hill,
 And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his
 fill.

All close they met again, before the dusk
 Had taken from the stars its pleasant
 veil,

All close they met, all eves, before the
 dusk

Had taken from the stars its pleasant
 veil,

Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
 Unknown of any, free from whispering
 tale.

Ah! better had it been for ever so,
 Than idle ears should pleasure in their
 woe.

Were they unhappy then? — It cannot
 be —

Too many tears for lovers have been
 shed,

Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
 Too much of pity after they are dead,

Too many doleful stories do we see,
 Whose matter in bright gold were best

be read;
 Except in such a page where Theseus'

spouse
 Over the pathless waves towards him
 bows.

But, for the general award of love,
 The little sweet doth kill much bitter-
 ness;

Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
 And Isabella's was a great distress,

Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian
 clove

Was not embalm'd, this truth is not
 the less —

Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-
bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-
flowers.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandise,
And for them many a weary hand did
swelt

In torched mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quiver'd loins did
melt

In blood from stinging whip; — with
hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-ored driftings of the
flood.

For them the Ceylon diver held his
breath,
And went all naked to the hungry
shark;

For them his ears gush'd blood; for
them in death

The seal on the cold ice with piteous
bark

Lay full of darts; for them alone did
seethe

A thousand men in troubles wide and
dark:

Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch
and peel.

Why were they proud? Because their
marble founts

Gush'd with more pride than do a
wretch's tears? —

Why were they proud? Because fair
orange-mounts

Were of more soft ascent than lazar
stairs? —

Why were they proud? Because red-lin'd
accounts

Were richer than the songs of Grecian
years? —

Why were they proud? again we ask
aloud,

Why in the name of Glory were they
proud?

Yet were these Florentines as self-re-
tired

In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
As two close Hebrews in that land in-
spired,

Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-
spies;

The hawks of ship-mast forests — the
untired

And pannier'd mules for ducats and
old lies —

Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-
away, —

Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and
Malay.

How was it these same ledger-men could
spy

Fair Isabella in her downy nest?

How could they find out in Lorenzo's
eye

A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's
pest

Into their vision covetous and sly!

How could these money-bags see east
and west? —

Yet so they did — and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted
hare.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!

Of thee we now should ask forgiving
boon,

And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,

And of thy lilies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy ghit-
tern's tune,

For venturing syllables that ill beseem
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the
tale

Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail

To make old prose in modern rhyme
more sweet:

But it is done — succeed the verse or
fail —

To honor thee, and thy gone spirit
greet;

To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

These brethren having found by many
signs

What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she lov'd him too, each uncon-
fines

His bitter thoughts to other, well-nigh
mad

That he, the servant of their trade de-
signs,
Should in their sister's love be blithe
and glad
When 'twas their plan to coax her by
degrees
To some high noble and his olive-trees.

And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips
alone,
Before they fix'd upon a surest way
To make the youngster for his crime
atone;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the
bone;
For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
Of the garden-terrace, towards him they
bent
Their footing through the dews; and
to him said,
"You seem there in the quiet of content,
Lorenzo, and we are most loth to
invade
Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
Bestride your steed while cold is in the
skies.

"To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we
mount
To spur three leagues towards the
Apennine;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot
sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents'
whine;
And went in haste, to get in readiness,
With belt, and spur, and bracing hunts-
man's dress.

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
Each third step did he pause, and
listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep
soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;

When, looking up, he saw her features
bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all
delight.

"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
Lest I should miss to bid thee a good
morrow:
Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so
fain

I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hours' absence? but
we'll gain
Out of the amorous dark what day
doth borrow.
Good bye! I'll soon be back." — "Good
bye!" said she: —
And as he went she chanted merrily.

So the two brothers and their murder'd
man
Rode past fair Florence, to where
Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and
still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the
bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick
and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did
seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love. — They pass'd
the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love
cease;
Ah! when a soul doth thus its freedom
win,
It aches in loneliness — is ill at peace
As the break-covert blood-hounds of
such sin:
They dipp'd their swords in the water,
and did tease
Their horses homeward, with convulsed
spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

They told their sister how, with sudden
speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign
lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.

dark
glorious

Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's
weed,

And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed
bands;

To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,

And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
Sorely she wept until the night came
on,

And then, instead of love, O misery!

She brooded o'er the luxury alone:

His image in the dusk she seem'd to see,

And to the silence made a gentle moan,

Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,

And on her couch low murmuring,

"Where? O where?"

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not
long

Its fiery vigil in her single breast;

She fretted for the golden hour, and hung

Upon the time with feverish unrest —

Not long — for soon into her heart a
throng

Of higher occupants, a richer zest,

Came tragic; passion not to be subdued,

And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves

The breath of Winter comes from far
away,

And the sick west continually bereaves

Of some gold tinge, and plays a round-
delay

Of death among the bushes and the
leaves

To make all bare before he cares to
stray

From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel

By gradual decay from beauty fell,

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes

She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all
pale,

Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes

Could keep him off so long? They
spake a tale,

Time after time, to quiet her. Their
crimes

Came on them, like a smoke from Hin-
nom's vale;

And every night in dreams they groan'd
aloud,

To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
But for a thing more deadly dark than
all;

It came like a fierce potion, drunk by
chance,

Which saves a sick man from the
feather'd pall

For some few gasping moments; like a
lance,

Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
With cruel pierce, and bringing him again

Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and
brain.

It was a vision. — In the drowsy gloom,
The dull of midnight, at her couch's
foot

Lorenzo stood, and wept; the forest tomb
Had marr'd his glossy hair which once
could shoot

Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute

From his lorn voice, and past his loamed
ears

Had made a miry channel for his tears.

Strange sound it was, when the pale
shadow spake;

For there was striving, in its piteous
tongue,

To speak as when on earth it was awake,
And Isabella on its music hung:

Languor there was in it, and tremulous
shake,

As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
And through it moan'd a ghostly under-
song,

Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars
among.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy
bright

With love, and kept all phantom fear
aloof

From the poor girl by magic of their
light,

The while it did unthread the horrid
woof

Of the late darken'd time, — the murder-
ous spite

Of pride and avarice, the dark pine
roof

In the forest, — and the sodden turfed
dell,

Where, without any word, from stabs
he fell.

*Change of
scenery.*

Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!
 Red whortle-berries droop above my
 head,
 And a large flint-stone weighs upon my
 feet;
 Around me beeches and high chestnuts
 shed
 Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-
 fold bleat
 Comes from beyond the river to my
 bed:
 Go, shed one tear upon my heatherbloom,
 And it shall comfort me within the
 tomb.

"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
 Upon the skirts of human-nature
 dwelling
 Alone: I chant alone the holy mass,
 While little sounds of life are round me
 knelling,
 And glossy bees at noon do fieldward
 pass,
 And many a chapel bell the hour is
 telling,
 Paining me through: those sounds grow
 strange to me,
 And thou art distant in Humanity.

"I know what was, I feel full well what
 is,
 And I should rage, if spirits could go
 mad;
 Though I forget the taste of earthly
 bliss,
 That paleness warms my grave, as
 though I had
 A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss
 To be my spouse: thy paleness makes
 me glad;
 Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
 A greater love through all my essence
 steal."

The Spirit mourn'd "Adieu!" — dis-
 solv'd, and left
 The atom darkness in a slow turmoil;
 As when of healthful midnight sleep
 bereft,
 Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless
 toil,
 We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
 And see the spangly gloom froth up
 and boil:
 It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
 And in the dawn she started up awake;

"Ha! ha!" said she, "I knew not this
 hard life,
 I thought the worst was simple misery;
 I thought some Fate with pleasure or
 with strife
 Portion'd us — happy days, or else to
 die;
 But there is crime — a brother's bloody
 knife!
 Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my
 infancy:
 I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
 And greet thee morn and even in the
 skies."

When the full morning came, she had
 devised
 How she might secret to the forest hie;
 How she might find the clay, so dearly
 prized,
 And sing to it one latest lullaby;
 How her short absence might be unsur-
 mised,
 While she the inmost of the dream
 would try.
 Resolv'd, she took with her an aged nurse,
 And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

See, as they creep along the river side,
 How she doth whisper to that aged
 Dame,
 And, after looking round the champaign
 wide,
 Shows her a knife. — "What feverous
 hectic flame
 Burns in thee, child? — What good can
 thee betide,
 That thou should'st smile again?" —
 The evening came,
 And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed;
 The flint was there, the berries at his
 head.

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-
 yard,
 And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
 Work through the clayey soil and gravel
 hard,
 To see skull, coffin'd bones, and funeral
 stole;
 Pitying each form that hungry Death
 hath marr'd,
 And filling it once more with human
 soul?
 Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
 When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt,

She gaz'd into the fresh-thrown mould, as
though

One glance did fully all its secrets tell;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to
grow,

Like to a native lily of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon
Her silk had play'd in purple phan-
tasies,
She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than
stone,

And put it in her bosom, where it dries
And freezes utterly unto the bone
Those dainties made to still an infant's
cries:

Then 'gan she work again; nor stay'd
her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling
hair.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal laboring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all
hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid
thing:

Three hours they labor'd at this travail
sore;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

Ah! wherefore all this wormy circum-
stance?
Why linger at the yawning tomb so
long?

O for the gentleness of old Romance,
The simple plaining of a minstrel's
song!

Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For here, in truth, it doth not well
belong

To speak: — O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

With duller steel than the Perséan sword
They cut away no formless monster's
head,

But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps
have said,

Love never dies, but lives, immortal
Lord:

If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd
'Twas love; cold, — dead indeed, but not
dethroned.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden
comb,

And all around each eye's sepulchral
cell
Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared
loam

With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drench'd away: — and still she
comb'd, and kept
Sighing all day — and still she kiss'd, and
wept.

Then in a silken scarf, sweet with the
dews

Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous
ooze

Through the cold serpent pipe refresh-
fully, —
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did
choose

A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by
And cover'd it with mould and, o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever
wet.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and
sun,

And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters
run,

And she forgot the chilly autumn
breeze;

She had no knowledge when the day was
done,

And the new morn she saw not: but
in peace

Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the
core.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful
it grew,

So that it smelt more balmy than its
peers

Of Basil-tufts in Florence; for it drew

Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
From the fast mouldering head there shut from view :
So that the jewel, safely casketed,
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile !
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly !
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us — O sigh !

Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile ;
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Mel-pomene !

Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery ;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low ;

For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead : She withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

O leave the palm to wither by itself ;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour ! —

It may not be — those Baälites of pelf,
Her brethren, noted the continual shower

From her dead eyes ; and many a curious elf,
Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower

Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside

By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much

Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,

And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch ;
Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean

They could not surely give belief, that such

A very nothing would have power to wean
Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift

This hidden whim ; and long they watch'd in vain ;

For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain ;

And when she left, she hurried back, as swift

As bird on wing to breast its eggs again ;
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

Yet they contriv'd to steal the Basil-pot
And to examine it in secret place :

The thing was vile with green and livid spot,

And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face ;

The guerdon of their murder they had got,
And so left Florence in a moment's space,

Never to turn again. — Away they went,
With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away !

O Music, Music, breathe despondingly !

O Echo, Echo, on some other day,

From isles Lethean, sigh to us — O sigh !

Spirits of grief, sigh not your "Well-away !"

For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die :

Will die a death too lone and incomplete,

Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,

Asking for her lost Basil amorously :

And with melodious chuckle in the strings

Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry

After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,

To ask him where her Basil was ; and why

'Twas hid from her : "For cruel 'tis," said she,

"To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did
mourn

In pity of her love, so overcast.
And a sad ditty of this story borne *said*
From mouth to mouth through all the
country pass'd;
Still is the burthen sung — "O cruelty,
To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"
1818. 1820.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

ST. AGNES' EVE — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the
frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while
he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without
a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his
prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his
knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot,
wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem
to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb ora-
t'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods
and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little
door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's
golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no — already had his deathbell rung:
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners'
sake to grieve,

That ancient Beadsman heard the pre-
lude soft;

And so it chanc'd, for many a door was
wide,

From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to
chide:

The level chambers, ready with their
pride,

Were glowing to receive a thousand
guests:

The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Star'd where upon their heads the cornice
rests,

With hair blown back, and wings put
cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous and shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with
triumphs gay

Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady
there,

Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry
day,

On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many
times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of
delight,

And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night
If ceremonies due they did aright;

As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily
white;

Nor look behind, nor sideways, but re-
quire

Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that
they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Made-
line;

The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes
divine,

Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping
train

Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high
disdain,

poem made up of contrast.

— School
made

But she saw not: her heart was other-
where:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest
of the year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless
eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick
and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she
sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd
resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and
scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amorn,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow
morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the
moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart
on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Butress'd from moonlight, stands he, and
implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all
unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in
sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper
tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous
citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian
hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast
affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and
in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature
came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's
flame,

Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus
bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his
face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied
hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee
from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole
blood-thirsty race!"

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish
Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and
land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not
a whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me!
flit!
Flit like a ghost away." — "Ah, Gossip
dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair
sit,
And tell me how" — "Good Saints! not
here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones
will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty
plume;
And as she mutter'd "Well-a — well-a-
day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may
see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving
piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and
Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer
plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle
time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-
book,

As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she
told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce could
brook

Tears, at the thought of those enchant-
ments cold,

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown
rose,

Flushing his brow, and in his pained
heart

Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame
start:

"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and
dream

Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—
I deem

Thou canst not surely be the same that
thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I
swear,"

Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find
grace

When my weak voice shall whisper its
last prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:

Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,

Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's
ears,

And beard them, though they be more
fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble
soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard
thing,

Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight
toll;

Whose prayers for thee, each morn and
evening,

Were never miss'd." Thus plaining,
doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;

So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal
or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there
hide

Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless
bride,

While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-
eyed.

Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the
monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the
Dame:

"All cates and dainties shall be stored
there

Quickly on this feast-night: by the
tambour frame

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to
spare,

For I am slow and feeble, and scarce
dare

On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel
in prayer

The while: Ah! thou must needs the
lady wed,

Or may I never leave my grave among the
dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;

The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his
ear

To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,

Through many a dusky gallery, they
gain

The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd,
and chaste;

Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd
amain.

His poor guide hurried back with agues
in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,

When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:

Loosens her fragrant boddice ; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees ;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and
sees.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
As though a tongueless nightingale should
 swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifed,
 in her dell.

In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she
lay,

Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd

Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued
away:

Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day:

Blissfully haven'd both from joy and
pain:

Clasp'd like a missal where swart Pay-
nims pray :

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain.

As though a rose should shut, and be a
bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he
 bless.

And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept.

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent.

And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where,

lo! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded
moon

Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw
thereon

A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—

O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The hoisterous, midnight, festive clarion,

The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying
tone:—

The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanch'd linen, smooth, and laven-
der'd,

While he from forth the closet brought
a heap

Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
gourd;

With jellies soother than the creamy
curd;

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinna-
mon;

Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every
one,

From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Le-
banon.

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing
hand

On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreath'd silver: sumptuous they
stand

In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume
light.—

"And now, my love, my seraph fair,
awake!

Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes'
sake,

Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul
doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerv'd
arm

Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her
dream

By the dusk curtains:—'twas a mid-
night charm

Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight
gleam:

Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed
phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that ten-
derest be,

He play'd an ancient ditty, long since
mute,

In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans
mercy:"

Close to her ear touching the melody;—

Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft
moan:

He ceased—she panted quick—and
suddenly

Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-
sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh
expell'd

The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many
a sigh;

While still her gaze on Porphyro would
keep;

Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous
eye.

Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so
dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even
now

Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine
ear,

Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and
clear:

How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill,
and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complain-
ings dear!

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not
where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing
star

Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep
repose;

Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost wind
blows

Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp
sleet

Against the window-panes; St. Agnes'
moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-
blown sleet:

"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"

'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:

"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine."

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine.
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;

A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
The beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,

Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —
The bloated wassaillers will never heed: —

Let us away, my love, with happy speed:
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —

Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,

At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —

Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. —

In all the house was heard no human sound.

A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,

Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;

Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;

Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —

The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; —

The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,

Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old

Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;

The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

January, 1819. 1820.

THE EVE OF SAINT MARK

A FRAGMENT

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell;
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,
That call'd the folks to evening prayer;
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains;
And, on the western window panes,
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatu'r'd green valleys cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.

Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell :
 The silent streets were crowded well
 With staid and pious companies,
 Warm from their fire-side orat'ries ;
 And moving, with demurest air,
 To even-song, and vesper prayer.
 Each arched porch, and entry low,
 Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,
 With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
 While play'd the organ loud and sweet.

The bells had ceas'd, the prayers begun,
 And Bertha had not yet half done
 A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
 That all day long, from earliest morn,
 Had taken captive her two eyes,
 Among its golden broideries ;
 Perplex'd her with a thousand things, —
 The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
 Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
 Azure saints and silver rays,
 Moses' breastplate, and the seven
 Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
 The winged Lion of St. Mark,
 And the Covenantal Ark,
 With its many mysteries,
 Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,
 Dwelling in th' old Minster-square ;
 From her fire-side she could see,
 Sidelong, its rich antiquity.
 Far as the Bishop's garden-wall ;
 Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,
 Full-leav'd, the forest had outstript,
 By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,
 So shelter'd by the mighty pile.
 Bertha arose, and read awhile,
 With forehead 'gainst the window-pane
 Again she try'd, and then again,
 Until the dusk eve left her dark
 Upon the legend of St. Mark.
 From plated lawn-frill, fine and thin,
 She lifted up her soft warm chin.
 With aching neck and swimming eyes,
 And daz'd with saintly imageries.

All was gloom, and silent all,
 Save now and then the still foot-fall
 Of one returning homewards late,
 Past the echoing minster-gate.
 The clamorous daws, that all the day
 Above tree-tops and towers play,
 Pair by pair had gone to rest,
 Each in its ancient belfry nest,
 Where asleep they fall betimes,
 To music and the drowsy chimes.

All was silent, all was gloom,
 Abroad and in the homely room :
 Down she sat, poor cheated soul ;
 And struck a lamp from the dismal coal ;
 Lean'd forward, with bright drooping hair
 And slant look, full against the glare.
 Her shadow, in uneasy guise,
 Hover'd about, a giant size,
 On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,
 The parrot's cage, and panel square ;
 And the warm angled winter-screen,
 On which were many monsters seen,
 Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,
 And legless birds of Paradise,
 Macaw, and tender Avadavat,
 And silken-furr'd Angora cat.
 Untir'd she read, her shadow still
 Glower'd about, as it would fill
 The room with wildest forms and shades,
 As though some ghostly queen of spades
 Had come to mock behind her back,
 And dance, and ruffle her garments black.
 Untir'd she read the legend page,
 Of holy Mark, from youth to age,
 On land, on sea, in pagan chains,
 Rejoicing for his many pains.
 Sometimes the learned eremite,
 With golden star, or dagger bright,
 Referr'd to pious poesies
 Written in smallest crow-quill size
 Beneath the text : and thus the rhyme
 Was parcel'd out from time to time :
 — "Als writeth he of swevens,
 Men han before they wake in bliss,
 Whanne that hir friendes thinke him
 bound
 In crimped shroude farre under grounde :
 And how a litling childe mote be
 A saint er its nativite,
 Gif that the modre (God her blesse !)
 Kepen in solitarinesse,
 And kissen devout the holy croce.
 Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force, —
 He writith ; and thinges many mo
 Of swiche thinges I may not show.
 Bot I must tellen verilie
 Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,
 And chiefly what he auctorethe
 Of Saintè Markis life and dethe :"

At length her constant eyelids come
 Upon the fervent martyrdom ;
 Then lastly to his holy shrine,
 Exalt amid the tapers' shine
 At Venice, —

January and September, 1819. 1848.

ODE ON INDOLENCE

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

ONE morn before me were three figures
seen,
With bowed necks, and joined hands,
side-faced;
And one behind the other stepp'd serene,
In placid sandals, and in white robes
graced;
They pass'd, like figures on a marble urn,
When shifted round to see the other
side;
They came again; as when the urn
once more
Is shifted round, the first seen shades
return;
And they were strange to me, as may
betide
With vases, to one deep in Phidian
lore.

How is it, Shadows! that I knew ye not?
How came ye muffled in so hush a
mask?
Was it a silent deep-disguised plot
To steal away, and leave without a
task
My idle days? Ripe was the drowsy
hour;
The blissful cloud of summer-indolence
Benumbed my eyes; my pulse grew
less and less;
Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath
no flower:
O why did ye not melt, and leave my
sense
Unhaunted quite of all but — nothingness?

A third time passed they by, and, passing,
turn'd
Each one the face a moment whiles to
me;
Then faded, and to follow them I burn'd
And ach'd for wings, because I knew
the three;
The first was a fair Maid, and Love her
name;
The second was Ambition, pale of
cheek,
And ever watchful with fatigued
eye;
The last, whom I love more, the more of
blame

Is heap'd upon her, maiden most un-
meek, —

I knew to be my demon Poesy.

They faded, and forsooth! I wanted
wings:
O folly! What is Love? and where is
it?
And for that poor Ambition! it springs
From a man's little heart's short fever-
fit;
For Poesy! — no, — she has not a joy, —
At least for me, — so sweet as drowsy
noons,
And evenings steep'd in honied in-
dolence;
O, for an age so sheltered from annoy,
That I may never know how change the
moons,
Or hear the voice of busy common-
sense!

And once more came they by; — alas!
wherefore?
My sleep had been embroider'd with
dim dreams;
My soul had been a lawn besprinkled
o'er
With flowers, and stirring shades, and
baffled beams:
The morn was clouded, but no shower
fell,
Tho' in her lids hung the sweet tears of
May;
The open casement press'd a new-
leav'd vine,
Let in the budding warmth and throstle's
lay;
O Shadows! 'twas a time to bid fare-
well!
Upon your skirts had fallen no tears
of mine.

So, ye three Ghosts, adieu! Ye cannot
raise
My head cool-bedded in the flowery
grass;
For I would not be dieted with praise,
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce!
Fade softly from my eyes, and be once
more
In masque-like Figures on the dreamy
urn;
Farewell! I yet have visions for the
night,

And for the day faint visions there is
store;

Vanish, ye Phantoms! from my idle
spright,
Into the clouds, and never more
return!

March, 1819. 1848.

ODE

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

1819. 1820.

ODE TO PSYCHE

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless num-
bers, wrung

By sweet enforcement and remem-
brance dear,

And pardon that thy secrets should be
sung

Even into thine own soft-conched ear;
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see

The winged Psyche with awaken'd
eyes?

I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,

And, on the sudden, fainting with
surprise,

Saw two fair creatures, couched side by
side

In deepest grass, beneath the whis-
p'ring roof

Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where
there ran

A brooklet, scarce espied:

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fra-
grant-eyed,

Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded
grass;

Their arms embraced, and their pinions
too;

Their lips touch'd not, but had not
bade adieu,

As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber

At tender eye-dawn of aureoan love:
The winged boy I knew;

But who wast thou, O happy, happy
dove?

His Psyche true!

O latest born and loveliest vision far

Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!

Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd
star,

Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the
sky;

Fairer than these, though temple thou
hast none,

Nor altar heap'd with flowers;

Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;

No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense
sweet

From chain-swung censer teeming;

No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

GRECIAN URN } immortal-
 Uguilugale } sculpture
 to beculatians
 of life.

KEATS

387

O brightest! though too late for antique
 vows,

Too, too late for the fond believing
 lyre,

When holy were the haunted forest
 boughs,

Holy the air, the water, and the fire;

Yet even in these days so far retir'd

From happy pieties, thy lute fans,

Fluttering among the faint Olympians,

I see, and sing, by my own eyes in-
 spired.

So let me be thy choir, and make a
 moan

Upon the midnight hours;

Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense
 sweet

From swinged censer teeming;

Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy
 heat

Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a
 fane

In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new grown
 with pleasant pain,

Instead of pines shall murmur in the
 wind:

Fair, far around shall those dark-cluster'd
 trees

Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep
 by steep;

And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds,
 and bees,

The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to
 sleep;

And in the midst of this wide quiet-
 ness

A rosy sanctuary will I dress

With the wreath'd trellis of a working
 brain,

With buds, and bells, and stars without
 a name,

With all the gardener Fancy e'er could
 feign,

Who breeding flowers, will never breed
 the same:

And there shall be for thee all soft de-
 light

That shadowy thought can win,

A bright torch, and a casement ope at
 night,

To let the warm Love in!

April, 1819. 1820.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow

time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus ex-
 press

A flowery tale more sweetly than our
 rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about
 thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What
 maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to
 escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What
 wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-
 heard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,
 play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-
 dear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst
 not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
 bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou
 kiss

Though winning near the goal — yet, do
 not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not
 thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be
 fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot
 shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring
 adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy
 love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting, and for ever young;

All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and

cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching
 tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious
priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the
skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands
dressed?

What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful cit-
adel,

Is emptied of this folk, this pious
morn?

And, little town, thy streets for ever-
more?

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er re-
turn.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with
brede

Of marble men and maidens over-
wrought,

With forest branches and the trodden
weed;

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of
thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation
waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other
woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou
say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," —
that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know.

1819. January, 1820.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the
drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had
sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happi-
ness. —

That thou, light winged Dryad of the
trees,

— In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows num-
berless,
Singest of summer in full-throated
ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath
been

Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved
earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-
burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushing Hippo-
crene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,

And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world
unseen,

And with thee fade away into the
forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each
other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray
hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-
thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of
sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond
to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and
retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
throne,

Cluster'd around by all her starry
Fays;

But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the
breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and wind-
ing mossy ways.

flowers have inspired - Keats
wants to be inspired -

sweet image

dark wood

KEATS

can only smell flowers.

389

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine - Rose

Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time I have been half in love with easeful

Death,

Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight with no pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —

To thy high requiem become a sod,

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown;

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep? May, 1819. July, 1819.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;

Make not your rosary of yew-berries, Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be

Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl

A partner in your sorrow's mysteries; For shade to shade will come too drowsily,

And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,

That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;

Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,

Or on the wealth of globed peonies; Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,

Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must die;

And joy, whose hand is ever at his lips

Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips;

comes back to being -
big facts in distance

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran
 shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose
 strenuous tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate
 fine:
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her
 might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies
 hung. 1819. 1820.

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing
 sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and
 bless
 With fruit the vines that round the
 thatch-eves run;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-
 trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the
 core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the
 hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding
 more,
 And still more, later flowers for the
 bees,
 Until they think warm days will never
 cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their
 clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy
 store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may
 find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
 wind;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies,
 while thy hook
 S pares the next swath and all its
 twined flowers:
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost
 keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient
 look,
 Thou watchest the last oozing hours
 by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay,
 where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy
 music too,—

While barred clouds bloom the soft-
 dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy
 hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats
 mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or
 dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from
 hilly bourn;

Hedge-cricket sing; and now with
 treble soft

The red-breast whistles from a garden-
 croft;

And gathering swallows twitter in
 the skies.

September 1819. 1820.

HYPERION

A FRAGMENT

BOOK I

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of
 morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one
 star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was
 there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd
 grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it
 rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened
 more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her
 reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-
 marks went,
 No further than to where his feet had
 stray'd,

And slept there since. Upon the sodden
ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless,
dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were
closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to
the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort
yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from
his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred
hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending
low
With reverence, though to one who knew
it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would
have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian
sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their
lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that
face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's
self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun:
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen
rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching
spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just
there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she
spoke
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our
feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how
frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

"Saturn, look up!— though wherefore,
poor old King?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest
thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the
earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the
air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new com-
mand,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house:
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised
hands
Scorches and burns our once serene
domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous
truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:— O thoughtless, why
did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I
weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-
night,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty
woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest
stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a
stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies
off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went; the while
in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the
ground,
Just where her falling hair might be out-
spread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motion-
less,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cav-
ern;

The frozen God still couchant on the earth,

And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet :
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and
then spake,

As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard

Shook horrid with such aspen-malady :
"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face ;
Look up, and let me see our doom in it ;
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's ; tell me, if thou hear'st the
voice

Of Saturn ; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had
power

To make me desolate? whence came the
strength?

How was it nurtur'd to such bursting
forth,

While Fate seem'd strangled in my nerv-
ous grasp?

But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. — I am
gone

Away from my own bosom : I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne, and
where I sit

Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea,
search !

Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them
round

Upon all space : space starr'd, and lorn
of light ;

Space region'd with life-air ; and barren
void ;

Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell. —
Search, Thea, search ! and tell me, if thou
seest

A certain shape of shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
A heaven he lost erewhile : it must — it
must

Be of ripe progress — Saturn must be
King.

Yes, there must be a golden victory ;

There must be Gods thrown down, and
trumpets blown

Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells ; and there
shall be

Beautiful things made new, for the sur-
prise

Of the sky-children ; I will give com-
mand :

Thea ! Thea ! Thea ! where is Saturn ? "

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with
sweat,

His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing
deep ;

A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus. — "But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to nought?
Where is another chaos? Where?" —
That word

Found way unto Olympus, and made
quake

The rebel three. — Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full of
awe.

"This cheer our fallen house : come to
our friends,

O Saturn ! come away, and give them
heart ;

I know the covert, for thence came I
hither."

Thus brief ; then with beseeching eyes
she went

With backward footing through the shade
a space :

He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the
way

Through aged boughs, that yielded like
the mist

Which eagles cleave upmounting from
their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears
were shed,

More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of
scribe :

The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.

But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept

His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty; —
Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire

Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up

From man to the sun's God; yet unse-cure:

For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he —

Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,

Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,

Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright

Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,

Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,

Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angerly: while sometimes eagle's wings,

Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,

Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.

Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths

Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,

Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savor of poisonous brass and metal sick:

And so, when harbor'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day, —

For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,

He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;

While far within each aisle and deep recess,

His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men

Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,

When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.

Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,

Went step for step with Thea through the woods,

Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;

Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope

In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,

Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave off sweet

And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;

And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,

That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,

And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours

And made their dove-wings tremble.
On he flared,

From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,

Through bowers of fragrant and en-wreathed light,

And diamond-paved lustrous long arc-cades,

Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
There standing fierce beneath, he stamped his foot,

And from the basements deep to the high towers

Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,

His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,

To this result: "O dreams of day and night!

O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!

O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded pools!

Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why

Is my eternal essence thus distraught
To see and to behold these horrors new?

Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
 This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
 Of all my lucient empire? It is left
 Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
 The blaze, the splendor, and the sym-
 metry,
 I cannot see — but darkness, death and
 darkness.

Even here, into my centre of repose,
 The shady visions come to domineer,
 Insult, and blind, and stifle up my
 pomp. —

Fall! — No, by Tellus and her briny
 robes!

Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 I will advance a terrible right arm
 Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel
 Jove,
 And bid old Saturn take his throne
 again." —

He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier
 threat
 Held struggle with his throat but came
 not forth;

For as in theatres of crowded men
 Hubbub increases more they call out
 "Hush!"

So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
 Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and
 cold;

And from the mirror'd level where he
 stood

A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
 At this, through all his bulk an agony
 Crept gradual, from the feet unto the
 crown.

Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
 Making slow way, with head and neck
 convuls'd

From over-strained might. Releas'd, he
 fled

To the eastern gates, and full six dewy
 hours

Before the dawn in season due should
 blush,

He breath'd fierce breath against the
 sleepy portals,

Clear'd them of heavy vapors, burst them
 wide

Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
 The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
 Each day from east to west the heavens
 through,

Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds:
 Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and
 hid,

But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
 Circles, and arcs, and broad-belted
 colure,

Glow'd through, and wrought upon the
 muffling dark

Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir
 deep

Up to the zenith, — hieroglyphics old,
 Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
 Then living on the earth, with laboring
 thought

Won from the gaze of many centuries:
 Now lost, save what we find on remnants
 huge

Of stone, or marble swart; their import
 gone,

Their wisdom long since fled. — Two
 wings this orb

Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
 Ever exalted at the God's approach:

And now, from forth the gloom their
 plumes immense

Rose, one by one, till all outspread
 were;

While still the dazzling globe maintain'd
 eclipse,

Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain
 took throne

And bid the day begin, if but for change.
 He might not: — No, though a primeval
 God:

The sacred seasons might not 'be dis-
 turb'd.

Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis
 told.

Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
 Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night,
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with
 new woes,

Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;

And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance
 faint.

There as he lay, the Heaven with its
 stars

Look'd down on him with pity, and the
 voice

Of Cœlus, from the universal space,

Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
 "O brightest of my children dear, earth-born

And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries
 All unrevealed even to the powers
 Which met at thy creating; at whose joy
 And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,

I, Cælus, wonder, how they came and whence;

And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,

Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
 Manifestations of that beauteous life
 Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space;
 Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!

Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!

There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion

Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
 I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!

To me his arms were spread, to me his voice

Found way from forth the thunders round his head!

Pale wax I and in vapors hid my face.
 Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:

For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.

Divine ye were created, and divine
 In sad demeanor, solemn, undisturb'd,
 Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and ruled:

Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;

Actions of rage and passion; even as I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
 In men who die. — This is the grief, O Son!

Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
 Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
 As thou canst move about, an evident God;

And canst oppose to each malignant hour
 Ethereal presence: — I am but a voice;
 My life is but the life of winds and tides,
 No more than winds and tides can I avail: —

But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in the van

Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb

Before the tense string murmur. — To the earth!

For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.

Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,

And of thy seasons be a careful nurse." —
 Ere half this region-whisper had come down,

Hyperion arose, and on the stars
 Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide

Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them wide:

And still they were the same bright, patient stars.

Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,

Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
 Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
 And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

BOOK II

JUST at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings

Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
 And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place

Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourn'd.

It was a den where no insulting light
 Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans

They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar

Of thunderous water falls and torrents hoarse,

Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
 Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd

Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
 Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;

And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
 Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.

Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,

Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
 Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:

Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.

Cæus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,
 Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyryion,

With many more, the brawniest in assault,
 Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
 Dungeon'd in opaque element, to keep
 Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and
 all their limbs
 Lock'd up like veins of metal, cramp'd and
 screw'd;

Without a motion, save of their big hearts
 Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
 With sanguine feverous boiling gurge of
 pulse.

Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
 Far from her moon had Phoebe wander-
 dered;

And many else were free to roam abroad,
 But for the main, here found they covert
 drear.

Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
 Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal
 cirque

Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
 When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
 In dull November, and their chancel
 vault,

The Heaven itself, is blinded throughout
 night.

Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbor
 gave

Or word, or look, or action of despair.

Creüs was one; his ponderous iron mace
 Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
 Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and
 pined.

Iäpetus another; in his grasp,
 A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed
 tongue

Squeez'd from the gorge, and all its
 uncurl'd length

Dead; and because the creature could
 not spit

Its poison in the eyes of conquering
 Jove.

Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin upper-
 most,

As though in pain; for still upon the
 flint

He ground severe his skull, with open
 mouth

And eyes at horrid working. Nearest
 him

Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
 Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
 Though feminine, than any of her sons:
 More thought than woe was in her dusky
 face,

For she was prophesying of her glory;
 And in her wide imagination stood
 Palm-shaded temples, and high rival
 fanes,

By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
 Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
 So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
 Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
 Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelf,
 Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,
 Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and
 mild

As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
 Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted,
 wrath,

He meditated, plotted, and even now
 Was hurling mountains in that second
 war,

Not long delay'd, that scar'd the younger
 Gods

To hide themselves in forms of beast and
 bird.

Nor far hence Atlas; and beside him
 prone

Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neigh-
 bor'd close

Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
 Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
 In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
 Of Ops the queen all clouded round from
 sight;

No shape distinguishable, more than when
 Thick night confounds the pine-tops with
 the clouds:

And many else whose names may not be
 told.

For when the Muse's wings are air-ward
 spread,

Who shall delay her flight? And she
 must chant

Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had
 climb'd

With damp and slippery footing from a
 depth

More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
 Their heads appear'd, and up their
 stature grew

Till on the level height their steps found
 ease:

Then Thea spread abroad her trembling
 arms

Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
 And sidelong fix'd her eye on Saturn's
 face:

There saw she direst strife; the supreme
 God

At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all
despair.

Against these plagues he strove in vain;
for Fate

Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disanointing poison: so that Thea,
Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same
bruise;

So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among
the rest,

But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at
once

Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
"Titans, behold your God!" at which
some groan'd;

Some started on their feet; some also
shouted;

Some wept, some wail'd, all bow'd with
reverence;

And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her fore-
head wan,

Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow
eyes.

There is a roaring in the bleak-grown
pines

When Winter lifts his voice; there is a
noise

Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to
load

His tongue with the full weight of utter-
less thought,

With thunder, and with music, and with
pomp:

Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown
pines;

Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd
world,

No other sound succeeds; but ceasing
here,

Among these fallen, Saturn's voice there-
from

Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt
short,

Leave the dinn'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up — "Not in my own sad
breast,

Which is its own great judge and searcher
out,

Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
Not in the legends of the first of days,
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
Which starry Uranus with finger bright
Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when
the waves

Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow
gloom; —

And the which book ye know I ever kept
For my firm-based footstool: — Ah, in-
firm!

Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
Of element, earth, water, air, and fire, —
At war, at peace, or inter-quarrelling
One against one, or two, or three, or all
Each several one against the other three,
As fire with air loud warring when rain-
floods

Drown both, and press them both against
earth's face,

Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple
wrath

Unhinges the poor world; — not in that
strife,

Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it
deep,

Can I find reason why ye should be thus;
No, no-where can unriddle, though I
search, —

And pore on Nature's universal scroll
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
The first-born of all shap'd and palpable
Gods,

Should cower beneath what, in compari-
son,

Is untremendous might. Yet ye are
here,

O'erwhelm'd and spurn'd, and batter'd,
ye are here!

O Titans, shall I say 'Arise!' — Ye
groan:

Shall I say 'Crouch!' — Ye groan. What
can I then?

O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!
What can I! Tell me, all ye brethren
Gods,

How we can war, how engine our great
wrath!

O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's
ear

Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,

Ponderest high and deep ; and in thy face
I see, astonished, that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing ;
give us help !”

So ended Saturn ; and the God of the
Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first-endeavoring
tongue
Caught infant-like from the far foamed
sands.
“O ye, whom wrath consumes ! who,
passion-stung,
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies !
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring
proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to
stoop ;
And in the proof much comfort will I
give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature’s law, not
force
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn,
thou
Hast listened well the atom-universe ;
But for this reason, that thou art the
King,
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wandered to eternal
truth.
And first, as thou wast not the first of
powers,
So art thou not the last ; it cannot be :
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
From chaos and parental darkness came
Light, the first fruits of that intestine
broil,
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous
ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour
came,
And with it light, and light, engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touch’d
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were mani-
fest :
Then thou first-born, and we the giant-
race,

Found ourselves ruling new and beau-
teous realms.

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom
’tis pain ;

O folly ! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark
well !

As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though
once chiefs ;

And as we show beyond that Heaven and
Earth

In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life ;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of
us

And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness : nor are we
Thereby more conquer’d, than by us the
rule

Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull
soil

Quarrel with the proud forests it hath
fed,

And feedeth still, more comely than itself ?
Can it deny the chieftdom of green groves ?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys ?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair
boughs

Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feather’d, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof ; for ’tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in
might ;

Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the
Seas,

My disposessor ? Have ye seen his face ?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam’d along
By noble winged creatures he hath made ?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforc’d me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire : farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous
fate

Had wrought upon ye ; and how I might
best

Give consolation in this woe extreme.

Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

Whether through poz'd conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought
can tell?

But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene;
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,

With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,

Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
"O Father, I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,

There to remain for ever, as I fear:
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off the help
Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;

Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,

And know that we had parted from all hope.

I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land

Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.

Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide, and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes;
And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell

And murmur'd into it, and made melody—

O melody no more! for while I sang,
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand

Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind,

That did both drown and keep alive my ears.

I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
With that new blissful golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,

Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:

And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,

To hover round my head, and make me sick

Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,

And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,

A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,

And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'

I fled, it follow'd me, and cried 'Apollo!
O Father, and O Brethren, had ye felt
Those pains of mine; O Saturn, hadst thou felt,

Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard."

So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook

That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth hover to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice

Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm

He lean'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.

"Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?
Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
That rebel Jove's whole armory were spent,

Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,

Could agonize me more than baby-words
In midst of this dethronement horrible.
Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.

Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,

Thy scalding in the seas? What, have
I rous'd
Your spleens with so few simple words as
these?

O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
Wide glaring for revenge!" — As this he
said,

He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus!
"Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to
burn,

And purge the ether of our enemies;
How to feed fierce the crooked stings of
fire,

And singe away the swollen clouds of
Jove,

Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
O let him feel the evil he hath done;
For though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
Much pain have I for more than loss of
realms:

The days of peace and slumberous calm
are fled;

Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
When all the fair Existences of heaven
Came open-eyed to guess what we would
speak:—

That was before our brows were taught
to frown,

Before our lips knew else but solemn
sounds;

That was before we knew the winged
thing,

Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
Our brightest brother, still is undis-
graced—

Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's
name

Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks.
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them
all,

And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splinter in Saturn's, whose hoar
locks

Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the prow sweeps into a midnight
cove.

In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,

Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen
depth,

Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented
streams:

And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and
near,

Mantled before in darkness and huge
shade,

Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he
stay'd to view

The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the
bulk

Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking
East:

Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's
harp

He utter'd, while his hands contempla-
tive

He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seiz'd again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their
glare,

Uprose Iapetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together
strode

To where he towered on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old
Saturn's name;

Hyperion from the peak loud answered,
"Saturn!"

Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the
Gods

Gave from their hollow throats the name
of "Saturn!"

BOOK III

THUS in alternate uproar and sad peace,
Amazed were those Titans utterly.

O leave them, Muse! O leave them to
their woes;

For thou art weak to sing such tumults
dire :

A solitary sorrow best befits

Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.

Leave them, O Muse! for thou anon wilt
find

Many a fallen old Divinity

Wandering in vain about bewildered
shores.

Meantime touch piously the Delphic
harp,

And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.

Flush every thing that hath a vermeil hue,
Let the rose glow intense and warm the
air,

And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cold as a bubbling well; let faint-lipp'd
shells,

On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion
turn

Through all their labyrinths; and let the
maid

Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss
surpris'd.

Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms,
and beech,

In which the zephyr breathes the loudest
song,

And hazels thick, dark-stemm'd beneath
the shade :

Apollo is once more the golden theme!

Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his
peers?

Together had he left his mother fair
And his twin-sister sleeping in their
bower,

And in the morning twilight wandered
forth

Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.

The nightingale had ceas'd, and a few
stars

Were lingering in the heavens, while the
thrush

Began calm-throated. Throughout all
the isle

There was no covert, no retired cave
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of
waves,

Though scarcely heard in many a green
recess.

He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright
tears

Went trickling down the golden bow he
held.

Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he
stood,

While from beneath some cumbrous
boughs hard by

With solemn step an awful Goddess
came,

And there was purport in her looks for
him,

Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplex'd, the while melodiously he said:
"How cam'st thou over the unfooted
sea?

Or hath that antique mien and robed form
Mov'd in these vales invisible till now?
Sure I have heard those vestments sweep-
ing o'er

The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
In cool mid-forest. Surely I have traced
The rustle of those ample skirts about
These grassy solitudes, and seen the
flowers

Lift up their heads, as still the whisper
pass'd.

Goddess! I have beheld those eyes be-
fore,

And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dream'd." — "Yes," said the
supreme shape,

"Thou hast dream'd of me; and awaking
up

Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all
the vast

Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not
strange

That thou shouldst weep, so gifted?
Tell me, youth,

What sorrow thou canst feel; for I am
sad

When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy
griefs

To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of
life,

From the young day when first thy infant
hand

Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till
thine arm

Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient
Power

Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new born."— Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious
throat
Throbb'd with the syllables. — "Mne-
mosyne!

Thy name is on my tongue, I know not
how;

Why should I tell thee what thou so well
seest?

Why should I strive to show what from
thy lips

Would come no mystery? For me, dark,
dark,

And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,
Like one who once had wings. — O why
should I

Feel curs'd and thwarted, when the liege-
less air

Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my
feet?

Goddess benign, point forth some un-
known thing:

Are there not other regions than this isle?
What are the stars? There is the sun,
the sun!

And the most patient brilliance of the
moon!

And stars by thousands! Point me out
the way

To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendor pant with
bliss.

I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where
is power?

Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
Makes this alarum in the elements,
While I here idle listen on the shore
In fearless yet in aching ignorance?

Tell me, lonely Goddess, by thy harp,
That waileth every morn and eventide,
Tell me why thus I rave, about these
groves!

Mute thou remainest — Mute! yet I can
read

A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:

Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events,
rebellions,

Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations and destroyings, all at once
Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
And deify me, as if some blithe wine
Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
And so become immortal." — Thus the
God,

While his enkindled eyes, with level
glance

Beneath his white soft temples, steadfast
kept

Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
Soon wild commotions shook him, and
made flush

All the immortal fairness of his limbs;
Most like the struggle at the gate of
death;

Or liker still to one who should take
leave

Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death's is chill, with fierce con-
vulse

Die into life: so young Apollo anguish'd;
His very hair, his golden tresses famed

Kept undulation round his eager neck.
During the pain Mnemosyne upheld

Her arms as one who prophesied. — At
length

Apollo shriek'd; — and lo! from all his
limbs

Celestial * * * *
* * *

September, 1818 — September, 1819. 1820.

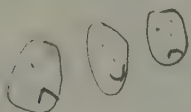
LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

BALLAD

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering!
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.



I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head, *[1820s]*
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long.
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said —
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lull'd me asleep,
And there I dream'd — Ah! woe
betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried — "La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the
lake

And no birds sing.

1819. May 10, 1820.

ON FAME

I

FAME, like a wayward girl, will still be
coy
To those who woo her with too slavish
knees,

But makes surrender to some thought-
less boy,

And dotes the more upon a heart at ease;
She is a Gipsy, — will not speak to those
Who have not learnt to be content with-
out her;

A Jilt, whose ear was never whisper'd
close,

Who thinks they scandal her who talk
about her;

A very Gipsy is she, Nilus-born,
Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar;

Ye love-sick Bards! repay her scorn for
scorn;

Ye Artists lovelorn! madmen that ye
are!

Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

II

How fever'd is the man, who cannot look
Upon his mortal days with temperate
blood,

Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
And robs his fair name of its maiden-
hood;

It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom,
As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
Should darken her pure grot with muddy
gloom:

But the rose leaves herself upon the briar,
For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed,
And the ripe plum still wears its dim
attire,

The undisturbed lake has crystal space;
Why then should man, teasing the world
for grace,

Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

1819. 1848.

TO SLEEP

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from
the light,

Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:

O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee,
close,

In midst of this thine hymn, my willing
eyes,

Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;

Then save me, or the passed day will
 shine
 Upon my pillow, breeding many woes, —
 Save me from curious conscience, that
 still lords
 Its strength for darkness, burrowing like
 a mole;
 Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
 And seal the hushed casket of my soul.
 1819. 1848.

BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE
 STEADFAST AS THOU ART

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as
 thou art —
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the
 night,

And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priestlike
 task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human
 shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the
 moors —
 No — yet still steadfast, still unchange-
 able,
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening
 breast,
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken
 breath,
 And so live ever — or else swoon to death.
 September, 1820. February, 1846.

LANDOR

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

WORKS, 8 volumes, Chapman & Hall, 1874-1876. — WORKS, 10 volumes, edited by C. G. Crump, Dent, 1891. — **COMPLETE WORKS, edited by T. E. Welby, Chapman & Hall, 1927 ff. — POEMS, DIALOGUES IN VERSE, AND EPIGRAMS, 2 volumes, edited by C. G. Crump, Dent, 1892. — LETTERS AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS, edited by S. Wheeler, Bentley, 1897. — LETTERS, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC, edited by S. Wheeler, Duckworth, 1899. — SELECTIONS from Landor, edited by Sidney Colvin, Macmillan, 1904 (Golden Treasury Series). — TATHAM (E. H. R.), Unpublished Letters of Walter Savage Landor (in *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1910).

BIOGRAPHY

*FORSTER (John), W. S. Landor, a Biography, 2 volumes, 1869; also (abridged) as Vol. I. of Works, 1874. — *COLVIN (Sidney), Landor, 1881 (English Men of Letters Series).

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

ROBINSON (H. C.), Diary, Vol. II, Chap. 12, etc. — MITFORD (M. R.), Recollections of a Literary Life. — BROWNING (Elizabeth Barrett), in Horne's New Spirit of the Age. — EMERSON, Natural History of Intellect. — DE QUINCEY (Masson's edition), Vol. XI. — DUFFY (C. Gavan), Conversations with Carlyle. — HUNT (Leigh), Lord Byron and His Contemporaries. — BLESSINGTON (Marguerite), The Idler in Italy. — MADDEN (R. R.), The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. — *See also*: Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

LATER CRITICISM

*BOYNTON (H. W.), Poetry of Landor (in *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1902). — *COLVIN (Sidney), Preface to the volume of selections in the Golden Treasury Series. — *DOWDEN (Edward), Studies in Literature, 1883. — EVANS (E. W.), A Study of Landor, 1892. — HENLEY (W. E.), Views and Reviews, 1890. — LEE (Vernon), Studies in Literary Psychology: The Rhetoric of Landor (in *Contemporary Review*, 1903). — LOWELL (J. R.), Latest Literary Essays and Addresses, 1892. — OLIPHANT (Margaret), Victorian Age of English Literature, 1911. — SAINTSBURY (George), Essays in English Literature, second series, 1895. — SCUDDER (H. F.), Men and Letters: Landor as a Classic. — *STEDMAN (E. C.), Victorian Poets. — STEPHEN (Leslie), Hours in a Library, Vol. II, 1892. — *SWINBURNE, Miscellanies. — *WOODBERRY (G. E.), Studies in Letters and Life, 1891.

BROOKS (S. W.), English Poets. — DE VERE (Aubrey), Essays, Chiefly on Poetry, Vol. II, 1887. — DEVEY (J.), Comparative Estimate of Modern English Poets. — DIXON (W. M.), English Poetry, 1894. — DOWDEN (Edward), French Revolution and English Literature, 1897. — NENCIONI (E.), Letteratura inglese: Colvin, biografia di

Landor, 1910. — PAYNE (W. M.), *Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — SYMONS (A.), *The Poetry of Landor* (in *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1906); *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 1909. — WHITING (Lilian), *The Florence of Landor*, 1905.

GOLDMARK (Ruth I.), *Studies in the Influence of the Classics on English Literature: The Influence of Greek Literature on Walter Savage Landor*, 1918. — LILLY (W. S.), *Studies in Religion and Literature: A Grand Old Pagan*, 1904. — MEDICI (P. de'), *Walter Savage Landor in Italy* (in *Living Age*, May 29, 1915). — RICHTER (Helene), *Walter Savage Landor* (in *Anglia*, 1926 and 1927). — SAINTSBURY (G.), *Landor* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XII). — WHEELER (S.), *Landor, the Man and the Poet* (in *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1922). — WILLIAMS (S. T.), *Landor's Criticism in Poetry* (in *Modern Language Notes*, November, 1925).

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

WATSON (W.), *Landor's Hellenics*. — JAPP (A. H.), *Landor* (in *Stedman's Victorian Anthology*). — SWINBURNE, *Poems and Ballads*, first series: *In Memory of Walter Savage Landor*; **Studies in Song: Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor*.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

WHEELER (S.), in *Letters and Other Unpublished Writings of Landor*. — *WISE (T. J.) and WHEELER (S.), *A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Walter Savage Landor*, 1919.

LANDOR

GEBIR

BOOK I

THE INVASION. THE MEETING OF GEBIR
AND CHAROBA. THE LOVES OF
TAMAR AND THE SEA-NYMPH. THE
SEA-SHELL. THE WRESTLING-MATCH

I SING the fates of Gebir. He had
dwelt
Among those mountain-caverns which
retain
His labors yet, vast halls and flowing
wells,
Nor have forgotten their old master's
name
Though sever'd from his people: here,
incensed
By meditating on primeval wrongs,
He blew his battle-horn, at which uprose
Whole nations; here, ten thousand of
most might
He call'd aloud; and soon Charoba saw
His dark helm hover o'er the land of
Nile.

What should the virgin do? should
royal knees
Bend suppliant? or defenceless hands
engage
Men of gigantic force, gigantic arms?
For 'twas reported that nor sword suf-
ficed,
Nor shield immense nor coat of massive
mail,
But that upon their towering heads they
bore
Each a huge stone, refulgent as the stars.
This told she Dalica, then cried aloud,
"If on your bosom laying down my head
I sobb'd away the sorrows of a child,
If I have always, and Heav'n knows I
have,
Next to a mother's held a nurse's name,
Succor this one distress, recall those days,

Love me, tho' 'twere because you lov'd
me then."

But whether confident in magic rites
Or touched with sexual pride to stand
implor'd,

Dalica smiled, then spake: "Away those
fears,

Though stronger than the strongest of his
kind,

He falls; on me devolve that charge;
he falls.

Rather than fly him, stoop thou to allure;
Nay, journey to his tents. A city stood
Upon that coast, they say, by Sidad
built,

Whose father Gad built Gadir; on this
ground

Perhaps he sees an ample room for war.
Persuade him to restore the walls himself
In honor of his ancestors, persuade . . .
But wherefore this advice? young, un-
espoused,

Charoba want persuasions! and a
queen!"

"O Dalica!" the shuddering maid
exclaim'd,

"Could I encounter that fierce frightful
man?

Could I speak? no, nor sigh." "And
canst thou reign?"

Cried Dalica; "Yield empire or comply."
Unfixed, though seeming fixed, her
eyes downcast,

The wonted buzz and bustle of the court
From far through sculptured galleries
met her ear;

Then lifting up her head, the evening sun
Pour'd a fresh splendor on her burnished
throne:

The fair Charoba, the young queen, com-
plied.

But Gebir, when he heard of her ap-
proach,

Laid by his orb'd shield; his vizor-helm,
His buckler and his corslet he laid by.

And bade that none attend him: at his
 side
 Two faithful dogs that urge the silent
 course,
 Shaggy, deep-chested, crouched; the
 crocodile,
 Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid
 ears
 And push their heads within their mas-
 ter's hand.
 There was a brightening paleness in his
 face,
 Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
 Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his
 brow
 Sorrow there was, yet nought was there
 severe.
 But when the royal damsel first he saw,
 Faint, hanging on her handmaids, and
 her knees
 Tottering, as from the motion of the car,
 His eyes looked earnest on her, and those
 eyes
 Show'd, if they had not, that they might
 have, lov'd,
 For there was pity in them at that hour.
 With gentle speech, and more with gentle
 looks,
 He sooth'd her; but lest Pity go beyond
 And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim
 Bending, he kissed her garment, and
 retired.
 He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry
 noon,
 When viands, couches, generous wines,
 persuade,
 And slumber most refreshes; nor at night,
 When heavy dews are laden with disease;
 And blindness waits not there for linger-
 ing age.
 Ere morning dawn'd behind him; he
 arrived
 At those rich meadows where young
 Tamar fed
 The royal flocks entrusted to his care.
 "Now," said he to himself, "will I repose
 At least this burthen on a brother's
 breast."
 His brother stood before him: he,
 amazed,
 Rear'd suddenly his head, and thus began.
 "Is it thou, brother! Tamar, is it thou!
 Why, standing on the valley's utmost
 verge,
 Lookest thou on that dull and dreary
 shore

Where beyond sight Nile blackens all the
 sand?
 And why that sadness? When I past our
 sheep
 The dew-drops were not shaken off the
 bar,
 Therefore if one be wanting, 'tis untold."
 "Yes, one is wanting, nor is that un-
 told,"
 Said Tamar; "and this dull and dreary
 shore
 Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours."
 Whereon the tear stole silent down his
 cheek,
 Silent, but not by Gebir unobserv'd:
 Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying
 spake.
 "Let me approach thee; does the morn-
 ing light
 Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,
 This faint blue lustre under both thine
 eyes?"
 "O brother, is this pity or reproach?"
 Cried Tamar, "cruel if it be reproach,
 If pity, O how vain!" "Whate'er it be
 That grieves thee, I will pity, thou but
 speak,
 And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for
 pang."
 "Gebir! then more than brothers are
 we now!
 Everything (take my hand) will I confess.
 I neither feed the flock nor watch the
 fold;
 How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why
 That anger which has risen to your cheek?
 Can other men? could you? what, no
 reply!
 And still more anger, and still worse
 conceal'd!
 Are these your promises? your pity
 this?"
 "Tamar, I well may pity what I feel —
 Mark me aright — I feel for thee — pro-
 ceed —
 Relate me all." "Then will I all relate,"
 Said the young shepherd, gladden'd from
 his heart.
 "'Twas evening, though not sunset, and
 the tide
 Level with these green meadows, seem'd
 yet higher:
 'Twas pleasant; and I loosen'd from my
 neck
 The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
 O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!

It always brings us enemies or love.
 Well, I was playing, when above the
 waves
 Some swimmer's head methought I saw
 ascend;
 I, sitting still, survey'd it, with my pipe
 Awkwardly held before my lips half-
 closed,
 Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine!
 I cannot wait describing how she came,
 How I was sitting, how she first assum'd
 The sailor; of what happen'd there re-
 mains
 Enough to say, and too much to forget.
 The sweet deceiver stepped upon this
 bank
 Before I was aware; for with surprise
 Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
 Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd
 reed,
 I heard a rustling, and where that arose
 My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
 Her feet resembled those long shells
 explored
 By him who to befriend his steed's dim
 sight
 Would blow the pungent powder in the
 eye.
 Her eyes too! O immortal Gods! her
 eyes
 Resembled — what could they resemble?
 what
 Ever resemble those? Even her attire
 Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
 Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-
 pod,
 Her girdle the dove-color'd wave serene.
 'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you
 wrestle now,
 And with the sailor's hardier race en-
 gage?'
 I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
 How to keep up contention: could I fail
 By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?
 'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you
 seem,
 Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
 I am not daunted; no; I will engage.'
 'But first,' said she, 'what wager will
 you lay?'
 'A sheep,' I answered: 'add whate'er
 you will.'
 'I can not,' she replied, 'make that
 return:
 Our hidèd vessels in their pitchy round
 Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep,

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have im-
 bibed
 In the sun's palace-porch, where when
 unyoked
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the
 wave:
 Shake one and it awakens, then apply
 Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs
 there.
 And I have others given me by the
 nymphs,
 Of sweeter sound than any pipe you
 have;
 But we, by Neptune! for no pipe con-
 tend,
 This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.'
 Now came she forward eager to engage,
 But first her dress, her bosom then sur-
 vey'd,
 And heav'd it, doubting if she could de-
 ceive.
 Her bosom seem'd, inclos'd in haze like
 heav'n,
 To baffle touch, and rose forth unde-
 fin'd:
 Above her knee she drew the robe suc-
 cinct,
 Above her breast, and just below her
 arms.
 'This will preserve my breath when
 tightly bound,
 If struggle and equal strength should so
 constrain.'
 Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
 And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd
 throughout
 And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with
 cold.
 Again with violent impulse gushed my
 blood,
 And hearing nought external, thus ab-
 sorb'd,
 I heard it, rushing through each turbid
 vein,
 Shake my unsteady swimming sight in
 air.
 Yet with unyielding though uncertain
 arms
 I clung around her neck; the vest be-
 neath
 Rustled against our slippery limbs en-
 twined:
 Often mine springing with eluded force

Started aside and trembled till replaced:
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
My bosom and my throat felt so com-
pressed

That life was almost quivering on my lips,
Yet nothing was there painful: these
are signs

Of secret arts and not of human might;
What arts I cannot tell; I only know
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength
decay'd;

I was indeed o'ercome . . . with what
regret,
And more, with what confusion, when
I reached

The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she
cried,
'This pays a shepherd to a conquering
maid.'

She smiled, and more of pleasure than
d disdain

Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languished, lengthening,
just like love.

She went away; I on the wicker gate
Leant, and could follow with my eyes
alone.

The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet
Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder
slip,

One shoulder its poor efforts had unveil'd,
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;
Restless then ran I to the highest ground
To watch her; she was gone; gone down
the tide;

And the long moonbeam on the hard wet
sand

Lay like a jasper column half up-rear'd."

"But, Tamar! tell me, will she not
return?"

"She will return, yet not before the
moon

Again is at the full: she promised this,
Tho' when she promised I could not
reply."

"By all the Gods I pity thee! go on,
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame,
For when a lover only hears of love
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.

Away with watchful nights and lonely
days,

Contempt of earth and aspect up to
heaven,

With contemplation, with humility,

A tatter'd cloak that pride wears when
deform'd,

Away with all that hides me from myself,
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise:
From our own wisdom less is to be reapt
Than from the barest folly of our friend.
Tamar! thy pastures, large and rich,
afford

Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy
sheep,

But, battered on too much, the poorest
croft

Of thy poor neighbor yields what thine
denies."

They hasten'd to the camp, and Gebir
there

Resolved his native country to forego,
And order'd from those ruins to the right
They forthwith raise a city. Tamar
heard

With wonder, tho' in passing 'twas half-
told,

His brother's love, and sigh'd upon his
own. 1798.¹

ROSE AYLMER²

AN what avails the sceptred race,

Ah what the form divine!

What every virtue, every grace!

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and of sighs

I consecrate to thee. 1806.

¹ The exact dates of *writing*, for nearly all of Landor's poems, are unknown; and the same is true for Browning, and, on the whole, for all of the following poets. From this point on, therefore, the poems of each author will be arranged chronologically according to the dates of *publication*, and the dates of *writing* (if known) will be given only when especially important.

² Rose Aylmer, the daughter of Henry, fourth Baron Aylmer, was Landor's companion in his walks about Swansea ("Abertawy") in Wales. She went to India, and died there in 1800. Landor speaks of her again in two poems written late in life: "The Three Roses," 1858 (see page 439); and "Abertawy," 1859, the concluding lines of which almost equal in beauty this early lyric, usually considered the most beautiful of his poems:

Where is she now? Call'd far away,
By one she dared not disobey,
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,
Where princes stand and judges sit,
Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropped her blossom in the grave;
Her noble name she never changed,
Nor was her nobler heart estranged.

REGENERATION¹

We are what suns and winds and waters
make us;

The mountains are our sponsors, and
the hills

Fashion and win their nursling with their
smiles.

But where the land is dim from tyranny,
There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; as the feet
Of fabled fairies when the sun goes down
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove
by day.

Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One
above,

Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
That burst into existence from the froth
Of ever-varying ocean; what is best
Then becomes worst; what loveliest,
most deformed.

The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
The passions flourish, the affections die.
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
That fillst all the space between the seas,
Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee?
^{'tis the breath}

Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to
life!

Let the last work of his right hand appear
Fresh with his image, Man. Thou rec-
reant slave

That sittest afar off and helpest not,
O thou degenerate Albion!² with what
shame

Do I survey thee, pushing forth the
sponge

At thy spear's length, in mockery at the
thirst

Of holy Freedom in his agony,
And prompt and keen to pierce the
wounded side!

Must Italy then wholly rot away
Amid her slime, before she germinate
Into fresh vigor, into form again?

What thunder bursts upon mine ear!
some isle

Hath surely risen from the gulfs pro-
found,

Eager to suck the sunshine from the
breast

Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the
gale

From golden Hermus and Melena's brow.
A greater thing than isle, than continent,
Than earth itself, than ocean circling
earth,

Hath risen there; regenerate Man hath
risen.

Generous old bard of Chios! not that
Jove

Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight
Would I complain, but that no higher
theme

Than a disdainful youth, a lawless king,
A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,
When on the Chian coast, one javelin's
throw

From where thy tombstone, where thy
cradle, stood,

Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks as-
sail'd

The naval host of Asia, at one blow¹
Scattered it into air . . . and Greece was
free . . .

And ere these glories beam'd, thy day had
closed.

Let all that Elis ever saw, give way,
All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled upon:
The Marathonian columns never told
A tale more glorious, never Salamis,
Nor, faithful in the centre of the false,
Platea, nor Anthela, from whose mount
Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary
foot

In the warm streamlet of the strait below.
Goddess! altho' thy brow was never
rear'd

Among the powers that guarded or as-
sail'd

Perfidious Ilium, parricidal Thebes,
Or other walls whose war-belt e'er in-
closed

Man's congregated crimes and vengeful
pain,

Yet hast thou touched the extremes of
grief and joy;

Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's ascent,
A solitary mother; joy beyond,

¹ Inspired by the struggle of the Greek people for independence.

² What those amongst us who are affected by a sense of national honor most lament, is, that England, whose generosity would cost her nothing and whose courage would be unexposed to fatality, stands aloof. (*Landor*, in the *Dedication of Imaginary Conversations*, 1829.)

¹ Alluding to the victory of Canaris over the Turkish fleet. Compare the poem of Victor Hugo on the same battle, in *Les Orientales*.

Far beyond, that thy woe, in this thy
fane:

The tears were human, but the bliss
divine.

I, in the land of strangers, and depressed
With sad and certain presage for my own,
Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, tho' afar,
There where my youth was not unexercised

By chiefs in willing war and faithful song:
Shades as they were, they were not
empty shades,

Whose bodies haunt our world and blear
our sun,

Obstruction worse than swamp and
shapeless sands.

Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the
souls

That, rising from the seas into the
heavens,

Have ransom'd first their country with
their blood!

O thou immortal Spartan! at whose
name

The marble table sounds beneath my
palms,

Leonidas! even thou wilt not disdain
To mingle names august as these with
thine;

Nor thou, twin-star of glory, thou whose
rays

Stream'd over Corinth on the double sea,
Achaian and Saronic; whom the sons
Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy
light,

Wept more than slavery ever made them
weep,

But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet
tears.

The hand that then pour'd ashes o'er
their heads

Was loosen'd from its desperate chain
by thee.

What now can press mankind into one
mass,

For Tyranny to tread the more secure?
From gold alone is drawn the guilty wire
That Adulation trills: she mocks the tone
Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety,
And under her sits Hope. O how unlike
That graceful form in azure vest array'd,
With brow serene, and eyes on heaven
alone

In patience fixed, in fondness unobscured!
What monsters coil beneath the spreading
tree

Of Despotism! what wastes extend
around!

What poison floats upon the distant
breeze!

But who are those that cull and deal its
fruit?

Creatures that shun the light and fear
the shade,

Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and
Famine's cry.

Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,
Dejected Man! and scare this brood
away. 1824.

CHILD OF A DAY, THOU KNOWEST NOT

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!
And why the wish! the pure and blessed
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep. 1831.

LYRICS, TO IANTHE

AWAY my verse; and never fear,
As men before such beauty do;
On you she will not look severe,
She will not turn her eyes from you.
Some happier graces could I lend
That in her memory you should live,
Some little blemishes might blend,
For it would please her to forgive.

WHEN Helen first saw wrinkles in her
face
(’Twas when some fifty long had settled
there
And intermarried and branched off
awide)
She threw herself upon her couch and
wept:
On this side hung her head, and over that
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass
That made the men as faithless.

But when you
Found them, or fancied them, and would
not hear
That they were only vestiges of smiles,
Or the impression of some amorous hair

Astray from cloistered curls and roseate
band,
Which had been lying there all night
perhaps
Upon a skin so soft, "No, no," you said,
"Sure, they are coming, yes, are come,
are here :
Well, and what matters it, while thou art
too !"

IANTHE ! you are call'd to cross the sea !
A path forbidden *me* !

Remember, while the Sun his blessing
sheds

Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watched him laying
down

His brow, and dropped our own
Against each other's, and how faint and
short

And sliding the support !
What will succeed it now ? Mine is
unblessed,

Ianthe ! nor will rest
But on the very thought that swells with
pain.

O bid me hope again !
O give me back what Earth, what (with-
out you)

Not Heaven itself can do,
One of the golden days that we have
past ;

And let it be my last !
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
Fragile and incomplete.

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew ;
She bent her head before my kiss . . .
My heart was sure that hers was true.

Now I have told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart !
Hers never was the heart for you.

PLEASURE ! why thus desert the heart
In its spring-tide ?
I could have seen her, I could part,
And but have sigh'd !

O'er every youthful charm to stray,
To gaze, to touch . . .
Pleasure ! why take so much away,
Or give so much !

MILD is the parting year, and sweet
The odor of the falling spray ;
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,
But morn that never must there fall
Or on my breast or on my tomb
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

PAST ruin'd Iliou Helen lives,
Alcestis rises from the shades ;
Verse calls them forth ; 'tis verse that
gives
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil
Hide all the peopled hills you see,
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
These many summers you and me.
1831.

FIESOLAN IDYL

HERE, where precipitate Spring, with one
light bound

Into hot Summer's lusty arms, expires,
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at
night,

Soft airs that want the lute to play with
'em,

And softer sighs that know not what
they want,

Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier
ones

Of sights in Fiesolè right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seem'd to show me with
their nods,

Their frequent whispers and their point-
ing shoots,

A gentle maid came down the garden-
steps

And gathered the pure treasure in her
lap.

I heard the branches rustle, and stepped
forth

To drive the ox away, or mule or goat,
Such I believed it must be. How could I
Let beast o'erpower them ? When hath
wind or rain

Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted
me,

And I (however they might bluster round)

Walked off? 'Twere most ungrateful:
 for sweet scents
 Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter
 thoughts,
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory
 That would let drop without them her
 best stores.
 They bring me tales of youth and tones
 of love.

And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
 To let all flowers live freely, and all die
 (Whene'er their Genius bids their souls
 depart)

Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
 And not reproached me: the ever-sacred
 cup

Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of
 gold.

I saw the light that made the glossy
 leaves

More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
 I saw the foot that, altho' half-erect
 From its gray slipper, could not lift her
 up

To what she wanted: I held down a
 branch

And gather'd her some blossoms; since
 their hour

Was come, and bees had wounded them,
 and flies

Of harder wing were working their way
 thro'

And scattering them in fragments under-
 foot.

So crisp were some, they rattled un-
 evolved,

Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
 For such appear the petals when de-
 tached

Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
 And like snow not seen thro', by eye or
 sun:

Yet every one her gown received from me
 Was fairer than the first. I thought not
 so,

But so she praised them to reward my
 care.

I said, "You find the largest."

"This indeed,"

Cried she, "is large and sweet." She
 held one forth,

Whether for me to look at or to take

She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
 Would best have solved (and this she felt)
 her doubt.

I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
 Of her own self; fresh, full, the most
 mature

Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
 To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
 The boon she tender'd, and then, finding
 not

The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
 Dropped it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

1831.

FOR AN EPITAPH AT FIESOLE

Lo! where the four mimosas blend their
 shade

In calm repose at last is Landor laid,
 For ere he slept he saw them planted
 here

By her his soul had ever held most dear,
 And he had lived enough when he had
 dried her tear.

1831.

UPON A SWEET-BRIAR¹

My briar that smelledst sweet
 When gentle spring's first heat
 Ran through thy quiet veins,—

Thou that wouldst injure none,
 But wouldst be left alone,

Alone thou leavest me, and nought of
 thine remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre
 O'er thee, sweet-breathing briar,
 Hung fondly, ill or well?

And yet methinks with thee
 A poet's sympathy,

Whether in weal or woe, in life or death,
 might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,
 Few hands your youth will rear,
 Few bosoms cherish you;

Your tender prime must bleed
 Ere you are sweet, but freed

From life, you then are prized; thus
 prized are poets too.

¹This and the following poem from the *Citation*
 of William Shakespeare.

And art thou yet alive?
 And shall the happy hive
 Send out her youth to cull
 Thy sweets of leaf and flower,
 And spend the sunny hour
 With thee, and thy faint heart with
 murmuring music lull?

Tell me what tender care,
 Tell me what pious prayer,
 Bade thee arise and live.
 The fondest-favored bee
 Shall whisper nought to thee
 More loving than the song my grateful
 muse shall give.

1834.

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is
 gone
 I feel I am alone.
 I check'd him while he spoke; yet could
 he speak,
 Alas! I would not check.
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,
 And wearied all my thought
 To vex myself and him: I now would
 give
 My love, could he but live
 Who lately lived for me, and when he
 found
 'Twas vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death.
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me: but mine re-
 turns,
 And this lorn bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for
 years
 Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,
 These may she never share.
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more
 cold,
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where children spell, athwart the church-
 yard gate,
 His name and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you
 be,
 And oh! pray too for me.

1834.

THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON
AND IPHIGENEIA¹

Iphigeneia. Father! I now may lean
 upon your breast,
 And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
 Iphigeneia's hand.

We are not shades
 Surely! for yours throb yet.

And did my blood
 Win Troy for Greece?

Ah! 'twas ill done, to shrink;
 But the sword gleam'd so sharp; and the
 good priest

Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above,
 severe.

Agamemnon. Daughter!

Iphigeneia. Beloved father! is the
 blade

Again to pierce my bosom? 'tis unfit
 For sacrifice; no blood is in its veins,
 No God requires it here: here are no
 wrongs

To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
 You standing as at Aulis in the fane,
 With face averted, holding (as before)
 My hand; but yours burns not, as then
 it burn'd.

This alone shows me we are with the
 Blessed,

Nor subject to the sufferings we have
 borne.

I will win back past kindness.

Tell me then,
 Tell how my mother fares who loved me
 so,
 And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me
 part.

Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
 Amid too idle words, nor asking how
 She prais'd us both (which most?) for
 what we did.

Agamemnon. Ye Gods who govern
 here! do human pangs

Reach the pure soul thus far below? do
 tears

Spring in these meadows?

Iphigeneia. No, sweet father, no . . .
 I could have answered that; why ask
 the Gods?

¹ "I imagine Agamemnon to descend from his horrible death, and to meet instantly his daughter. By the nature of things, by the suddenness of the event, Iphigeneia can have heard nothing of her mother's double crime, adultery and murder." (Aspasia to Cleone, introducing the poem as first given in *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836.)

Agamemnon. Iphigeneia! O my child! the Earth
Has gendered crimes unheard of heretofore,
And Nature may have changed in her last depths,
Together with the Gods and all their laws.

Iphigeneia. Father! we must not let you here condemn;
Not, were the day less joyful: recollect We have no wicked here; no king to judge.
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,
And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire,
Innoxious to his fields and palaces
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand;
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three
And happiest in obedience, views sedate
His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.
No change have we, not even day for night
Nor spring for summer.

All things are serene,
Serene too be your spirit! None on earth
Ever was half so kindly in his house,
And so compliant, even to a child.
Never was snatch'd your robe away from me,
Though going to the council. The blind man
Knew his good king was leading him indoors,
Before he heard the voice that marshal'd Greece.

Therefore all prais'd you.
Proudest men themselves
In others praise humility, and most
Admire it in the sceptre and the sword.
What then can make you speak thus rapidly
And briefly? in your step thus hesitate?
Are you afraid to meet among the good
Incestuous Helen here?

Agamemnon. O! gods of hell!
Iphigeneia. She hath not past the river.

We may walk
With our hands link'd nor feel our house's shame.

Agamemnon. Never mayst thou, Iphigeneia, feel it!
Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldstst exclaim,
Greece no avenger — I, her chief so late,
'Through Erebos, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.

Iphigeneia. Come, I have better diadems than those
Of Argos and Mycenai — come away,
And I will weave them for you on the bank.
You will not look so pale when you have walk'd
A little in the grove, and have told all
Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

Agamemnon. O Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!
(*Aside.*) The bath that bubbled with my blood, the blows
That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?
Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai
Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,
Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.

Iphigeneia!
Iphigeneia. Why thus turned away?
Calling me with such fondness! I am here,
Father! and where you are, will ever be.
Agamemnon. Thou art my child; yes, yes, thou art my child.
All was not once what all now is! 'Come on,
Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!

(*Alone.*) Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last
Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;
And yet even that found faith with me!
The dirk
Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,
Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,
Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon:
The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,
The daughter's not her heart's whole
fount hath quench'd,
'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for ever.

Iphigeneia. What spake my father to the Gods above?

Unworthy am I then to join in prayer?
If, on the last, or any day before,
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
Say it at once, and let me be unblessed;
But, O my faultless father! why should
you?

And shun so my embraces?

Am I wild
And wandering in my fondness?

We are shades!
Groan not thus deeply; blight not thus
the season

Of full-orb'd gladness! Shades we are
indeed,
But mingled, let us feel it, with the
blessed.

I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.
Look on me; smile with me at my illu-
sion.

You are so like what you have ever been
(Except in sorrow!) I might well forget
I could not win you as I used to do.
It was the first embrace since my descent
I ever aim'd at: those who love me live,
Save one, who loves me most, and now
would chide me.

Agamemnon. We want not, O Iphi-
geneia, we
Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools
the heart

With purity, nor words that more and
more

Teach what we know, from those we
know, and sink

Often most deeply where they fall most
light.

Time was when for the faintest breath
of thine

Kingdom and life were little,
Iphigeneia. Value them

As little now.

Agamemnon. Were life and kingdom
all!

Iphigeneia. Ah! by our death many
are sad who loved us.

The little fond Electra, and Orestes
So childish and so bold! O that mad
boy!

They will be happy too.

Cheer! king of men!
Cheer! there are voices, songs — Cheer!
arms advance.

Agamemnon. Come to me, soul of
peace! These, these alone,
These are not false embraces.

Iphigeneia. Both are happy!
Agamemnon. Freshness breathes round
me from some breeze above.
What are ye, winged ones! with golden
urns?

The Hours

(*Descending.*) To each an urn we bring:
Earth's purest gold
Alone can hold

The lymph of the Lethean spring.
We, son of Atreus! we divide
The dulcet from the bitter tide
That runs athwart the paths of
men.

No more our pinions shalt thou see.
Take comfort! We have done with
thee,

And must away to earth again.

(*Ascending.*) Where thou art, thou
Of braided brow,
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bowers,
Where thy sweet voice is heard among
The shades that thrill with choral songs,
None can regret the parted Hours.

(*As the Hours depart, the shades of the Argive warriors
who had fought at Troy approach and chant in chorus
the praises of Agamemnon and his daughter.*)

Chorus of Argives

Maiden! be thou the spirit that breathes
Triumph and joy into our song!

Wear and bestow these amaranth-
wreaths,

Iphigeneia — they belong
To none but thee and her who reigns
(Less chanted) on our bosky plains.

Semi-chorus

Iphigeneia! 'tis to thee
Glory we owe and victory.
Clash, men of Argos, clash your
arms,
To martial worth and virgin charms.

Other Semi-chorus

Ye men of Argos! it was sweet
To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet
Whose whispering sound made bravest
hearts beat fast.
This we have known at home;
But hither we are come
To crown the king who ruled us first and
last.

Chorus

Father of Argos! king of men!
 We chant the hymn of praise to thee.
 In serried ranks we stand again,
 Our glory safe, our country free.
 Clash, clash the arms we bravely
 bore
 Against Scamander's God-defended
 shore.

Semi-chorus

Blessed art thou who hast repell'd
 Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming
 foam;
 Blessed o'er all, to have beheld
 Wife, children, house avenged, and peace-
 ful home!

Other Semi-chorus

We, too, thou seest, are now
 Among the happy, though the
 aged brow
 From sorrow for us we could not
 protect,
 Nor, on the polished granite of the
 well
 Folding our arms, of spoils and
 perils tell,
 Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head
 erect.

Semi-chorus

What whirling wheels are those
 behind?
 What plumes come flaring through
 the wind,
 Nearer and nearer? From his
 car
 He who defied the heaven-born
 Powers of war
 Pelides springs! Dust, dust are we
 To him, O king, who bends the knee,
 Proud only to be first in reverent praise
 of thee.

Other Semi-chorus

Clash, clash the arms! None other race
 Shall see such heroes face to face.
 We too have fought; and they have seen
 Nor sea-sand gray nor meadow green
 Where Dardans stood against their men.
 Clash! Io Paean! clash again!
 Repinings for lost days repress.
 The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

Chorus

Hark! from afar more war-steeds neigh,
 Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.
 Ajax is yonder! ay, behold
 The radiant arms of Lycian gold!
 Arms from admiring valor won,
 Tydeus! and worthy of thy son.
 'Tis Ajax wears them now; for he
 Rules over Adria's stormy sea.

He threw them to the friend who lost
 (By the dim judgment of the host)
 Those wet with tears which Thetis gave
 The youth most beauteous of the brave.
 In vain! the insatiate soul would go
 For comfort to his peers below.
 Clash! ere we leave them all the plain,
 Clash! Io Paean! once again.¹ 1836.

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA²

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
 While thou art lying faint along the
 couch,
 Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet
 And stand beside thee, ready to convey
 Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
 Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
 Away, and voices like thy own come near
 And nearer, and solicit an embrace."

Artemidora sigh'd, and would have
 pressed
 The hand now pressing hers, but was too
 weak.
 Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
 While thus Elpenor spake. He looked
 into
 Eyes that had given light and life ere-
 while
 To those above them, but now dim with
 tears
 And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
 Eternal. At that word, that sad word,
 joy,
 Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once
 more:
 Her head fell back; and now a loud deep
 sob
 Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber;
 'twas not hers. 1836.

¹ See Landor's own comment on this poem, p. 422.

² 1836, in *Pericles and Aspasia*. Slightly altered and included in the *Hellenics*, 1846, etc., from which the present text is taken. See Colvin's comment on the poem, in his *Life of Landor*, pp. 193-4.

CORINNA TO TANAGRA, FROM
ATHENS

TANAGRA! think not I forget
Thy beautifully storied streets;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit; away he
bounds, and blushes.

A gift I promise: one I see
Which thou with transport wilt receive,
The only proper gift for thee,
Of which no mortal shall bereave
In later times thy mouldering walls,
Until the last old turret falls;
A crown, a crown from Athens won,
A crown no God can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
To their own child the honors due,
And look ungentle on the Muse;
But ever shall those cities rue
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
Offering no nourishment, no rest,
To that young head which soon shall rise
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the
skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows
Do white-arm'd maidens chant my
lay,
Flapping the while with laurel-rose
The honey-gathering tribes away;
And sweetly, sweetly Attic tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred
breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven: be such my praise!
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the
Delphic bays. 1836.

SAPPHO TO HESPERUS

I HAVE beheld thee in the morning hour
A solitary star, with thankless eyes,
Ungrateful as I am! who bade thee rise
When sleep all night had wandered from
my bower.

Can it be true that thou art he
Who shines now above the sea
Amid a thousand, but more bright?
Ah yes! the very same art thou
That heard me then and hearest now . . .
Thou seemest, star of love! to throb with
light. 1836.

LITTLE AGLAE

TO HER FATHER, ON HER STATUE BEING
CALLED LIKE HER

FATHER! the little girl we see
Is not, I fancy, so like me;
You never hold her on your knee.

When she came home, the other day,
You kiss'd her; but I cannot say
She kiss'd you first and ran away. 1836.

DIRCE

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
Or Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old, and she a shade. 1836.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA

WE mind not how the sun in the midsky
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when
the gulfs
Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us; then
we think
Ah! thus is it with Youth. Too fast his
feet
Run on for sight; hour follows hour;
fair maid
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar
his couch;
The cheerful horn awakens him; the
feast,

TO JOSEPH ABLETT

LORD of the Celtic dells,
Where Clwyd listens as his minstrel tells
Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance
The plumes of flashy France,
Or, in dark region far across the main,
Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,
Until their steel-clad spirits reappear;
How happy were the hours that held
Thy friend (long absent from his native
home)
Amid thy scenes with thee! how wide
afield
From all past cares and all to come!

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp,
what hath
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope;
What Genius, that should cope
With the heart-whispers in that path
Winding so idly, where the idler stream
Flings at the white-haired poplars gleam
for gleam?

Ablett! of all the days
My sixty summers ever knew,
Pleasant as there have been no few,
Memory not one surveys
Like those we spent together. Wisely
spent
Are they alone that leave the soul content.

Together we have visited the men
Whom Pictish pirates vainly would
have drowned;
Ah, shall we ever clasp the hand again
That gave the British harp its truest
sound?
Live, Derwent's guest! and thou by
Grasmere's springs!
Serene creators of immortal things.¹

And live too thou for happier days
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's fays
Have heart and soul possess'd:²
Growl in Grim London he who will,
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,
And swell with pride his sunburnt
breast.

Old Redi in his easy-chair
With varied chant awaits thee there,
And here are voices in the grove
Aside my house, that make me think
Bacchus is coming down to drink
To Ariadne's love.

But whither am I borne away
From thee, to whom began my lay?
Courage! I am not yet quite lost;
I stepped aside to greet my friends;
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,
I know but three or four at most.

Deem not that Time hath borne too
hard
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,
Leaving me only three or four:
'Tis my old number; dost thou start
At such a tale? in what man's heart
Is there fireside for more?

I never courted friends or Fame;
She pouted at me long, at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck and
said.
"Take what hath been for years delay'd,
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal."

Ablett! thou knowest with what even
hand
I waved away the offer'd seat
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted
great,
The rulers of our land;
Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,
Nor sweeten Pleasure's purer cup.

Thou knowest how, and why, are dear to
me
My citron groves of Fiesole,
My chirping Affrico, my beechwood
nook,
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,
Which runs away and giggles in their
faces,
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other
places.

'Tis not Pelasgian wall,
By him made sacred whom alone
'Twere not profane to call
The bard divine, nor (thrown
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest
Of Vallombrosa in the crimson east.

¹ Southey and Wordsworth. ² Leigh Hunt.

Here can I sit or roam at will :
 Few trouble me, few wish me ill,
 Few come across me, few too near ;
 Here all my wishes make their stand ;
 Here ask I no one's voice or hand ;
 Scornful of favor, ignorant of fear.

Yon vine upon the maple bough
 Flouts at the hearty wheat below ;
 Away her venal wines the wise man
 sends,

While those of lower stem he brings
 From inmost treasure vault, and sings
 Their worth and age among his chosen
 friends.

Behold our Earth, most nigh the sun
 Her zone least opens to the genial heat,
 But farther off her veins more freely
 run :
 'Tis thus with those who whirl about the
 great ;
 The nearest shrink and shiver, we re-
 mote
 May open-breasted blow the pastoral oat.
 1834. 1837.¹

TO MARY LAMB

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet
 awhile !

Again shall Elia's smile
 Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache
 no more.
 What is it we deplore ?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs
 and years,

Far worthier things than tears.
 The love of friends without a single foe :
 Unequalled lot below !

His gentle soul, his genius, these are
 thine ;

For these dost thou repine ?
 He may have left the lowly walks of men ;
 Left them he has ; what then ?

Are not his footsteps followed by the
 eyes
 Of all the good and wise ?

¹ This poem had been printed in an earlier form, containing lines to Coleridge, in Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, December 3, 1834. See Colvin's *Life of Landor*, note to p. 142.

Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
 Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that
 glows
 O'er death's perennial snows.
 Behold him ! from the region of the
 blessed
 He speaks : he bids thee rest.
 1834. 1837.

ON HIS OWN IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON

FROM eve to morn, from morn to parting
 night
 Father and daughter stood within my
 sight.
 I felt the looks they gave, the words they
 said,
 And reconducted each serener shade.
 Ever shall these to me be well-spent
 days,
 Sweet fell the tears upon them, sweet the
 praise.
 Far from the footstool of the tragic
 throne,
 I am tragedian in that scene alone.
 1837.

FAREWELL TO ITALY

I LEAVE thee, beautiful Italy ! no more
 From the high terraces, at eventide,
 To look supine into thy depths of sky,
 Thy golden moon between the cliff and
 me,
 Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
 Bordering the channel of the milky-way.
 Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
 Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
 Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
 I did believe (what have I not believed ?)
 Weary with age, but unoppressed by
 pain,
 To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
 And rest my bones in the Mimosa's
 shade.
 Hope ! Hope ! few ever cherished thee
 so little ;
 Few are the heads thou hast so rarely
 raised ;
 But thou didst promise this, and all was
 well.

For we are fond of thinking where to lie
 When every pulse hath ceased, when the
 lone heart
 Can lift no aspiration — reasoning
 As if the sight were unimpaired by death,
 Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
 And the sun cheered corruption! Over
 all
 The smiles of nature shed a potent charm,
 And light us to our chamber at the grave.
 1835. 1846.

WHY, WHY REPINE

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
 At pleasures slipped away?
 Some the stern Fates will never lend,
 And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
 The dew upon the grass.
 I see them, and I ask not why
 They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
 To call them back; 'twere vain;
 In this, or in some other spot,
 I know they'll shine again.

1846.

MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL

MOTHER, I cannot mind my wheel;
 My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
 Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
 But oh, who ever felt as I?
 No longer could I doubt him true —
 All other men may use deceit;
 He always said my eyes were blue,
 And often swore my lips were sweet.
 1846.

TO A BRIDE

FEBRUARY 17, 1846¹

A STILL, serene, soft day; enough of sun
 To wreathe the cottage smoke like pine-
 tree snow,

¹ For the marriage of the daughter of Rose Ayler's half-sister. Called by Landor "my tenderest lay." See "The Three Roses," p. 439, and note there.

Whiter than those white flowers the bride-
 maids wore;
 Upon the silent boughs the lissom air
 Rested; and, only when it went, they
 moved,
 Nor more than under linnet springing
 off.
 Such was the wedding morn: the joy-
 ous Year
 Leapt over March and April up to May.
 Regent of rising and of ebbing hearts,
 Thyself borne on in cool serenity,
 All heaven around and bending over
 thee,
 All earth below and watchful of thy
 course!
 Well hast thou chosen, after long demur
 To aspirations from more realms than
 one.
 Peace be with those thou leavest! peace
 with thee!
 Is that enough to wish thee? not enough,
 But very much: for Love himself feels
 pain,
 While brighter plumage shoots, to shed
 last year's;
 And one at home (how dear that one!)
 recalls
 Thy name, and thou recallest one at
 home.
 Yet turn not back thine eyes; the hour
 of tears
 Is over; nor believe thou that Romance
 Closes against pure Faith her rich do-
 main.
 Shall only blossoms flourish there?
 Arise,
 Far sighted bride! look forward! clearer
 views
 And higher hopes lie under calmer skies.
 Fortune in vain call'd out to thee; in
 vain
 Rays from high regions darted; Wit
 pour'd out
 His sparkling treasures; Wisdom laid
 his crown
 Of richer jewels at thy reckless feet.
 Well hast thou chosen. I repeat the
 words,
 Adding as true ones, not untold before,
 That incense must have fire for its ascent,
 Else 'tis inert and can not reach the idol.
 Youth is the sole equivalent of youth.
 Enjoy it while it lasts; and last it will;
 Love can prolong it in despite of Years.
 1846.

LYRICS

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"

Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,

Ianthe said, and looked into my eyes.

"A yes, a yes, to both: for Memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,

And at your voice Pride from his throne
must rise."

No, my own love of other years!

No, it must never be.

Much rests with you that yet endears,

Alas! but what with me?

Could those bright years o'er me revolve

So gay, o'er you so fair,

The pearl of life we would dissolve

And each the cup might share.

You show that truth can ne'er decay,

Whatever fate befalls;

I, that the myrtle and the bay

Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

ONE year ago my path was green,

My footstep light, my brow serene;

Alas! and could it have been so

One year ago?

There is a love that is to last

When the hot days of youth are past:

Such love did a sweet maid bestow

One year ago.

I took a leaflet from her braid

And gave it to another maid.

Love! broken should have been thy bow.

One year ago.

YES; I write verses now and then,

But blunt and flaccid is my pen,

No longer talked of by young men

As rather clever:

In the last quarter are my eyes,

You see it by their form and size;

Is it not time then to be wise?

Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!

While Time allows the short reprieve,

Just look at me! would you believe

'Twas once a lover?

I cannot clear the five-bar gate,
But, trying first its timbers' state,
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait
To trundle over.

Thro' gallopade I cannot swing
The entangling blooms of Beauty's
spring:

I cannot say the tender thing,

Be't true or false,

And am beginning to opine

Those girls are only half-divine

Whose waists yon wicked boys entwine

In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder,

I wish them wiser, graver, older,

Sedater, and no harm if colder

And panting less.

Ah! people were not half so wild

In former days, when, starchy mild,

Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled

The brave Queen Bess.

WITH rosy hand a little girl pressed down

A boss of fresh-cull'd cowslips in a rill:

Often as they sprang up again, a frown

Show'd she disliked resistance to her will:

But when they droop'd their heads and

shone much less,

She shook them to and fro, and threw

them by,

And tripped away. "Ye loathe the

heaviness

Ye love to cause, my little girls!"

thought I,

"And what had shone for you, by you

must die."

YOU smiled, you spoke, and I believed,

By every word and smile deceived.

Another man would hope no more;

Nor hope I what I hoped before:

But let not this last wish be vain;

Deceive, deceive me once again!

REMAIN, ah not in youth alone,

Tho' youth, where you are, long will

stay,

But when my summer days are gone,

And my autumnal haste away.

"Can I be always by your side?"

No; but the hours you can, you must,

Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,

Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

SOON, O Ianthe! life is o'er,
 And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
 Grant only (and I ask no more),
 Let love remain that little while.

TO A CYCLAMEN

I COME to visit thee again,
 My little flowerless cyclamen;
 To touch the hand, almost to press,
 That cheered thee in thy loneliness.
 What could thy careful guardian find
 Of thee in form, of me in mind,
 What is there in us rich or rare,
 To make us claim a moment's care?
 Unworthy to be so caressed,
 We are but withering leaves at best.

GIVE me the eyes that look on mine,
 And, when they see them dimly shine,
 Are moister than they were.
 Give me the eyes that fain would find
 Some relics of a youthful mind
 Amid the wrecks of care.
 Give me the eyes that catch at last
 A few faint glimpses of the past,
 And, like the arkite dove,
 Bring back a long-lost olive-bough,
 And can discover even now
 A heart that once could love.

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow
 If not quite dim, yet rather so,
 Still yours from others they shall know
 Twenty years hence

Twenty years hence tho' it may hap
 That I be call'd to take a nap
 In a cool cell where thunder-clap
 Was never heard,

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
 A not too sadly sigh'd *Alas*,
 And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
 That wing'd word.

PROUD word you never spoke, but you
 will speak

Four not exempt from pride some
 future day.

Resting on one white hand a warm wet
 cheek

Over my open volume you will say,
 "This man loved *me!*" then rise and
 trip away.

ALAS, how soon the hours are over
 Counted us out to play the lover!
 And how much narrower is the stage
 Allotted us to play the sage!
 But when we play the fool, how wide,
 The theatre expands! beside,
 How long the audience sits before us!
 How many prompters! what a chorus!
 1846.

QUATRAINS

ON the smooth brow and clustering hair
 Myrtle and rose! your wreath com-
 bine,
 The duller olive I would wear,
 Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

MY hopes retire; my wishes as before
 Struggle to find their resting-place in
 vain;
 The ebbing sea thus beats against the
 shore;
 The shore repels it; it returns again.

VARIOUS the roads of life; in one
 All terminate, one lonely way.
 We go; and "Is he gone?"
 Is all our best friends say.

Is it not better at an early hour
 In its calm cell to rest the weary head,
 While birds are singing and while blooms
 the bower,
 Than sit the fire out and go starv'd to
 bed? 1846.

I KNOW NOT WHETHER I AM
 PROUD

I KNOW not whether I am proud,
 But this I know, I hate the crowd:
 Therefore pray let me disengage
 My verses from the motley page,
 Where others far more sure to please
 Pour out their choral song with ease.

And yet perhaps, if some should tire
 With too much froth or too much fire,
 There is an ear that may incline
 Even to words so dull as mine.

1846.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY NATAL
DAY

THE day returns, my natal day,
Borne on the storm and pale with snow,
And seems to ask me why I stay,
Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.

Many were once the friends who came
To wish me joy; and there are some
Who wish it now; but not the same;
They are whence friend can never
come.

Nor are they you my love watched o'er
Cradled in innocence and sleep;
You smile into my eyes no more,
Nor see the bitter tears they weep.
1846.

HOW MANY VOICES GAILY SING

How many voices gaily sing,
"O happy morn, O happy spring
Of life!" Meanwhile there comes o'er me
A softer voice from Memory,
And says, "If loves and hopes have flown
With years, think too what griefs are
gone!" 1846.

TO ROBERT BROWNING

THERE is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the
world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief
for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive
and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads
with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer
climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing:
the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with,
borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for
song. 1846.

ON THE HELLENICS¹

COME back, ye wandering Muses, come
back home,
Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies:
Come, let us walk upon the silent sands
Of Simois, where deep footmarks show
long strides;
Thence we may mount, perhaps, to higher
ground,
Where Aphrodite from Athenè won
The golden apple, and from Herè too,
And happy Ares shouted far below.
Or would ye rather choose the grassy
vale
Where flows Anapos thro' anemones,
Hyacinths, and narcissuses, that bend
To show their rival beauty in the stream?
Bring with you each her lyre, and each
in turn
Temper a graver with a lighter song.
1847.

THRASYMEDES AND EUNOE

WHO will away to Athens with me? who
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd
with flowers,
Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist
the sail.
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me,
taste
From unrisn barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:
And the same goblets shall ye grasp,
embossed
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as gods have lived with and
have led.
The sea smiles bright before us. What
white sail
Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like
two hawks

¹ Prefixed to the second edition of Landor's *Hellenics*, 1847. It is here given slightly out of the exact chronological order, that it may stand as an introduction to the chief poems from the *Hellenics*, those of 1846 as well as those of 1847.

Other poems of Landor's, such as "The Death of Artemidora," "Cleone to Aspasia," "The Shades of Agamemnon" and "Iphigeneia," etc., though originally published in other collections, and therefore not given here with the *Hellenics*, were ultimately included by Landor among them.

Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse
the weak,

Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He
had found

His sister borne from the Cecropian port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Strike not the maiden; I have no reply.

"Brother! O brother Hippias! O, if
love,

If pity, ever touch'd thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the be-
loved,

My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from
harm."

"Didst thou not once before," cried
Hippias,

Regardless of his sister, hoarse with
wrath

At Thrasymedes, "didst not thou, dog-
eyed,

Dare, as she walk'd up to the Parthenon,
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"

"Ay, before all the gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphroditè, before Herè,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my
spouse!

Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."

The sword was up,
And yet he kiss'd her twice. Some God
withheld

The arm of Hippias; his proud blood
seeth'd slower

And smote his breast less angrily; he
laid

His hand on the white shoulder, and
spake thus:

"Ye must return with me. A second
time

Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst
have ask'd thyself

This question ere the sail first flapp'd the
mast."

"Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth,
his eyes

Sparkling; but whether love or rage or
grief

They sparkled with, the Gods alone could
see.

Piræus they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one
above,

And Hippias caught it. From the vir-
gin's waist

Her lover dropped his arm, and blushed
to think

He had retain'd it there in sight of rude
Irreverent men: he led her forth, nor
spake.

Hippias walked silent too, until they
reached

The mansion of Peisistratos her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince

Look on them both awhile: they saw not
him,

For both had cast their eyes upon the
ground.

"Are these the pirates thou hast taken,
son?"

Said he. "Worse, father! worse than
pirates they,

Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.

"Nothing then, rash young man! could
turn thy heart

From Eunoe, my daughter?"

"Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunoe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear
for her."

"O father! shut me in my chamber,
shut me

In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is, when borne
for me."

"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou
behind,

Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people and before the Goddess
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy
passion,

And now wouldst bear from home and
plenteousness

To poverty and exile this my child."
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and ex-
claim'd,

"I see my crime; I saw it not before.

The daughter of Peisistratos was born
 Neither for exile nor for poverty,
 Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept,
 but one
 Might see him, and weep worse. The
 prince unmoved
 Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall
 the people,
 All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
 The justice of Peisistratos, the love
 He bears his daughter, and the reverence
 In which he holds the highest law of
 God."
 He spake; and on the morrow they
 were one. 1846.

IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom
 At Aulis, and when all beside the King
 Had gone away, took his right hand, and
 said,
 "O father! I am young and very happy.
 I do not think the pious Calchas heard
 Distinctly what the Goddess spake.
 Old-age
 Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who
 knew
 My voice so well, sometimes misunder-
 stood
 While I was resting on her knee both
 arms
 And hitting it to make her mind my
 words,
 And looking in her face, and she in mine,
 Might he not also hear one word amiss,
 Spoken from so far off, even from Olym-
 pus?"
 The father placed his cheek upon her
 head,
 And tears dropped down it, but the king
 of men
 Replied not. Then the maiden spake
 once more.
 "O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st
 thou not
 Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
 Listened to fondly, and awakened me
 To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
 When it was inarticulate as theirs,
 And the down deadened it within the
 nest?"
 He moved her gently from him, silent still,
 And this, and this alone, brought tears
 from her,

Although she saw fate nearer: then with
 sighs,
 "I thought to have laid down my hair
 before
 Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed
 Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
 I thought to have selected the white
 flowers
 To please the Nymphs, and to have asked
 of each
 By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
 Whether, since both my parents willed
 the change,
 I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipped
 brow;
 And (after those who mind us girls the
 most,)
 Adore our own Athena, that she would
 Regard me mildly with her azure eyes,
 But father! to see you no more, and see
 Your love, O father! go ere I am gone."
 Gently he moved her off, and drew her
 back,
 Bending his lofty head far over hers,
 And with dark depths of nature heaved
 and burst.
 He turn'd away; not far, but silent still.
 She now first shuddered; for in him, so
 nigh,
 So long a silence seemed the approach of
 death,
 And like it. Once again she raised her
 voice.
 "O father! if the ships are now detained,
 And all your vows move not the Gods
 above,
 When the knife strikes me there will be
 one prayer
 The less to them: and purer can there be
 Any, or more fervent than the daughter's
 prayer
 For her dear father's safety and suc-
 cess?"
 A groan that shook him shook not his
 resolve.
 An aged man now entered, and without
 One word, stepped slowly on, and took
 the wrist
 Of the pale maiden. She looked up and
 saw
 The fillet of the priest and calm cold
 eyes.
 Then turned she where her parent stood,
 and cried
 "O father! grieve no more: the ships
 can sail." 1846.

THE HAMADRYAD¹

RHAICOS was born amid the hills where-
from

Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
And small are the white-crested that play
near,

And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all
crown'd

With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
Then olive was intertwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.
For various men wore various coronals;
But one was their devotion; 'twas to
her

Whose laws all follow, her whose smile
withdraws

The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from
Zeus,

And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, re-
veres,

And whom his brother, stubborn Dis,
hath pray'd

To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx
itself,

To give her daily more and sweeter
flowers

Than he made drop from her on Enna's
dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's
door

At the long trains that hastened to the
town

From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning
wave,

And thought it hard he might not also
go

And offer up one prayer, and press one
hand,

He knew not whose. The father call'd
him in,

And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle
games;

Long enough I have lived to find them
so."

And ere he ended sighed; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.

¹ Compare Lowell's poem, "Rhecus," which gives
a somewhat different version of the same story.

"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in
his heart,
And wanted proof.

"Suppose thou go and help
Echeion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with
axe:

This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went;
For thence he could see farther, and see
more

Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echeion he found there with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes
intent

Upon the place where first the axe should
fall:

He held it upright. "There are bees
about,

Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious
eld,

"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The
youth

Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a
buzz

At first, and then the sound grew soft
and clear,

And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive
words.

He turn'd, and said, "Echeion! do not
strike

That tree: it must be hollow; for some
god

Speaks from within. Come thyself
near." Again

Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there
sat

Upon the moss below, with her two
palms

Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and

pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash dis-
play'd

Berries of color like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth and wavering like the face
beneath.

"What dost thou here?" Echeion,
half-afraid,

Half-angry cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew
one step

Backward, for fear came likewise over
him,
But not such fear: he panted, gasp'd,
drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it
into words,
But could not into one.

"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old
man went
Without a warning from his master's
son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their
eyes.

Hamad. And wouldst thou too shed
the most innocent
Of blood? No vow demands it; no god
wills
The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence?
why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among
the robed

In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee
close,

Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to
trees,

Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the
boughs

Of graceful platan by the river-side?

Hamad. Lovest thou well thy father's
house?

Rhaicos. Indeed
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's
house,
With all the marks upon the door, that
show

My growth at every birthday since the
third,

And all the charms, o'erpowering evil
eyes,

My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt
see)

Won in my race last spring from Euty-
chos.

Hamad. Bethink thee what it is to
leave a home
Thou never yet has left, one night, one
day.

Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave
it; 'tis not hard

To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,
If there be one on earth whom we may
love

First, last, for ever; one who says that
she

Will love for ever too. To say which
word,

Only to say it, surely is enough . . .

It shows such kindness . . . if 'twere
possible

We at the moment think she would in-
deed.

Hamad. Who taught thee all this folly
at thy age?

Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have
learned to love.

Hamad. But wilt thou spare the
tree?

Rhaicos. My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place
awhile.

Hamad. Awhile! thy father numbers
then my days?

Rhaicos. Are there no others where
the moss beneath

Is quite as tufty? Who would send
thee forth

Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy
flock

Anywhere near?

Hamad. I have no flock: I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that
feels the air,

The sun, the dew. Why should the
beautiful

(And thou art beautiful) disturb the
source

Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou
never heard

Of Hamadryads?

Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:
Tell me some tale about them. May I

sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired?

The herbs
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor

doubt.

Stay, stay an instant: let me first ex-
plore

If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects

Thy dainty limbs against the harm one
small

Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day

Trust me; till then let me sit opposite.

Hamad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.

Rhaicos. O sight for gods! ye men below! adore

The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below?

Or sits she here before me? as she sate Before the shepherd on those heights that shade

The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

Hamad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss

Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay —

Ask not how much — but very much. Rise not;

No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow

Love is unholy. Swear to me that none Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss, Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.

Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O Aphroditè!

O Herè! Let my vow be ratified!

But wilt thou come into my father's house?

Hamad. Nay; and of mine I cannot give thee part.

Rhaicos. Where is it?

Hamad. In this oak.

Rhaicos. Ay; now begins The tale of Hamadryad; tell it through.

Hamad. Pray of thy father never to cut down

My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,

That every year he shall receive from me More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,

More wax than he will burn to all the gods. Why faltest thou upon thy face? Some thorn

May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!

Rhaicos. For a shame I can not rise. O pity me!

I dare not sue for love . . . but do not hate!

Let me once more behold thee . . . not once more,

But many days: let me love on . . . unloved!

I aimed too high: on my head the bolt Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

Hamad. Go . . . rather go, than make me say I love.

Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality, (And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)

I am immortal too: my vow is heard: Hark! on the left . . . Nay, turn not from me now,

I claim my kiss.

Hamad. Do men take first, then claim?

Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

— Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast.

'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:

But who should hear them? . . . and whose laughs? and why?

Savory was the smell, and long past noon,

Thallinos! in thy house: for marjoram, Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary, Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,

Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last

Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen, With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.

"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun, Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark

Must have been tough, with little sap between;

It ought to run; but it and I are old."

Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread

Increased by chewing, and the meat grew cold

And tasteless to his palate, took a draught Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,

He thought not of until his father fill'd The cup, averring water was amiss, But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid,

It was religion.

He thus fortified

Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abashed,

"Father, that oak is Zeus's own; that oak

Year after year will bring thee wealth
 from wax
 And honey. There is one who fears the
 gods

And the gods love — that one"
 (He blush'd, nor said

What one)

"Has promised this, and may do more.
 Thou hast not many moons to wait until
 The bees have done their best; if then
 there come

Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn."

"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent
 mind,"

See the glad sire: "but look thou often
 there,

And gather all the honey thou canst find
 In every crevice, over and above
 What has been promised; would they
 reckon that?"

Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as
 oft,

Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
 Stopping its breathings when it breathes
 most soft,

Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
 She play'd on his: she fed upon his sighs;
 They pleased her when they gently
 waved her hair,

Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
 And when her absence brought them out,
 they pleased.

Even among the fondest of them all,
 What mortal or immortal maid is more
 Content with giving happiness than pain?
 One day he was returning from the wood
 Despondently. She pitied him, and said
 "Come back!" and twined her fingers in
 the hem

Above his shoulder. Then she led his
 steps

To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
 Through lentisk and through oleander,
 there

Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her
 lap

When bathed, and drying them in both
 her hands.

He dared complain; for those who most
 are loved

Most dare it; but not harsh was his com-
 plaint.

"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern
 law

Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest
 law

O, let me know henceforward when to
 hope

The fruit of love that grows for me but
 here."

He spake; and pluck'd it from its pliant
 stem.

"Impatient Rhaicos! Why thus intercept
 The answer I would give? There is a bee
 Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my
 thoughts

And executes my wishes: I will send
 That messenger. If ever thou art false,
 Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
 My bee away; then shall I know my fate,
 And — for thou must be wretched — weep
 at thine.

But often as my heart persuades to lay
 Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
 Expect her with thee, whether it be morn
 Or eve, at any time when woods are
 safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them
 blessed,

And season after season: years had past,
 Blessed were they still. He who asserts
 that Love

Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
 Sweet things he fretted for in earlier
 days,

Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.
 The nights had now grown longer,
 and perhaps

The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
 Among their woods; one did, alas! She
 called

Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees
 should sleep,

And all did sleep but hers. She was
 sent forth

To bring that light which never wintry
 blast

Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
 The light that shines from loving eyes
 upon

Eyes that love back, till they can see no
 more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's
 hearth:

Between them stood the table, not o'er-
 spread

With fruits which autumn now profusely
 bore,

Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but
 there

The draft-board was expanded; at which
game

Triumphant sat old Thallinos; the son
Was puzzled, vexed, discomfited, dis-
traught.

A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor
bee

Return'd (but not until the morn shone
bright)

And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and showed one
wing

Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye
could see

Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight

Down fell the languid brow, both hands
fell down,

A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was
green,

The trunk was riven through. From that
day forth

Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear,
nor sound

Even of insect wing; but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one
long year

Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would
not quit

The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O
guest,

To find set duly on the hollow stone.

1846.

ACON AND RHODOPÉ; OR, INCONSTANCY

[A SEQUEL]

THE Year's twelve daughters had in turn
gone by,

Of measured pace though varying mien
all twelve,

Some froward, some sedate, some
adorn'd

For festival, some reckless of attire.

The snow had left the mountain-top;
fresh flowers

Had withered in the meadow; fig and
and prune

Hung wrinkling; the last apple glow'd
amid

Its freckled leaves; and weary oxen
blink'd

Between the trodden corn and twisted
vine,

Under whose bunches stood the empty
crate,

To creak ere long beneath them carried
home.

This was the season when twelve months
before,

O gentle Hamadryad, true to love!

Thy mansion, thy dim mansion in the
wood

Was blasted and laid desolate; but none
Dared violate its precincts, none dared
pluck

The moss beneath it, which alone re-
main'd
Of what was thine.

Old Thallinos sat mute

In solitary sadness. The strange tale
(Not until Rhaicos died, but then the
whole)

Echeion had related, whom no force
Could ever make look back upon the oaks.
The father said, "Echeion! thou must
weigh,

Carefully, and with steady hand, enough
(Although no longer comes the store as
once!)

Of wax to burn all day and night upon
That hollow stone where milk and honey
lie:

So may the gods, so may the dead, be
pleas'd!"

Thallinos bore it thither in the morn,
And lighted it and left it.

First of those

Who visited upon this solemn day
The Hamadryad's oak, were Rhodopé
And Acon; of one age, one hope, one
trust.

Graceful was she as was the nymph
whose fate

She sorrowed for: he slender, pale, and
first

Lapp'd by the flame of love: his father's
lands

Were fertile, herds lowed over them afar.
Now stood the two aside the hollow stone
And look'd with steadfast eyes toward
the oak

Shivered and black and bare.

“May never we
Love as they loved!” said Acon. She
at this

Smiled, for he said not what he meant to
say,

And thought not of its bliss, but of its
end.

He caught the flying smile, and blush’d,
and vow’d

Nor time nor other power, whereto the
might

Of love hath yielded and may yield
again,

Should alter his.

The father of the youth
Wanted not beauty for him, wanted not
Song, that could lift earth’s weight from
off his heart,

Discretion, that could guide him thro’
the world,

Innocence, that could clear his way to
heaven;

Silver and gold and land, not green before
The ancestral gate, but purple under
skies

Bending far off, he wanted for his heir.

Fathers have given life, but virgin
heart

They never gave; and dare they then
control

Or check it harshly? dare they break a
bond

Girt round it by the holiest Power on
high?

Acon was grieved, he said, grieved
bitterly,

But Acon had complied . . . ’twas duti-
ful:

Crush thy own heart, Man! Man! but
fear to wound

The gentler, that relies on thee alone,
By thee created, weak or strong by thee;
Touch it not but for worship; watch be-
fore

Its sanctuary; nor leave it till are closed
The temple-doors and the last lamp is
spent.

Rhodopé, in her soul’s waste solitude,
Sate mournful by the dull-resounding
sea,

Often not hearing it, and many tears
Had the cold breezes hardened on her
cheek.

Meanwhile he sauntered in the wood of
oaks,

Nor shun’d to look upon the hollow
stone

That held the milk and honey, nor to
lay

His plighted hand where recently ’twas
laid

Opposite hers, when finger playfully
Advanced and pushed back finger, on
each side.

He did not think of this, as she would do
If she were there alone.

The day was hot;
The moss invited him; it cool’d his
cheek,

It cool’d his hands; he thrust them into
it

And sank to slumber. Never was there
dream

Divine as his. He saw the Hamadryad.
She took him by the arm and led him on

Along a valley, where profusely grew
The smaller lilies with their pendent
bells,

And, hiding under mint, chill drosera,
The violet shy of butting cyclamen,

The feathery fern, and, browser of moist
banks,

Her offspring round her, the soft straw-
berry;

The quivering spray of ruddy tamarisk,
The oleander’s light-haired progeny

Breathing bright freshness in each other’s
face,

And graceful rose, bending her brow,
with cup

Of fragrance and of beauty, boon for
Gods.

The fragrance fill’d his breast with such
delight

His senses were bewildered, and he
thought

He saw again the face he most had loved.
He stopped: the Hamadryad at his side

Now stood between: then drew him far-
ther off:

He went, compliant as before: but soon
Verdure had ceased: altho’ the ground

was smooth,
Nothing was there delightful. At this
change

He would have spoken, but his guide
repressed

All questioning, and said,
“Weak youth! what brought

Thy footstep to this wood, my native
haunt,

My life-long residence? this bank, where
 first
 I sate with him . . . the faithful (now I
 know,
 Too late!) the faithful Rhaicos. Haste
 thee home:
 Be happy, if thou canst; but come no
 more
 Where those whom death alone could
 sever, died."
 He started up: the moss whereon he
 slept
 Was dried and withered: deadlier pale-
 ness spread
 Over his cheek; he sickened: and the
 sire
 Had land enough; it held his only son.
 1847.

MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY

*After the fall of Troy, Helen is pursued by
 Menelaus up the steps of the palace;
 an old attendant deprecates and inter-
 cepts his vengeance.*

Menelaus. Out of my way! Off! or
 my sword may smite thee
 Heedless of venerable age. And thou
 Fugitive! stop. Stand, traitress, on that
 stair —
 Thou mountest not another, by the gods!
 Now take the death thou meritest, the
 death
 Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,
 And every other god whom thou hast
 left,
 And every other who abandons thee
 In this accursed city, sends at last.
 Turn, vilest of vile slaves! turn, para-
 mour
 Of what all other women hate, of cowards,
 Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy
 head, and toss
 It and its odors to the dust and flames.
Helen. Welcome, the death thou
 promisest! Not fear
 But shame, obedience, duty, make me
 turn.

Menelaus. Duty! false harlot!
Helen. Name too true! severe
 Precursor to the blow that is to fall.
 It should alone suffice for killing me.
Menelaus. Ay, weep: be not the only
 one in Troy

Who wails not on this day — its last —
 the day
 Thou and thy crimes darken with dead
 on dead.

Helen. Spare! spare! O let the last
 that falls be me,
 There are but young and old.

Menelaus. There are but guilty
 Where thou art, and the sword strikes
 none amiss.

Hearst thou not the creeping blood buzz
 near

Like flies? or wouldst thou rather hear
 it hiss

Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown
 down

Wherewith the streets are pathless? Ay,
 but vengeance

Springs over all; and Nemesis and Atè
 Drove back the flying ashes with both
 hands.

I never saw thee weep till now: and
 now

There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger
 Leaves not her young athirst for the first
 milk,

As thou didst. Thine could scarce have
 clasped thy knee

If she had felt thee leave her.

Helen. O my child!
 My only one! thou livest: 'tis enough;
 Hate me, abhor me, curse me — these are
 duties —

Call me but Mother in the shades of
 death!

She now is twelve years old, when the bud
 swells

And the first colors of uncertain life
 Begin to tinge it.

Menelaus (aside.) Can she think
 of home?

Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Her-
 mionè's!

Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth,
 one left,

For thee, my last of love!

Scorn, righteous scorn
 Blows it from me — but thou mayst —
 never, never —

Thou shalt not see her even there. The
 slave

On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd
 below.

Helen. Delay not either fate. If
 death is mercy,
 Send me among the captives; so that Zeus

May see his offspring led in chains away,
And thy hard brother, pointing with his
sword

At the last wretch that crouches on the
shore,

Cry, "She alone shall never sail for
Greece!"

Menelaus. Hast thou more words?

Her voice is musical
As the young maids who sing to Artemis:
How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp
Seiz'd and let loose! Ah! can then years
have past

Since — but the children of the gods, like
them,
Suffer not age.

Helen! speak honestly,
And thus escape my vengeance — was it
force

That bore thee off?

Helen. It was some evil god.

Menelaus. Helping that hated man?

Helen. How justly hated!

Menelaus. By thee too?

Helen. Hath he not made thee un-
happy?

O do not strike.

Menelaus. Wretch!

Helen. Strike, but do not speak.

Menelaus. Lest thou remember me
against thy will.

Helen. Lest I look up and see you
wroth and sad,
Against my will; O! how against my
will

They know above, they who perhaps can
pity.

Menelaus. They shall not save thee.

Helen. Then indeed they pity.

Menelaus. Prepare for death.

Helen. Not from that hand: 'twould
pain you.

Menelaus. Touch not my hand. —
Easily dost thou drop it!

Helen. Easy are all things, do but thou
command.

Menelaus. Look up then.

Helen. To the hardest proof of all
I am now bidden; bid me not look up.

Menelaus. She looks as when I led her
on behind

The torch and fife, and when the blush
o'erspread

Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle
On the first step before the wreath'd gate.
Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.

Helen. The hand
That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.
I dare no longer see the light of heaven,
Not thine — alas! the light of heaven to
me.

Menelaus. Follow me.

She holds out both arms — and now
Drops them again. — She comes. — Why
stoppest thou?

Helen. O Menelaus! could thy heart
know mine,

As once it did — for then they did con-
verse,

Generous the one, the other not un-
worthy —

Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even
than guilt.

Menelaus. And I must lead her by
the hand again?

Nought shall persuade me. Never. She
draws back —

The true alone and loving sob like her.
Come Helen! [*He takes her hand.*]

Helen. O let never Greek see this!
Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide
me,

Hide me from all.

Menelaus. Thy anguish is too strong
For me to strive with.

Helen. Leave it all to me.

Menelaus. Peace! Peace! The wind,
I hope, is fair for Sparta. 1847.

ÆSCHYLOS AND SOPHOCLES

Sophocles. Thou goest then, and leav-
est none behind

Worthy to rival thee!

Æschylos. Nay, say not so.

Whose is the hand that now is pressing
mine?

A hand I may not ever press again!

What glorious forms hath it brought
boldly forth

From Pluto's realm! The blind old
Œdipos

Was led on one side by Antigone,

Sophocles propped the other.

Sophocles. Sophocles
Sooth'd not Prometheus chain'd upon
his rock,

Keeping the vultures and the Gods away;
Sophocles is not greater than the chief

Who conquered Ilion, nor could he re-
venge

His murder, or stamp everlasting brand
Upon the brow of that adulterous wife.
Æschylos. Live, and do more.

Thine is the Lemnian isle,
And thou hast placed the arrows in the
hand
Of Philoctetes, hast assuaged his wounds
And given his aid without which Greece
had fail'd.

Sophocles. I did indeed drive off the
pest of flies;

We also have our pest of them which buzz
About our honey, darken it, and sting;
We laugh at them, for under hands like
ours,

Without the wing that Philoctetes shook,
One single feather crushes the whole
swarm.

I must be grave,

Hath Sicily such charms
Above our Athens? Many charms hath
she.

But she hath kings. Accursed be the race!
Æschylos. But where kings honor
better men than they
Let kings be honored too.

The laurel crown
Surmounts the golden; wear it; and
farewell. 1847.

SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON

THE tongue of England, that which
myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were para-
lyzed

Hereafter, but two mighty men stand
forth

Above the flight of ages, two alone;
One crying out,

All nations spoke thro' me.

The other:

*True; and thro' this trumpet burst
God's word; the fall of Angels, and the
doom*

*First of immortal, then of mortal, Man.
Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.*

1853.

TO YOUTH

WHERE art thou gone, light-ankled
Youth?

With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the Hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near
That thou and I must part;
I doubted it: I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart:

If aught befell it, Love was by
And roll'd it off again;
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'Twas not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou
Returnest when the hand
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,
Then lips once pressed invite;
But sleep hath given a silent sign,
And both, alas! take flight.

1853.

TO AGE

WELCOME, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage—
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

1853.

THE CHRYSOLITES AND RUBIES BACCHUS BRINGS

THE chrysolites and rubies Bacchus brings
To crown the feast where swells the
broad-vein'd brow,
Where maidens blush at what the min-
strel sings,

They who have coveted may covet now.

Bring me, in cool alcove, the grape un-
crushed,
The peach of pulpy cheek and down
mature,
Where every voice (but bird's or child's)
is hushed,
And every thought, like the brook
nigh, runs pure. 1853.

SO THEN, I FEEL NOT DEEPLY!

So then, I feel not deeply! if I did,
I should have seized the pen and pierced
therewith
The passive world!

And thus thou reasonest?
Well hast thou known the lover's, not so
well

The poet's heart: while that heart bleeds,
the hand

Presses it close. Grief must run on and
pass

Into near Memory's more quiet shade
Before it can compose itself in song.
He who is agonized and turns to show
His agony to those who sit around,
Seizes the pen in vain: thought, fancy,
power,

Rush back into his bosom; all the strength
Of genius can not draw them into light
From under mastering Grief; but Mem-
ory,

The Muse's mother, nurses, rears them up,
Informs, and keeps them with her all her
days. 1853.

YEARS, MANY PARTI-COLORED
YEARS

YEARS, many parti-colored years,
Some have crept on, and some have
flown

Since first before me fell those tears

I never could see fall alone.

Years, not so many, are to come,

Years not so varied, when from you

One more will fall: when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear *adieu*. 1853.

I WONDER NOT THAT YOUTH
REMAINS

I WONDER not that Youth remains

With you, wherever else she flies:

Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?
1853.

ON MUSIC

MANY love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast
half-dead,

And rise to follow where she loves to
lead.

What various feelings come from days
gone by!

What tears from far-off sources dim the
eye!

Few, when light fingers with sweet voices
play

And melodies swell, pause, and melt
away,

Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath
gone. 1853.

ROSE AYLMEYER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY
HER SISTER

BEAUTIFUL spoils! borne off from van-
quished death!

Upon my heart's high altar shall ye
lie,

Moved but by only one adorer's breath,
Retaining youth, rewarding constancy.
1853.

DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:

Of his strange language all I know

Is, there is not a word of fear. 1853.

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTH-
DAY

I STROVE with none; for none was worth
my strife,

Nature I loved, and next to Nature,
Art;

I warmed both hands before the fire of
life,

It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

1853.

ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY

It was a dream (ah! what is not a
dream?)

In which I wander'd thro' a boundless
space

Peopled by those that peopled earth ere-
while.

But who conducted me? That gentle
Power,

Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On
his brow

Some have seen poppies; and perhaps
among

The many flowers about his wavy curls
Poppies there might be; roses I am sure
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.
Lightly I thought I leaped across a grave
Smelling of cool fresh turf, and sweet it
smelt.

I would, but must not linger; I must on,
To tell my dream before forgetfulness
Sweeps it away, or breaks or changes it.
I was among the shades (if shades they
were)

And look'd around me for some friendly
hand

To guide me on my way, and tell me all
That compass'd me around. I wish'd to
find

One no less firm or ready than the guide
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,
Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven and whatso lies
between.

He stood before me — Southey.

"Thou art he,"
Said I, "whom I was wishing."

"That I know,"
Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.
"We may be question'd, question we may
not;

For that might cause to bubble forth
again

Some bitter spring which crossed the
pleasanteest

And shadiest of our paths."

"I do not ask,"
Said I, "about your happiness; I see
The same serenity as when we walked
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-
tide,

Nor thirty fewer since along the lake
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,
Thro' the crisp waves I urged my sideling
bark,

Amid sweet salutations off the shore
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous
dames."

"Landor! I well remember it," said he,
"I had just lost my first-born only boy,

And then the heart is tender; lightest
things

Sink into it, and dwell there evermore."

The words were not yet spoken when
the air

Blew balmier; and around the parent's
neck

An Angel threw his arms: it was that
son.

"Father! I felt you wished me," said
the boy,

"Behold me here!"

Gentle the sire's embrace,
Gentle his tone. "See here your father's
friend!"

He gazed into my face, then meekly
said

"He whom my father loves hath his re-
ward

On earth; a richer one awaits him here."
1853.

ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH

FRIENDS! hear the words my wandering
thoughts would say,
And cast them into shape some other
day.

Southey, my friend of forty years, is
gone,

And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.
1858.

HEART'S-EASE

THERE is a flower I wish to wear,

But not until first worn by you . .

Heart's-ease . . of all earth's flowers
most rare;

Bring it; and bring enough for two.
1858.

THE THREE ROSES¹

WHEN the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the First,
I was walking; joyous then
Far above all other men,
Till before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering, "*Happy as thou art,
Happiness and thou must part.*"

¹ See pages 410 and 423. "Rose the Third" was the daughter of "the Second Rose," and thus the grand-niece of Rose Aylmer.

Many summers have gone by
 Since a Second Rose and I
 (Rose from that same stem) have told
 This and other tales of old.
 She upon her wedding-day
 Carried home my tenderest lay:
 From her lap I now have heard
 Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third,
 Not for *her* this hand of mine
 Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;
 Cold and torpid it must lie,
 Mute the tongue and closed the eye.

1858.

LATELY OUR SONGSTERS LOI- TER'D IN GREEN LANES

LATELY our songsters loiter'd in green
 lanes,
 Content to catch the ballads of the
 plains;
 I fancied I had strength enough to
 climb
 A loftier station at no distant time,
 And might securely from intrusion doze
 Upon the flowers thro' which Ilissus
 flows.
 In those pale olive grounds all voices
 cease,
 And from afar dust fills the paths of
 Greece.
 My slumber broken and my doublet
 torn,
 I find the laurel also bears a thorn.

1863.

THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA¹

Hippolyta. Eternal hatred I have
 sworn against
 The persecutor of my sisterhood;
 In vain, proud son of Ægeus, hast thou
 snapped
 Their arrows and derided them; in vain
 Leadest thou me a captive; I can die,
 And die I will.

Theseus. Nay; many are the years
 Of youth and beauty for Hippolyta.

Hippolyta. I scorn my youth, I hate
 my beauty. Go!

Monster! of all the monsters in these
 wilds

Most frightful and most odious to my
 sight.

Theseus. I boast not that I saved thee
 from the bow

Of Scythian.

Hippolyta. And for what? To die
 disgraced.

Strong as thou art, yet thou art not so
 strong

As Death is, when we call him for sup-
 port.

Theseus. Him too will I ward off; he
 strikes me first,

Hippolyta, long after, when these eyes
 Are closed, and when the knee that sup-
 plicates

Can bend no more.

Hippolyta. Is the man mad?

Theseus. He is.

Hippolyta. So, thou canst tell one
 truth, however false

In other things.

Theseus. What other? Thou dost
 pause,

And thine eyes wander over the smooth
 turf

As if some gem (but gem thou wearest
 not)

Had fallen from the remnant of thy
 hair.

Hippolyta! speak plainly, answer me,
 What have I done to raise thy fear or
 hate?

Hippolyta. Fear I despise, perfidy I
 abhor.

Unworthy man! did Heracles delude
 The maids who trusted him?

Theseus. Did ever I?
 Whether he did or not, they never told
 me:

I would have chided him.

Hippolyta. Thou chide him! thou!
 The Spartan mothers well remember thee.

Theseus. Scorn adds no beauty to the
 beautiful.

Heracles was beloved by Omphale,
 He never parted from her, but obey'd
 Her slightest wish, as Theseus will Hip-
 polyta's.

Hippolyta. Then leave me, leave me
 instantly; I know
 The way to my own country.

¹ Written by Landor immediately before its publication, at the age of eighty-eight. Perhaps the only other example in literature of such vigor and creative power, at such an age, is that of Sophocles.

Theseus. This command,
And only this, my heart must disobey.
My country shall be thine, and there thy
state
Regal.

Hippolyta. Am I a child? Give me
my own,
And keep for weaker heads thy diadems.
Thermodon I shall never see again,
Brightest of rivers, into whose clear
depth
My mother plunged me from her warmer
breast,
And taught me early to divide the waves
With arms each day more strong, and
soon to chase
And overtake the father swan, nor heed
His hoarser voice or his uplifted wing.
Where are my sisters? are there any
left?

Theseus. I hope it.

Hippolyta. And I fear it: theirs
may be
A fate like mine; which, O ye Gods, for-
bid!

Theseus. I pity thee, and would as-
suage thy grief.

Hippolyta. Pity me not: thy anger I
could bear.

Theseus. There is no place for anger
where thou art.
Commiseration even men may feel
For those who want it: even the fiercer
beasts
Lick the sore-wounded of a kindred race,
Hearing their cry, albeit they may not
help.

Hippolyta. This is no falsehood: and
can he be false
Who speaks it?

I remember not the time
When I have wept, it was so long ago.
Thou forest tears from me, because . . .
because . . .
I cannot hate thee as I ought to do.
1863.

AN AGED MAN WHO LOVED TO DOZE AWAY

AN aged man who loved to doze away
An hour by daylight, for his eyes were dim,
And he had seen too many suns go down
And rise again, dreamed that he saw two
forms

Of radiant beauty; he would clasp them
both,
But both flew stealthily away. He cried
In his wild dream,

"I never thought, O youth,
That thou, altho' so cherished, would'st
return,

But I did think that he who came with
thee,

Love, who could swear more sweetly
than birds sing,
Would never leave me comfortless and
lone."

A sigh broke through his slumber, not
the last. 1863.

WELL I REMEMBER HOW YOU SMILED

WELL I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand. "*O! what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!"
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthé's name again.

1863.

TO MY NINTH DECADE

To my ninth decade I have totter'd on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to
steady;
She, who once led me where she would
is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find
me ready. 1863.

TENNYSON

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

***COMPLETE WORKS**, 6 volumes, annotated by Alfred Lord Tennyson, edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson, Macmillan, 1908 (Eversley Edition). — **COMPLETE WORKS**, with **LIFE**, 10 volumes, Macmillan, 1899. — **WORKS**, 7 volumes, Houghton Mifflin, 1904 (New Riverside Edition). — **POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS**, 3 volumes, Houghton Mifflin, 1906 (New Popular Edition). — **WORKS**, 10 volumes, edited by Eugene Parsons, Crowell, 1907 (Farrington Edition). — **COMPLETE WORKS**, 1 volume, Macmillan, 1893 (Globe Edition). — ***POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS**, 1 volume, edited by W. J. Rolfe, Houghton Mifflin, 1898 (Cambridge Edition). — **WORKS**, 1 volume, 1907 (Oxford Edition). — **LYRICAL POEMS**, selected by F. T. Palgrave, Macmillan, 1900 (Golden Treasury Series). — **POEMS**, chosen and edited by Henry van Dyke, Ginn, 1903. — **POEMS**, 1830-1865, edited by T. H. Warren, Clarendon Press, 1911.

BIOGRAPHY

***TENNYSON** (Hallam), Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a Memoir, 2 volumes, 1897; new edition, 1 volume, 1905 (the standard biography). — **HORTON** (R. F.), *Life of Tennyson*, 1900. — **LANG** (A.), *Alfred Tennyson*, 1901 (Modern English Writers). — **LYALL** (A. C.), *Tennyson*, 1902 (English Men of Letters Series). — **CHESTERTON** (G. K.), *Tennyson*, 1904 (Bookman Biographies). — **WAUGH** (Arthur), *Life of Tennyson*, 1893. ***BENSON** (A. C.), *Alfred Tennyson*, 1904 (Little Biographies). — **CUTHBERTSON** (E. J.), *Tennyson, the Story of his Life*, 1898. — **LOUNSBURY** (T. R.), *The Life and Times of Tennyson*, 1915. — **TENNYSON** (Hallam), *Tennyson and His Friends*, 1912. — **THOMAS** (E.), *A Literary Pilgrim in England: Tennyson*, 1917. — **WATSON** (A.), *Tennyson*, 1913. — **WOODBERRY** (G. E.), *Studies of a Litterateur: Tennyson*, 1921. — *See also*: combined biographies and criticisms, listed under **LATER CRITICISM**, by the following authors: Alden, Fausset, Ker, Nicholson, and Willocks.

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

***HALLAM** (A. H.), *Literary Remains: On Some Characteristics of Modern Poetry and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson* (from *Englishman's Magazine*, August, 1831). — **WILSON** (John), *Essays: Tennyson's Poems* (essay of 1832). — [**LOCKHART** (J. G.)], *Tennyson's Poems* (in *Quarterly Review*, April, 1833). — **MILL** (J. S.), *Early Essays: Tennyson's Poems* (from *London Review*, July, 1835). — **STERLING** (John), *Essays and Tales: Tennyson's Poems* (1842). — **SPEDDING** (James), *Reviews: Tennyson's Poems* (1843). — **HORNE** (R. H.), *A New Spirit of the Age*, 1844. — **KINGSLEY** (C.), *Miscellanies*, 1850. — **MILSAND** (J.), *La Poésie anglaise depuis Lord Byron* (in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 15, 1851). — ***BRIMLEY** (G.), *Essays: Tennyson's Poems* (from *Cambridge Essays*, 1855). — **MASSEY** (Gerald), *Tennyson and His Poetry*, 1855. — ***ROSCOE** (W. C.), *Poems and Essays*, Vol. II, 1860. — ***TAINE** (H.), *Histoire de la littérature anglaise*, 1863; English translation, 1871. — ***BAGEHOT** (W.), *Literary Studies*, Vol. II, 1879; *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning* (essay of 1864). — **FIELDS** (J. T.), *Yesterdays with Authors*, 1872. — **FIELDS** (Mrs. Annie), *Authors and Friends*, 1896. — ***ITCHIE** (Anne Thackeray), *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning*, 1892. — ***NAPIER** (G. S.), *Homes and Haunts of Tennyson*, 1892. — **VAN DYKE** (Henry), *The Voice of Tennyson* (in *Century Magazine*, January, 1893). — ***KNOWLES** (J.), *Personal Reminiscences of Tennyson* (in *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893). — **SYMONDS**

(J. A.), *Recollections of Tennyson* (in *Century Magazine*, May, 1893). — RAWNSLEY (H. D.), *Memories of the Tennysons*, 1900. — FRISWELL (Laura H.), *In the Sixties and Seventies*, 1906. — ELLISON (Edith N.), *A Child's Recollections of Tennyson*, 1906. — CONWAY (M. D.), *Autobiography*, 1907. — ARNOLD (W. H.), *My Tennysons* (in *Scribner's*, May, 1922). — CORNISH (Mrs. W.), *Personal Memories of the Tennysons* (in *Living Age*, May 13-27, 1922). — RAWNSLEY (H. D.), *Personal Recollections of the Tennysons* (in *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1925).

LATER CRITICISM

BROOKE (S. A.), *Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, 1894. — CHESTER-
TON (G. K.), *Twelve Types*, 1902. — *DOWDEN (Edward), *Studies in Literature: Mr.
Tennyson and Mr. Browning*, 1878. — EVERETT (C. C.), *Essays: Tennyson and Brown-
ing as Spiritual Forces*, 1891. — *GATES (L. E.), *Studies and Appreciations*, 1900. —
GOSSE (E.), *Questions at Issue: Tennyson — and After*, 1893. — HARRISON (Frederic),
Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates, 1899. — *HUTTON (R. H.),
Literary Essays, 1871, 1888. — HENLEY (W. E.), *Views and Reviews*, 1890. — MACKIE
(A.), *Nature Knowledge in Modern Poetry*, 1906. — MUSTARD (W. P.), *Classical Echoes
in Tennyson*, 1904. — MYERS (F. W. H.), *Science and a Future Life*, 1893 (essay of
1889). — PAYNE (W. M.), *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907.
— ROBERTSON (J. M.), *Essays towards a Critical Method*, 1889. — *ROYCE (J.),
Studies of Good and Evil: Tennyson and Pessimism, 1898. — SAINTSBURY (G.), *Cor-
rected Impressions*, 1895. — SHARP (J. C.), *Aspects of Poetry*, 1881. — *STEDMAN
(E. C.), *Victorian Poets*, 1875, 1887. — STEPHEN (Leslie), *Studies of a Biographer*,
Vol. II, 1899. — *SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Miscellanies: Tennyson and Musset*, 1886. —
TRAILL (H. D.), *Aspects of Tennyson* (in *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1892.) —
*VAN DYKE (Henry), *Poetry of Tennyson*, 1889. — WALTERS (J. C.), *Tennyson: Poet,
Philosopher, Idealist*, 1893. — WARD (W. G.), *Tennyson's Debt to His Environment*,
1898. — WATTS-DUNTON (T.), *Tennyson as a Nature Poet; Tennyson and the Scientific
Movement* (in *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1893, October, 1893). — WHITMAN (W.),
Democratic Vistas.

ADAMS (F.), *Essays in Modernity*, 1899. — AUSTIN (A.), *The Bridling of Pegasus*,
1910. — DIXON (W. M.), *A Primer of Tennyson*, 1896. — FAGUET (Émile), *Centenary
of Tennyson* (in *Quarterly Review*, April, 1909). — GORDON (William C.), *Social Ideals
of Tennyson*, 1906. — GLADSTONE (W. E.), *Gleanings of Past Years* (1859), 1879. —
HOWELLS (W. D.), *My Literary Passions*. — HUTTON (R. H.), *Brief Literary Criticisms*,
1906. — *KER (W. P.), *Tennyson*, 1910. — LUCE (M.), *A Handbook to the Works of
Tennyson*, 1895. — MASTERMAN, *Tennyson as a Religious Teacher*, 1900. — PAYNE
(W. M.), *Little Leaders*, 1895. — PEARSON (C. W.), *Literary and Biographical Essays*,
1908. — PECK (H. T.), *Studies in Several Literatures: The Lyrics of Tennyson*, 1909. —
SLICER (T. R.), *From Poet to Premier*, 1909. — SNEATH (E. H.), *The Mind of Tennyson*,
1900. — STANLEY (H. M.), *Essays on Literary Art*, 1897. — TAYLOR (Bayard), *Critical
Essays*, 1880. — WARREN (T. H.), *Essays of Poets and Poetry*, 1909.

AIINGER (A.), *Lectures and Essays: The Death of Tennyson*, 1905. — ALDEN (R. M.),
Alfred Tennyson, 1917. — BARERA (E.), *A Critical Essay on the Works of Alfred*,
Lord Tennyson, 1896. — BOAS (G.), *Tennyson and Browning*, 1925. — BRADLEY
(A. C.), *The Reaction against Tennyson* (in *English Association Pamphlet No. 39*). —
CHOISY (L. F.), *Alfred Tennyson, son spiritualisme, sa personnalité morale*, 1912. —
CLARK (J. S.), *A Study of English and American Poets: Tennyson*, 1917. — DYBOSKI
(R.), *Tennysons Sprache und Stil* (in *Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie*, 1907). —
DRINKWATER (J.), *Victorian Poetry*, 1924. — FAUSSET (H. I.), *Tennyson, a Modern
Portrait*, 1923. — FLETCHER (R. H.), *Tennyson and Browning*, 1913. — GINGERICH
(S. F.), *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning*, 1911. — GRIERSON (H. J. C.), *The
Tennysons* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII). — GUNSAULUS
(F. W.), *The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry*, 1907. — GWINN (S. L.),
Tennyson, a Critical Study, 1899. — HUCKEL (O.), *Through England with Tennyson*,

1913. — LAYARD (G. S.), Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators, 1894. — LOCKYER (Sir J. N.), Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature, 1910. — MACKAIL (J. W.), Lectures on Greek Poetry: Theocritus and Tennyson, 1911; Studies of English Poets, 1926. — MEYNELL (Alice), Tennyson (in Dublin Review, January, 1910). — MORE (P. E.), Tennyson, Poet of National Life (in Shelburne Essays, seventh series). — NICOLSON (H. G.), Tennyson, 1923. — NITCHIE (E.), Vergil and the English Poets: Tennyson and the Victorians, 1919. — NOYES (A.), Some Aspects of Modern Poetry: Tennyson and Some Recent Critics, 1924. — PALMER (G. H.), Formative Types in English Poetry, 1918. — PYRE (J. F. A.), The Formation of Tennyson's Style, 1921. — ROBINSON (Edna M.), Tennyson's Use of the Bible, 1917. — ROZ (F.), Tennyson, 1911. — STORK (C. W.), Heine and Tennyson (in Haverford Essays, 1909). — WARD (W.), Tennyson's Religious Poetry (in Dublin Review, October, 1909). — WATSON (A.), Tennyson, 1913 (The People's Books). — WEATHERHEAD (L. D.), Tennyson's Afterworld (in London Quarterly Review, October, 1925). — WILLOCKS (M. P.), Tennyson (in English Review, February, 1923).

IN MEMORIAM. — *Editions*: — TENNYSON: In Memoriam, annotated by the Author, 1906. — BEECHING (H. C.), In Memoriam, with an analysis and notes, 1900. — MANSFORD (C.), In Memoriam, 1903. — ROLFE (W. J.), In Memoriam, edited, with notes, etc., 1895. — SQUIRES (Vernon P.), In Memoriam, edited, with introduction and notes, 1906. — *Commentary*: — BRADLEY (A. C.), Commentary on In Memoriam. — CHAPMAN (Elizabeth R.), A Companion to In Memoriam, 1888 (recommended by Tennyson). — DAVIDSON (Thomas), Prolegomena to In Memoriam, 1889. — GATTY (A.), Key to Tennyson's In Memoriam, 1881. — GENUNG (J. F.), Tennyson's In Memoriam, Its Purpose and its Structure, 1884. — JACOBS (J.), Tennyson and In Memoriam, 1892.

IDYLLS OF THE KING. — DHALEINE (L.), A Study of Tennyson's Idylls of the King, 1905. — GENUNG (J. F.), The Idylls and the Ages, 1907. — GURTEEN (S. H.), The Arthurian Epic, 1895. — HAMANN (Albert), An Essay on Tennyson's Idylls of the King, 1887. — *JONES (Richard), The Growth of the Idylls of the King, 1895. — *LITLEDALE (H.), Essays on Tennyson's Idylls of the King, 1893. — MACCALLUM (M. W.), Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story from the Sixteenth Century, 1894. — *MAYNADIER (H.), The Arthur of the English Poets, 1907. — NICOLL (W. R.) and WISE (T. J.), Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: The Building of the Idylls, 1896. — PALLÉN (Condé Benoist), The Meaning of the Idylls, 1904. — WUELLENWEBER (W.), Ueber Tennyson's Königsidylle: The Coming of Arthur und ihre Quellen, 1889. — ELSDALE (H.), Studies in the Idylls, 1878.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

WATSON (W.), **Lacrymæ Musarum*; To Lord Tennyson; The Foresters. — *HUXLEY (T. H.), in Stedman's Victorian Anthology. — GILDER (R. W.), The Silence of Tennyson. — BOURDILLON (F. W.), Sursum Corda. — ALDRICH (T. B.), *Tennyson; "When from the tense chords . . ." January, 1892. — *LONGFELLOW, Wapentake. — MACKAYE (Percy), Poems. — HUDSON (J.), Tennyson's Birthday (in Westminster Review, August, 1910). — VAN DYKE (Henry), Tennyson, 1892.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ETC.

SHEPHERD (R. H.), Bibliography of Tennyson, 1896. — GROLIER CLUB, Chronological List of Tennyson's Works, 1897. — COLLINS, The Early Poems of Tennyson, with Bibliography and Various Readings, 1900. — DIXON (W. M.), A Primer of Tennyson, with Bibliography, 1896. — LUCE (Morton), Handbook to the Works of Tennyson, 1895. — PROVIDENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Tennyson Reference List (Monthly Bulletin, October, 1897). — LIVINGSTON (L. S.), Bibliography of the First Editions, 1901. — *WISE (T. J.), Bibliography of Tennyson, 1908. — BAKER (A. E.), A Concordance to the Poetical and Dramatic Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1914; A Tennyson Dictionary, 1916.

TENNYSON

CLARIBEL

A MELODY

WHERE Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall;
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone;
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth. 1830.

THE POET

THE poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn
of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good
and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay; with echoing feet he
threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were
headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver
tongue,
And so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which
bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field
flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving took root, and springing forth
anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance,
grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breath-
ing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with
beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire;
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many
dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the
world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark
upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sun-
rise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning
eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
 Sunn'd by those orient skies;
 But round about the circles of the globes
 Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
 WISDOM, a name to shake
 All evil dreams of power — a sacred name.
 And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
 And as the lightning to the thunder
 Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
 Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
 Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
 But one poor poet's scroll, and with his word
 She shook the world. 1830.

MARIANA

"Mariana in the moated grange."
Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower-plots
 Were thickly crusted, one and all;
 The rusted nails fell from the knots
 That held the pear to the gable-wall.
 The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
 Unlifted was the clinking latch;
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
 Upon the lonely moated grange.
 She only said, "My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
 Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
 She could not look on the sweet heaven,
 Either at morn or eventide.
 After the flitting of the bats,
 When thickest dark did trance the sky,
 She drew her casement-curtain by,
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
 She only said, "The night is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
 Waking she heard the night-fowl crow;
 The cock sung out an hour ere light;
 From the dark fen the oxen's low
 Came to her; without hope of change,
 In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
 Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
 About the lonely moated grange.
 She only said, "The day is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
 A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
 And o'er it many, round and small,
 The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
 Hard by a poplar shook alway,
 All silver-green with gnarled bark:
 For leagues no other tree did mark
 The level waste, the rounding gray.
 She only said, "My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
 And the shrill winds were up and away,
 In the white curtain, to and fro,
 She saw the gusty shadow sway.
 But when the moon was very low,
 And wild winds bound within their cell,
 The shadow of the poplar fell
 Upon her bed, across her brow.
 She only said, "The night is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
 The blue fly sung in the pane;
 The mouse behind the mouldering wainscot
 shriek'd,
 Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
 Old voices called her from without.
 She only said, "My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound

Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Was sloping toward his western bower.
 Then said she, "I am very dreary,
 He will not come," she said;
 She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
 O God, that I were dead!"
 1830, 1842.

THE MERMAN

I

Who would be
 A merman bold,
 Sitting alone,
 Singing alone
 Under the sea,
 With a crown of gold,
 On a throne?

II

I would be a merman bold,
 I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
 I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of
 power;
 But at night I would roam abroad and
 play
 With the mermaids in and out of the
 rocks,
 Dressing their hair with the white sea-
 flower;
 And holding them back by their flowing
 locks
 I would kiss them often under the sea,
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Laughingly, laughingly;
 And then we would wander away, away,
 To the pale-green sea-groves straight and
 high,
 Chasing each other merrily.

III

There would be neither moon nor star;
 But the wave would make music above us
 afar—
 Low thunder and light in the magic
 night—
 Neither moon nor star.
 We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
 Call to each other and whoop and cry
 All night, merrily, merrily.

They would pelt me with starry spangles
 and shells,
 Laughing and clapping their hands be-
 tween,
 All night, merrily, merrily,
 But I would throw to them back in mine
 Turkis and agate and almondine;
 Then leaping out upon them unseen
 I would kiss them often under the sea,
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Laughingly, laughingly.
 O, what a happy life were mine
 Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
 Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
 We would live merrily, merrily.
 1830, 1842.

THE MERMAID

I

Who would be
 A mermaid fair,
 Singing alone,
 Combing her hair
 Under the sea,
 In a golden curl
 With a comb of pearl,
 On a throne?

II

I would be a mermaid fair;
 I would sing to myself the whole of the
 day;
 With a comb of pearl I would comb my
 hair;
 And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
 "Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
 I would comb my hair till my ringlets
 would fall
 Low adown, low adown,
 From under my starry sea-bud crown
 Low adown and around,
 And I should look like a fountain of gold
 Springing alone
 With a shrill inner sound,
 Over the throne
 In the midst of the hall;
 Till that great sea-snake under the sea
 From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
 Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
 Round the hall where I sate, and look in
 at the gate
 With his large calm eyes for the love of
 me.

And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flow-
ing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the
rocks;

We would run to and fro, and hide and
seek,

On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson
shells,

Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and
shriek,

And adown the steep like a wave I would
leap

From the diamond-ledges that jut
from the dells;

For I would not be kiss'd by all who would
list

Of the bold merry mermen under the sea.
They would sue me, and woo me, and
flatter me,

In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,

In the branching jaspers under the sea.
Then all the dry pied things that be

In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,

All looking up for the love of me.

And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
and soft

Would lean out from the hollow sphere of
the sea,

All looking down for the love of me.

1830, 1842.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT¹

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;

And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers.
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, by his Son, I, 116-117.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot;
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed:
 "I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

To gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot;
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot;
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complain-
 ing,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance —
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right —
 The leaves upon her falling light —
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot;
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer,
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."
 1832, 1842.

SONG: THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,
 That I would be the jewel
 That trembles in her ear;
 For hid in ringlets day and night,
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty dainty waist,
 And her heart would beat against me,
 In sorrow and in rest;
 And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom,
 With her laughter or her sighs;
 And I would lie so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.
 1832.

CENONE

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart the
 glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine
 to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either
 hand

The lawns and meadow-ledges midway
 down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them
 roars
 The long brook falling thro' the cloven
 ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea,
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning; but
 in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
 Mournful CENONE, wandering forlorn
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round
 her neck
 Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with
 vine,
 Sang to the stillness till the mountain-
 shade
 Sloped downward to her seat from the
 upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
 The lizard, with his shadow on the
 stone,
 Rests like a shadow, and the winds are
 dead.
 The purple flower droops, the golden bee
 Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of
 love,
 My heart is breaking and my eyes are
 dim,
 And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Hear me, O earth, hear me, O hills, O
 caves
 That house the cold crown'd snake! O
 mountain brooks,
 I am the daughter of a River God,
 Hear me, for I will speak, and build up
 all
 My sorrow with my song, as yonder
 walls
 Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
 A cloud that gather'd shape; for it may
 be

That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper
woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills;
Aloft the mountain-lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain-pine.
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd,
white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far off the torrent call'd me from the
cleft;
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow.' With down-
dropt eyes
I sat alone; white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard
skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny
hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's;
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow
brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all
my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere
he came.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-
white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I
look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of
speech
Came down upon my heart :

'My own Ænone,
Beautiful-brow'd Ænone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind
ingraven
"For the most fair," would seem to award
it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married
brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He pressed the blossom of his lips to
mine,

And added, 'This was cast upon the
board.
When all the full-faced presence of the
Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom
'twere due;
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the
cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest
pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, un-
heard
Hear all, and see thy Paris, judge of
Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnight; one silvery
cloud
Had lost his way between the piny sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower
they came,
Naked they came to that smooth
swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like
fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro'
and thro'.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and
lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her to
whom
Coming thro' heaven, like a light that
grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the
Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many
a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed
with corn,

Or labor'd mine undrainable of ore.
Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and
toll,
From many an inland town and haven
large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing
citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of
power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom — from all neigh-
bor crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon
from me,
From me, heaven's queen, Paris, to thee
king-born,
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men,
in power
Only, are likest Gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the thought
of power
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where
she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared
limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed
spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest
eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry
cheek
Kept push, waiting decision, made reply :
'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-con-
trol,
These three alone lead life to sovereign
power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by
law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of conse-
quence.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: 'I woo thee not with
gifts.

Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of
fair,

Unbias'd by self-profit, O, rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to
thee,

So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a
God's,

To push thee forward thro' a life of
shocks,

Dangers, and deeds, until endurance
grow

Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown
will,

Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.

"Here she ceas'd,
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O
Paris,

Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

Italian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian
wells,

With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her
deep hair

Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder; from the violets her light
foot

Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded
form

Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she
moved.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise
thee
The fairest and most loving wife in
Greece.'

She spoke and laugh'd; I shut my sight
for fear;

But when I look'd, Paris had raised his
arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not
fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand
times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful
tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most
loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my
arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips
pressed
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling
dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest
pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the
craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all be-
tween
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from be-
neath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the
dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while
I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone (Enone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them over-
laid
With narrow moonlit slips of silver
cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trem-
bling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the
glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her

The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might
speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and
men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand
times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Even on this hand, and sitting on this
stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with
tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy heaven, how canst thou see my
face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my
weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating
cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to
live;
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids; let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more
and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the
inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born. Her child!—a shudder
comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O, mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to
me
Walking the cold and starless road of
death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and
go

Down into Troy, and ere the stars come
forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she
says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."
1832, 1842.

THE SISTERS

WE were two daughters of one race;
She was the fairest in the face.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O, the earl was fair to see!

She died; she went to burning flame;
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and
late,
To win his love I lay in wait!
O, the earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest.
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night;
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapped his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O, the earl was fair to see!

1832.

THE PALACE OF ART¹

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burn-
ish'd brass,
I chose. The ranged ramparts bright
From level meadow-bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
The rock rose clear, or winding stair.
My soul would live alone unto herself
In her high palace there.

And "while the world runs round and
round," I said,
"Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast
shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring."

To which my soul made answer readily:
"Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built for me.
So royal-rich and wide."

Four courts I made, East, West and South
and North,
In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
The golden gorge of dragons spouted
forth
A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there
ran a row
Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain-floods;

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
That lent broad verge to distant lands.
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the
sky
Dipped down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one
swell
Across the mountain stream'd below
In misty folds, that floating as they fell
Lit up a torrent-bow.

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, I, 118-121.

And high on every peak a statue seem'd
To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
A cloud of incense of all odor steam'd
From out a golden cup.

So that she thought, "And who shall gaze
upon
My palace with unblinded eyes,
While this great bow will waver in the sun,
And that sweet incense rise?"

For that sweet incense rose and never
fail'd,
And, while day sank or mounted higher,
The light ærial gallery, golden-rail'd,
Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd
and traced,
Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires
From shadow'd grotts of arches inter-
laced,
And tipped with frost-like spires.

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
Thro' which the livelong day my soul did
pass,
Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace
stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green
and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter
blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red — a tract of
sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry
waves,
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing
caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves. Be-
hind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil.
And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones
and slags;
Beyond, a line of heights; and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the
scornful crags;
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home — gray twi-
light pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep — all things in order
stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair
As fit for every mood of mind,
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was
there
Not less than truth design'd.

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept Saint
Cecily;
An angel look'd at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise
A group of Houris bow'd to see
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
To list a foot-fall, ere he saw
The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian
king to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,
 And many a tract of palm and rice,
 The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd
 A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew un-
 clasp'd,
 From off her shoulder backward borne;
 From one hand droop'd a crocus; one
 hand grasp'd
 The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh
 Half-buried in the eagle's down,
 Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
 Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone; but every legend fair
 Which the supreme Caucasian mind
 Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
 Not less than life, design'd.

Then in the towers I placed great bells
 that swung,
 Moved of themselves, with silver
 sounds;
 And with choice paintings of wise men
 I hung
 The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
 Beside him Shakespeare bland and
 mild;
 And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd
 his song,
 And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest;
 A million wrinkles carved his skin;
 A hundred winters snow'd upon his
 breast,
 From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
 Many an arch high did lift,
 And angels rising and descending met
 With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
 With cycles of the human tale
 Of this wide world, the times of every
 land
 So wrought they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
 Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and
 stings;

Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
 The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or
 bind

All force in bonds that might endure
 And here once more like some sick man
 declined,
 And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod; and those great
 bells

Began to chime. She took her throne;
 She sat betwixt the shining oriels,
 To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost oriels' colored flame
 Two godlike faces gazed below;
 Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
 The first of those who know.

And all those names that in their motion
 were

Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
 Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd
 fair

In diverse raiment strange;

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, em-
 erald, blue,

Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,
 And from her lips, as morn from Mem-
 non, drew
 Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong

Her low preamble all alone,
 More than my soul to hear her echo'd
 song

Throb thro' the ribbed stone;

Singing and murmuring in her feastful
 mirth,

Joying to feel herself alive,
 Lord over Nature, lord of the visible earth,
 Lord of the senses five;

Communing with herself: "All these are
 mine,

And let the world have peace or wars,
 'Tis one to me." She — when young
 night divine

Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils —
 Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
 And pure quintessences of precious oils
 In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven; and clapped her hands
 and cried,
 "I marvel if my still delight
 In this great house so royal-rich and
 wide
 Be flatter'd to the height.

"O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
 O shapes and hues that please me well!
 O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
 My Gods, with whom I dwell!

"O Godlike isolation which art mine,
 I can but count thee perfect gain,
 What time I watch the darkening droves
 of swine
 That range on yonder plain.

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient
 skin,
 They graze and wallow, breed and
 sleep;
 And oft some brainless devil enters in,
 And drives them to the deep."

Then of the moral instinct would she
 prate
 And of the rising from the dead,
 As hers by right of full-accomplish'd
 Fate;
 And at the last she said:

"I take possession of man's mind and
 deed.
 I care not what the sects may brawl.
 I sit as God holding no form of creed,
 But contemplating all."

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
 Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
 Yet not the less held she her solemn
 mirth,
 And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prosper'd; so
 three years
 She prosper'd; on the fourth she fell,
 Like Herod, when the shout was in his
 ears,
 Struck thro' with pang's of hell.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
 God, before whom ever lie bare
 The abysmal deeps of personality,
 Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she
 turn'd her sight
 The airy hand confusion wrought,
 Wrote, "Mene, mene," and divided quite
 The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
 Fell on her, from which mood was
 born
 Scorn of herself; again, from out that
 mood
 Laughter at her self-scorn.

"What! is not this my place of strength,"
 she said,
 "My spacious mansion built for me,
 Whereof the strong foundation-stones
 were laid
 Since my first memory?"

But in dark corners of her palace stood
 Uncertain shapes; and unawares
 On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears
 of blood,
 And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of
 flame,
 And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
 On corpses three-months-old at noon she
 came,
 That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light
 Or power of movement, seem'd my
 soul,
 Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
 Making for one sure goal;

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of
 sand,
 Left on the shore, that hears all night
 The plunging seas draw backward from
 the land
 Their moon led waters white;

A star that with the choral starry dance
 Join'd not, but stood, and standing
 saw
 The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
 Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had
curl'd.

"No voice," she shriek'd in that lone
hall,

"No voice breaks thro' the stillness of
this world;

One deep, deep silence all!"

She, mouldering with the dull earth's
mouldering sod,

Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,

Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally,

And nothing saw, for her despair,
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,

And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime.

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round

With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall;

As in strange lands a traveller walking
slow,

In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moonrise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea;

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound

Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, "I
have found

A new land, but I die."

She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within.

There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?"

So when four years were wholly finished,

She threw her royal robes away,
"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,
"Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers,
that are

So lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt."

1832.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed to-
ward the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us shore-
ward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did
swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary
dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the
moon;

And, like a downward smoke, the slender
stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall
did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a down-
ward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did
go;

And some tho' wavering lights and
shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land; far off, three moun-
tain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with

showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the
woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts
the dale

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding
vale

And meadow, set with slender galin-gale;
A land where all things always seem'd

the same!

And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,

The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters
came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted
stem,

Laden with flower and fruit, whereof
they gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the
wave

Far far away did seem to mourn and
rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the
grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart
did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow
sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the
shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife and slave; but ever-
more
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren
foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no
more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island
home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer
roam."

CHORIC SONG

I

THERE is sweet music here that softer
falls
Than petals from blown roses on the
grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between
walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from
the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers
weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy
hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp dis-
tress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil
alone,

We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy
balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"—
Why should we only toil, the roof and
crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-
mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no
toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward
the grave
In silence — ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or
dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward
stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!

To dream and dream, like yonder amber
light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on
the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the
beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melan-
choly;
To muse and brood and live again in
memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an
urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears; but all hath
suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths
are cold,
Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
And we should come like ghosts to trouble
joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel
sings
Before them of the ten years' war in
Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten
things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many
wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the
pilot-stars.

VII

But, propped on beds of amaranth and
moly,
How sweet — while warm airs lull us,
blowing lowly —
With half-dropped eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,

To watch the long bright river drawing
slowly
His waters from the purple hill —
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined
vine —
To watch the emerald-color'd water fall-
ing
Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath
divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling
brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out
beneath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak,
The Lotos blows by every winding creek;
All day the wind breathes low with mel-
lower tone;
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the
yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of
motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard,
when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his
foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an
equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie
reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless
of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the
bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the
clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with
the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over
wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earth-
quake, roaring deeps and fiery
sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and
sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred
in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an
ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the
words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men
that cleave the soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with
 enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and
 wine and oil;
 Till they perish and they suffer — some,
 'tis whisper'd — down in hell
 Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian
 valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of
 asphodel.
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet
 than toil, the shore
 Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind
 and wave and oar;
 O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not
 wander more. 1832, 1842.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropped their
 shade,
 "*The Legend of Good Women*," long
 ago
 Sung by the morning star of song, who
 made
 His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose
 sweet breath
 Preluded those melodious bursts that
 fill
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his
 art
 Held me above the subject, as strong
 gales
 Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho'
 my heart,
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In
 every land
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in
 hand
 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burning
 stars,
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and
 wrong,
 And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clang-
 ing hoofs;
 And I saw crowds in column'd sanctu-
 aries,
 And forms that pass'd at windows and
 on roofs
 Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold, heroes tall
 Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
 Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall,
 Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with
 heated blasts
 That run before the fluttering tongues
 of fire;
 White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and
 masts,
 And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen
 plates,
 Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers
 woes,
 Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron
 grates,
 And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when
 to land
 Bluster the winds and tides the self-
 same way,
 Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level
 sand,
 Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
 Resolved on noble things, and strove
 to speak,
 As when a great thought strikes along
 the brain
 And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
 A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
 That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;
 And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing
 thought
 Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and
 did creep
 Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd,
 and brought
 Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
 In an old wood ; fresh-wash'd in coolest
 dew
 The maiden splendors of the morning star
 Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and
 lean
 Upon the dusky brushwood under-
 neath
 Their broad curved branches, fledged
 with clearest green,
 New from its silken sheath.

The dim red Morn had died, her journey
 done,
 And with dead lips smiled at the twi-
 light plain,
 Half-fallen across the threshold of the
 sun,
 Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead
 air,
 Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
 Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
 Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine
 turn'd
 Their humid arms festooning tree to
 tree,
 And at the root thro' lush green grasses
 burn'd
 The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I
 knew
 The tearful glimmer of the languid
 dawn
 On those long, rank, dark wood-walks
 drench'd in dew,
 Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
 Pour'd back into my empty soul and
 frame
 The times when I remember to have been
 Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear undertone
 Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unbliss-
 ful clime,
 "Pass freely thro' ; the wood is all thine
 own
 Until the end of time."

At length I saw a lady within call,
 Still than chisell'd marble, standing
 there;
 A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
 And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with
 surprise
 Froze my swift speech; she turning
 on my face
 The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
 Spoke slowly in her place:

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my
 name:
 No one can be more wise than des-
 tiny.
 Many drew swords and died. Where'er
 I came
 I brought calamity."

"No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
 Myself for such a face had boldly died,"
 I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
 To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks
 averse,
 To her full height her stately stature
 draws;
 "My youth," she said, "was blasted
 with a curse:
 This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad
 place
 Which men call'd Aulis in those iron
 years:
 My father held his hand upon his face;
 I, blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak: my voice was
 thick with sighs
 As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
 The stern black-bearded kings with
 wolfish eyes,
 Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay
 afloat;
 The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and
 the shore;
 The bright death quiver'd at the victim's
 throat —
 Touch'd — and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward
brow :

"I would the white cold heavy-plung-
ing foam,
Whirled by the wind, had roll'd me deep
below,
Then when I left my home."

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence
drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea :
Sudden I heard a voice that cried "Come
here,
That I may look on thee."

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd ;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold
black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, be-
gan :
"I govern'd men by change, and so I
sway'd
All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a
man.
Once, like the moon, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humor ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood ;
That makes my only woe.

"Nay — yet it chafes me that I could
not bend
One will ; nor tame and tutor with
mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee,
friend,
Where is Mark Antony?

"The man, my lover, with whom I rode
sublime
On Fortune's neck ; we sat as God by
God :
The Nilus would have risen before his
time
And flooded at our nod.

"We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and
lit
Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus. O,
my life
In Egypt ! O, the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from
war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leaped into my arms,
Contented there to die !

"And there he died : and when I heard
my name
Sigh'd forth with life, I would not
brook my fear
Of the other ; with a worm I balk'd his
fame.
What else was left ? look here !" —

With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a
laugh,
Showing the aspic's bite. —

"I died a Queen. The Roman soldier
found
Me lying dead, my crown about my
brows,
A name for ever ! — lying robed and
crown'd
Worthy a Roman spouse."

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion, did fall down
and glance
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all
change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for
delight ;
Because with sudden motion from the
ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd
with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest
darts ;
As once they drew into two burning
rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty
hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the
lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn :

"The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine;
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sun-shine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands, — so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpah's tower'd gate with welcome light.
With timbrel and with song.

My words leaped forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath." She render'd answer high:

"Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

"Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

"My God, my land, my father — these did move
Me from my bliss of life that Nature gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers' — emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us.
Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips; she left me where I stood:
"Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
 As one that from a casement leans his
 head,
 When midnight bells cease ringing sud-
 denly,
 And the old year is dead.

"Alas! alas!" a low voice, full of care,
 Murmur'd beside me: "Turn and look
 on me;
 I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
 If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some maiden coarse
 and poor!
 O me, that I should ever see the light!
 Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
 Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and
 trust;
 To whom the Egyptian: "O, you
 tamely died!
 You should have clung to Fulvia's waist,
 and thrust
 The dagger thro' her side."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's
 creeping beams,
 Stolen to my brain, dissolved the mys-
 tery
 Of folded sleep. The captain of my
 dreams
 Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark
 Ere I saw her who clasp'd in her last
 trance
 Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of
 Arc,
 A light of ancient France;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish
 Death,
 Who kneeling, with one arm about her
 king,
 Drew forth the poison with her balmy
 breath,
 Sweet as new buds in spring.

No memory labors longer from the deep
 Gold-mines of thought to lift the
 hidden ore
 That glimpses, moving up, than I from
 sleep
 To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what
 dull pain
 Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to
 strike
 Into that wondrous track of dreams
 again!
 But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been
 blest,
 Desiring what is mingled with past
 years,
 In yearnings that can never be expressed
 By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with
 choicest art,
 Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
 Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
 Faints, faded by its heat. 1832.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown:
 You thought to break a country heart
 For pastime, ere you went to town.
 At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired;
 The daughter of a hundred earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your name,
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake
 A heart that dotes on truer charms.
 A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must find,
 For, were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could love,
 And my disdain is my reply.
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my head.
 Not thrice your branching limes have
 blown
 Since I beheld young Laurence dead.

O, your sweet eyes, your low replies !
 A great enchantress you may be ;
 But there was that across his throat
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 When thus he met his mother's view,
 She had the passions of her kind,
 She spake some certain truths of you.
 Indeed I heard one bitter word
 That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
 Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de
 Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 There stands a spectre in your hall ;
 The guilt of blood is at your door ;
 You changed a wholesome heart to
 gall.
 You held your course without remorse,
 To make him trust his modest worth,
 And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
 And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us bent
 The gardener Adam and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
 You pine among your halls and towers ;
 The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
 You know so ill to deal with time,
 You needs must play such pranks as
 these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If time be heavy on your hands,
 Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands ?
 O, teach the orphan-boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew ;
 Pray Heaven for a human go.
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

1833. 1842.

THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me
 early, mother dear ;
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all
 the glad New-year ;
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the
 maddest merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they
 say, but none so bright as mine ;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate
 and Caroline ;
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the
 land they say,
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I
 shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the day
 begins to break ;
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and
 buds and garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye
 should I see
 But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath
 the hazel-tree ?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I
 gave him yesterday,
 But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I
 was all in white,
 And I ran by him without speaking, like a
 flash of light.
 They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not
 what they say,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that
 can never be ;
 They say his heart is breaking, mother —
 what is that to me ?
 There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any
 summer day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to
the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see
me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill
come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has
woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like
fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother,
upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to
brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole
of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and
green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are
over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill
merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all
the glad New-year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the
maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE

If you're waking call me early, call me
early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad
New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould
and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set and left
behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and
all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother,
but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf
upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we
had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they
made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the may-pole and in
the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the
tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the
frost is on the pane.
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come
again;
I wish the snow would melt and the sun
come out on high;
I long to see a flower so before the day I
die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy
tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the
fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with
summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the
mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon
that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer
sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm
upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and
all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, be-
neath the waning light
You'll never see me more in the long gray
fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer
airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and
the bulrush in the pool,

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath
 the hawthorn shade,
 And you'll come sometimes and see me
 where I am lowly laid.
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear
 you when you pass,
 With your feet above my head in the long
 and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll
 forgive me now;
 You'll kiss me, my own mother, and for-
 give me ere I go;
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your
 grief be wild;
 You should not fret for me, mother, you
 have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out
 my resting-place;
 Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall
 look upon your face;
 Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken
 what you say,
 And be often, often with you when you
 think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have
 said good-night for evermore,
 And you see me carried out from the
 threshold of the door
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my
 grave be growing green.
 She'll be a better child to you than ever I
 have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the
 granary floor.
 Let her take 'em, they are hers; I shall
 never garden more;
 But tell her, when I'm gone, to 'train the
 rosebush that I set
 About the parlor-window and the box of
 mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me before
 the day is born.
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at
 morn;
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad
 New-year,
 So, if you're waking, call me, call me
 early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet
 alive I am;
 And in the fields all round I hear the
 bleating of the lamb.
 How sadly, I remember, rose the morning
 of the year!
 To die before the snowdrop came, and
 now the violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes be-
 neath the skies,
 And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to
 me that cannot rise,
 And sweet is all the land about, and all
 the flowers that blow,
 And sweeter far is death than life to me
 that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to
 leave the blessed sun,
 And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet
 His will be done!
 But still I think it can't be long before I
 find release;
 And that good man, the clergyman, has
 told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice and on his
 silver hair!
 And blessings on his whole life long, until
 he meet me there!
 O, blessings on his kindly heart and on
 his silver head!
 A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt
 beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd
 me all the sin.
 Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late,
 there's One will let me in;
 Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if
 that could be,
 For my desire is but to pass to Him that
 died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or
 the death-watch beat,
 There came a sweeter token when the
 night and morning meet;
 But sit beside my bed, mother, and put
 your hand in mine,
 And Effie on the other side, and I will tell
 the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the
angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the
dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind
began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard
them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you
and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no
longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both,
and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music
on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd
in my bed,
And then did something speak to me — I
know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took
hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music
on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's
not for them, it's mine.'
And if it come three times, I thought, I
take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside
the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to heaven and
die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust
it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul
will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go
to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I
am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell
him not to fret;
There's many a worthier than I, would
make him happy yet.
If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might
have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be
with my desire of life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise, the
heavens are in a glow;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all
of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and
there his light may shine —
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands
than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that
ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be
beyond the sun —
For ever and for ever with those just
souls and true —
And what is life, that we should moan?
why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed
home —
And there to wait a little while till you
and Effie come —
To lie within the light of God, as I lie
upon your breast —
And the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest.

1833. 1842.

THE BLACKBIRD

O BLACKBIRD! sing me something well:
While all the neighbors shoot thee
round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou mayst warble, eat, and
dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine; the range of lawn and park;
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
Cold February love, is dry;
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once when young;

And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to
coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawk hawked his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing
 While yon sun prospers in the blue,
 Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
 Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.
 1833. 1842.

SAINT AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon;
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
 May my soul follow soon!
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord.
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
 To yonder shining ground;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
 The flashes come and go;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The Sabbaths of Eternity,
 One Sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride!

1837.

YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
 And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or
 foes
 A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent;

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But, by degrees to fullness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
 Opinions, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
 And individual freedom mute,

Tho' power should make from land to land
 The name of Britain trebly great—
 Tho' every channel of the State
 Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth,
 Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
 And I will see before I die
 The palms and temples of the South.

1833. 1842.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet;
 Above her shook the starry lights;
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
 But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down thro' town and
 field

To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to men reveal'd
 The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, Godlike, grasps the triple forks
 And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our
 dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes!

1833. 1842.

LOVE THOU THY LAND

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-brought
 From out the storied past, and used
 Within the present, but transfused
 Thro' future time by power of thought;

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
 Love, that endures not sordid ends,
 For English natures, freemen, friends,
 Thy brothers, and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
 Nor feed with crude imaginings
 The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
 That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
 To weakness, neither hide the ray
 From those, not blind, who wait for
 day,
 Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
 But let her herald, Reverence, fly
 Before her to whatever sky
 Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the
 years;
 Cut Prejudice against the grain.
 But gentle words are always gain;
 Regard the weakness of thy peers.

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
 Of pension, neither count on praise—
 It grows to guerdon after-days.
 Nor deal in watch-words overmuch;

Not clinging to some ancient saw,
 Not master'd by some modern term,
 Not swift nor slow to change, but firm;
 And in its season bring the law,

That from Discussion's lip may fall
 With Life that, working strongly,
 binds —
 Set in all lights by many minds,
 To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
 And moist and dry, devising long,
 Thro' many agents making strong,
 Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
 Our being, lest we rust in ease.
 We all are changed by still degrees,
 All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
 To ingroove itself with that which flies,
 And work, a joint of state, that plies
 Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying hard to shape in act;
 For all the past of Time reveals
 A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
 Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Even now we hear with inward strife
 A motion toiling in the gloom —
 The Spirit of the years to come
 Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
 Completion in a painful school;
 Phantoms of other forms of rule,
 New Majesties of mighty States —

The warders of the growing hour,
 But vague in vapor, hard to mark;
 And round them sea and air are dark
 With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
 Is bodied forth the second whole.
 Regard gradation, lest the soul
 Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
 And heap their ashes on the head;
 To shame the boast so often made,
 That we are wiser than our sires.

O, yet, Nature's evil star
 Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
 To follow flying steps of Truth
 Across the brazen bridge of war —

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like
Peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes;
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke.

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

1833. 1842.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur; then, because his wound
was deep,

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was
full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous
knights

Whereof this world holds record. Such a
sleep

They sleep—the men I loved. I think
that we

Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly
deeds.

Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come
again

To rule once more—but let what will be
be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou remem-
berest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an
arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,

Holding the sword—and how I row'd
across

And took it, and have worn it, like a
king;

And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known.
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring
me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee
thus,

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the
helm.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee
word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he
stept

And in the moon athwart the place of
tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient
men,

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind
sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He,
stepping down

By zigzag paths and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excali-
bur,

And o'er him, drawing it, the winter
moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,
ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against
the hilt;

For all the haft twinkled with diamond
sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth
work

Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he
stood,

This way and that dividing the swift
mind,

In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd

There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the
marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded
king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedi-
vere:

"Hast thou perform'd my mission which
I gave?"

What is it thou hast seen, or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint
and pale:

"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy
name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;

For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the
thing

I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me
word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second
time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the
mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in
thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he

smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost forever from the
earth,

Which might have pleased the eyes of
many men.

What good should follow this, if this
were done?"

What harm, undone? deep harm to dis-
obey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king de-

mand
An act unprofitable, against himself?

The king is sick, and knows not what he
does.

What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumors of a doubt? but were this
kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty
kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of
arms,

Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excali-
bur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the
lake;

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the
deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the
aftertime

To all the people, winning reverence;
But now much honor and much fame were

lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own con-
ceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded

king.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing

heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen, or what hast

heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much
in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what
thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,

Thou wouldst betray me for the precious
hilt;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee
hence;

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and
ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd
the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The
great brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the
moon,

And flashing round and round, and
whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern
morn,

Seen where the moving isles of winter
shock

By night, with noises of the northern sea,
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur;

But ere he dipped the surface, rose an
arm

Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonder-
ful,

And caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the
mere.

And lightly went the other to the king.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing
thicker breath:

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is
done.

Speak out; what is it thou hast heard,
or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the
gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never
saw,

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I
die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheel-
ing him;

But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonder-
ful,

That caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the
mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breath-
ing hard:

"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I
were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my
weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall
die."

So saying, from the pavement he half
rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,

And would have spoken, but he found not
words,

Then took with care, and kneeling on one
knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid
hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of
tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted
hard,

Like one that feels a nightmare on his
bed

When all the house is mute. So sigh'd
the king,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear,
"Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and-I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge
to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as
he walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry

Before. His own thought drove him
like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and
right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him,
as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed
heels—

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky
barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to
stern,

Beneath them; and descending they were
ware

That all the decks were dense with stately
forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream
— by these

Three queens with crowns of gold — and
from them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one
comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the
world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in
the barge,"

And to the barge they came. There
those three queens

Put forth their hands, and took the king,
and wept.

But she that rose the tallest of them
all

And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and
chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining
loud,

And dropping bitter tears against his
brow

Striped with dark blood; for all his face
was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing
east;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd
with drops

Of onset; and the light and lustrous
curls —

That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were
parch'd with dust;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that
fringed his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in
rest,

From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and
charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I
go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my
eyes?

For now I see the true old times are
dead,

When every morning brought a noble
chance,

And every chance brought out a noble
knight.

Such times have been not since the light
that led

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dis-
solved

Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,

And the days darken round me, and the
years,

Among new men, strange faces, other
minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the
barge:

"The old order changeth, yielding place
to new,

And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I
have done

May He within himself make pure! but
thou,

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are
wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,
let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or
goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer

Both for themselves and those who call
them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every
way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God.

But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt —
To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard
lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with
summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous
wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and
sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-
breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes
the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir
Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one back dot against the verge
of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

1834. 1842, 1869.¹

DORA ²

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at
them
And often thought, "I'll make them man
and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd toward William; but the
youth, because
He had always been with her in the
house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said:

"My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and
he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora. Take her for your
wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage night
and day,
For many years." But William an-
swered short:

"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora!" Then the old
man

Was wroth, and doubled up his hands,
and said:

"You will not, boy! you dare to answer
thus!

But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to
it;

Consider, William, take a month to
think,

And let me have an answer to my wish,
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall
pack,

And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly, bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at
her

The less he liked her; and his ways were
harsh;

But Dora bore them meekly. Then be-
fore

The month was out he left his father's
house,

And hired himself to work within the
fields;

And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and
wed

A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing,
Allan call'd

His niece and said: "My girl, I love you
well;

But if you speak with him that was my
son,

Or change a word with her he calls his
wife,

My home is none of yours. My will is
law."

And Dora promised, being meek. She
thought,

"It cannot be; my uncle's mind will
change!"

And days went on, and there was born
a boy

To William; then distresses came on
him,

And day by day he passed his father's
gate,

Heart-broken, and his father helped
him not.

But Dora stored what little she could
save,

And sent it them by stealth, nor did
they know

¹ In 1869 the "Morte d'Arthur" was incorporated
in the "Passing of Arthur," the last of the *Idylls of
the King*.

² See the *Life of Tennyson*, I, 195-196 and 265.

Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and
thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and
said:

"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.

But, Mary, for the sake of him that's
gone,

And for your sake, the woman that he
chose,

And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these
five years

So full a harvest. Let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye

Among the wheat; that when his heart is
glad

Of the full harvest, he may see the boy
And bless him for the sake of him that's
gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her
way

Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unswon, where many poppies
grew.

Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not, for none of all his men

Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to
him,

But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers
reap'd,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose
and took

The child once more, and sat upon the
mound;

And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his
hat

To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the
field

He spied her, and he left his men at
work,

And came and said: "Where were you
yesterday?

Whose child is that? What are you
doing here?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's
child!"

"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:

"Do with me as you will, but take the
child,

And bless him for the sake of him that's
gone!"

And Allan said: "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet
you dared

To slight it. Well—for I will take the
boy;

But go you hence, and never see me
more."

So saying, he took the boy that cried
aloud

And struggled hard. The wreath of
flowers fell

At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her
hands,

And the boy's cry came to her from the
field

More and more distant. She bow'd down
her head,

Remembering the day when first she
came,

And all the things that had been. She
bow'd down

And wept in secret; and the reapers
reap'd,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and
stood

Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in
praise

To God, that help'd her in her widow-
hood.

And Dora said: "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with
you:

He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary: "This shall never
be,

That thou shouldst take my trouble on
thyself;

And, now I think, he shall not have the
boy,

For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother.

Therefore thou and I will
go,

And I will have my boy, and bring him
home;

And I will beg of him to take thee back.

But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one
house,
And work for William's child, until he
grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the
farm.

The door was off the latch; they peep'd,
and saw

The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's
knees,

Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapped him on the hands and on the
cheeks,

Like one that loved him; and the lad
stretch'd out

And babbled for the golden seal, that
hung

From Allan's watch and sparkled by the
fire.

Then they came in; but when the boy
beheld

His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

"O father!—if you let me call you
so—

I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I
come

For Dora; take her back, she loves you
well.

O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he
said,

He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he
said

That he was wrong to cross his father
thus.

'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he
never know

The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then
he turn'd

His face and pass'd—unhappy that I
am!

But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to
slight

His father's memory; and take Dora
back,

And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the
room;

And all at once the old man burst in sobs:

"I have been to blame—to blame. I
have kill'd my son.

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—
my dear son.

May God forgive me!—I have been to
blame.

Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about

The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many
times.

And all the man was broken with re-
morse;

And all his love came back a hundred-
fold;

And for three hours he sobb'd o'er
William's child

Thinking of William.

So those four abode

Within one house together, and as years
Went forward Mary took another mate;

But Dora lived unmarried till her death.
About 1835. 1842.

ULYSSES ¹

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren
crags.

Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and
dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and
know not me.

I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have en-
joy'd

Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with
those

That loved me, and alone; on shore, and
when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known,—cities
of men

And manners, climates, councils, govern-
ments,

Myself not least, but honor'd of them
all,—

And drunk delight of battle with my
peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, I, 106.

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose
margin fades

For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled
on life

Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something
more,

A bringer of new things: and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard
myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the
isle,—

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make
mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the
sphere

Of common duties decent, not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I
mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her
sail;

There gloom the dark, broad seas. My
mariners,

Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and
thought with me,—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and op-
posed

Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I
are old;

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the
end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be
done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with
Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the
rocks;

The long day wanes; the slow moon
climbs; the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come,
my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose
holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us
down;

It may be we shall touch the Happy
Isles,

And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and
tho'

We are not now that strength which in
old days

Moved earth and heaven, that which we
are, we are,—

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong
in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
yield. 1842.

LOCKSLEY HALL¹

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while
as yet 'tis early morn;

Leave me here, and when you want me,
sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of
old, the curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying
over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance over-
looks the sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring
into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied case-
ment, ere I went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly
to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising
thro' the mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled
in a silver braid.

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, I, 176 and 195.

- Here about the beach I wander'd, nour-
ishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the
long result of time;
- When the centuries behind me like a
fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the
promise that it closed;
- When I dipped into the future far as
human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the
wonder that would be. —
- In the spring a fuller crimson comes
upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets
himself another crest;
- In the spring a livelier iris changes on the
burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love.
- Then her cheek was pale and thinner
than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a
mute observance hung.
- And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and
speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my
being sets to thee."
- On her pallid cheek and forehead came a
color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in
the northern night.
- And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with
a sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark
of hazel eyes —
- Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing
they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?"
weeping, "I have loved thee long."
- Love took up the glass of time, and
turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself
in golden sands.
- Love took up the harp of Life, and smote
on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
past in music out of sight.
- Many a morning on the moorland did we
hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with
the fulness of the spring.
- Many an evening by the waters did we
watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the
touching of the lips.
- O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my
Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary, moorland! O the
barren, barren shore!
- Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than
all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile
to a shrewish tongue!
- Is it well to wish thee happy? having
known me — to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a nar-
rower heart than mine!
- Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his
level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse
to sympathize with clay.
- As the husband is, the wife is; thou art
mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down.
- He will hold thee, when his passion shall
have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little
dearer than his horse.
- What is this? his eyes are heavy; think
not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him, it is thy duty; kiss him, take
his hand in thine.
- It may be my lord is weary, that his brain
is overwrought;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch
him with thy lighter thought.
- He will answer to the purpose, easy
things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I
slew thee with my hand!
- Better thou and I were lying, hidden
from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent
in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin
against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us
from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from
honest Nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the
straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should bluster! —
Hadst thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee
more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that
which bears but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my
heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such
length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads
the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the
records of the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her
as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd; sweetly
did she speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look
at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her
for the love she bore?

No — she never loved me truly; love is
love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this
is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is re-
membering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it,
lest thy heart be put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when
the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and
thou art staring at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers,
and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, point-
ing to his drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the
tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never,"
whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the
ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient
kindness on thy pain.

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get
thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for
a tender voice will cry.

'Tis a purer life than thine, a lip to drain
thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest
rival brings thee rest.

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me
from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with
a dearness not his due.

Half is thine and half is his; it will be
worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy
petty part,

With a little hoard of maxims preaching
down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings
— she herself was not exempt —

Truly, she herself had suffer'd" — Perish
in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy!
wherefore should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I
wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to,
lighting upon days like these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens
but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all
the markets overflow.

I have but an angry fancy; what is that
which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on
the foeman's ground,

When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and
the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the
hurt that Honor feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling
at each other's heels.

- Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn
that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou
wondrous Mother-Age!
- Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and
the tumult of my life;
- Yearning for the large excitement that
the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he
leaves his father's field,
- And at night along the dusky highway
near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring
like a dreary dawn;
- And his spirit leaps within him to be gone
before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in
among the throngs of men;
- Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest
of the things that they shall do.
- For I dipped into the future, far as human
eye could see.
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be;
- Saw the heavens fill with commerce, ar-
gosies of magic sails,
Pilot of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;
- Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and
there rain'd a ghastly dew
For the nations' airy navies grappling
in the central blue;
- Far along the world-wide whisper of the
south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plung-
ing thro' the thunder-storm.
- Till the war-drum throb'd no longer,
and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation
of the world.
- There the common sense of most shall
hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
lapped in universal law.
- So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping
thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left
me with the jaundiced eye;
- Eye, to which all order festers, all things
here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creep-
ing on from point to point;
- Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion,
creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind
a slowly-dying fire.
- Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one in-
creasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd
with the process of the suns.
- What is that to him that reaps not har-
vest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for
ever like a boy's?
- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the
world is more and more.
- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the
stillness of his rest.
- Hark, my merry comrades call me,
sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a
target for their scorn.
- Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such
a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have
loved so slight a thing.
- Weakness to be wroth with weakness!
woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions
bounded in a shallower brain.
- Woman is the lesser man, and all thy
passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as
water unto wine —
- Here at least, where nature sickens,
nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my
life began to beat,

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my
father evil-starr'd;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish
uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to
wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gate-
ways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow
moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in
cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an
European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,
swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs
the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-
purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment
more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the
thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall
have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she
shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall
dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and
hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap
the rainbows of the brooks.
Not with blinded eyesight poring over
miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I
know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower
than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant
of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a
beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to
me were sun or clime!
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost
files of time—

I that rather held it better men should
perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. For-
ward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down
the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep
into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle
of Cathay.

Mother-Age, — for mine I knew not, —
help me as when life begun;
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash
the lightnings, weigh the sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit
hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro'
all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long fare-
well to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now
for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blacken-
ing over heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its
breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or
hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring sea-
ward, and I go. 1842.

GODIVA

*I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there
I shaped*

The city's ancient legend into this:—

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that
prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the
people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but
she
Did more, and underwent, and over-
came,

The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who
ruled

In Coventry; for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers
brought

Their children, clamoring, "If we pay,
we starve!"

She sought her lord, and found him,
where he strode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their
tears,

And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax
they starve."

Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger
ache

For such as *these*?" — "But I would
die," said she.

He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by
Paul,

Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear:
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!"
she said,

"But prove me what it is I would not
do."

And from a heart as rough as Esau's
hand,

He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the
town,

And I repeat it;" and nodding, as in
scorn,

He parted, with great strides among his
dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and
blow,

Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet,
all

The hard condition, but that she would
loose

The people; therefore, as they loved her
well,

From then till noon no foot should pace
the street,

No eye look down, she passing, but that
all

Should keep within, door shut, and win-
dow barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and
there

Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,

The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer
moon

Half-dipped in cloud. Anon she shook
her head,

And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her
knee;

Unclad herself in haste; adown the
stair

Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam
slid

From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her pal-
frey trapt

In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with
chastity.

The deep air listen'd round her as she
rode,

And all the low wind hardly breathed
for fear.

The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the
spout

Had cunning eyes to see; the barking
cur

Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's
footfall shot

Light horrors thro' her pulses; the blind
walls

Were full of chinks and holes; and over-
head

Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but
she

Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she
saw

The white-flower'd elder-thicket from
the field

Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the
wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with
chastity.

And one low churl, compact of thankless
earth,

The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,

Peep'd — but his eyes, before they had
their will,

Were shrivell'd into darkness in his
head,

And dropped before him. So the Powers,
who wait

On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd; and all
at once,

With twelve great shocks of sound, the
shameless noon

Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
 One after one; but even then she gain'd
 Her bower, whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away
 And built herself an everlasting name.
 1842.

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel;
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favors fall!
 For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall;
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine;
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns.
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice, but none are there;
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark.
 I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
 I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!
 Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odors haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armor that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail. 1842.

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute wave deliver;
 No more by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet, then a river;
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
 And here thine aspen shiver;
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver;
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever. 1842.

THE VISION OF SIN

I

I HAD a vision when the night was late;
 A youth came riding toward a palace-
 gate.

He rode a horse with wings, that would
 have flown,
 But that his heavy rider kept him down.
 And from the palace came a child of sin,
 And took him by the curls, and led him
 in,

Where sat a company with heated eyes,
 Expecting when a fountain should arise,
 A sleepy light upon their brows and lips—
 As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,
 Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and
 capes—

Suffused them; sitting, lying, languid
 shapes,

By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine,
 and piles of grapes.

II

Then methought I heard a mellow sound,
 Gathering up from all the lower ground;
 Narrowing in to where they sat assembled,
 Low voluptuous music winding trembled,
 Woven in circles. They that heard it
 sigh'd,

Panted hand-in-hand with faces pale,
 Swung themselves, and in low tones re-
 plied;

Till the fountain spouted, showering wide
 Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail.
 Then the music touch'd the gates and died,
 Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,
 Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing gale;
 Till thronging in and in, to where they
 waited,

As 't were a hundred-throated nightingale,
 The strong tempestuous treble throbb'd
 and palpitated;

Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,
 Caught the sparkles, and in circles,
 Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes,
 Flung the torrent rainbow round.
 Then they started from their places,
 Moved with violence, changed in hue,
 Caught each other with wild grimaces,
 Half-invisible to the view,
 Wheeling with precipitate paces
 To the melody, till they flew,
 Hair and eyes and limbs and faces,
 Twisted hard in fierce embraces,
 Like to Furies, like to Graces,
 Dash'd together in blinding dew;
 Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,
 The nerve-dissolving melody
 Fluttered headlong from the sky.

III

And then I look'd up toward a mountain-
 tract,
 That girt the region with high cliff and
 lawn.

I saw that every morning, far with-
 drawn

Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
 God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,
 Unheeded; and detaching, fold by fold,
 From those still heights, and, slowly
 drawing near,

A vapor heavy, hueless, formless, cold,
 Came floating on for many a month and
 year,

Unheeded; and I thought I would have
 spoken,

And warn'd that madman ere it grew too
 late,

But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine
 was broken,

When that cold vapor touch'd the palace-
 gate,

And link'd again. I saw within my head
 A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as
 death,

Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath,
 And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

IV

"Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin!
 Here is custom come your way;
 Take my brute, and lead him in,
 Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

"Bitter barmaid, waning fast!
See that sheets are on my bed.
What! the flower of life is past;
It is long before you wed.

"Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour,
At the Dragon on the heath!
Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

"I am old, but let me drink;
Bring me spices, bring me wine;
I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine.

"Wine is good for shrivell'd lips,
When a blanket wraps the day.
When the rotten woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

"Sit thee down, and have no shame,
Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee;
What care I for any name?
What for order or degree?

"Let me screw thee up a peg;
Let me loose thy tongue with wine;
Callest thou that thing a leg?
Which is thinnest? thine or mine?

"Thou shalt not be saved by works,
Thou hast been a sinner too;
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,
Empty scarecrows, I and you!

"Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn,
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

"We are men of ruin'd blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise.
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy-flies.

"Name and fame! to fly sublime
Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,
Is to be the ball of Time,
Banded by the hands of fools.

"Friendship! — to be two in one —
Let the canting liar pack!
Well I know, when I am gone,
How she mouths behind my back.

"Virtue! — to be good and just —
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

"O, we two as well can look
Whited thought and cleanly life
As the priest, above his book
Leering at his neighbor's wife.

"Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn:
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

"Drink, and let the parties rave;
They are fill'd with idle spleen,
Rising, falling, like a wave,
For they know not what they mean.

"He that roars for liberty
Faster binds a tyrant's power,
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.

"Fill the can and fill the cup;
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

"Greet her with applausive breath,
Freedom, gaily doth she tread;
In her right a civic wreath,
In her left a human head.

"No, I love not what is new;
She is of an ancient house,
And I think we know the hue
Of that cap upon her brows.

"Let her go! her thirst she slakes
Where the bloody conduit runs,
Then her sweetest meal she makes
On the first-born of her sons.

"Drink to lofty hopes that cool, —
Visions of a perfect State;
Drink we, last, the public fool,
Frantic love and frantic hate.

"Chant me now some wicked stave,
Till thy drooping courage rise,
And the glow-worm of the grave
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

"Fear not thou to loose thy tongue,
Set thy hoary fancies free;
What is loathsome to the young
Savors well to thee and me.

"Change, reverting to the years,
When thy nerves could understand
What there is in loving tears,
And the warmth of hand in hand.

"Tell me tales of thy first love —
 April hopes, the fools of chance —
 Till the graves begin to move,
 And the dead begin to dance.

"Fill the can and fill the cup;
 All the windy ways of men
 Are but dust that rises up,
 And is lightly laid again.

"Trooping from their mouldy dens
 The chap-fallen circle spreads —
 Welcome, fellow-citizens,
 Hollow hearts and empty heads!

"You are bones, and what of that?
 Every face, however full,
 Padded round with flesh and fat,
 Is but modell'd on a skull.

"Death is king, and Vivat Rex!
 Tread a measure on the stones,
 Madam — if I know your sex
 From the fashion of your bones.

"No, I cannot praise the fire
 In your eye — nor yet your lip;
 All the more do I admire
 Joints of cunning workmanship.

"Lo! God's likeness — the ground-
 plan —
 Neither modell'd, glazed, nor framed:
 Buss me, thou rough sketch of man,
 Far too naked to be shamed!

"Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance,
 While we keep a little breath!
 Drink to heavy Ignorance!
 Hob-and-nob with brother Death!

"Thou art mazed, the night is long,
 And the longer night is near —
 What! I am not all as wrong
 As a bitter jest is dear.

"Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,
 When the locks are crisp and curl'd;
 Unto me my maudlin gall
 And my mockeries of the world.

"Fill the cup and fill the can;
 Mingle madness, mingle scorn!
 Dregs of life, and lees of man;
 Yet we will not die forlorn."

v

The voice grew faint; there came a further
 change;
 Once more uprose the mystic mountain
 range.

Below were men and horses pierced with
 worms,
 And slowly quickening into lower forms;
 By shards and scurf of salt, and scum of
 dross,

Old plash of rains, and refuse patch'd
 with moss.

Then some one spake: "Behold! it was
 a crime

Of sense avenged by sense that wore with
 time."

Another said: "The crime of sense be-
 came

The crime of malice, and is equal blame."
 And one: "He had not wholly quench'd

his power;
 A little grain of conscience made him
 sour."

At last I heard a voice upon the slope
 Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"
 To which an answer peal'd from that
 high land,

But in a tongue no man could under-
 stand;

And on the glimmering limit far with-
 drawn

God made Himself an awful rose of
 dawn. 1842.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O, well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me. 1842

THE POET'S SONG

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He pass'd by the town and out of the street;
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat;
 And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the fly,
 The snake slipped under a spray,
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And stared, with his foot on the prey;
 And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
 But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will be
 When the years have died away." 1842.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

IN her ear he whispers gaily,
 "If my heart by signs can tell,
 Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well."
 She replies, in accents fainter,
 "There is none I love like thee."
 He is but a landscape-painter,
 And a village maiden she.
 He to lips that fondly falter
 Presses his without reproof,
 Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof.
 "I can make no marriage present;
 Little can I give my wife.
 Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life."
 They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand;
 Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land.
 From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
 "Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
 So she goes by him attended,
 Hears him lovingly converse,
 Sees whatever fair and splendid
 Lay betwixt his home and hers;

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
 Parks and order'd gardens great,
 Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.
 All he shows her makes him dearer;
 Evermore she seems to gaze
 On that cottage growing nearer,
 Where they twain will spend their days.
 O, but she will love him truly!
 He shall have a cheerful home;
 She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come.
 Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
 Till a gateway she discerns
 With armorial bearings stately,
 And beneath the gate she turns,
 Sees a mansion more majestic
 Than all those she saw before.
 Many a gallant gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door;
 And they speak in gentle murmur,
 When they answer to his call,
 While he treads with footstep firmer,
 Leading on from hall to hall.
 And, while now she wonders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,
 "All of this is mine and thine,"
 Here he lives in state and bounty,
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
 Not a lord in all the county
 Is so great a lord as he.
 All at once the color flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin;
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.
 Then her countenance all over
 Pale again as death did prove;
 But he clasp'd her like a lover,
 And he cheer'd her soul with love.
 So she strove against her weakness,
 Tho' at times her spirit sank,
 Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
 To all duties of her rank;
 And a gentle consort made he,
 And her gentle mind was such
 That she grew a noble lady,
 And the people loved her much.
 But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
 And perplex'd her, night and morn,
 With the burthen of an honor
 Unto which she was not born.
 Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
 And she murmur'd, "O, that he
 Were once more that landscape-painter
 Which did win my heart from me!"

So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
 Fading slowly from his side;
 Three fair children first she bore him,
 Then before her time she died.
 Weeping, weeping late and early,
 Walking up and pacing down,
 Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
 And he came to look upon her,
 And he look'd at her and said,
 "Bring the dress and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."
 Then her people, softly treading,
 Bore to earth her body, drest
 In the dress that she was wed in,
 That her spirit might have rest.

1842.

THE BEGGAR MAID

Founded on the old ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," which was very popular in its day, and is alluded to by Shakespeare in *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Richard II*, and *Romeo and Juliet*.

HER arms across her breast she laid;
 She was more fair than words can say;
 Barefooted came the beggar maid
 Before the king Cophetua.
 In robe and crown the king step'd down,
 To meet and greet her on her way;
 "It is no wonder," said the lords,
 "She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
 She in her poor attire was seen;
 One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
 One her dark hair and loveliest mien.
 So sweet a face, such angel grace,
 In all that land had never been.

Cophetua sware a royal oath:

"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

1842.

LYRICS FROM THE PRINCESS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they
 mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine de-
 spair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the
 eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no
 more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a
 sail,
 That brings our friends up from the
 underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the
 verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no
 more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer
 dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering
 square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no
 more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
 feign'd
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all re-
 gret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no
 more!

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying
 south,
 Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
 And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O, tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest
 each,
 That bright and fierce and fickle is the
 South,
 And dark and true and tender is the
 North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow,
 and light
 Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
 And cheep and twitter twenty million
 loves.

O, were I thou that she might take me
 in,
 And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
 Would rock the snowy cradle till I died!

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart
 with love,
 Delaying as the tender ash delays
 To clothe herself, when all the woods are
 green?

O, tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is
flown;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is
made.

O, tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the
South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden
woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and
make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens reply-
ing,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dy-
ing, dying.

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.

A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and
thee.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry.
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stepped,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Ask me no more: the moon may draw
the sea!

The cloud may stoop from heaven and
take the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd
thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I
give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee
die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are
seal'd;

I strove against the stream and all in
vain;

Let the great river take me to the main.
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

1847-1850.¹

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII²

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou'rt just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

¹ The first two of these lyrics, included in the body of the work, were published in the original edition, 1847; the others, inserted between the sections of the poem, were first given in the edition of 1850.

² Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson's closest friend, and betrothed to Tennyson's sister Emily, died at Vienna, September 15, 1833. See the *Life of Tennyson*, I, 49-55, 75-83, 104-108, and 295-327.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849.¹

III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;
A web is woven across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun;

¹ It must be particularly noticed that this introductory poem was among the *last written* of those which make up *In Memoriam*. The early parts begin with No. II. or No. III.

On the development of thought and feeling in the poem as a whole, which is fully shown in the parts here given, see Thomas Davidson's *Prolegomena to In Memoriam*, Alfred Gatty's *Key to In Memoriam*, and J. F. Genung's *In Memoriam*. See also the special Bibliography on page 444.

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands —
 With all the music in her tone,
 A hollow echo of my own, —
 A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind,
 Embrace her as my natural good;
 Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
 Upon the threshold of the mind?

V

I sometimes hold it half a sin
 To put in words the grief I feel;
 For words, like Nature, half reveal
 And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
 A use in measured language lies;
 The sad mechanic exercise,
 Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
 But that large grief which these enfold
 Is given in outline and no more.

VI

One writes, that "other friends remain,"
 That "loss is common to the race" —
 And common is the commonplace,
 And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
 My own less bitter, rather more.
 Too common! Never morning wore
 To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
 Who pledgest now thy gallant son,
 A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
 Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
 Thy sailor, — while thy head is bow'd,
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
 At that last hour to please him well;
 Who mused on all I had to tell,
 And something written, something
 thought;

Expecting still his advent home;
 And ever met him on his way
 With wishes, thinking, "here to-day,"
 Or "here to-morrow will he come."

O, somewhere, meek, unconscious dove
 That sittest ranging golden hair;
 And glad to find thyself so fair,
 Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
 In expectation of a guest;
 And thinking "this will please him
 best,"

She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
 And with the thought her color burns;
 And, having left the glass, she turns
 Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
 Had fallen, and her future lord
 Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
 Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O, what to her shall be the end?
 And what to me remains of good?
 To her perpetual maidenhood,
 And unto me no second friend.

VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand
 Here in the long unlovely street,
 Doors, where my heart was used to beat
 So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more —
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
 And like a guilty thing I creep
 At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
 The noise of life begins again,
 And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
 On the bald street breaks the blank day.

IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
 Sailest the placid ocean-plains
 With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
 Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
 In vain; a favorable speed
 Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
 Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
 Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
 As our pure love, thro' early light
 Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
 My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
 Till all my widow'd race be run;
 Dear as the mother to the son,
 More than my brothers are to me.

X

I hear the noise about thy keel;
 I hear the bell struck in the night;
 I see the cabin-window bright;
 I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
 And travell'd men from foreign lands;
 And letters unto trembling hands;
 And thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him; we have idle dreams;
 This look of quiet flatters thus
 Our home-bred fancies. O, to us,
 The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
 That takes the sunshine and the rains,
 Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
 The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
 Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine,
 And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
 Should toss with tangle and with shells.

XI

Calm is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief.
 And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground;

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the
 furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold;

Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps with all its autumn
 bowers,
 And crowded farms and lessening
 towers,
 To mingle with the bounding main;

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that redden to the fall,
 And in my heart, if calm at all,
 If any calm, a calm despair;

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,
 And dead calm in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XIII

Tears of the widower, when he sees
 A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
 And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
 Her place is empty, fall like these;

Which weep a loss for ever new,
 A void where heart on heart reposed;
 And, where warm hands have prest and
 closed,
 Silence, till I be silent too;

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
 An awful thought, a life removed,
 The human-hearted man I loved,
 A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come, Time, and teach me, many years,
 I do not suffer in a dream;
 For now so strange do these things
 seem,
 Mine eyes have leisure for their tears,

My fancies time to rise on wing,
 And glance about the approaching
 sails,
 As tho' they brought but merchants'
 bales,
 And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV

If one should bring me this report,
 That thou hadst touch'd the land today
 And I went down unto the quay,
 And found thee lying in the port;

And standing, muffled round with woe,
 Should see thy passengers in rank
 Come stepping lightly down the plank,
 And beckoning unto those they know;

And if along with these should come
 The man I held as half-divine,
 Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
 And ask a thousand things of home;

And I should tell him all my pain,
 And how my life had droop'd of late,
 And he should sorrow o'er my state
 And marvel what possess'd my brain;

And I perceived no touch of change,
 No hint of death in all his frame,
 But found him all in all the same,
 I should not feel it to be strange.

XVIII

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
 Where he in English earth is laid,
 And from his ashes may be made
 The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
 As if the quiet bones were blest
 Among familiar names to rest
 And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
 That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
 And come, whatever loves to weep,
 And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, even yet, if this might be,
 I, falling on his faithful heart,
 Would breathing thro' his lips impart
 The life that almost dies in me;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
 And slowly forms the firmer mind,
 Treasuring the look it cannot find,
 The words that are not heard again.

XIX

The Danube to the Severn gave
 The darken'd heart that beat no more,
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,
 And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
 The salt sea-water passes by,
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,
 And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
 And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
 When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
 I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
 Is vocal in its wooded walls;
 My deeper anguish also falls,
 And I can speak a little then.

XXI

I sing to him that rests below,
 And, since the grasses round me wave
 I take the grasses of the grave,
 And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
 And sometimes harshly will he speak:
 "This fellow would make weakness
 weak,
 And melt the waxen hearts of men."

Another answers: "Let him be,
 He loves to make parade of pain,
 That with his piping he may gain
 The praise that comes to constancy."

A third is wroth: "Is this an hour
 For private sorrow's barren song,
 When more and more the people throng
 The chairs and thrones of civil power?"

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
 When Science reaches forth her arms
 To feel from world to world, and
 charms
 Her secret from the latest moon?"

Behold, ye speak an idle thing;
 Ye never knew the sacred dust.
 I do but sing because I must,
 And pipe but as the linnets sing;

And one is glad; her note is gay,
 For now her little ones have ranged;
 And one is sad; her note is changed,
 Because her brood is stolen away.

XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
 Or breaking into song by fits,
 Alone, alone, to where he sits,
 The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
 I wander, often falling lame,
 And looking back to whence I came,
 Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, How changed from where it
 ran
 Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb,
 But all the lavish hills would hum
 The murmur of a happy Pan;

When each by turns was guide to each,
 And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
 And Thought leaped out to wed with
 Thought
 Ere Thought could wed itself with
 Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
 And all was good that Time could
 bring.
 And all the secret of the Spring
 Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy
 On Argive heights divinely sang,
 And round us all the thicket rang
 To many a flute of Arcady.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
 The captive void of noble rage,
 The linnet born within the cage,
 That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
 Nor any wapt-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;
 'T is better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ
 The moon is hid, the night is still;
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
 From far and near, on mead and moor,
 Swell out and fail, as if a door
 Were shut between me and the sound;

Each voice four changes on the wind,
 That now dilate, and now decrease,
 Peace and goodwill, goodwill and
 peace,
 Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept, and woke with pain,
 I almost wish'd no more to wake,
 And that my hold on life would break
 Before I heard those bells again;

But they my troubled spirit rule,
 For they controll'd me when a boy;
 They bring me sorrow touch'd with
 joy,
 The merry, merry bells of Yule.

XXX

With trembling fingers did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
 And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
 We gamboll'd, making vain pretence
 Of gladness, with an awful sense
 Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech;
 We heard them sweep the winter land;
 And in a circle hand-in-hand
 Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
 We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
 A merry song we sang with him
 Last year; impetuously we sang.

We ceased; a gentler feeling crept
 Upon us: surely rest is meet.
 "They rest," we said, "their sleep is
 sweet,"
 And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
 Once more we sang: "They do not die
 Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
 Nor change to us, although they change;

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail
 With gather'd power, yet the same,
 Pierces the keen seraphic flame
 From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
 Draw forth the cheerful day from
 night:
 O Father, touch the east, and light
 The light that shone when Hope was
 born.

XXXI

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded — if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four
days?"

There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not, or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful
prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

XXXIII

O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer
air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good.
O, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And even for want of such a type.

XL

Could we forget the widow'd hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower!

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love:

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern!
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old;

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here pro-
posed,
Then these were such as men might scorn.

Her care is not to part and prove;
 She takes, when harsher moods remit,
 What slender shade of doubt may flit,
 And makes it vassal unto love;

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
 But better serves a wholesome law,
 And holds it sin and shame to draw
 The deepest measure from the chords;

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
 But rather loosens from the lip
 Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
 Their wings in tears, and skim away.

LIV

O, yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night;
 An infant crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likeliest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no.
 From scarped cliff and quarried stone
 She cries, "A thousand types are gone;
 I care for nothing, all shall go."

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
 I bring to life, I bring to death;
 The spirit does but mean the breath:
 I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
 And love Creation's final law —
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,
 That tare each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
 What hope of answer, or redress?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

Peace; come away: the song of woe
 Is after all an earthly song.
 Peace; come away: we do him wrong
 To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
 But half my life I leave behind.
 Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
 But I shall pass, my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
 One set slow bell will seem to toll
 The passing of the sweetest soul
 That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
 Eternal greetings to the dead;
 And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
 "Adieu, adieu," for evermore.

LVIII

In those sad words I took farewell.
 Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
 As drop by drop the water falls
 In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
 Of hearts that beat from day to day,
 Half-conscious of their dying clay,
 And those cold crypts where they shall
 cease.

The high Muse answer'd: "Wherefore
 grieve
 Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
 Abide a little longer here,
 And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

LXIV

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
 As some divinely gifted man,
 Whose life in low estate began
 And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
 And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
 And breasts the blows of circumstance,
 And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known
 And lives to clutch the golden keys,
 To mould a mighty state's decrees,
 And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
 The pillar of a people's hope,
 The center of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
 When all his active powers are still,
 A distant dearthness in the hill,
 A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
 While yet beside its vocal springs
 He play'd at counsellors and kings
 With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
 And reaps the labor of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands:
 "Does my old friend remember me?"

LXVII

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
 I know that in thy place of rest
 By that broad water of the west
 There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
 As slowly steals a silver flame
 Along the letters of thy name,
 And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away,
 From off my bed the moonlight dies;
 And closing eaves of wearied eyes
 I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray;

And then I know the mist is drawn
 A lucid veil from coast to coast,
 And in the dark church like a ghost
 Thy tablet glimmers in the dawn.

LXXIV

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
 To those that watch it more and more.
 A likeness, hardly seen before,
 Comes out — to some one of his race;

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
 I see thee what thou art, and know
 Thy likeness to the wise below,
 Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
 And what I see I leave unsaid,
 Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
 His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXVIII

Again at Christmas did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 The silent snow possess'd the earth,
 And calmly fell our Christmas-eve.

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
 No wing of wind the region swept,
 But over all things brooding slept
 The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
 Again our ancient games had place,
 The mimic picture's breathing grace,
 And dance and song and hoodman-blind

Who show'd a token of distress?
 No single tear, no mark of pain —
 O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
 O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
 No — mixed with all this mystic frame,
 Her deep relations are the same,
 But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXXIII

Dip down upon the northern shore,
 O sweet new-year delaying long;
 Thou doest expectant Nature wrong;
 Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
 Thy sweetness from its proper place;
 Can trouble live with April days,
 Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
 The little speedwell's darling blue,
 Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
 That longs to burst a frozen bud
 And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXV

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
 I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
 'T is better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all —

O true in word, and tried in deed,
 Demanding, so to bring relief
 To this which is our common grief,
 What kind of life is that I lead;

And whether trust in things above
 Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
 And whether love for him have drain'd
 My capabilities of love;

Your words have virtue such as draws
 A faithful answer from the breast,
 Thro' light reproaches, half expressed
 And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,
 Till on mine ear this message falls,
 That in Vienna's fatal walls
 God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair
 That range above our mortal state,
 In circle round the blessed gate,
 Received and gave him welcome there

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
 And show'd him in the fountain fresh
 All knowledge that the sons of flesh
 Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
 Whose life, whose thoughts were little
 worth,
 To wander on a darken'd earth,
 Where all things round me breathed of
 him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
 O heart, with kindest motion warm,
 O sacred essence, other form,
 O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
 How much of act at human hands
 The sense of human will demands
 By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
 I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
 His being working in mine own,
 The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
 With gifts of grace, that might express
 All-comprehensive tenderness,
 All-subtilizing intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved
 To works of weakness, but I find
 An image comforting the mind,
 And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
 That loved to handle spiritual strife,
 Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
 But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
 For other friends that once I met;
 Nor can it suit me to forget
 The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
 To mourn for any overmuch;
 I, the divided half of such
 A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
 Eternal, separate from fears.
 The all-assuming months and years
 Can take no part away from this;

But Summer on the steaming floods,
 And Spring that swells the narrow
 brooks,
 And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
 That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
 Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
 My old affection of the tomb,
 And my prime passion in the grave.

My old affection of the tomb,
 A part of stillness, yearns to speak :
 "Arise, and get thee forth and seek
 A friendship for the years to come.

"I watch thee from the quiet shore ;
 Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;
 But in dear words of human speech
 We two communicate no more."

And I, "Can clouds of nature stain
 The starry clearness of the free?
 How is it? Canst thou feel for me
 Some painless sympathy with pain?"

And lightly does the whisper fall :
 "Tis hard for thee to fathom this ;
 I triumph in conclusive bliss,
 And that serene result of all."

So hold I commerce with the dead ;
 Or so methinks the dead would say ;
 Or so shall grief with symbols play
 And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
 That those things pass, and I shall
 prove
 A meeting somewhere, love with love,
 I crave your pardon, O my friend ;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
 I, clasping brother-hands, aver
 I could not, if I would, transfer
 The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
 The promise of the golden hours?
 First love, first friendship, equal powers,
 That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
 That beats within a lonely place,
 That yet remembers his embrace,
 But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
 Quite in the love of what is gone,
 But seeks to beat in time with one
 That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
 Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
 The primrose of the later year,
 As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
 That rollest from the gorgeous gloom,
 Of evening over brake and bloom
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
 Thro' all the dewy tassell'd wood,
 And shadowing down the horned flood
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
 The full new life that feeds thy breath
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and
 Death,
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
 On leagues of odor streaming far,
 To where in yonder orient star
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

LXXXVII

I past beside the reverend walls
 In which of old I wore the gown ;
 I roved at random thro' the town,
 And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes
 The storm their high-built organs make,
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake
 The prophet blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,
 The measured pulse of racing oars
 Among the willows ; paced the shores
 And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
 The same, but not the same ; and last
 Up that long walk of limes I past
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door.
 I linger'd; all within was noise
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
 That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
 And labor, and the changing mart,
 And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
 But send it slackly from the string;
 And one would pierce an outer ring,
 And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he,
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
 We lent him. Who but hung to hear
 The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo?

LXXXVIII

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
 Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
 O, tell me where the senses mix,
 O, tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
 Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
 And in the midmost heart of grief
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy;

And I — my harp would prelude woe —
 I cannot all command the strings;
 The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go.

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue
 eyes
 Are tender over drowning flies,
 You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true;

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd
 strength,
 He would not make his judgment blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the
 light,
 And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
 Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees;
 He finds on misty mountain-ground
 His own vast shadow glory-crown'd;
 He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life —
 I look'd on these and thought of thee
 In vastness and in mystery,
 And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two — they dwelt with eye on eye,
 Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
 Their meetings made December June,
 Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away;
 The days she never can forget
 Are earnest that he loves her yet,
 Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart;
 He loves her yet, she will not weep,
 Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
 He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
 He reads the secret of the star,
 He seems so near and yet so far,
 He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,
 A wither'd violet is her bliss;
 She knows not what his greatness is,
 For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixed and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise.
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
"I cannot understand; I love."

CII

We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky;
The roofs that heard our earliest cry
Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I move,
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, "Here thy boyhood sung
Long since its matin song, and heard
The low love-language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung."

The other answers, "Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours
With thy lost friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear."

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go; my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms;
They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days
But all is new unhallow'd ground,

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVIII

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of death?

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting
hymns?
And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face,

I'll rather take what fruit may be
 Of sorrow under human skies :
 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
 Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down
 Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
 To him who grasps a golden ball,
 By blood a king, at heart a clown, —

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
 His want in forms for fashion's sake,
 Will let his coltish nature break
 At seasons thro' the gilded pale;

For who can always act? but he,
 To whom a thousand memories call,
 Not being less but more than all
 The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
 Each office of the social hour
 To noble manners, as the flower
 And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
 Or villain fancy fleeting by,
 Drew in the expression of an eye
 Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
 The grand old name of gentleman,
 Defamed by every charlatan,
 And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXIII

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise;
 Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
 Which not alone had guided me,
 But served the seasons that may rise;

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen
 In intellect, with force and skill
 To strive, to fashion, to fulfil —
 I doubt not what thou wouldst have been :

A life in civic action warm,
 A soul on highest mission sent,
 A potent voice of Parliament,
 A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,
 Becoming, when the time has birth,
 A lever to uplift the earth
 And roll it in another course,

With thousand shocks that come and go,
 With agonies, with energies,
 With overthrowings, and with cries,
 And undulations to and fro.

CXIV

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
 Against her beauty? May she mix
 With men and prosper! Who shall fix
 Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire;
 She sets her forward countenance
 And leaps into the future chance,
 Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain —
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 What is she, cut from love and faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons? fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her place;
 She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain, and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
 With Wisdom, like the younger child.

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 O friend, who camest to thy goal
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
 Who grewest not alone in power
 And knowledge, but by year and hour
 In reverence and in charity.

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea.

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their
 sky
 To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too, and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
 The giant laboring in his youth;
 Nor dream of human love and truth
 As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
 Are breathers of an ampler day
 For ever nobler ends. They say,
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
 And grew to seeming-random forms,
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
 Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to
 clime,
 The herald of a higher race,
 And of himself in higher place,
 If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
 Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
 Like glories, move his course, and
 show
 That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
 And heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
 Move upward, working out the beast,
 And let the ape and tiger die.

CXXIII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
 O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
 There where the long street roars hath
 been
 The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing
 stands;
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and
 go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
 And dream my dream, and hold it true;
 For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

That which we dare invoke to bless;
 Our dearest faith; our ghastliest
 doubt;
 He, They, One, All; within, without;
 The Power in darkness whom we guess, —

I found Him not in world or sun,
 Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye,
 Nor thro' the questions men may try,
 The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
 I heard a voice, "believe no more,"
 And heard an ever-breaking shore
 That tumbled in the Godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part,
 And like a man in wrath the heart
 Stood up and answer'd, "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
 But that blind clamor made me wise;
 Then was I as a child that cries,
 But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
 What is, and no man understands;
 And out of darkness came the hands
 That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

What ever I have said or sung,
 Some bitter notes my harp would give,
 Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
 A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet hope had never lost her youth,
 She did but look through dimmer eyes,
 Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
 Because he felt so fix'd in truth;

And if the song were full of care,
 He breathed the spirit of the song;
 And if the words were sweet and strong
 He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
 To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
 And this electric force, that keeps
 A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

Love is and was my lord and king,
 And in his presence I attend
 To hear the tidings of my friend,
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my king and lord,
 And will be, tho' as yet I keep
 Within the court on earth, and sleep
 Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
 Who moves about from place to place,
 And whispers to the worlds of space,
 In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII

And all is well, tho' faith and form
 Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
 Well roars the storm to those that hear
 A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
 And justice, even tho' thrice again
 The red fool-fury of the Seine
 Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,
 And him, the lazar, in his rags!
 They tremble, the sustaining crags;
 The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood;
 The fortress crashes from on high,
 The brute earth lightens to the sky,
 And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of hell;
 While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
 O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
 And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXIX

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
 So far, so near in woe and weal,
 O loved the most, when most I feel
 There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine;
 Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
 Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
 Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
 Loved deeper, darker understood;
 Behold, I dream a dream of good,
 And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
 But tho' I seem in star and flower
 To feel thee some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
 My love is vaster passion now;
 Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
 I have thee still, and I rejoice;
 I prosper, circled with thy voice;
 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,
 Flow thro' our deeds and make them
 pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
 To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved
 Until we close with all we loved,
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.

1833-1849. 1850.

TO THE QUEEN¹

REVERED, beloved — O you that hold
 A nobler office upon earth
 Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
 Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria, — since your Royal grace
 To one of less desert allows
 This laurel greener from the brows
 Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care
 That yokes with empire, yield you time
 To make demand of modern rhyme
 If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then — while a sweeter music wakes,
 And thro' wild March the throstle calls,
 Where all about your palace-walls
 The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes —

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
 For tho' the faults were thick as dust
 In vacant chambers, I could trust
 Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
 As noble till the latest day!
 May children of our children say,
 "She wrought her people lasting good;

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
 God gave her peace; her land reposed;
 A thousand claims to reverence closed
 In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
 Who knew the seasons when to take
 Occasion by the hand, and make
 The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree
 Which kept her throne unshaken still,
 Broad-based upon her people's will,
 And compass'd by the inviolate sea."
 1851.

THE EAGLE

FRAGMENT

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands,
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

¹ Prefixed to the first edition of Tennyson's *Poems* published after he became Poet Laureate.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

1851.

COME NOT, WHEN I AM DEAD

COME not, when I am dead,
 To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
 To trample round my fallen head,
 And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst
 not save.
 There let the wind sweep and the plover
 cry;
 But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
 I care not longer, being all unblessed:
 Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of
 time,
 And I desire to rest.
 Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where
 I lie;
 Go by, go by.

1851.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I

BURY the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation;
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a
 mighty nation;
 Mourning when their leaders fall,
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we
 deplore?
 Here, in streaming London's central
 roar.
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,
 Let the long, long procession go,
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow;
 The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the past,
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring
 blood,

The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute.

Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war,
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.

O good gray head which all men knew,
 O voice from which their omens all men
 drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fallen at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds
 that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore.
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be
 seen no more.

V

All is over and done,
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son.
 Let the bell be toll'd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river,
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd,
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds.
 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd,
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
 roll'd
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his
 loss;
 He knew their voices of old.

For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame,
 With those deep voices our dead captain
 taught

The tyrant, and asserts his claim
 In that dread sound to the great name
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-echoing avenues of song!

VI

"Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd
 guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier
 and with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on
 my rest?" —

Mighty Seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous
 man,

The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O, give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms,
 Back to France with countless blows,

Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing
 wings,
 And barking for the thrones of kings;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler
 down;
 A day of onsets of despair!
 Dash'd on every rocky square,
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves
 away;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and
 overthrew.
 So great a soldier taught us there
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all.
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by
 thine!
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name.

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams
 forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
 Powers,
 Thank Him who isled us here, and
 roughly set
 His Briton in blown seas and storming
 showers,

We have a voice with which to pay the
 debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and
 regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept
 it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute con-
 trol!
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,
 the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England
 whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom
 sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient
 throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there
 springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate
 kings!
 For, saying that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of
 mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns
 be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward
 wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who
 spoke;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the
 hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor
 flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and
 low;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one
 rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the
 right.
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred
 named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke!
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her
horn.

Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-
story

The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redit
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and
hands,

Thro' the long gorge to the far light has
won

His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty
scaled

Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and
sun.

Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman
pure;

Till in all lands and thro' all human
story

The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land whose hearths he saved
from shame

For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.

Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung.
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and
brain

Once the weight and fate of Europe
hung.

Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:

We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.

For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads
roll

Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our
trust.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the
people's ears;

The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs
and tears;

The black earth yawns; the mortal dis-
appears;

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great, —
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave
him.

Speak no more of his renown,
Say your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him!

HANDS ALL ROUND

FIRST pledge our Queen this solemn night,
 Then drink to England, every guest;
 That man's the best Cosmopolite
 Who loves his native country best.
 May freedom's oak for ever live
 With stronger life from day to day;
 That man's the true Conservative
 Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
 Hands all round!
 God the traitor's hope confound!
 To this great cause of Freedom drink,
 my friends,
 And the great name of England, round
 and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long
 To keep our English Empire whole!
 To all our noble sons, the strong
 New England of the Southern Pole!
 To England under Indian skies,
 To those dark millions of her realm!
 To Canada whom we love and prize,
 Whatever statesman hold the helm,
 Hands all round!
 God the traitor's hope confound!
 To this great name of England drink, my
 friends,
 And all her glorious empire, round and
 round.

To all our statesmen so they be
 True leaders of the land's desire!
 To both our Houses, may they see
 Beyond the borough and the shire!
 We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
 We founded many a mighty state;
 Pray God our greatness may not fail
 Thro' craven fears of being great!
 Hands all round!
 God the traitor's hope confound!
 To this great cause of Freedom drink, my
 friends,
 And the great name of England, round
 and round. 1852.

DE PROFUNDIS

THE TWO GREETINGS

I

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
 Where all that was to be, in all that was,
 Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast

Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddy
 light —
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the
 deep,
 Thro' all this changing world of changeless
 law,
 And every phase of ever-heightening life,
 And nine long months of antenatal gloom,
 With this last moon, this crescent — her
 dark orb
 Touch'd with earth's light — thou com-
 est, darling boy;
 Our own; a babe in lineament and limb
 Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
 Whose face and form are hers and mine in
 one,
 Indissolubly married like our love.
 Live, and be happy in thyself, and serve
 This mortal race thy kin so well that men
 May bless thee as we bless thee, O young
 life
 Breaking with laughter from the dark;
 and may
 The fated channel where thy motion lives
 Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy
 course
 Along the years of haste and random
 youth
 Unshatter'd; then full-current thro' full
 man;
 And last in kindly curves, with gentlest
 fall,
 By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,
 To that last deep where we and thou are
 still.

II

I

Out of the deep, my child, out of the
 deep,
 From that great deep, before our world
 begins,
 Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he
 will —
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the
 deep,
 From that true world within the world we
 see,
 Whereof our world is but the bounding
 shore —
 Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
 With this ninth moon, that sends the
 hidden sun
 Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling
 boy.

II

For in the world which is not ours They
 said,
 "Let us make man," and that which
 should be man,
 From that one light no man can look
 upon,
 Drew to this shore lit by the suns and
 moons
 And all the shadows. O dear Spirit, half-
 lost
 In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
 That thou art thou — who wailest being
 born
 And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
 Of this divisible-indivisible world
 Among the numerable-innumerable
 Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite
 space
 In finite-infinite Time — our mortal veil
 And shatter'd phantom of that infinite
 One,
 Who made thee unconceivably Thyself
 Out of His whole World-self and all in
 all —
 Live thou! and of the grain and husk, the
 grape
 And ivy-berry, choose; and still depart
 From death to death thro' life and life,
 and find
 Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought
 Not matter, nor the finite-infinite,
 But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
 With power on thine own act and on the
 world. 1852. 1880.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE¹

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said.
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismay'd?

¹ "On Dec. 2d he wrote the *Charge of the Light Brigade* in a few minutes, after reading the description in the *Times* in which occurred the phrase 'some one had blundered,' and this was the origin of the metre of his poem." (*Life of Tennyson*, I, 381.)

Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die.
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd.
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

December 9, 1854.

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

LYRICS FROM MAUD¹

PART I

V

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

1855.

A VOICE by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny
sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English
green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her
grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that
cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid
and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a
choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

XI

O, LET the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me!

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, I, 393-406.

Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

XII

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I — who else? — was with her
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favor!
O, Maud were sure of heaven
If lowliness could save her!

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charley snarling!
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

XVII

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships;
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West so East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

XVIII

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only
friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on,
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised
good.

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' patter-
ing talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden
walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes
once more.
But even then I heard her close the door;
The gates of heaven are closed, and she
is gone.

There is none like her, none,
Nor will be when our summers have de-
ceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy
delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here in-
creased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head

Of her whose gentle will has changed my
fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-
flame:
And over whom thy darkness must have
spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy
great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from
whom she came?

Here will I lie, while these long branches
sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy
day

Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn
As when it seem'd far better to be born
To labor and the mattock-harden'd hand
Than nursed at ease and brought to
understand

A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron
skies,

Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and
brand

His nothingness into man.
But now shine on, and what care I
Who in this stormy gulf have found a
pearl

The countercharm of space and hollow
sky,
And do accept my madness, and would
die

To save from some slight shame one
simple girl?—

Would die, for sullen-seeming Death
may give

More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 't is sweet to
live.

Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die, but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal
wrongs.

O, why should Love, like men in drink-
ing songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of
death?

Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long loving
kiss,

Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven
here

With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself
more dear."

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver
knell

Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal
white,

And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her
sight,

And given false death her hand, and
stolen away

To dreamful wastes where footless fancies
dwell

Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace
affright!

Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy
spell.

My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart, my ownest own,
farewell;

It is but for a little space I go.
And ye meanwhile far over moor and
fell

Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the
glow

Of your soft splendors that you look so
bright?

I have climb'd nearer out of lonely hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things
below,

Beat with my heart more blest than heart
can tell,

Blest, but for some dark undercurrent
woe

That seems to draw—but it shall not be
so;

Let all be well, be well.

XXI

RIVULET crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me,
And lost in trouble and moving round

Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
 And trying to pass to the sea;
 O rivulet, born at the Hall,
 My Maud has sent it by thee —
 If I read her sweet will right —
 On a blushing mission to me,
 Saying in odor and color, "Ah, be
 Among the roses to-night."

XXII

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted
 abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she
 loves

On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine
 stirr'd

To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one,
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will the dancers leave her alone?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
 For one that will never be thine?
 But mine, but mine," so I swear to the
 rose,
 "For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my
 blood,
 As the music clash'd in the Hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall

From the lake to the meadow and on to
 the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left
 so sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for
 your sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with
 curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate,
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate.
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is
 near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is
 late;"
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead,
 Would start and tremble under her feet
 And blossom in purple and red.

PART II

II

SEE what a lovely shell,
 Small and pure as a pearl,
 Lying close to my foot,

Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

Breton, not Briton; here
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast
Of ancient fable and fear —
Plagued with a flitting to and fro,
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost
That never came from on high
Nor ever arose from below,
But only moves with the moving eye,
Flying along the land and the main —
Why should it look like Maud?
Am I to be overawed
By what I cannot but know
Is a juggle born of the brain?

Back from the Breton coast,
Sick of a nameless fear,
Back to the dark sea-line
Looking, thinking of all I have lost;
An old song vexes my ear,
But that of Lamech is mine.

For years, a measureless ill,
For years, for ever, to part —
But she, she would love me still;
And as long, O God, as she
Have a grain of love for me,

So long, no doubt, no doubt,
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,
However weary, a spark of will
Not to be trampled out.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense
One would think that it well
Might drown all life in the eye, —
That it should, by being so overwrought,
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been past by!
And now I remember, I,
When he lay dying there,
I noticed one of his many rings —
For he had many, poor worm — and
thought,
It is his mother's hair.

Who knows if he be dead?
Whether I need have fled?
Am I guilty of blood?
However this may be,
Comfort her, comfort her, all things
good,
While I am over the sea!
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and
high,
Whatever happen to me!
Me and my harmful love go by;
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her tho' I die!

IV

O THAT 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!
When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixed with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell
us
What and where they be!

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet.

She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet.
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate
cry,

There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled.
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold!

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall!

Would the happy spirit descend
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest"?

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me.
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee. 1855.

WILL

O, WELL for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.
For him nor moves the loud world's ran-
dom mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves con-
found,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent
sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

But ill for him who, bettering not with
time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-de-
scended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted
crime,

Or seeming-genial venial fault.
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

1855.

ENID'S SONG

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower
the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine,
storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile
or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or
down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are
great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many
lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own
hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring
crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the
cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
hate.
From the *Marriage of Geraint*, 1859.

VIVIEN'S SONG

IN love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal
powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping; let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.
From *Merlin and Vivien*, 1859.

ELAINE'S SONG

SWEET is true love tho' given in vain, in
vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to
pain.

I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death
must be.

Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to
me.

O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade
away;

Sweet death, that seems to make us love-
less clay;

I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for
me;

Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.
From *Lancelot and Elaine*, 1859.

GUINEVERE

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court,
and sat

There in the holy house of Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
A novice. One low light betwixt them
burn'd

Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all
abroad,

Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the
face,

Clung to the dead earth, and the land was
still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of
flight

Sir Modred; he that like a subtle beast
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the
throne,

Ready to spring, waiting a chance. For
this

He chill'd the popular praises of the
 King
 With silent smiles of slow disparagement;
 And tamper'd with the Lords of the White
 Horse,
 Heathen, the brood by Hengist left; and
 sought
 To make disruption in the Table Round
 Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds
 Serving his traitorous end; and all his
 aims
 Were sharpen'd by strong hate for Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all
 the court,
 Green-suited, but with plumes that
 mock'd the May,
 Had been — their wont — a-maying and
 return'd,
 That Modred still in green, all ear and
 eye,
 Climb'd to the high top of the garden-
 wall
 To spy some secret scandal if he might,
 And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her
 best
 Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court
 The wildest and the worst; and more
 than this
 He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by
 Spied where he couch'd, and as the garden-
 er's hand
 Picks from the colewort a green cater-
 pillar,
 So from the high wall and the flowering
 grove
 Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the
 heel,
 And cast him as a worm upon the way;
 But when he knew the prince tho' marr'd
 with dust,
 He, reverencing king's blood in a bad
 man,
 Made such excuses as he might, and these
 Full knightly without scorn. For in
 those days
 No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in
 scorn;
 But, if a man were halt, or hunch'd, in
 him
 By those whom God had made full-limb'd
 and tall,
 Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,
 And he was answer'd softly by the King
 And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot help

To raise the prince, who rising twice or
 thrice
 Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled,
 and went;
 But, ever after, the small violence done
 Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,
 As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long
 A little bitter pool about a stone
 On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told
 This matter to the Queen, at first she
 laugh'd
 Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty fall,
 Then shudder'd, as the village wife who
 cries,
 "I shudder, some one steps across my
 grave;"
 Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for
 indeed
 She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast,
 Would track her guilt until he found,
 and hers
 Would be for evermore a name of scorn.
 Henceforward rarely could she front in
 hall,
 Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy face,
 Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent
 eye.
 Henceforward too, the Powers that tend
 the soul,
 To help it from the death that cannot die,
 And save it even in extremes, began
 To vex and plague her. Many a time for
 hours,
 Beside the placid breathings of the King,
 In the dead night, grim faces came and
 went
 Before her, or a vague spiritual fear —
 Like to some doubtful noise of creaking
 doors,
 Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
 That keeps the rust of murder on the
 walls —
 Held her awake; or if she slept she
 dream'd
 An awful dream, for then she seem'd to
 stand
 On some vast plain before a setting sun,
 And from the sun there swiftly made at
 her
 A ghastly something, and its shadow flew
 Before it till it touch'd her, and she
 turn'd —
 When lo! her own, that broadening from
 her feet,

And blackening, swallow'd all the land,
and in it

Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke.
And all this trouble did not pass but grew,
Till even the clear face of the guileless

King,
And trustful courtesies of household life,
Became her bane; and at the last she
said:

"O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine
own land,

For if thou tarry we shall meet again,
And if we meet again some evil chance
Will make the smouldering scandal break
and blaze

Before the people and our lord the King."
And Lancelot ever promised, but remain'd

And still they met and met. Again she
said,

"O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee
hence."

And then they were agreed upon a
night —

When the good King should not be there
— to meet

And part for ever. Vivien, lurking, heard.
She told Sir Modred. Passion-pale they
met

And greeted. Hands in hands, and eye to
eye,

Low on the border of her couch they sat
Stammering and staring. It was their
last hour,

A madness of farewells. And Modred
brought

His creatures to the basement of the tower
For testimony; and crying with full
voice,

"Traitor, come out, ye are trapped at
last," aroused

Lancelot, who rushing outward lionlike
Leapt on him, and hurl'd him headlong,
and he fell

Stunn'd and his creatures took and bare
him off,

And all was still. Then she, "The end
is come,

And I am shamed for ever;" and he
said:

"Mine be the shame, mine was the sin;
but rise,

And fly to my strong castle over-seas.
There will I hide thee till my life shall end,
There hold thee with my life against the
world."

She answer'd: "Lancelot, wilt thou hold
me so?

Nay, friend, for we have taken our fare-
wells.

Would God that thou couldst hide me
from myself!

Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and
thou

Unwedded; yet rise now, and let us fly,
For I will draw me into sanctuary,
And bide my doom." So Lancelot got

her horse,
Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,
And then they rode to the divided way,

There kiss'd, and parted weeping; for
he passed,

Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,
Back to his land; but she to Almesbury

Fled all night long by glimmering waste
and weald,

And heard the spirits of the waste and
weald

Moan as she fled, or thought she heard
them moan.

And in herself she moan'd, "Too late,
too late!"

Till in the cold wind that foreruns the
morn,

A blot in heaven, the raven, flying high,
Croak'd, and she thought, "He spies a
field of death;

For now the heathen of the Northern Sea,
Lured by the crimes and frailties of the
court,

Begin to slay the folk and spoil the land."

And when she came to Almesbury she
spake

There to the nuns, and said, "Mine
enemies

Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,
Receive and yield me sanctuary, nor ask
Her name to whom ye yield it till her
time

To tell you;" and her beauty, grace, and
power

Wrought as a charm upon them, and
they spared

To ask it.

So the stately Queen abode
For many a week, unknown, among the
nuns,

Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name,
nor sought,

Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,

But communed only with the little maid,
 Who pleased her with a babbling heedless-
 ness
 Which often lured her from herself; but
 now,
 This night, a rumor wildly blown about
 Came that Sir Modred had usurp'd the
 realm
 And leagued him with the heathen, while
 the King
 Was waging war on Lancelot. Then she
 thought,
 "With what a hate the people and the
 King
 Must hate me," and bow'd down upon
 her hands
 Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd
 No silence, brake it, uttering "Late! so
 late!
 What hour, I wonder, now?" and when
 she drew
 No answer, by and by began to hum
 An air the nuns had taught her: "Late,
 so late!"
 Which when she heard, the Queen look'd
 up and said,
 "O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,
 Sing, and unbind my heart that I may
 weep."
 Whereat full willingly sang the little maid.

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and
 chill!
 Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

"No light had we; for that we do repent,
 And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

"No light! so late! and dark and chill the night!
 O, let us in, that we may find the light!
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet!
 O, let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
 No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now."

So sang the novice, while full passion-
 ately,
 Her head upon her hands, remembering
 Her thought when first she came, wept
 the sad Queen.
 Then said the little novice, prattling to
 her:
 "O pray you, noble lady, weep no more;
 But let my words — the words of one so
 small,
 Who knowing nothing knows but to
 obey,

And if I do not there is penance given —
 Comfort your sorrows, for they do not
 flow
 From evil done; right sure am I of that,
 Who sees your tender grace and stateli-
 ness.
 But weigh your sorrows with our lord
 the King's,
 And weighing find them less; for gone
 is he
 To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot
 there,
 Round that strong castle where he holds
 the Queen;
 And Modred whom he left in charge of
 all,
 The traitor — Ah, sweet lady, the King's
 grief
 For his own self, and his own Queen
 and realm,
 Must needs be thrice as great as any of
 ours!
 For me, I thank the saints, I am not
 great;
 For if there ever come a grief to me
 I cry my cry in silence, and have done;
 None knows it, and my tears have
 brought me good.
 But even were the griefs of little ones
 As great as those of great ones, yet this
 grief
 Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
 That, howsoever much they may desire
 Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud;
 As even here they talk at Almesbury
 About the good King and his wicked
 Queen,
 And were I such a King with such a
 Queen,
 Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,
 But were I such a King it could not be."

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd
 the Queen,
 "Will the child kill me with her innocent
 talk?"
 But openly she answer'd, "Must not I,
 If this false traitor have displaced his lord,
 Grieve with the common grief of all the
 realm?"

"Yea," said the maid, "that all is
 woman's grief,
 That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life
 Hath wrought confusion in the Table
 Round

Which good King Arthur founded, years
ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders,
there
At Camelot, ere the coming of the
Queen."

Then thought the Queen within her-
self again,
"Will the child kill me with her foolish
prate?"

But openly she spake and said to her,
"O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls,
What canst thou know of Kings and
Tables Round,
Or what of signs and wonders, but the
signs
And simple miracles of thy nunnery?"

To whom the little novice garrulously:
"Yea, but I know; the land was full of
signs

And wonders ere the coming of the
Queen.

So said my father, and himself was
knight

Of the great Table — at the founding of
it,

And rode thereto from Lyonesse; and
he said

That as he rode, an hour or maybe twain
After the sunset, down the coast, he
heard

Strange music, and he paused, and turn-
ing — there,

All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
He saw them — headland after headland
flame

Far on into the rich heart of the west.

And in the light the white mermaiden
swam,

And strong man-breasted things stood
from the sea,

And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the
land,

To which the little elves of chasm and
cleft

Made answer, sounding like a distant
horn.

So said my father — yea, and further-
more,

Next morning, while he past the dim-lit
woods

Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy

Come dashing down on a tall wayside
flower,

That shook beneath them as the thistle
shakes

When three gray linnets wrangle for the
seed.

And still at evenings on before his horse
The flickering fairy-circle wheel'd and
broke

Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and
broke

Flying, for all the land was full of life.
And when at last he came to Camelot,

A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand
Swung round the lighted lantern of the
hall;

And in the hall itself was such a feast
As never man had dream'd; for every
knight

Had whatsoever meat he long'd for
served

By hands unseen; and even as he said
Down in the cellars merry bloated things

Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling on the
butts

While the wine ran; so glad were spirits
and men

Before the coming of the sinful Queen."

Then spake the Queen and somewhat
bitterly,

"Were they so glad? ill prophets were
they all,

Spirits and men. Could none of them
foresee,

Not even thy wise father with his signs
And wonders, what has fallen upon the
realm?"

To whom the novice garrulously again:
"Yea, one, a bard, of whom my father
said,

Full many a noble war-song had he sung,
Even in the presence of an enemy's
fleet,

Between the steep cliff and the coming
wave;

And many a mystic lay of life and death
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-
tops,

When round him bent the spirits of the
hills

With all their dewy hair blown back like
flame.

So said my father — and that night the
bard

Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang
 the King
 As wellnigh more than man, and rail'd at
 those
 Who call'd him the false son of Gorlois.
 For there was no man knew from whence
 he came;
 But after tempest, when the long wave
 broke
 All down the thundering shores of Bude
 and Bos,
 There came a day as still as heaven and
 then
 They found a naked child upon the sands
 Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea,
 And that was Arthur, and they foster'd
 him
 Till he by miracle was approven King;
 And that his grave should be a mystery
 From all men, like his birth; and could
 he find
 A woman in her womanhood as great
 As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,
 The twain together well might change the
 world.
 But even in the middle of his song
 He falter'd, and his hand fell from the
 harp,
 And pale he turn'd and reel'd, and would
 have fallen,
 But that they stay'd him up; nor would
 he tell
 His vision; but what doubt that he fore-
 saw
 This evil work of Lancelot and the
 Queen?"

Then thought the Queen, "Lo! they
 have set her on,
 Our simple-seeming abbess and her nuns,
 To play upon me," and bow'd her head
 nor spake.
 Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd
 hands,
 Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,
 Said the good nuns would check her
 gadding tongue
 Full often, "and, sweet lady, if I seem
 To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,
 Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales
 Which my good father told me, check me
 too
 Nor let me shame my father's memory,
 one
 Of noblest manners, tho' himself would
 say

Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he died,
 Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers
 back,
 And left me; but of others who remain,
 And of the two first-famed for courtesy—
 And pray you check me if I ask amiss—
 But pray you, which had noblest, while
 you moved
 Among them, Lancelot or our lord the
 King?"

Then the pale Queen look'd up and
 answer'd her:
 "Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,
 Was gracious to all ladies, and the same
 In open battle or the tilting-field
 Forebore his own advantage, and the
 King
 In open battle or the tilting-field
 Forebore his own advantage, and these
 two
 Were the most nobly manner'd men of all;
 For manners are not idle, but the fruit
 Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

"Yea," said the maid, "be manners
 such fair fruit?
 Then Lancelot's needs must be a thou-
 sand-fold
 Less noble, being, as all rumor runs,
 The most disloyal friend in all the world."

To which a mournful answer made
 the Queen:
 "O, closed about by narrowing nunnery-
 walls,
 What knowest thou of the world and all
 its lights
 And shadows, all the wealth and all the
 woe?
 If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,
 Were for one hour less noble than himself,
 Pray for him that he scape the doom of
 fire,
 And weep for her who drew him to his
 doom."

"Yea," said the little novice, "I pray
 for both;
 But I should all as soon believe that his,
 Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the
 King's,
 As I could think, sweet lady, yours would
 be
 Such as they are, were you the sinful
 Queen."

So she, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harm'd
where she would heal;

For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat
Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who
cried:

"Such as thou art be never maiden more
For ever! thou their tool, set on to
plague

And play upon and harry me, petty spy
And traitress!" When that storm of
anger brake

From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,
White as her veil, and stood before the
Queen

As tremulously as foam upon the beach
Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly,
And when the Queen had added, "Get
thee hence!"

Fled frightened. Then that other left alone
Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again,
Saying in herself: "The simple, fearful
child

Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful
guilt,

Simpler than any child, betrays itself.
But help me, Heaven, for surely I repent!
For what is true repentance but in
thought—

Not even in inmost thought to think
again

The sins that made the past so pleasant
to us?

And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more."

And even in saying this,
Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot
came,

Reputed the best knight and goodliest
man,

Ambassador, to yield her to his lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure,—for
the time

Was maytime, and as yet no sin was
dream'd,—

Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreking thro'
the earth,

And on from hill to hill, and every day

Beheld at noon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised
For brief repast or afternoon repose
By couriers gone before; and on again,
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,
That crown'd the state pavilion of the
King,
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a
trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point where first she saw
the King

Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to
find

Her journey done, glanced at him,
thought him cold,

High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not
like him,

"Not like my Lancelot"—while she
brooded thus

And grew half-guilty in her thoughts
again,

There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery
ran,

Then on a sudden a cry, "The King!"
She sat

Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed
feet

Thro' the long gallery from the outer
doors

Rang coming, prone from off her seat
she fell,

And grovell'd with her face against the
floor.

There with her milk-white arms and
shadowy hair

She made her face a darkness from the
King,

And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a
voice,

Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but, though
changed, the King's:

"Liest thou here so low, the child of
one

I honor'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.

The children born of thee are sword and
fire,

Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,

The craft of kindred and the godless
 hosts
 Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern
 Sea;
 Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right
 arm,
 The mightiest of my knights, abode with
 me,
 Have everywhere about this land of
 Christ
 In twelve great battles ruining over-
 thrown.
 And knowest thou now from whence I
 come — from him,
 From waging bitter war with him; and
 he,
 That did not shun to smite me in worse
 way,
 Had yet that grace of courtesy in him
 left,
 He spared to lift his hand against the
 King
 Who made him knight. But many a
 knight was slain;
 And many more and all his kith and kin
 Clave to him, and abode in his own land.
 And many more when Modred raised
 revolt,
 Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
 To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
 And of this remnant will I leave a part,
 True men who love me still, for whom I
 live,
 To guard thee in the wild hour coming
 on,
 Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
 Fear not; thou shalt be guarded till my
 death.
 Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
 Have err'd not, that I march to meet my
 doom.
 Thou hast not made my life so sweet to
 me,
 That I the King should greatly care to
 live;
 For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my
 life.
 Bear with me for the last time while I
 show,
 Even for thy sake, the sin which thou
 hast sinn'd.
 For when the Roman left us, and their
 law
 Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
 Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a
 deed

Of prowess done redress'd a random
 wrong,
 But I was first of all the kings who drew
 The knighthood-errant of this realm and
 all
 The realms together under me, their
 Head,
 In that fair Order of my Table Round,
 A glorious company, the flower of men,
 To serve as model for the mighty world,
 And be the fair beginning of a time.
 I made them lay their hands in mine and
 swear
 To reverence the King, as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as
 their King,
 To break the heathen and uphold the
 Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
 To honor his own word as if his God's,
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,
 Until they won her; for indeed I knew
 Of no more subtle master under heaven
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
 Not only to keep down the base in man,
 But teach high thought, and amiable
 words
 And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
 And love of truth, and all that makes a
 man.
 And all this throve before I wedded thee,
 Believing, 'Lo, mine helpmate, one to
 feel
 My purpose and rejoicing in my joy!'

Then came thy shameful sin with Lance-
 lot;
 Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
 Then others, following these my might-
 est knights,
 And drawing foul ensample from fair
 names,
 Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
 Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
 And all thro' thee! so that this life of
 mine
 I guard as God's high gift from scathe
 and wrong,
 Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
 How sad it were for Arthur, should he
 live,
 To sit once more within his lonely hall,
 And miss the wonted number of my
 knights,

And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.

For which of us who might be left could
speak

Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at
thee?

And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room
to room,

And I should evermore be vexed with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.

For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love
thy lord,

Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.

Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy
shame.

I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the
wife

Whom he knows false abide and rule the
house:

For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the
crowd,

Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and
saps

The fealty of our friends, and stirs the
pulse

With devil's leaps, and poisons half the
young.

Worst of the worst were that man he that
reigns!

Better the King's waste hearth and
aching heart

Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people and their
bane!"

He paused, and in the pause she crept
an inch

Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.

Then waiting by the doors the war-horse
neigh'd

As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

"Yet think not that I come to urge
thy crimes;

I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,

My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on
that fierce law,

The doom of treason and the flaming
death,—

When first I learned thee hidden here,—
is past.

The pang—which, while I weigh'd thy
heart with one

Too wholly true to dream untruth in
thee,

Made my tears burn—is also past—in
part.

And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo, I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives! do thou for thine own soul the
rest.

But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded
form,

And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with
thee—

I cannot touch thy lips, they are not
mine,

But Lancelot's; nay, they never were
the King's.

I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and
mine own flesh,

Here looking down on thine polluted,
cries,

'I loathe thee;' yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my
life

So far that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee
still.

Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and
thou

Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine,
and know

I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me
that,

I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I
hence.

Thro' the thick night I heard the trumpet
blow.

They summon me their King to lead mine
hosts

Far down to that great battle in the west,
 Where I must strike against the man they
 call
 My sister's son — no kin of mine, who
 leagues
 With Lords of the White Horse, heathen,
 and knights,
 Traitors — and strike him dead, and meet
 myself
 Death, or I know not what mysterious
 doom.
 And thou remaining here wilt learn the
 event;
 But hither shall I never come again,
 Never lie by thy side, see thee no more —
 Farewell!"

And while she grovell'd at his feet,
 She felt the King's breath wander o'er her
 neck,
 And in the darkness o'er her fallen head
 Perceived the waving of his hands that
 blessed.

Then, listening till those armed steps
 were gone,
 Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish
 found
 The casement: "peradventure," so she
 thought,
 "If I might see his face, and not be seen."
 And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
 And near him the sad nuns with each a
 light
 Stood, and he gave them charge about
 the Queen,
 To guard and foster her for evermore.
 And while he spake to these his helm was
 lower'd,
 To which for crest the golden dragon clung
 Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
 Which then was as an angel's, but she
 saw,
 Wet with the mists and smitten by the
 lights,
 The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
 Blaze, making all the night a steam of
 fire.
 And even then he turn'd; and more and
 more
 The moony vapor rolling round the King,
 Who seem'd the phantom of a giant in it,
 Enwound him fold by fold, and made
 him gray
 And grayer, till himself became as mist
 Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretch'd out her arms and
 cried aloud,
 "O Arthur!" there her voice brake sud-
 denly,
 Then — as a stream that spouting from a
 cliff
 Fails in mid air, but gathering at the base
 Re-makes itself, and flashes down the
 vale —
 Went on in passionate utterance:

"Gone — my lord!
 Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
 And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
 Farewell? I should have answer'd his
 farewell.
 His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord
 the King,
 My own true lord! how dare I call him
 mine?
 The shadow of another cleaves to me,
 And makes me one pollution. He, the
 King,
 Call'd me polluted. Shall I kill myself?
 What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
 If soul be soul, nor can I kill my shame;
 No, nor by living can I live it down.
 The days will grow to weeks, the weeks
 to months,
 The months will add themselves and
 make the years,
 The years will roll into the centuries,
 And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
 I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
 Let the world be; that is but of the
 world —
 What else? what hope? I think there
 was a hope,
 Except he mock'd me when he spake of
 hope;
 His hope he call'd it; but he never mocks,
 For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
 And blessed be the King, who hath for-
 given
 My wickedness to him, and left me hope
 That in mine own heart I can live down
 sin
 And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
 Before high God! Ah great and gentle
 lord,
 Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
 Among his warring senses, to thy
 knights —
 To whom my false voluptuous pride, that
 took
 Full easily all impressions from below,

Would not look up, or half-despised the
 height
 To which I would not or I could not
 climb —
 I thought I could not breathe in that
 fine air,
 That pure severity of perfect light —
 I yearn'd for warmth and color which I
 found
 In Lancelot — now I see thee what thou
 art,
 Thou art the highest and most human too,
 Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there
 none
 Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
 Now — ere he goes to the great battle?
 none!
 Myself must tell him in that purer life,
 But now it were too daring. Ah my God,
 What might I not have made of thy fair
 world,
 Had I but loved thy highest creature
 here?
 It was my duty to have loved the highest;
 It surely was my profit had I known;
 It would have been my pleasure had I
 seen.
 We needs must love the highest when we
 see it,
 Not Lancelot, nor another."

Here her hand

Grasp'd made her veil her eyes. She
 look'd and saw
 The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said
 to her,
 "Yea, little maid, for am I not forgiven?"
 Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns
 All round her, weeping; and her heart
 was loosed
 Within her, and she wept with these and
 said:

"Ye know me then, that wicked one,
 who broke
 The vast design and purpose of the King.
 O, shut me round with narrowing nunnery
 walls,
 Meek maidens, from the voices crying,
 'Shame!'
 I must not scorn myself; he loves me still.
 Let no one dream but that he loves me
 still.
 So let me, if you do not shudder at me,
 Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with
 you;

Wear black and white, and be a nun like
 you,
 Fast with your fasts, not feasting with
 your feasts;
 Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at
 your joys,
 But not rejoicing; mingle with your
 rites;
 Pray and be pray'd for; lie before your
 shrines;
 Do each low office of your holy house;
 Walk your dim cloister, and distribute
 dole
 To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
 Who ransom'd us, and haler too than I;
 And treat their loathsome hurts and heal
 mine own;
 And so wear out in alms-deed and in
 prayer
 The sombre close of that voluptuous day
 Which wrought the ruin of my lord the
 King."

She said. They took her to them-
 selves; and she
 Still hoping, fearing. "Is it yet too late?"
 Dwelt with them, till in time their abbess
 died.
 Then she, for her good deeds and her pure
 life,
 And for the power of ministration in her,
 And likewise for the high rank she had
 borne,
 Was chosen abbess, there, an abbess,
 lived
 For three brief years, and there, an
 abbess, passed
 To where beyond these voices there is
 peace. 1859.

TITHONUS

THE woods decay, the woods decay and
 fall,
 The vapors weep their burthen to the
 ground,
 Man comes and tills the field and lies be-
 neath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.
 Me only cruel immortality
 Consumes; I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a
 dream
 The ever-silent spaces of the East,

Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of
morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once
a man—

So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he
seem'd

To his great heart none other than a
God!

I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."

Then didst thou grant mine asking with a
smile,

Like wealthy men who care not how they
give.

But thy strong Hours indignant work'd
their wills,

And beat me down and marr'd and
wasted me,

And tho' they could not end me, left me
maim'd

To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,

And all I was in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,

Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill

with tears

To hear me? Let me go; take back thy
gift.

Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,

Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet

for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there
comes

A glimpse of that dark world where I
was born.

Once more the old mysterious glimmer
steals

From thy pure brows, and from thy
shoulders pure,

And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the

gloom,

Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to
mine,

Ere yet they blind the stars, and the
wild team

Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke,
arise,

And shake the darkness from their
loosen'd manes,

And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.
Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful

In silence, then before thine answer given

Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy
tears,

And make me tremble lest a saying
learnt,

In days far-off, on that dark earth, be
true?

"The Gods themselves cannot recall their
gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another
heart

In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that

watch'd—

The lucid outline forming round thee;
saw

The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and

felt my blood

Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd
all

Thy presence and thy portals, while I
lay,

Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-
warm

With kisses balmier than half-opening
buds

Of April, and could hear the lips that
kiss'd

Whispering I knew not what of wild and
sweet,

Like that strange song I heard Apollo
sing,

While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.
Yet hold me not for ever in thine East;

How can my nature longer mix with
thine?

Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled

feet

Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when
the steam

Floats up from those dim fields about the
homes

Of happy men that have the power to
die,

And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground.

Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my
grave;

Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by
morn,

I earth in earth forget these empty
courts,

And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

About 1835. 1860.

THE SAILOR BOY

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
 Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
 And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
 And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
 He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
 "O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
 I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
 In caves about the dreary bay,
 And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
 And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
 To those that stay and those that roam,
 But I will nevermore endure
 To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
 My sisters crying, 'Stay for shame';
 My father raves of death and wreck,
 They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
 Of danger on the roaring sea,
 A devil rises in my heart,
 Far worse than any death to me."

1861.

MILTON

(ALCAICS)

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages;
 Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
 Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,

Tower, as the deep-doomed empyrean
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset!
 Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
 Where some refulgent sunset of India
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
 And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods

Whisper in odorous heights of even.

1863.

THE VOYAGE

We left behind the painted buoy
 That tosses at the harbor-mouth;
 And madly danced our hearts with joy,
 As fast we fled to the south.
 How fresh was every sight and sound
 On open main or winding shore!
 We knew the merry world was round,
 And we might sail for evermore.

Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
 Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail;
 The lady's-head upon the prow
 Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale.

The broad seas swell'd to meet the keel,
 And swept behind; so quick the run
 We felt the good ship shake and reel,
 We seem'd to sail into the sun!

How oft we saw the sun retire,
 And burn the threshold of the night,
 Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,
 And sleep beneath his pillar'd light!
 How oft the purple-skirted robe
 Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
 As thro' the slumber of the globe
 Again we dash'd into the dawn!

New stars all night above the brim
 Of waters lighten'd into view;
 They climb'd as quickly, for the rim
 Changed every moment as we flew.
 Far ran the naked moon across
 The houseless ocean's heaving field,
 Or flying shone, the silver boss
 Of her own halo's dusky shield.

The peaky islet shifted shapes,
 High towns on hills were dimly seen;
 We passed long lines of Northern capes
 And dewy Northern meadows green.
 We came to warmer waves, and deep
 Across the boundless east we drove,
 Where those long swells of breaker sweep
 The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,
 Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine

With ashy rains, that spreading made
 Fantastic plume or sable pine;
 By sands and steaming flats, and floods
 Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,
 And hills and scarlet-mingled woods
 Glow'd for a moment as we passed.

O hundred shores of happy climes,
 How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark.
 At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
 With wakes of fire we tore the dark;
 At times a carven craft would shoot
 From havens hid in fairy bowers,
 With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
 But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

For one fair Vision ever fled
 Down the waste waters day and night.
 And still we follow'd where she led,
 In hope to gain upon her flight.
 Her face was evermore unseen,
 And fixed upon the far sea-line;
 But each man murmur'd, "O my queen,
 I follow till I make thee mine!"

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
 Like Fancy made of golden air.
 Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,
 Now high on waves that idly burst
 Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the
 sea,

And now, the bloodless point reversed,
 She bore the blade of Liberty.

And only one among us — him
 We pleased not — he was seldom
 pleased;

He saw not far, his eyes were dim,
 But ours he swore were all diseased.
 "A ship of fools," he shriek'd in spite,
 "A ship of fools," he sneer'd and wept,
 And overboard one stormy night
 He cast his body, and on we swept.

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
 Nor anchor dropped at eve or morn;
 We loved the glories of the world,
 But laws of nature were our scorn.
 For blasts would rise and rave and cease,
 But whence were those that drove the
 sail

Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
 And to and thro' the counter gale?

Again to colder climes we came,
 For still we follow'd where she led;
 Now mate is blind and captain lame,
 And half the crew are sick or dead,
 But, blind or lame or sick or sound,
 We follow that which flies before;
 We know the merry world is round,
 And we may sail for evermore.

1864.

NORTHERN FARMER

OLD STYLE

WHEER 'asta bean saw long and mea
 liggin' 'ere aloan?
 Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse; whôy,
 Doctor's abean an' agoan;
 Says that I moant 'a naw moor aale, but
 I beant a fool;
 Git ma my aale, fur I beant a-gawin'
 to break my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says
 what 's nawways true;
 Naw soort o' koind o' use to saay the
 things that a do.
 I've 'ed my point o' aale ivry noight sin'
 I bean 'ere.
 An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight
 for foorty year.

Parson 's a bean loikewise, an' a sittin'
 ere o' my bed.
 "The Amoighty 's a taakin o' you¹ to
 'issén, my friend," a said,
 An' a tow'd ma my sins, an' 's toithe were
 due, an' I gied it in hond;
 I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done
 boy the lond.

Larn'd a ma' bea. I reckons I 'annot
 sa mooch to larn.
 But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy
 Marris's barne.
 Thaw a knaws I hallus voated wi' Squoire
 an' choorch an' staate,
 An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver
 agin the raate.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afor
 moy Sally wur dead,
 An' 'eard 'um a bummin' awaay loike a
 buzzard-clock² ower my 'ead,
 An' I niver knaw'd whot a mean'd but
 I thowt a 'ad summut to saay,
 An' I thowt a said whot a ow't to 'a said,
 an' I coom'd awaay.

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she
 laaid it to mea.
 Mowt a bean, mayhap, for she wur a
 bad un, shea.

¹ *ow* as in *hour* [The notes on this poem and
 the one on page 536 are Tennyson's.]

² Cockchafer.

'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha
mun understand;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done
boy the lond.

But Parson a cooms an' a goas, an' a says
it easy an' freea:

"The Amoighty 's a taakin o' you to
'issén, my friend," says 'ea.

I weant saay men be loiars, thaw summun
said it in 'aaste;

But 'e reads wonn sarmin a week, an' I
'a stubb'd Thurnaby waaste.

D' ya moind the waaste, my lass? naw,
naw, tha was not born then;

Their wur a boggle in it, I often 'eard
'um mysén;

Moast loike a butter-bump,¹ fur I 'eard
'um about an' about,

But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an'
raaved an' rembled 'um out.

Keaper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer
a-laaid of 'is faace

Down i' the woild 'enemies² afoor I
coom'd to the plaace.

Noaks or Thimbleby — toaner³ 'ed shot
'um as dead as a naail.

Noaks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize —
but git ma my aale.

Dubbut looök at the waaste; theer
warn't not fead for a cow;

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an'
look at it now —

Warn't worth nowt a haacre, an' now
theer 's lots o' feead,

Fourscoor yows⁴ upon it, an' some on it
down i' seead.⁵

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I mean'd to
'a stubb'd it at fall,

Done it ta-year I mean'd, an' runn'd plow
thruff it an' all,

If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let
ma aloan, —

Mea, wi' haate hoonderd haacre o'
Squoire's, an lond o' my oan.

Do Godamoighty know what a's doing
a-taakin' o' mea?

I beant wonn as saws 'ere a bean an yon-
der a pea;

An' Squoire 'ull be sa inad an' all — a'
dear, a' dear!

And I 'a managed for Squoire coom
Michaelmas thutty year.

A mowt 'a taaen owd Joanes, as 'ant not a
'aapoth o' sense,

Or a mowt a' taaen young Robins — a
niver mended a fence;

But Godamoighty a moost taake mea an'
taake ma now,

Wi' aaf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby
hoalms to plow!

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they
seas ma a passin' boy,

Says to thessén, naw doubt, "What a
man a bea sewer-loy!"

Fur they knaws what I bean to Squoire
sin' fust a coom'd to the 'All;

I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done
moy duty boy hall.

Squoire 's i' Lunnon, an' summun I
reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,

For whoa 'o to howd the lond ater mea
thot muddles ma quoit;

Sartin-sewer I bea thot a weant niver
give it to Joanes,

Naw, nor a moant to Robins — a niver
rembles the stoans.

But summun 'ull come ater mea mayhap
wi' 'is kittle o' steam

Huzzin' an' maazin' the blessed fealds
wi' the devil's oan team.

Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife
they says is sweet,

But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I
couldn abear to see it.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn
bring ma the aale?

Doctor's a 'toattler, lass, an a's hallus i'
the owd taale;

I weant break rules fur Doctor, a knaws
naw moor nor a floy;

Git ma my aale, I tell tha, an' if I mun
doy I mun doy. 1864.

THE FLOWER¹

ONCE in a golden hour

I cast to earth a seed.

Up there came a flower,

The people said, a weed.

¹ Bittern. ² Anemones. ³ One or other.

⁴ ou as in *hour*.

⁵ Clover.

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, II, 10-11.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night;

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed. 1864.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest
white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening
of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters
flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty
years ago.
Along the valley, while I walk'd today,
The two and thirty years were a mist that
rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky
bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of
the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave
and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice
to me. 1867. 1864.

A DEDICATION

DEAR, near and true — no truer Time
himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you ever-
more
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life

Shoots to the fall, — take this and pray
that he
Who wrote it, honoring your sweet faith
in him,
May trust himself; and after praise and
scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after autumn past — if left to pass
His autumn into seeming-leafless days —
Draw toward the long frost and longest
night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a
flower. 1864.

WAGES

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of
song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost
on an endless sea —
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to
right the wrong —
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no
lover of glory she;
Give her the glory of going on, and still
to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages
of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the
life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet
seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in
a summer sky;
Give her the wages of going on, and not
to die. 1868.

FROM THE COMING OF ARTHUR

MERLIN'S RIDDLE

RAIN, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the
sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he
die.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the
lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to
thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom
 blows;
 Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who
 knows?
 From the great deep to the great deep he
 goes. 1869.

TRUMPET SONG

Blow trumpet, for the world is white
 with May!
 Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd
 away!
 Blow thro' the living world — "Let the
 King reign!"

Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's
 realm?
 Flash brand and lance, fall battle-axe
 upon helm,
 Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let
 the King reign!

Strike for the King and live! his knights
 have heard
 That God hath told the King a secret
 word.
 Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the
 King reign!

Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the
 dust.
 Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die
 the lust!
 Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let
 the King reign!

Strike for the King and die! and if thou
 diest,
 The King is king, and ever wills the high-
 est.
 Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let
 the King reign!

Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
 Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by
 day!
 Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let
 the King reign!

The King will follow Christ, and we the
 King,
 In whom high God hath breathed a secret
 thing.
 Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let
 the King reign! 1874.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas,
 the hills and the plains —
 Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him
 who reigns?

Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not that
 which He seems?
 Dreams are true while they last, and do
 we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of
 body and limb,
 Are they not sign and symbol of thy di-
 vision from Him?

Dark is the world to thee; thy self art
 the reason why,
 For is He not all but thou, that hast
 power to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and
 thou fulfillest thy doom,
 Making Him broken gleams and a stifled
 splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and
 Spirit with Spirit can meet —
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
 than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let
 us rejoice,
 For if He thunder by law the thunder is
 yet His voice.

Law is God, say some; no God at all,
 says the fool,
 For all we have power to see is a straight
 staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the
 eye of man cannot see;
 But if we could see and hear, this Vision
 — were it not He? 1869.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower — but *if* I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is. 1869.

NORTHERN FARMER

NEW STYLE

DOSN'T thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they
canters awaay?

Proputty, proputty, proputty — that's
what I 'ears 'em saay.

Proputty, proputty, proputty — Sam,
thou's an ass for thy pains;

Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs, nor in
all thy brains.

Woa — theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha,
Sam: yon 's parson's 'ouse —

Dosn't thou know that a man mun be
eather a man or a mouse?

Time to think on it then; for thou'll be
twenty to week.¹

Proputty, proputty — woa then, woa —
let ma 'ear mysen speak.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as bean
a-talkin' o' thee;

Thou's bean talkin' to muther, an' she
bean a-tellin' it me.

Thou'll not marry for munny — thou's
sweet upo' parson's lass —

Noa — thou 'll marry for luvv — an' we
boath on us thinks tha an ass.

Seca'd her to-daay goa by — Saaint's-
daay — they was ringin' the bells.

She's a beauty, thou thinks — an' soa is
scoors o' gells,

Them as 'as munny an' 'all — wot's a
beauty? — the flower as blaws.

But proputty, proputty sticks, an' pro-
putty, proputty grows.

Do'ant be stunt; ² taake time. I knows
what maakes tha sa mad.

Warn't I craazed fur the lasses mysén
when I wur a lad?

But I know'd a Quaker feller as often
'as tow'd ma this:

"Doant thou marry for munny, but goa
wheer munny is!"

An' I went wheer munny war; an' thy
muther coom to 'and,

Wi' lots o' munny laaid by, an' a nicetish
bit o' land.

Maaybe she warn't a beauty — I niver
giv it a thowt —

But warn't she as good to cuddle an'
kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt?

¹ This week. [See note on page 532.] ² Obstinate.

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weant 'a
nowt when 'e 's dead,

Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and
addle¹ her bread.

Why? fur 'e 's nobbut a curate, an'
weant niver get hissén clear,

An' 'e maade the bed as 'e ligs on afoor
'e coom'd to the shere.

An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots
o' Varsity debt,

Stook to his taa! they did, an' 'e 'ant
got shut on 'em yet.

An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noan
to lend 'im a shove,

Woorse nor a far-welter'd² yowe; fur,
Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy
lass an' 'er munny too,

Maakin' 'em goa together, as they've good
right to do.

Couldn I luvv thy muther by cause 'o 'er
munny laaid by?

Naay — fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor
fur it; reason why.

Ay, an' thy muther says thou wants to
marry the lass,

Cooms of a gentleman burn; an' we
boath on us thinks tha an ass.

Woa then, proputty, wiltha? — an ass as
near as mays nowt³ —

Woa then, wiltha? dangtha! — the bees
is as fell as ow.⁴

Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'ead,
lad, out o' the fence!

Gentleman burn! what's gentleman
burn? is it shillins an' pence?

Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an',
Sammy, I'm blest

If it is n't the saame oop yonder, fur them
as 'as it 's the best.

Tis 'n them as 'as munny as breaks into
'ouses an' steals,

Them as 'as coats to their backs an' taakes
their regular meals.

Noa, but it 's them as niver knows wheer
a meal's to be 'ad.

Taake my word for it Sammy, the poor
in a loomp is bad.

¹ Earn.

² Or, fow-welter'd, — said of a sheep lying on its
back in the furrow.

³ Makes nothing.

⁴ The flies are as fierce as anything.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a
 bean a laazy lot,
 Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whin-
 iver munny was got.
 Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leastways 'is
 munny was 'id.
 But 'e tued an' moil'd issén dead, an' 'e
 died a good un, 'e did.

Looök thou theer wheer Wigglesby beck
 cooms out by the 'ill!
 Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs
 oop to the mill;
 An' I 'll run oop to the brig, an' that
 thou 'll live to see;
 And if thou marries a good un I 'll leave
 the land to thee.

Thim's my noations, Sammy, wheerby
 I means to stick;
 But if thou marries a bad un, I 'll leave
 the land to Dick. —
 Coom oop, propuppy, propuppy — that's
 what I 'ears 'im saay —
 Propuppy, propuppy, propuppy — canter
 an' canter awaay. 1870.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

O THOU that sendest out the man
 To rule by land and sea,
 Strong mother of a lion-line,
 Be proud of those strong sons of thine
 Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder if in noble heat
 Those men thine arms withstood,
 Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
 And in thy spirit with thee fought —
 Who sprang from English blood!

But thou rejoice with liberal joy,
 Lift up thy rocky face,
 And shatter, when the storms are black,
 In many a streaming torrent back,
 The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
 The growing world assume,
 Thy work is thine — the single note
 From that deep chord which Hampden
 smote
 Will vibrate to the doom. 1872.

THE VOICE AND THE PEAK

THE voice and the Peak,
 Far over summit and lawn,
 The lone glow and long roar
 Green-rushing from the rosy thrones
 of dawn!

All night have I heard the voice
 Rave over the rocky bar,
 But thou wert silent in heaven,
 Above thee glided the star.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,
 That standest high above all?
 "I am the voice of the Peak,
 I roar and rave, for I fall.

"A thousand voices go
 To North, South, East, and West;
 They leave the heights and are troubled,
 And moan and sink to their rest.

"The fields are fair beside them,
 The chestnut towers in his bloom;
 But they — they feel the desire of the
 deep —
 Fall, and follow their doom.

"The deep has power on the height,
 And the height has power on the deep;
 They are raised for ever and ever,
 And sink again into sleep."

Not raised for ever and ever,
 But when their cycle is o'er,
 The valley, the voice, the peak, the star
 Pass, and are found no more.

The Peak is high and flush'd
 At his highest with sunrise fire;
 The Peak is high, and the stars are high,
 And the thought of a man is higher.

A deep below the deep,
 And a height beyond the height!
 Our hearing is not hearing,
 And our seeing is not sight.

The voice and the Peak
 Far into heaven withdrawn,
 The lone glow and long roar
 Green-rushing from the rosy thrones
 of dawn! 1874.

LYRICS FROM QUEEN MARY

MILKMAID'S SONG

SHAME upon you, Robin,
 Shame upon you now!
 Kiss me would you? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Daisies grow again,
 Kingcups blow again,
 And you came and kiss'd me milking the
 cow.

Robin came behind me,
 Kiss'd me well, I vow.
 Cuff him could I? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Swallows fly again,
 Cuckoos cry again,
 And you came and kiss'd me milking the
 cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
 Come and kiss me now,
 Help it can I? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Ringdoves coo again,
 All things woo again.
 Come behind and kiss me milking the
 cow!

LOW, LUTE, LOW!

HAPLESS doom of woman happy in be-
 trothing!
 Beauty passes like a breath, and love is
 lost in loathing.
 Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but
 say the world is nothing—
 Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when
 they first awaken;
 Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be
 overtaken.
 Low, my lute! O, low, my lute! 'we fade
 and are forsaken—
 Low, dear lute, low!

1875.

MONTENEGRO

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle
 sails,
 They kept their faith, their freedom, on
 the height,
 Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day
 and night

Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere
 scales
 Their headlong passes, but his footstep
 fails,
 And red with blood the Crescent reels
 from fight
 Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone
 flight
 By thousands down the crags and thro'
 the vales.
 O smallest among peoples! rough rock-
 throne
 Of Freedom! warriors beating back the
 swarm
 Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
 Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
 Black ridges drew the cloud and brake
 the storm
 Has breathed a race of mightier mountain-
 eers.

1877.

THE REVENGE¹

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard
 Grenville lay,
 And a pinnacle, like a flutter'd bird, came
 flying from far away;
 "Spanish ships of war at sea! we have
 sighted fifty-three!"
 Then sware Lord Thomas Howard:
 "Fore God I am no coward;
 But I cannot meet them here, for my
 ships are out of gear,
 And the half my men are sick. I must
 fly, but follow quick.
 We are six ships of the line; can we
 fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I
 know you are no coward;
 You fly them for a moment to fight with
 them again.
 But I've ninety men and more that are
 lying sick ashore.
 I should count myself the coward if I
 left them, my Lord Howard,
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devil-
 doms of Spain."

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, II, 251-252.

III

So Lord Howard past away with five
ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent
summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick
men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down
below:
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that
they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the
glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work
the ship and to fight.
And he sailed away from Flores till the
Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon
the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There 'll be little of us left by the time
this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all
good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the
children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or
devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and
we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the
heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and
her ninety sick below.
For half of their fleet to the right and
half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the
long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down
from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock
at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like San Philip that,
of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her
yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we
stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip
hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon
the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them
all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she be-
thought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had
left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and
they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their
pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a
dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars
came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of
the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their
high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with
her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew
back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were
shatter'd, and so could fight us no
more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this
in the world before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the
short summer night was gone,

With a grisly wound to be drest he had
left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing
it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the
side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun
smiled out far over the summer
sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides
lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for
they fear'd that we still could
sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for
life
In the crash of the cannonades and the
desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were
most of them stark and cold.
And the pikes were all broken or bent,
and the powder was all of it
spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying
over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English
pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day
and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink
her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the
hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the
seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if
we yield, to let us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike
another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they
yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their
flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir
Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with
their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he
cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like
a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is
bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Gren-
ville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had
been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of
Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and
his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for
aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down
into the deep.
And they mann'd the Revenge with a
swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and
long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had
ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the
weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great
gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised
by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails
and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on
the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down
by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW¹

I

BANNER of England, not for a season, O
 banner of Britain, hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapped
 to the battle-cry!
 Never with mightier glory than when
 we had rear'd thee on high
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly
 siege of Lucknow —
 Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but
 ever we raised thee anew,
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended the
 hold that we held with our lives —
 Women and children among us, God help
 them, our children and wives!
 Hold it we might — and for fifteen days
 or for twenty at most.
 "Never surrender, I charge you, but
 every man die at his post!"
 Voice of the dead whom we loved, our
 Lawrence, the best of the brave;
 Cold were his brows when we kiss'd
 him — we laid him that night in
 his grave.
 "Every man die at his post!" and there
 hail'd on our houses and halls
 Death from their rifle bullets, and death
 from their cannon-balls,
 Death in our innermost chamber, and
 death at our slight barricade,
 Death while we stood with the musket,
 and death while we stooped to the
 spade,
 Death to the dying, and wounds to the
 wounded, for often there fell,
 Striking the hospital wall, crashing
 thro' it, their shot and their shell,
 Death — for their spies were among us,
 their marksmen were told of our
 best,
 So that the brute bullet broke thro' the
 brain that could think for the
 rest;

¹ "The old flag used during the defence of the Residency, was hoisted on the Lucknow flagstaff by General Wilson, and the soldiers who still survived from the siege were all mustered on parade in honor of this poem, when my son Lionel (who died on his journey from India) visited Lucknow. A tribute overwhelmingly touching." (*Tennyson.*)

Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and
 bullets would rain at our feet —
 Fire from ten thousand at once of the
 rebels that girdled us round —
 Death at the glimpse of a finger from
 over the breadth of a street,
 Death from the heights of the mosque
 and the palace, and death in the
 ground!
 Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine!
 down, down! and creep thro' the
 hole!
 Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear
 him — the murderous mole!
 Quiet, ah! quiet — wait till the point of
 the pickaxe be thro'!
 Click with the pick, coming nearer and
 nearer again than before —
 Now let it speak, and you fire, and the
 dark pioneer is no more;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew!

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many
 times, and it chanced on a day
 Soon as the blast of that underground
 thunder-clap echo'd away.
 Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like
 so many fiends in their hell —
 Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on
 volley, and yell upon yell —
 Fiercely on all the defences our myriad
 enemy fell.
 What have they done? where is it? Out
 yonder. Guard the Redan!
 Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the
 Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
 Surging and swaying all round us, as
 ocean on every side
 Plunges and heaves at a bank that is
 daily drowned by the tide —
 So many thousands that, if they be bold
 enough, who shall escape?
 Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall
 know we are soldiers and men!
 Ready! take aim at their leaders —
 their masses are gapp'd with our
 grape —
 Backward they reel like the wave, like the
 wave fingering forward again,
 Flying and foil'd at the last by the hand-
 ful they could not subdue;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew!

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were
 English in heart and in limb,
 Strong with the strength of the race to
 command, to obey, to endure,
 Each of us fought as if hope for the gar-
 rison hung but on him;
 Still — could we watch at all points? we
 were every day fewer and fewer.
 There was a whisper among us, but only
 a whisper that past:
 "Children and wives — if the tigers leap
 into the fold unawares —
 Every man die at his post — and the foe
 may outlive us at last —
 Better to fall by the hands that they love,
 than to fall into theirs!"
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by
 the enemy sprung
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and
 our poor palisades.
 Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure
 that your hand be as true!
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed
 are your flank fusillades —
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the
 ladders to which they had clung,
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter
 we drive them with hand-gre-
 nades;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew!

V

Then on another wild morning another
 wild earthquake out-tore
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or
 twelve good paces or more.
 Riflemen, high on the roof, hidden there
 from the light of the sun
 One has leaped up on the breach, crying
 out: "Follow me, follow me!" —
 Mark him — he falls! then another and
him too, and down goes he.
 Had they been bold enough then, who can
 tell but the traitors had won?
 Boardings and rafters and doors — an
 embrasure! make way for the
 gun!
 Now double-charge it with grape! It is
 charged and we fire, and they
 run.
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the
 dark face have his due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
 fought with us, faithful and few,
 Fought with the bravest among us, and
 drove them, and smote them, and
 slew,
 That ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner in India blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not
 what we do. We can fight!
 But to be soldier all day, and be sentinel
 all thro' the night —
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies,
 their lying alarms,
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and
 shoutings and soundings to arms,
 Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done
 by five,
 Ever the marvel among us that one should
 be left alive,
 Ever the day with its traitorous death
 from the loopholes around,
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to
 be laid in the ground,
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge
 of cataract skies,
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite
 torment of flies,
 Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing
 over an English field,
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound
 that *would* not be heal'd,
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-
 pitiless knife, —
 Torture and trouble in vain, — for it
 never could save us a life,
 Valor of delicate women who tended the
 hospital bed,
 Horror of women in travail among the
 dying and dead,
 Grief for our perishing children, and
 never a moment for grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering
 hopes of relief,
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd
 for all that we knew —
 Then day and night, day and night, com-
 ing down on the still-shatter'd
 walls
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands
 of cannon-balls —
 But ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew.

VII

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true
 what was told by the scout,
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way
 through the fell mutineers?
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing
 again in our ears?
 All on a sudden the garrison utter a
 jubilant shout,
 Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer
 with conquering cheers,
 Sick from the hospital echo them, women
 and children come out,
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of
 Havelock's good fusileers.
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the
 Highlander wet with their tears!
 Dance to the pibroch! — saved! we are
 saved! — is it you? is it you?
 Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved
 by the blessing of heaven!
 "Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held
 it for eighty-seven!
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old
 banner of England blew. 1879.

RIZPAH¹

17 —

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind over
 land and sea —
 And Willy's voice in the wind, "O
 mother, come out to me!"
 Why should he call me to-night, when he
 knows that I cannot go?
 For the downs are as bright as day, and
 the full moon stares at the snow.

We should be seen, my dear; they would
 spy us out of the town.
 The loud black nights for us, and the
 storm rushing over the down,
 When I cannot see my own hand, but am
 led by the creak of the chain,
 And grovel and grope for my son till I
 find myself drenched with the rain.

Anything fallen again? nay — what was
 there left to fall?

I have taken them home, I have num-
 ber'd the bones, I have hidden
 them all.

What am I saying? and what are *you*?
 do you come as a spy!
 Falls? what falls? who knows? As the
 tree falls so must it lie.

Who let her in? how long has she been?
 you — what have you heard?
 Why did you sit so quiet? you never have
 spoken a word.

O — to pray with me — yes — a lady —
 none of their spies —
 But the night has crept into my heart,
 and begun to darken my eyes.

Ah — you, that have lived so soft, what
 should *you* know of the night,
 The blast and the burning shame and the
 bitter frost and the fright?
 I have done it, while you were asleep —
 you were only made for the day.
 I have gather'd my baby together — and
 now you may go your way.

Nay — for it's kind of you, madam, to sit
 by an old dying wife.
 But say nothing hard of my boy, I have
 only an hour of life.

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he
 went out to die.

"They dared me to do it," he said, and he
 never has told me a lie.

I whipped him for robbing an orchard
 once when he was but a child —

"The farmer dared me to do it," he said;
 he was always so wild —

And idle — and couldn't be idle — my
 Willy — he never could rest.

The King should have made him a sol-
 dier, he would have been one of his
 best.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and
 they never would let him be good;
 They swore that he dare not rob the
 mail, and he swore that he would;
 And he took no life, but he took one purse,
 and when all was done

He flung it among his fellows — "I'll
 none of it," said my son.

I came into court to the judge and the
 lawyers. I told them my tale,
 God's own truth — but they kill'd him,
 they kill'd him for robbing the
 mail.

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, II, 249-251.

They hang'd him in chains for a show —
we had always borne a good
name —

To be hang'd for a thief — and then put
away — is n't that enough shame?

Dust to dust — low down — let us hide!
but they set him so high

That all the ships of the world could
stare at him, passing by.

God 'll pardon the hell-black raven and
horrible fowls of the air,

But not the black heart of the lawyer who
kill'd him and hang'd him there.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid
him my last good-bye;

They had fasten'd the door of his cell.
"O mother!" I heard him cry.

I could n't get back tho' I tried, he had
something further to say,

And now I never shall know it. The
jailer forced me away.

Then since I could n't but hear that cry
of my boy that was dead,

They seized me and shut me up: they
fasten'd me down on my bed.

"Mother, O mother!" — he call'd in the
dark to me year after year —

They beat me for that, they beat me —
you know that I could n't but
hear;

And then at the last they found I had
grown so stupid and still

They let me abroad again — but the crea-
tures had worked their will.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of
my bone was left —

I stole them all from the lawyers — and
you, will you call it a theft? —

My baby, the bones that had suck'd me,
the bones that had laughed and
had cried —

Theirs? O, no! they are mine — not
theirs — they had moved in my
side.

Do you think I was scared by the bones?
I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all —

I can't dig deep, I am old — in the night
by the churchyard wall.

My Willy 'll rise up whole when the
trumpet of judgment 'll sound,

But I charge you never to say that I laid
him in holy ground.

They would scratch him up — they would
hang him again on the cursed tree.

Sin? O, yes, we are sinners, I know — let
all that be,

And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's
good will toward men —

"Full of compassion and mercy, the
Lord" — let me hear it again;

"Full of compassion and mercy — long-
suffering." Yes, O, yes!

For the lawyer is born but to murder —
the Saviour lives but to bless.

He 'll never put on the black cap except
for the worst of the worst,

And the first may be last — I have heard
it in church — and the last may be
first.

Suffering — O, long-suffering — yes, as
the Lord must know,

Year after year in the mist and the wind
and the shower and the snow.

Heard, have you? what? they have told
you he never repented his sin.

How do they know it? are *they* his
mother? are *you* of his kin?

Heard! have you ever heard, when the
storm on the downs began,

The wind that 'll wail like a child and the
sea that 'll moan like a man?

Election, Election, and Reprobation —
it's all very well.

But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall
not find him in hell.

For I cared so much for my boy that the
Lord has look'd into my care,

And He means me I 'm sure to be happy
with Willy, I know not where.

And if *he* be lost — but to save *my* soul,
that is all your desire —

Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my
boy be gone to the fire?

I have been with God in the dark — go,
go, you may leave me alone —

You never have borne a child — you are
just as hard as a stone.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think
that you mean to be kind,

But I cannot hear what you say for my
Willy's voice in the wind —

The snow and the sky so bright — he
used but to call in the dark,

And he calls to me now from the church
and not from the gibbet—for
hark!

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is
coming—shaking the walls—

Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good-
night. I am going. He calls.

1880.

SONG FROM THE SISTERS

O DIVINER air,
Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the
glare,

Far from out the west in shadowing
showers,

Over all the meadow baked and bare,
Making fresh and fair

All the bowers and the flowers,

Fainting flowers, faded bowers,

Over all this weary world of ours,

Breathe, diviner Air!

O diviner light,

Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon with
night,

Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding
showers,

Far from out a sky for ever bright,

Over all the woodland's flooded bowers,

Over all the meadow's drowning flowers,

Over all this ruin'd world of ours,

Break, diviner light!

1880.

MINNIE AND WINNIE

MINNIE and Winnie

Slept in a shell.

Sleep, little ladies!

And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,

Silver without;

Sounds of the great sea

Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!

Wake not soon!

Echo on echo

Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars

Peep'd into the shell.

"What are they dreaming of?

Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet

Out of the croft;

Wake, little ladies!

The sun is aloft!

1880.

TO VIRGIL¹

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest Ilion's
lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and
filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

Landscape-lover, lord of language more
than he that sang the "Works and
Days,"

All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out
from many a golden phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse
and herd;

All the charm of all the Muses often
flowering in a lonely word;

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping under-
neath his beechen bowers;

Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laugh-
ing shepherd bound with flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the
blissful years again to be,

Summers of the snakeless meadow, un-
laborious earth and oarless sea;

Thou that seest Universal Nature moved
by Universal Mind;

Thou majestic in thy sadness at the
doubtful doom of human kind;

Light among the vanish'd ages; star that
gildest yet this phantom shore;

Golden branch amid the shadows, kings
and realms that pass to rise no
more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen
every purple Cæsar's dome—

Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound
forever of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds her
place,

I, from out the Northern Island sunder'd
once from all the human race,

¹ "To Virgil was written at the request of the Mantuans for the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's Death." (*Life of Tennyson*, II, 320.)

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved
thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever
moulded by the lips of man.
1882.

"FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE"

Row us out from Desenzano, to your
Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed — "O
venusta Sirmio!"
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in
the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the
purple flowers grow,
Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the
Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen
hundred years ago
"Frater Ave atque Vale," — as we
wander'd to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the
Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-
silvery Sirmio!
1883.

EPILOGUE TO THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE

AND here the Singer for his art
Not all in vain may plead
"The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed."
1885.

VASTNESS

MANY a hearth upon our dark globe sighs
after many a vanish'd face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll
with the dust of a vanish'd race.

Raving politics, never at rest — as this
poor earth's pale history runs, —
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the
gleam of a million million of suns?

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side,
truthless violence mourn'd by the
wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own in
a popular torrent of lies upon lies;

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious
annals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the
wrong cause, trumpets of victory,
groans of defeat;

Innocence seethed in her mother's milk,
and Charity setting the martyr
afame;

Thralldom who walks with the banner of
Freedom, and recks not to ruin a
realm in her name.

Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the
gloom of doubts that darken the
schools;

Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand,
follow'd up by her vassal legion of
fools;

Trade flying over a thousand seas with
her spice and her vintage, her silk
and her corn;

Desolate ofing, sailorless harbors, fam-
ishing populace, wharves forlorn;

Star of the morning, Hope in the sun-
rise; gloom of the evening, Life at
a close;

Pleasure who flaunts on her wide down-
way with her flying robe and her
poison'd rose;

Pain that has crawl'd from the corpse of
Pleasure, a worm which writhes
all day, and at night

Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper,
and stings him back to the curse
of the light;

Wealth with his wines and his wedded
harlots; honest Poverty, bare to
the bone;

Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; Flat-
tery gilding the rift in a throne;

Fame blowing out from her golden trum-
pet a jubilant challenge to Time
and to Fate;

Slander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on
all the laurell'd graves of the great;

Love for the maiden, crown'd with mar-
riage, no regrets for aught that has
been,

Household happiness, gracious children,
debtless competence, golden mean;

National hatreds of whole generations,
and pigmy spites of the village
spire;

Vows that will last to the last death-
ruckle, and vows that are snapt in
a moment of fire;

He that has lived for the lust of the
minute, and died in the doing it,
flesh without mind;

He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross,
till Self died out in the love of his
kind;

Spring and Summer and Autumn and
Winter, and all these old revolu-
tions of earth;

All new-old revolutions of Empire —
change of the tide — what is all of
it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences,
poesy, varying voices of prayer,
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all
that is filthy with all that is fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in
being our own corpse-coffins at
last?

Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence,
drown'd in the depths of a meaning-
less Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the
gloom, or a moment's anger of
bees in their hive? —

.

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love
him for ever: the dead are not
dead but alive. 1885.

Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping and woke me
And learn'd me Magic!
Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces,
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated the Gleam.

Once at the croak of a Raven who
crossed it,
A barbarous people,
Blind to the magic
And deaf to the melody,
Snarl'd at and cursed me.
A demon vexed me,
The light retreated,
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd
"Follow the Gleam."

Then to the melody
Over a wilderness
Gliding, and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,
Griffin and Giant,
And dancing of Fairies
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons
By warble of water,
Or cataract music
Of falling torrents,
Flitted the Gleam.

Down from the mountain,
And over the level,
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labor,
Slided the Gleam —

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM ¹

O YOUNG Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And *I* am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow the Gleam.

¹ See the *Life of Tennyson*, II, 366.

Then, with a melody
Stronger and statelier,
Led me at length
To the city and palace
Of Arthur the King;
Touch'd at the golden
Cross of the churches,
Flash'd on the tournament,
Flicker'd and bicker'd
From helmet to helmet,
And last on the forehead
Of Arthur the blameless
Rested the Gleam.

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot;
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
The king who loved me,
And cannot die;
For out of the darkness
Silent and slowly

The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry
glimmer

On icy fallow
And faded forest,
Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,
And slowly brightening
Out of the glimmer,

And slowly moving again to a melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with the Gleam.

And broader and brighter
The Gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world;
And slower and fainter,
Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom;
And so to the land's
Last limit I came —
And can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty,

Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam.

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.

1889.

FAR — FAR — AWAY

(FOR MUSIC)

WHAT sight so lured him thro' the fields
he knew
As where earth's green stole into heaven's
own hue,
Far — far — away?

What sound was dearest in his native
dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far — far — away.

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain
or joy.
Thro' those three words would haunt him
when a boy,
Far — far — away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a
breath
From some fair dawn beyond the doors of
death
Far — far — away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of
birth,
The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,
Far — far — away?

What charm in words, a charm no words
could give?
O dying words, can Music make you live
Far — far — away?

1889.

THE THROSTLE

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
 I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love
 again!"
 Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
 Last year you sang it as gladly.
 "New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
 That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again,
 young again,"
 Never a prophet so crazy!
 And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
 See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy
 year!"
 O warble unchidden, unbidden!
 Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
 And all the winters are hidden.
 1889.

THE OAK

LIVE thy Life,
 Young and old,
 Like yon oak,
 Bright in spring,
 Living gold;

Summer-rich
 Then; and then
 Autumn-changed,
 Soberer-hued
 Gold again.

All his leaves
 Fallen at length,
 Look, he stands,
 Trunk and bough,
 Naked strength. 1889.

CROSSING THE BAR¹

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me:
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the
 boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
 Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar. 1889.

¹ "*Crossing the Bar* was written in my father's
 eighty-first year, on a day in October.

"I said, 'That is the crown of your life's work';
 he answered, 'It came in a moment.' He explained
 the 'Pilot' as 'That Divine and Unseen Who is
 always guiding us.'

"A few days before his death he said to me:
 'Mind you put *Crossing the Bar* at the end of all
 editions of my poems.'²" (*Life of Tennyson*, II,
 367.)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

***POETICAL WORKS**, 6 volumes, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen Clarke, Crowell, 1900. — **POETICAL WORKS**, 6 volumes, Scribners, 1890. — **POETICAL WORKS**, 1 volume, edited by H. W. Preston, 1900 (Cambridge Edition). — ***POETICAL WORKS**, 1 volume, edited by F. G. Kenyon, 1897 (Globe Edition). — **POETICAL WORKS**, 1 volume, 1904 (Oxford Edition). — **LETTERS**, edited by F. G. Kenyon, 2 volumes, Macmillan, 1897. — **NEW POEMS** of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, edited by Sir Frederic G. Kenyon, Macmillan, 1915. — **LETTERS** of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 2 volumes, 1899.

BIOGRAPHY

***KENYON** (F. G.), *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, edited with biographical additions. — **HORNE** (R. H.), *Life and Letters of Mrs. Browning*. — **INGRAM** (J. H.), *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (Famous Women Series). — *See also*: *L'Estrange's Life of M. R. Mitford*, and *The Friendships of M. R. Mitford*; *The Letters of M. R. Mitford*; *Macpherson's Memoirs of Anna Jameson*; *Forster's Life of Landor*; and *Loth* (p. 569).

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

HORNE (R. H.), *A New Spirit of the Age*, 1844. — **RITCHIE** (Anne Thackeray), *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning*, 1892. — ***MITFORD** (M. R.), *Recollections of a Literary Life*. — **COLERIDGE** (Sara), *Memoirs and Letters*, Vol. I, Chap. 12 (letter of 1844 to John Kenyon); Vol. II, Chap. 12 (letter of 1851 to Ellis Yarnall). — **BAYNE** (Peter), *Essays in Biography and Criticism*, first series: *Mrs. Barrett Browning*. — **ROSCOE** (W. C.), *Poems and Essays*, Vol. II, 1860. — **OSSOLI** (Margaret Fuller), *Art, Literature, and the Drama*. — **HAWTHORNE**, *Italian Note-Books*. — **HILLARD** (G. S.), *Six Months in Italy*. — ***W. W. STORY AND HIS FRIENDS**, edited by Henry James, 1903.

LATER CRITICISM

BENSON (A. C.), *Essays: Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. — **CHESTERTON** (G. K.), *Twelve Types*, 1902. — **CUNLIFFE** (J. W.), *Elizabeth Barrett's Influence on Browning's Poetry* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, June, 1908). — **DARMESTER** (Mary J.), *Ménage de poètes* (in *Revue de Paris*, Vol. V, p. 295 and p. 788). — ***GOSSE** (E.), *Critical Kit-Kats: The Sonnets from the Portuguese, etc.*, 1896. — **LUBBOCK** (Percy), *Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Her Letters*, 1906. — **MONTEGUT** (Émile), *Écrivains modernes de l'Angleterre*, Vol. II, 1889. — ***STEDMAN** (E. C.), *Victorian Poets*, 1875, 1887. — **TEXTE** (Joseph), *Études de littérature européenne*, 1898. — **WHITING** (Lilian), *A Study of E. B. Browning*, 1899.

BURTON (R.), *Little Essays in Literature and Life: The Brownings*, 1914. — **JONES** (Sir H.), *Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII). — **MERLETTE** (Germaine-Marie), *La Vie et l'œuvre d'Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, 1895. — **MINCKWITZ** (M. J.), *Zu den Casa Guidi Windows der Dichterin Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (in *Anglia*, 1926). — **PLUVIANNES** (H.), *Hommage français à Elizabeth Barrett Browning à l'occasion de son centenaire*, 1906. — **WHITING** (Lilian), *The Brownings, Their Life and Art*, 1911.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

“Φεῦ, φεῦ, τί προσδέρκεσθ’ ἐμ’ ὄμμασιν.
τέκνα;” — *Medea*.

I

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my
brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads
against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the
meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the
shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward
the west —
But the young, young children, O my
brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the
others,
In the country of the free.

II

Do ye question the young children in
the sorrow
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my
brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their
mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

III

They look up with their pale and sunken
faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and
presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
“Your old earth,” they say, “is very
dreary,
Our young feet,” they say, “are very
weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary —
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the
children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our
bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

IV

“True,” say the children, “it may happen
That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year, her grave is
shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take
her;
Was no room for any work in the close
clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will
wake her,
Crying, ‘Get up, little Alice! it is
day.
If you listen by that grave, in sun and
shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never
cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should
not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in
her eyes:

And merry go her moments, lulled and
stilled in

The shroud by the kirk-chime.
"It is good when it happens," say the
children,
"That we die before our time."

v

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have:

They are binding up their hearts away
from breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from
the city,

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes
do;

Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-
cowslips pretty.

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let
them through!

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of
the meadows

Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-
shadows,

From your pleasures fair and fine!

vi

"For oh," say the children, "we are
weary,

And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were
merely

To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,

We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids droop-
ing

The reddest flower would look as pale as
snow.

For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, under-
ground;

Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

vii

"For all day the wheels are droning,
turning;

Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses
burning,

And the walls turn in their places:

Turns the sky in the high window, blank
and reeling,

Turns the long light that drops adown
the wall,

Turn the black flies that crawl along the
ceiling:

All are turning, all the day, and we with
all.

And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,

'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad
moaning),

'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

viii

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other
breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a
fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic

motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:

Let them prove their living souls against
the notion

That they live in you, or under you,
O wheels!

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;

And the children's souls, which God is
calling sunward,

Spin on blindly in the dark.

ix

Now tell the poor young children, O my
brothers,

To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessed One who blesseth all the

others,
Will bless them another day.

They answer, "Who is God that He
should hear us,

While the rushing of the iron wheels is
stirred?

When we sob aloud, the human creatures
near us

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a
word.

And we hear not (for the wheels in their
resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round

Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

X

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,

And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,

We say softly for a charm.¹
We know no other words except 'Our Father,'

And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,

God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,

And hold both within His right hand which is strong.

'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely

(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,

'Come and rest with me, my child.'

XI

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,

"He is speechless as a stone:
And they tell us, of His image is the master

Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children,— "up in Heaven,

Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.

Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:

We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,

O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,

And the children doubt of each.

XII

And well may the children weep before you!

They are weary ere they run;

¹ A fact rendered pathetically historical by Mr. Horne's report of his Commission. The name of the poet of "Orion" and "Cosmo de' Medici" has, however, a change of associations, and comes in time to remind me that we have some noble poetic heat of literature still, — however open to the reproach of being somewhat gelid in our humanity. (*Mrs. Browning.*)

They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory

Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;

They sink in man's despair, without its calm;

Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,

Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:

Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievably
The harvest of its memories cannot

reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.

Let them weep! let them weep!

XIII

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,

And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,

With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O

cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a

child's heart, —
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpi-

tation,
And tread onward to your throne amid

the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,

And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses

deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

1843.

GRIEF

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only men incredulous of despair,

Half-taught in anguish, through the mid-
night air

Beat upward to God's throne in loud
access

Of shrieking and reproach. Full desert-
ness,

In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare

Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted
man, express

Grief for thy Dead in silence like to
death —

Most like a monumental statue set
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
 Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:
 If it could weep, it could arise and go.
 1844.

THE LADY'S "YES"

I

"YES," I answered you last night;
 "No," this morning, sir, I say:
 Colors seen by candle-light
 Will not look the same by day.

II

When the viols played their best,
 Lamps above and laughs below,
Love me sounded like a jest,
 Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

III

Call me false or call me free,
 Vow, whatever light may shine, —
 No man on your face shall see
 Any grief for change on mine.

IV

Yet the sin is on us both;
 Time to dance is not to woo;
 Wooing light makes fickle troth,
 Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

V

Learn to win a lady's faith
 Nobly, as the thing is high,
 Bravely, as for life and death,
 With a loyal gravity.

VI

Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies;
 Guard her, by your truthful words,
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

VII

By your truth she shall be true,
 Ever true, as wives of yore;
 And her *yes*, once said to you,
 SHALL be *Yes* for evermore. 1844.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

"So the dreams depart,
 So the fading phantoms flee,
 And the sharp reality
 Now must act its part."
 — WESTWOOD'S *Beads from a Rosary*.

I

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
 By a stream-side on the grass,
 And the trees are showering down
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow
 On her shining hair and face.

II

She has thrown her bonnet by,
 And her feet she has been dipping
 In the shallow water's flow:
 Now she holds them nakedly
 In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
 While she rocketh to and fro.

III

Little Ellie sits alone,
 And the smile she softly uses
 Fills the silence like a speech,
 While she thinks what shall be done,
 And the sweetest pleasure chooses
 For her future within reach.

IV

Little Ellie in her smile
 Chooses — "I will have a lover
 Riding on a steed of steeds:
 He shall love me without guile,
 And to *him* I will discover
 The swan's nest among the reeds.

V

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
 And the lover shall be noble,
 With an eye that takes the breath:
 And the lute he plays upon
 Shall strike ladies into trouble,
 As his sword strikes men to death.

VI

"And the steed it shall be shod
 All in silver, housed in azure,
 And the mane shall swim the wind;
 And the hoofs along the sod
 Shall flash onward and keep measure,
 Till the shepherds look behind.

VII

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face :
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace !"

VIII

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go !
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

IX

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a yes I must not say,
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble —
'Light to-morrow with to-day !"

X

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong ;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

XI

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet —
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting !
What wilt thou exchange for it ?"

XII

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,
And the second time, a glove ;
But the third time — I may bend
From my pride, and answer — 'Pardon
If he comes to take my love.'

XIII

"Then the young foot-page will run,
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee :
I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but *thee* !"

XIV

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his
deeds ;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

XV

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

XVI

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops — and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds !

XVII

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not ; but I know
She could never show him — never,
That swan's nest among the reeds !

1844.

THE DEAD PAN

Excited by Schiller's "*Götter Griechenlands*," and partly founded on a well-known tradition mentioned in a treatise of Plutarch ("*De Oraculorum Defectu*"), according to which, at the hour of the Savior's agony, a cry of "*Great Pan is dead* !" swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners, — and the oracles ceased.

It is in all veneration to the memory of the deathless Schiller that I oppose a doctrine still more dishonoring to poetry than to Christianity.

As Mr. Kenyon's graceful and harmonious paraphrase of the German poem was the first occasion of the turning of my thoughts in this direction, I take advantage of the pretence to indulge my feelings (which overflow on other grounds) by inscribing my lyric to that dear friend and relative, with the earnestness of appreciating esteem as well as of affectionate gratitude. (*Mrs. Browning.*)

I

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Can ye listen in your silence ?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide ? In floating islands,

With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?
Pan, Pan is dead.

II

In what revels are ye sunken
In old Æthiopia?
Have the Pygmies made you drunken,
Bathing in mandragora
Your divine pale lips that shiver
Like the lotus in the river?

Pan, Pan is dead.

III

Do ye sit there still in slumber,
In gigantic Alpine rows?
The black poppies out of number
Nodding, dripping from your brows
To the red lees of your wine,
And so kept alive and fine?

Pan, Pan is dead.

IV

Or lie crushed your stagnant corpses
Where the silver spheres roll on,
Stung to life by centric forces
Thrown like rays out from the sun? —
While the smoke of your old altars
Is the shroud that round you welters?

Great Pan is dead.

V

"Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas"
Said the old Hellenic tongue, —
Said the hero-oaths, as well as
Poets' songs the sweetest sung:
Have ye grown deaf in a day?
Can ye speak not yea or nay,

Since Pan is dead?

VI

Do ye leave your rivers flowing
All alone, O Naiades,
While your drenched locks dry slow in
This cold feeble sun and breeze?
Not a word the Naiads say,
Though the rivers run for aye;

For Pan is dead.

VII

From the gloaming of the oak-wood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee?
At the rushing thunderstroke, would
No sob tremble through the tree?
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye;

For Pan is dead.

VIII

Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst?
Shall we see no sudden faces
Strike a glory through the mist?
Not a sound the silence thrills
Of the everlasting hills:

Pan, Pan is dead.

IX

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings,
With your chariots in procession
And your silver clash of wings!
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities,

Now Pan is dead!

X

Jove, that right hand is unloaded
Whence the thunder did prevail,
While in idiocy of godhead
Thou art staring the stars pale!
And thine eagle, blind and old,
Roughs his feathers in the cold.

Pan, Pan is dead.

XI

Where, O Juno, is the glory
Of thy regal look and tread?
Will they lay, for evermore, thee
On thy dim, strait, golden bed?
Will thy queendom all lie hid
Meekly under either lid?

Pan, Pan is dead.

XII

Ha, Apollo! floats his golden
Hair all mist-like where he stands,
While the Muses hang enfolding
Knee and foot with faint wild hands?
'Neath the clanging of thy bow,
Niobe looked lost as thou!

Pan, Pan is dead.

XIII

Shall the casque with its brown iron
Pallas' broad blue eyes eclipse,
And no hero take inspiring
From the god-Greek of her lips?
'Neath her olive dost thou sit,
Mars the mighty, cursing it?

Pan, Pan is dead.

XIV

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther
 He swoons, bound with his own vines;
 And his Mænads slowly saunter,
 Head aside, among the pines,
 While they murmur dreamingly
 "Evohe! — ah — evohe! —"
 Ah, Pan is dead!"

XV

Neptune lies beside the trident,
 Dull and senseless as a stone;
 And old Pluto deaf and silent
 Is cast out into the sun:
 Ceres smileth stern thereat,
 "We *all* now are desolate —"
 Now Pan is dead."

XVI

Aphrodite! dead and driven
 As thy native foam thou art;
 With the cestus long done heaving
 On the white calm of thine heart!
Ài Adonis! at that shriek
 Not a tear runs down her cheek —
 Pan, Pan is dead.

XVII

And the Loves, we used to know from
 One another, huddled lie,
 Frore as taken in a snow-storm,
 Close beside her tenderly;
 As if each had weakly tried
 Once to kiss her as he died.
 Pan, Pan is dead.

XVIII

What, and Hermes? Time enthralleth
 All thy cunning, Hermes, thus,
 And the ivy blindly crawleth
 Round thy heavy caduceus?
 Hast thou no new message for us,
 Full of thunder and Jove-glories?
 Nay, Pan is dead.

XIX

Crown'd Cybele's great turret
 Rocks and crumbles on her head;
 Roar the lions of her chariot
 Toward the wilderness, unfed:
 Scornful children are not mute,—
 "Mother, mother, walk afoot,
 Since Pan is dead!"

XX

In the fiery-hearted centre
 Of the solemn universe,
 Ancient Vesta,— who could enter
 To consume thee with this curse?
 Drop thy grey chin on thy knee,
 O thou palsied Mystery!
 For Pan is dead.

XXI

Gods, we vainly do adjure you, —
 Ye return nor voice nor sign!
 Not a votary could secure you
 Even a grave for your Divine:
 Not a grave, to show thereby
Here these grey old gods do lie.
 Pan, Pan is dead.

XXII

Even that Greece who took your wages
 Calls the obolus outworn;
 And the hoarse, deep-throated ages
 Laugh your godships unto scorn:
 And the poets do disclaim you,
 Or grow colder if they name you —
 And Pan is dead.

XXIII

Gods bereav'd, gods belated,
 With your purples rent asunder!
 Gods discrowned and desecrated,
 Disinherited of thunder!
 Now, the goats may climb and crop
 The soft grass on Ida's top —
 Now Pan is dead.

XXIV

Calm, of old, the bark went onward,
 When a cry more loud than wind
 Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward
 From the piled Dark behind;
 And the sun shrank and grew pale,
 Breathed against by the great wail —
 "Pan, Pan is dead."

XXV

And the rowers from the benches
 Fell, each shuddering on his face,
 While departing Influences
 Struck a cold back through the place;
 And the shadow of the ship
 Reeled along the passive deep —
 "Pan, Pan is dead."

XXVI

And that dismal cry rose slowly
 And sank slowly through the air,
 Full of spirit's melancholy
 And eternity's despair!
 And they heard the words it said —
 PAN IS DEAD — GREAT PAN IS DEAD —
 PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

XXVII

'Twas the hour when One in Sion
 Hung for love's sake on a cross;
 When His brow was chill with dying
 And His soul was faint with loss;
 When His priestly blood dropped down-
 ward
 And His kingly eyes looked throneward —
 Then, Pan was dead.

XXVIII

By the love, He stood alone in,
 His sole Godhead rose complete,
 And the false gods fell down moaning
 Each from off his golden seat;
 All the false gods with a cry
 Rendered up their deity —
 Pan, Pan was dead.

XXIX

Wailing wide across the islands,
 They rent, vest-like, their Divine;
 And a darkness and a silence
 Quenched the light of every shrine;
 And Dodona's oak swang lonely
 Henceforth, to the tempest only:
 Pan, Pan was dead.

XXX

Pythia staggered, feeling o'er her
 Her lost god's forsaking look;
 Straight her eyeballs filmed with horror
 And her crispy filets shook
 And her lips gasped, through their foam,
 For a word that did not come.
 Pan, Pan was dead.

XXXI

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,
 Ye are silent evermore!
 And I dash down this old chalice
 Whence libations ran of yore.
 See, the wine crawls in the dust
 Wormlike — as your glories must,
 Since Pan is dead.

XXXII

Get to dust, as common mortals,
 By a common doom and track!
 Let no Schiller from the portals
 Of that Hades call you back,
 Or instruct us to weep all
 At your antique funeral.
 Pan, Pan is dead.

XXXIII

By your beauty, which confesses
 Some chief Beauty conquering you, —
 By our grand heroic guesses
 Through your falsehood at the True, —
 We will weep *not!* earth shall roll
 Heir to each god's aureole —
 And Pan is dead.

XXXIV

Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
 Sung beside her in her youth,
 And those debonair romances
 Sound but dull beside the truth.
 Phœbus' chariot-course is run:
 Look up, poets, to the sun!
 Pan, Pan is dead.

XXXV

Christ hath sent us down the angels;
 And the whole earth and the skies
 Are illumed by altar-candles
 Lit for blessèd mysteries;
 And a Priest's hand through creation
 Waveth calm and consecration:
 And Pan is dead.

XXXVI

Truth is fair: should we forgo it?
 Can we sigh right for a wrong?
 God Himself is the best Poet,
 And the Real is His song.
 Sing His truth out fair and full,
 And secure His beautiful!
 Let Pan be dead!

XXXVII

Truth is large: our aspiration
 Scarce embraces half we be.
 Shame, to stand in His creation
 And Doubt truth's sufficiency! —
 To think God's song unexcelling
 The poor tales of our own telling —
 When Pan is dead!

XXXVIII

What is true and just and honest,
 What is lovely, what is pure,
 All of praise that hath admonisht,
 All of Virtue,— shall endure;
 These are themes for poets' uses,
 Stirring nobler than the Muses,
 Ere Pan was dead.

XXXIX

O brave poets, keep back nothing,
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
 Look up Godward; speak the truth in
 Worthy song from earnest soul:
 Hold, in high poetic duty,
 Truest Truth the fairest Beauty!
 Pan, Pan is dead.
 1844.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS

I

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
 Feeling, thinking, seeing;
 Love me in the lightest part,
 Love me in full being.

II

Love me with thine open youth
 In its frank surrender;
 With the vowing of thy mouth,
 With its silence tender.

III

Love me with thine azure eyes,
 Made for earnest granting;
 Taking color from the skies,
 Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

IV

Love me with their lids, that fall
 Snow-like at first meeting;
 Love me with thine heart, that all
 Neighbours then see beating.

V

Love me with thine hand stretched out
 Freely— open-minded:
 Love me with thy loitering foot.—
 Hearing one behind it.

VI

Love me with thy voice, that turns
 Sudden faint above me;
 Love me with thy blush that burns
 When I murmur *Love me!*

VII

Love me with thy thinking soul,
 Break it to love-sighing;
 Love me with thy thoughts that roll
 On through living— dying.

VIII

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
 When the world has crowned thee;
 Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
 With the angels round thee.

IX

Love me pure, as musers do,
 Up the woodlands shady:
 Love me gaily, fast and true,
 As a winsome lady.

X

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
 Farther off or nigher,
 Love me for the house and grave,
 And for something higher.

XI

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, Dear,
 Woman's love no fable,
 I will love *thee*— half a year—
 As a man is able. 1846.

SONNETS FROM THE
PORTUGUESE¹

I

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-
 for years,
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
 I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy
 years,

¹ See the Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
 I, 316-317.

Those of my own life, who by turns had
 flung
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was
 'ware,
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by
 the hair;
 And a voice said in mastery, while I
 strove, —
 "Guess now who holds thee?" —
 "Death," I said. But, there,
 The silver answer rang, — "Not Death,
 but Love."

II

BUT only three in all God's universe
 Have heard this word thou hast said, —
 Himself, beside
 Thee speaking, and me listening! and
 replied
 One of us . . . *that* was God, . . . and
 laid the curse
 So darkly on my eyelids, as to amerce
 My sight from seeing thee, — that if I had
 died,
 The deathweights, placed there, would
 have signified
 Less absolute exclusion. "Nay" is
 worse
 From God than from all others, O my
 friend!
 Men could not part us with their worldly
 jars,
 Nor the seas change us, nor the tempests
 bend;
 Our hands would touch for all the
 mountain-bars:
 And, heaven being rolled between us at
 the end,
 We should but vow the faster for the
 stars.

III¹

UNLIKE are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
 Unlike our uses and our destinies.
 Our ministering two angels look surprise
 On one another, as they strike athwart
 Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink
 thee, art
 A guest for queens to social pageantries,
 With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
 Than tears even can make mine, to play
 thy part

¹ See the Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, I, 74-75. (May 24, 1845.)

Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
 With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
 A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing
 through
 The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
 The chrism is on thine head, — on mine,
 the dew, —
 And Death must dig the level where these
 agree.

V

I LIFT my heavy heart up solemnly,
 As once Electra her sepulchral urn,
 And looking in thine eyes, I overturn
 The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see
 What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,
 And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn
 Through the ashen grayness. If thy foot
 in scorn
 Could tread them out to darkness utterly,
 It might be well perhaps. But if instead
 Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow
 The gray dust up, . . . those laurels on
 thine head,
 O my Belovèd, will not shield thee so,
 That none of all the fires shall scorch and
 shred
 The hair beneath. Stand farther off
 then! go.

VI¹

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Never-
 more
 Alone upon the threshold of my door
 Of individual life, I shall command
 The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,
 Without the sense of that which I for-
 bore —
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest
 land
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart
 in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I do
 And what I dream include thee, as the
 wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when
 I sue
 God for myself, He hears that name of
 thine,
 And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

¹ See the Letters of R. B. and E. B. B., I, 74-75 and 144.

VII

THE face of all the world is changed, I think,
 Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
 Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole
 Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
 Of obvious death, where I, who thought
 to sink,
 Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
 Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole
 God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,
 And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.
 The names of country, heaven, are changed away
 For where thou art or shalt be, there or here;
 And this . . . this lute and song . . . loved yesterday,
 (The singing angels know) are only dear
 Because thy name moves right in what they say.

VIII¹

WHAT can I give thee back, O liberal
 And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
 And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
 And laid them on the outside of the wall
 For such as I to take or leave withal,
 In unexpected largesse? am I cold,
 Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
 High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
 Not so; not cold,— but very poor instead.
 Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
 The colors from my life, and left so dead
 And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
 To give the same as pillow to thy head.
 Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

IX

CAN it be right to give what I can give?
 To let thee sit beneath the fall of tears
 As salt as mine, and hear the sighing years
 Re-sighing on my lips renunciative
 Through those infrequent smiles which fail to live

¹ With this Sonnet and the next, compare the Letters, I, 183-185.

For all thy adjurations? O my fears,
 That this can scarce be right! We are not peers,
 So to be lovers; and I own, and grieve,
 That givers of such gifts as mine are, must
 Be counted with the ungenerous. Out, alas!
 I will not soil thy purple with my dust,
 Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice-glass,
 Nor give thee any love — which were unjust.
 Beloved, I only love thee! let it pass.

X

YET, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed
 And worthy of acceptance. Fire is bright,
 Let temple burn, or flax; an equal light
 Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed:
 And love is fire. And when I say at need
I love thee . . . mark! . . . I love thee —
 in thy sight
 I stand transfigured, glorified aright,
 With conscience of the new rays that proceed
 Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing low
 In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures
 Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
 And what I *feel*, across the inferior features
 Of what I *am*, doth flash itself, and show
 How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

XII

INDEED this very love which is my boast,
 And which, when rising up from breast to brow,
 Doth crown me with a ruby large enow
 To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,—
 This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,
 I should not love withal, unless that thou
 Hadst set me an example, shown me how,
 When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,
 And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak

Of love even, as a good thing of my
 own :
 Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint
 and weak,
 And placed it by thee on a golden
 throne,—
 And that I love (O soul, we must be
 meek !)
 Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

XIII

AND wilt thou have me fashion into
 speech
 The love I bear thee, finding words
 enough,
 And hold the torch out, while the winds
 are rough,
 Between our faces, to cast light on
 each? —
 I drop it at thy feet. I cannot teach
 My hand to hold my spirit so far off
 From myself — me — that I should bring
 thee proof
 In words, of love hid in me out of reach.
 Nay, let the silence of my womanhood
 Commend my woman-love to thy be-
 lief,—
 Seeing that I stand unwon, however
 wooed,
 And rend the garment of my life, in brief,
 By a most dauntless, voiceless fortitude,
 Lest one touch of this heart convey its
 grief.

XIV¹

IF thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 "I love her for her smile — her look —
 her way
 Of speaking gently, — for a trick of
 thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes
 brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day" —
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd,
 may
 Be changed, or change for thee, — and
 love, so wrought,
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me
 for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks
 dry, —
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore

Thy comfort long, and lose thy love
 thereby!
 But love me for love's sake, that ever-
 more
 Thou mayst love on, through love's eter-
 nity.

XVI¹

AND yet, because thou overcomest so,
 Because thou art more noble and like a
 king,
 Thou canst prevail against my fears and
 fling
 Thy purple round me, till my heart shall
 grow
 Too close against thine heart henceforth
 to know
 How it shook when alone. Why, con-
 quering
 May prove as lordly and complete a thing
 In lifting upward, as in crushing low !
 And as a vanquished soldier yields his
 sword
 To one who lifts him from the bloody
 earth,
 Even so, Belovèd, I at last record,
 Here ends my strife. If *thou* invite me
 forth,
 I rise above abasement at the word.
 Make thy love larger to enlarge my worth.

XVII

My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes
 God set between His After and Before,
 And strike up and strike off the general
 roar
 Of the rushing worlds a melody that floats
 In a serene air purely. Antidotes
 Of medicated music, answering for
 Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour
 From thence into their ears. God's will
 devotes
 Thine to such ends, and mine to wait on
 thine.
 How, Dearest, wilt thou have me for
 most use?
 A hope, to sing by gladly? or a fine
 Sad memory, with thy songs to inter-
 fuse?
 A shade, in which to sing — of palm or
 pine?
 A grave, on which to rest from singing?
 Choose.

¹ Compare the Letters, I, 256, 274-5, 506, 508.¹ Compare the Letters, I, 545.

XVIII

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
 To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
 Which now upon my fingers thought-
 fully,
 I ring out to the full brown length and say
 "Take it." My day of youth went yes-
 terday:
 My hair no longer bounds to my foot's
 glee,
 Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
 As girls do, any more; it only may
 Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of
 tears,
 Taught drooping from the head that
 hangs aside
 Through sorrow's trick. I thought the
 funeral-shears
 Would take this first, but love is justi-
 fied,—
 Take it thou, finding pure, from all those
 years,
 The kiss my mother left here when she
 died.

XIX

THE soul's Rialto hath its merchandise;
 I barter curl for curl upon that mart,
 And from my poet's forehead to my heart
 Receive this lock which outweighs ar-
 gosies,—
 As purple black, as erst to Pindar's eyes
 The dim purpureal tresses gloomed
 athwart
 The nine white Muse-brows. For this
 counterpart,
 The bay-crown's shade, Belovèd, I sur-
 mise,
 Still lingers on thy curl, it is so black!
 Thus, with a fillet of smooth-kissing
 breath,
 I tie the shadows safe from gliding back,
 And lay the gift where nothing hin-
 dereth;
 Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to
 lack
 No natural heat till mine grows cold in
 death.

XX¹

BEOVED, my Belovèd, when I think
 That thou wast in the world a year ago.
 What time I sat alone here in the snow

¹ Compare the Letters, I, 147.

And saw no footprint, heard the silence
 sink
 No moment at thy voice, but, link by
 link,
 Went counting all my chains as if that
 so
 They never could fall off at any blow
 Struck by thy possible hand,— why, thus
 I drink
 Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonder-
 ful,
 Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
 With personal act or speech,— nor ever
 dull
 Some prescience of thee with the blos-
 soms white
 Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as
 dull,
 Who cannot guess God's presence out of
 sight.

XXI¹

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
 That thou dost love me. Though the
 word repeated
 Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou
 dost treat it,
 Remember, never to the hill or plain,
 Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-
 strain
 Comes the fresh Spring in all her green
 completed.
 Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted
 By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's
 pain
 Cry, "Speak once more — thou lovest!"
 Who can fear
 Too many stars, though each in heaven
 shall roll,
 Too many flowers, though each shall
 crown the year?
 Say thou dost love me, love me, love me
 — toll
 The silver iterance! — only minding,
 Dear,
 To love me also in silence with thy soul.

XXII

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and
 strong,
 Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and
 nigher,
 Until the lengthening wings break into fire

¹ Compare the Letters, I, 336.

At either curvèd point,—what bitter
 wrong
 Can the earth do to us, that we should
 not long
 Be here contented? Think. In mount-
 ing higher,
 The angels would press on us and aspire
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song
 Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
 Rather on earth, Belovèd,—where the
 unfit
 Contrarious moods of men recoil away
 And isolate pure spirits, and permit
 A place to stand and love in for a day,
 With darkness and the death-hour round-
 ing it.

XXIII¹

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
 Wouldst thou miss any life in losing
 mine?
 And would the sun for thee more coldly
 shine
 Because of grave-damps falling round my
 head?
 I marvelled, my Belovèd, when I read
 Thy thought so in the letter. I am
 thine—
 But . . . so much to thee? Can I pour
 thy wine
 While my hands tremble? Then my
 soul, instead
 Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower
 range.
 Then, love me, Love! look on me—
 breathe on me!
 As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
 For love, to give up acres and degree,
 I yield the grave for thy sake, and ex-
 change
 My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth
 with thee!

XXVI

I LIVED with visions for my company
 Instead of men and women, years ago,
 And found them gentle mates, nor
 thought to know
 A sweeter music than they played to me.
 But soon their trailing purple was not
 free
 Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent
 grow,

And I myself grew faint and blind below
 Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst
 come—to be,
 Belovèd, what they seemed. Their
 shining fronts,
 Their songs, their splendors (better, yet
 the same,
 As river-water hallowed into founts),
 Met in thee, and from out thee overcame
 My soul with satisfaction of all wants:
 Because God's gifts put man's best
 dreams to shame.

XXVII¹

MY own Belovèd, who hast lifted me
 From this drear flat of earth where I was
 thrown,
 And, in betwixt the languid ringlets,
 blown
 A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully
 Shines out again, as all the angels see,
 Before thy saving kiss! My own, my
 own,
 Who camest to me when the world was
 gone,
 And I who looked for only God, found
 thee!
 I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and
 glad.
 As one who stands in dewless asphodel
 Looks backward on the tedious time he
 had
 In the upper life,—so I, with bosom-
 swell,
 Make witness, here, between the good and
 bad,
 That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves
 as well.

XXVIII²

MY letters! all dead paper, mute and
 white!
 And yet they seem alive and quivering
 Against my tremulous hands which loose
 the string
 And let them drop down on my knee to-
 night.
 This said,—he wished to have me in his
 sight
 Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in
 spring
 To come and touch my hand . . . a
 simple thing,

¹ Compare the Letters, I, 395.² Compare the Letters, I, 6, 70, 365.¹ Compare the Letters, I, 337, 345, 350.

Yet I wept for it!—this, . . . the
 paper's light . . .
 Said *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank and
 quailed
 As if God's future thundered on my past.
 This said, *I am thine* — and so its ink has
 paled
 With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
 And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill
 availed
 If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

XXXI

THOU comest! all is said without a word.
 I sit beneath thy looks as children do
 In the noon-sun, with souls that tremble
 through
 Their happy eyelids from an unaverred
 Yet prodigal inward joy. Behold, I erred
 In that last doubt! and yet I cannot rue
 The sin most, but the occasion — that we
 two
 Should for a moment stand unministered
 By a mutual presence. Ah, keep near
 and close,
 Thou dovelike help! and, when my fears
 would rise,
 With thy broad heart serenely interpose:
 Brood down with thy divine sufficiencies
 These thoughts which tremble when
 bereft of those,
 Like callow birds left desert to the skies.

XXXII

THE first time that the sun rose on thine
 oath
 To love me, I looked forward to the moon
 To slacken all those bonds which seemed
 too soon
 And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.
 Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may
 quickly loathe;
 And, looking on myself, I seemed not one
 For such man's love; — more like an out-
 of-tune
 Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth
 To spoil his song with, and which,
 snatched in haste,
 Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.
 I did not wrong myself so, but I placed
 A wrong on *thee*. For perfect strains may
 float
 'Neath master-hands, from instruments
 defaced, —
 And great souls, at one stroke, may do and
 doat.

XXXV

IF I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
 And be all to me? Shall I never miss
 Home-talk and blessing and the common
 kiss
 That comes to each in turn, nor count it
 strange,
 When I look up, to drop on a new range
 Of walls and floors, another home than
 this?
 Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me
 which is
 Filled by dead eyes too tender to know
 change?
 That's hardest. If to conquer love, has
 tried,
 To conquer grief, tries more, as all things
 prove;
 For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
 Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to
 love.
 Yet love me — wilt thou? Open thine
 heart wide.
 And fold within the wet wings of thy
 dove.

XXXVI

WHEN we met first and loved, I did not
 build
 Upon the event with marble. Could it
 mean
 To last, a love set pendulous between
 Sorrow and sorrow? Nay, I rather
 thrilled,
 Distrusting every light that seemed to
 gild
 The onward path, and feared to over-
 lean
 A finger even. And, though I have
 grown serene
 And strong since then, I think that God
 has willed
 A still renewable fear . . . O love, O
 troth . . .
 Lest these enclasped hands should never
 hold,
 This mutual kiss drop down between us
 both
 As an unowned thing, once the lips being
 cold.
 And Love, be false! if *he*, to keep one
 oath,
 Must lose one joy, by his life's star fore-
 told.

XXXVIII

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only
 kissed
 The fingers of this hand wherewith I
 write;
 And ever since, it grew more clean and
 white,
 Slow to world-greetings, quick with its
 "Oh, list,"
 When the angels speak. A ring of
 amethyst
 I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
 Than the first kiss. The second passed
 in height
 The first, and sought the forehead, and
 half missed,
 Half falling on the hair. O beyond
 need!
 That was the chrisom of love, which love's
 own crown,
 With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
 The third upon my lips was folded down
 In perfect, purple state; since when, in-
 deed,
 I have been proud and said, "My love,
 my own."

XXXIX

BECAUSE thou hast the power and own'st
 the grace
 To look through and behind this mask of
 me
 (Against which years have beat thus
 blanchingly
 With their rains), and behold my soul's
 true face,
 The dim and weary witness of life's
 race,—
 Because thou hast the faith and love to
 see,
 Through that same soul's distracting
 lethargy,
 The patient angel waiting for a place
 In the new Heavens,—because nor sin
 nor woe,
 Nor God's infliction, nor death's neigh-
 borhood,
 Nor all which others viewing, turn to go,
 Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-
 viewed,—
 Nothing repels thee, . . . Dearest, teach
 me so
 To pour out gratitude, as thou dost,
 good!

XLI

I THANK all who have loved me in their
 hearts,
 With thanks and love from mine. Deep
 thanks to all
 Who paused a little near the prison-wall
 To hear my music in its louder parts
 Ere they went onward, each one to the
 mart's
 Or temple's occupation, beyond call.
 But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall
 When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's
 Own instrument didst drop down at thy
 foot
 To hearken what I said between my
 tears, . . .
 Instruct me how to thank thee! Oh, to
 shoot
 My soul's full meaning into future years,
 That *they* should lend it utterance, and
 salute
 Love that endures, from Life that dis-
 appears!

XLII

"*My future will not copy fair my past*"—¹
 I wrote that once; and thinking at my side
 My ministering life-angel justified
 The word by his appealing look upcast
 To the white throne of God, I turned at
 last,
 And there, instead, saw thee, not unallied
 To angels in thy soul! Then I, long
 tried
 By natural ills, received the comfort fast,
 While budding, at thy sight, my pilgrim's
 staff
 Gave out green leaves with morning dew's
 impearled.
 I seek no copy now of life's first half:
 Leave here the pages with long musing
 curled,
 And write me new my future's epigraph,
 New angel mine, unhopèd for in the world!

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the
 ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and
 height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of
 sight

¹ A sonnet of Mrs. Browning's, of 1844, begins with this line. See also the Letters, I, 281.

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from
 Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
 faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints,— I love thee with
 the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God
 choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

XLIV

BELOVED, thou hast brought me many
 flowers

Plucked in the garden, all the summer
 through

And winter, and it seemed as if they grew
 In this close room, nor missed the sun and
 showers.

So, in the like name of that love of ours,
 Take back these thoughts which here un-
 folded too,

And which on warm and cold days I
 withdrew

From my heart's ground. Indeed, those
 beds and bowers

Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,
 And wait thy weeding; yet here's eglan-
 tine,

Here's ivy: — take them, as I used to do
 Thy flowers, and keep them where they
 shall not pine.

Instruct thine eyes to keep their colors
 true,

And tell thy soul their roots are left in
 mine. [1847.] 1850.

LIFE AND LOVE

I

FAST this life of mine was dying,
 Blind already and calm as death,
 Snowflakes on her bosom lying
 Scarcely heaving with her breath.

II

Love came by, and having known her
 In a dream of fabled lands,
 Gently stopped, and laid upon her
 Mystic chrism of holy hands;

III

Drew his smile across her folded
 Eyelids, as the swallow dips;
 Breathed as finely as the cold did
 Through the locking of her lips.

IV

So, when Life looked upward, being
 Warmed and breathed on from above,
 What sight could she have for seeing,
 Evermore . . . but only LOVE?

1850.

INCLUSIONS

I

OH, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie
 along in thine?

As a little stone in a running stream, it
 seems to lie and pine.

Now drop the poor pale hand, Dear, unfit
 to plight with thine.

II

Oh, wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, drawn
 closer to thine own?

My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by
 many a tear run down.

Now leave a little space, Dear, lest it
 should wet thine own.

III

Oh, must thou have my soul, Dear, com-
 mingled with thy soul? —

Red grows the cheek, and warm the hand;
 the part is in the whole:

Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate, when
 soul is joined to soul.

1850.

INSUFFICIENCY

I

THERE is no one beside thee and no one
 above thee,

Thou standest alone as the nightingale
 sings!

And my words that would praise thee
 are impotent things,

For none can express thee though all
 should approve thee.

I love thee so, Dear, that I only can
 love thee.

II

Say, what can I do for thee? weary thee,
grieve thee?

Lean on thy shoulder, new burdens to
add?

Weep my tears over thee, making thee
sad?

Oh, hold me not — love me not! let me
retrieve thee.

I love thee so, Dear, that I only can
leave thee. 1850.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

I

LOVE you seek for, presupposes
Summer heat and sunny glow.

Tell me, do you find moss-roses
Budding, blooming in the snow?

Snow might kill the rose-tree's root —
Shake it quickly from your foot,

Lest it harm you as you go.

II

From the ivy where it dapples

A grey ruin, stone by stone,

Do you look for grapes or apples,

Or for sad green leaves alone?

Pluck the leaves off, two or three —

Keep them for morality

When you shall be safe and gone.

1856.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

I

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,

Down in the reeds by the river?

Spreading ruin and scattering ban,

Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a
goat,

And breaking the golden lilies afloat

With the dragon-fly on the river.

II

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,

From the deep cool bed of the river:

The limpid water turbidly ran,

And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III

High on the shore sat the great god Pan

While turbidly flowed the river;

And hacked and hewed as a great god can,

With his hard bleak steel at the patient
reed,

Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,

(How tall it stood in the river!)

Then drew the pith, like the heart of a
man,

Steadily from the outside ring,

And notched the poor dry empty thing

In holes, as he sat by the river.

V

"This is the way," laughed the great god
Pan

(Laughed while he sat by the river),

"The only way, since gods began

To make sweet music, they could suc-
ceed."

Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the
reed,

He blew in power by the river.

VI

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!

Piercing sweet by the river!

Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!

The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly

Came back to dream on the river.

VII

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,

To laugh as he sits by the river,

Making a poet out of a man:

The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—

For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

1860.

ROBERT BROWNING

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

POETICAL WORKS, 17 volumes, Smith, Elder, 1888-94. — POETICAL WORKS, 9 volumes, Macmillan, 1894-1903. — *POETICAL WORKS, 12 volumes, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, Crowell, 1898 (Camberwell Edition). — WORKS, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, Crowell, 1912 (Centenary Edition). — POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS, 6 volumes, edited by G. W. Cooke, Houghton Mifflin, 1899 (New Riverside Edition). — POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS, 3 volumes, Houghton Mifflin, 1906 (New Popular Edition). — POETICAL WORKS, 2 volumes, edited by Augustine Birrell, Macmillan, 1896 (Globe Edition). — *POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS, 1 volume, edited by H. E. Scudder, Houghton Mifflin, 1895 (Cambridge Edition); the same, on Oxford India paper, 1905 (Special Cambridge Edition). — SELECTIONS, 2 volumes, Smith, Elder, 1872 (Browning's own selection); *the same, with additional poems subsequent to 1872, edited by C. Porter and H. A. Clarke, Crowell, 1896. — SELECT POEMS, edited by Percival Chubb, 1905 (Longmans' English Classics). — *SELECT POEMS, edited by A. J. George, Little, Brown, 1905. — NEW POEMS of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, edited by Sir Frederic G. Kenyon, Macmillan, 1915.

BIOGRAPHY

ORR (Alexandra L.), *Life and Letters of Robert Browning*, 1891; *new enlarged edition, edited by F. G. Kenyon, 1908. — *SHARP (W.), *Life of Browning*, 1890 (Great Writers Series). — WAUGH (Arthur), *Robert Browning*, 1900 (Westminster Biographies). — *CHESTERTON (G. K.), *Browning*, 1903 (English Men of Letters Series). — DOUGLAS (James), *Robert Browning*, 1904 (Bookman Biographies). — *DOWDEN (Edward), *Browning*, 1904 (Temple Biographies). — *HERFORD (C. H.), *Browning*, 1904 (Modern English Writers Series). — GRIFFITH (W. H.), *Life of Robert Browning*, 1911. — LOUNSBURY (T. R.), *The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning*, 1911. — LOTH (David), *The Brownings, a Victorian Idyll*, 1929. — *See also:* Forster's *Life of Landor*; Hallam Tennyson's *Life of Tennyson*; *W. W. Story and His Friends, edited by Henry James, 1904; *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, edited by F. G. Kenyon, 1897; *Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, edited by Robert Barrett Browning, 1899; *Robert Browning and Alfred Domett, edited by F. G. Kenyon, 1906; and Letters of Robert Browning to Miss Isa Blagden, edited by A. J. Armstrong, 1923.

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

HORNE (R. H.), *A New Spirit of the Age*, 1844. — POWELL (T.), *The Living Authors of England*, 1849. — OSSOLI (Margaret F.), *Art, Literature, and the Drama*. — MORRIS (W.), *Review of Men and Women*, 1856. — HAWTHORNE, *Italian Note-Books*. — BAGEHOT (W.), *Literary Studies*, Vol. II, 1870: Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, or Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry (from the National Review, November, 1864). — NETTLESHIP (J. T.), *Essays on Robert Browning's Poetry*, 1868. —

*GOSSE (E. W.), *Robert Browning: Personalalia*, 1890. — RITCHIE (Anne Thackeray), *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning*, 1892. — DUFFY (C. G.), *Conversations with Carlyle*. — *CURTIS (G. W.), *From the Easy Chair: Browning in Florence*. — BRONSON (K.), *Browning in Asolo* (in *Century Magazine*, Vol. XXXVII, p. 920); *Browning in Venice* (in *Century Magazine*, Vol. XLI, p. 572). — PASTON (George), *B. R. Haydon and His Friends*, 1905. — TAYLOR (Mrs. Bayard), *On Two Continents*, 1905. — COLVIN (S.), *Some Personal Recollections of Robert Browning* (in *Scribner's*, January, 1920). — Miss Elizabeth Barrett's criticism of her future husband's poems (in *New Poems*, cited above).

INTRODUCTIONS TO BROWNING

ALEXANDER (W. J.), *An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning*. — *BERDOE (E.), *The Browning Cyclopædia, a Guide to the Study of the Works of Robert Browning*, 1892. — CHICAGO BROWNING SOCIETY, *Browning's Poetry, Outline Studies*. — COOKE (Bancroft), *An Introduction to Robert Browning*. — COOKE (G. W.), *A Guide-Book to the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning*. — CORSON (Hiram), *An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry*. — DEFRIES (E. P.), *Browning Primer*. — FOTHERINGHAM (J.), *Studies in the Poetry of Robert Browning*. — HALLOCK (E. B.), *Introduction to Browning*. — HOLLAND (F. M.), *Stories from Robert Browning*. — KINGSLAND (W. G.), *Robert Browning, Chief Poet of the Age*. — MOLINEUX (M. A.), *A Phrase-Book from the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning*. — MORISON (Jeanie), *Sordello, an Outline Analysis of Mr. Browning's Poem*. — ORR (A. L.), *A Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning*. — SYMONS (A.), *An Introduction to the Study of Browning*.

(The above books are for the most part more elementary than could be needed today by any person of ordinary intelligence. Some of them, however, especially that of Berdoe, and in a less degree those of Corson, G. W. Cooke, and Mrs. Orr, contain much valuable information not elsewhere so easily obtainable.)

LATER CRITICISM

*BEATTY (Arthur), *Browning's Verse-Form, Its Organic Character*, 1896. — *BERDOE (E.), *Browning's Message to His Time: His Religion, Philosophy, and Science*, 1890. — BIRRELL (Augustine), *Essays and Addresses*, 1901; *Obiter Dicta*, Vol. I: **On the Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry*, 1884. — *BROWNING SOCIETY (of London), *Browning Studies: Selected Papers of Members of the Browning Society*, edited by Edward Berdoe, 1895. — *BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY: *Selected Papers*, 1897. — BROOKE (S. A.), *The Poetry of Browning*, 1902. — BURTON (R.), *Literary Likings: Renaissance in Browning's Poetry*, 1902. — CHAPMAN (J. J.), *Emerson and Other Essays*, 1898. — CHURCH (R. W.), *Dante and Other Essays: Sordello*, 1888. — DARMESTETER (Mary J.), *Ménage de poètes* (in *Revue de Paris*, October, 1898). — *DOWDEN (E.), *Studies in Literature: Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning; Transcendental Movement in Literature*, 1878; *Transcripts and Studies: Mr. Browning's Sordello*, 1888. — EVERETT (C. C.), *Essays Theological and Literary*, 1891. — HODELL (C. W.), *The Old Yellow Book; photo-reproduction, translation, essay, etc.*, 1908. — HUTTON (R. H.), *Literary Essays*, 1871, 1888. — JAMES (Henry), *Essays in London and Elsewhere*. — JENKIN (Fleming), *Papers Literary, Scientific, etc.: The Agamemnon and Trachiniae*. — *LAWTON (W. C.), *Classical Element in Browning's Poetry*. — MABIE (H. W.), *Essays in Literary Interpretation*, 1892. — MORE (Paul E.), *Shelburne Essays, third series: Browning's Popularity*, 1906. — MORLEY (John), *Studies in Literature: The Ring and the Book*, 1891. — PATER (Walter), *Essays from the Guardian*, 1901: *Robert Browning*, 1887. — PAYNE (W. M.), *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — PEARSON (C. W.), *Literary and Biographical Essays*, 1908. — SAINTSBURY (George), *Corrected Impressions*, 1895. — *SANTAYANA (George), *Interpretations of Poetry and*

Religion, 1900. — *SCHELLING (F. E.), *Two Essays on Robert Browning*. — *STEDMAN (E. C.), *Victorian Poets*, 1875, 1887. — STEPHEN (Leslie), *Studies of a Biographer*, Vol. III: *The Browning Letters*, 1899. — *SWINBURNE, *Introduction to the Works of George Chapman*, pp. xiv-xix, 1875. — THOMSON (James), *Biographical and Critical Studies*. — WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Makers of Literature: On Browning's Death* (1890), 1900.

ABBOTT (M. W.), *Browning and Meredith*, 1904. — CLARKE (Helen A.), *Browning's Italy*, 1908; *Browning's England*, 1909. — CUNLIFFE (J. W.), in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, June, 1908. — DAWSON (W. J.), *Makers of English Poetry* (1890), 1906. — GILDER (R. W.), in *Century Magazine*, October, 1905. — GOULD (E. P.), *The Brownings and America*. — HORN BROOKE (F. B.), *The Ring and the Book*, 1910. — HUTTON (R. H.), *Brief Literary Criticisms*, 1910. — INGE (W. R.), *Studies of English Mystics*, 1906. — JONES (Henry), *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher*, 1891. — KERNAHAN (Coulson), *Wise Men and a Fool: One Aspect of Browning*. — LOCKWOOD (Frank C.), in *Modern Poets and Christian Teaching*, Vol. III, 1906. — MACDONALD (George), *Imagination and Other Essays: Browning's Christmas Eve* (1883), 1886. — SARRAZIN (G.), *La Renaissance de la poésie anglaise*. — SCUDDER (Vida D.), *Life of the Spirit: Browning as a Humorist*, 1895. — WEATHERFORD (W. D.), *Fundamental Principles in Browning's Poetry*, 1907. — WALKER (Hugh), *The Literature of the Victorian Era*, 1910.

BATES (Mrs. H. M.), *Browning Critiques*, 1922. — BOAS (G.), *Tennyson and Browning*, 1925. — BONNELL (J. R.), *Touch Images in the Poetry of Robert Browning* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1922). — BONNER (G. H.), *Robert Browning* (in *Nineteenth Century*, 1924). — BURT (E.), *The Seen and Unseen in Browning*, 1924. — BURTON (R.), *Little Essays in Literature and Life: The Brownings*, 1914. — CASSIDY (J.), *A Study of Browning's The Ring and the Book*, 1924. — CLARK (J. S.), *A Study of English and American Poets: Browning*, 1917. — CLARKE (Helen A.), *Browning and His Century*, 1912. — CROSSLEY (A.), *Browning as a Dramatic Poet and Prophet* (in *Spectator*, July 14, 1928). — CUNLIFFE (J. W.), *Browning and the Marathon Race* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1909). — DE VANE (W. C.), *Browning's Parleyings: The Autobiography of a Mind*, 1927; *The Landscape of Browning's Childe Roland* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1925). — DRINKWATER (J.), *Victorian Poetry*, 1924. — FIRKINS (O. W.), *Paradoxical Ethics of Browning* (in *Poet-Lore*, September, 1912). — GINGERICH (S. F.), *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning*, 1911. — GOLDER (H.), *Browning's Childe Roland* (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1924). — GRANT (P. S.), *Essays: Browning's Art in Monologue*, 1922. — GUNSAULUS (F. W.), *The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry*, 1907. — HARRINGTON (V. C.), *Browning Studies*, 1916. — HARRIS (F.), *Contemporary Portraits*, 1915. — HEARN (Lafcadio), *Interpretations of Literature: Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra*, 1915. — HOOD (T. L.), *Browning's Ancient Classical Sources* (in *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, 1922); *The Meaning of Childe Roland* (in *New England Magazine*, May, 1912). — JAMES (H.), *Notes on Novelists: The Novel in The Ring and the Book*, 1914. — JONES (Sir H.), *Idealism as a Practical Creed: Wordsworth and Browning*, 1909; *Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII). — KER (W. P.), *Browning* (in *English Association Essays and Studies*, 1910). — KNIGHT (W. A.), *The Robert Browning Centenary Celebration at Westminster Abbey*, 1912. — MAYNE (E. C.), *Browning's Heroines*, 1915. — MOXON (P. S.), *Two Masters, Browning and Turgenev*, 1913. — PHELPS (W. L.), *Robert Browning, How to Know Him*, 1915. — POWELL (J. W.), *Confessions of a Browning-lover*, 1918. — RHYS (E.), *Browning and His Poetry*, 1914. — RUSSELL (Mrs. Frances T.), *Browning's Account with Tragedy* (in *Sewanee Review*, 1923); *The Pessimism of Robert Browning* (in *Sewanee Review*, 1925); *One More Word on Browning*, 1927. — SCOTT (D.), *Men of Letters: The Homeliness of Browning*, 1917. — SIM (Mrs. Frances M.), *Robert Browning, the Poet and the Man*, 1912, 1923; *Robert Browning, the Poet and Philosopher*, 1924. —

THOMSON (E. H.), *The Tragedy of a Troubadour, an Appreciation and Interpretation of Browning's Sordello*, 1914. — VAN DYKE (H.), *Companionable Books*, 1922. — WENGER (C. N.), *The Aesthetics of Robert Browning*, 1924. — WHITING (Lilian), *The Brownings*, 1911. — WINCHESTER (C. T.), *An Old Castle*, 1922.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

*LANDOR, Robert Browning. — DOMETT (Alfred), *Ranolf and Amohia*, 1872: *Subtlest Asserter of the Soul in Song*. — *GILDER (R. W.), *Browning's Death*. — CARMAN (Bliss), **Songs from Vagabondia: The Two Bobbies; **More Songs from Vagabondia: In a Copy of Browning*. — PEET (Jeanie), *Browning* (in *Century Magazine*, June, 1906). — *VAN DYKE (Henry), *The White Bees*, 1909 (from *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1907). — *POUND (Ezra), *A Lume spento*, 1908, and *Personæ*, 1909: *Mesmerism; Fifine Answers; etc.* — LANIER (Clifford), *Apollo and Keats on Browning*, 1909. — *LE GALLIENNE (Richard), *New Poems: The Nightjar*, 1910. — BYNNER (W.), *To Robert Browning* (in *Current Literature*, July, 1912). — HUXLEY (H.), *Browning's Funeral* (in *Literary Digest*, October 15, 1927). — NOGUCHI (Y.), *To Robert Browning, a Japanese Appreciation* (in *Literary Digest*, August 23, 1924). — NOYES (A.), *Centenary of Robert Browning*. — STERLING (G.), *Ode on the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning* (in *Literary Digest*, May 25, 1912). — VAN DYKE (H.), *Robert Browning*. — WIDDIMER (Margaret), *To Robert Browning* (in *Century Magazine*, January, 1913).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

FURNIVALL (F. J.), *A Bibliography of Robert Browning from 1833 to 1881*. — ANDERSON (J. P.), *Appendix to Sharp's Life of Browning*. — NICOLL and WISE, *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Materials for a Bibliography of Browning*.

CONCORDANCE

BROUGHTON (L. N.) and STELTER (B. F.), *A Concordance to the Poems of Robert Browning, 1924-1925*.

ROBERT BROWNING

SONGS FROM PARACELSUS

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds and stripes
Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,
Smeared with dull nard an Indian wipes
From out her hair: such balsam falls
Down sea-side mountain pedestals,
From tree-tops where tired winds are
fain,
Spent with the vast and howling main,
To treasure half their island-gain.

And strew faint sweetness from some
old

Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud
Which breaks to dust when once un-
rolled;

Or shredded perfume, like a cloud
From closet long to quiet vowed,
With moth and dropping arras hung,
Mouldering her lute and books among,
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

OVER the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding
wave,

A gallant armament:
Each bark built out of a forest-tree
Left leafy and rough as first it grew.
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black bull-
hides,

Seethed in fat and suppld in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game:
So, each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing
brine,

And an awning drooped the mast be-
low,

In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor starshine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night-wind blew like
breath,

For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so
free,

Each helm made sure by the twilight
star,

And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,
Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled
rich scent,

And with light and perfume, music
too:

So the stars wheeled round, and the dark-
ness past,

And at morn we started beside the
mast,

And still each ship was sailing fast.

Now, one morn, land appeared — a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky:
"Avoid it," cried our pilot, "check

The shout, restrain the eager eye!"
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;
So, we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every
deck!

We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbor thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!

All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused till in the westering sun

We sat together on the beach
To sing because our task was done,
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
A loaded raft with happy throngs
Of gentle islanders!

"Our isles are just at hand," they cried,
"Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping.

Our temple-gates are opened wide,
Our olive-groves thick shade are keep-
ing

For these majestic forms" — they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream, and knew, too
late,

How bare the rock, how desolate,
Which had received our precious freight

Yet we called out — "Depart!
Our gifts, once given, must here abide.

Our work is done; we have no heart
To mar our work," — we cried.

1835.

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER¹

THE rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break.
When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless
grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form

¹ This is the earliest of Browning's great series of dramatic poems in lyric form. It was first printed in the *Monthly Repository*, 1836, with "*Johannes Agricola in Meditation*"; was then included in the *Dramatic Lyrics* (1842); and is now classed among the *Dramatic Romances*.

Most of Browning's poems are simply dramatic monologues, without stage directions, often without even the name of the speaker. The reader must remember that it is not Browning who is speaking or telling the story; and must first notice *who is speaking*, and *under what circumstances*. Once this is done, most of the alleged "obscurity" of Browning will be found to have disappeared forever.

Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder
bare

And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie
there,

And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me — she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavor,
To set its struggling passion free

From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me forever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,

Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain:
So, she was come through wind and
rain.

Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it
grew

While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good: I found
A thing to do, and all her hair

In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.

As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids; again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
And I untightened next the tress

About her neck; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning
kiss:

I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:

The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead!

Porphyria's love: she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard,
And thus we sit together now,

And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word!

1836.

PIPPA PASSES

A DRAMA

PERSONS

PIPPA	SCHRAMM
OTTIMA	JULES
SEBALD	PHENE
Foreign Students	Austrian Police
GOTTLIEB	BLUPHOCKS
LUIGI and his mother	
Poor Girls	
MONSIGNOR and his attendants	

INTRODUCTION

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT ASOLO IN THE TRE-
VISAN

*A large mean airy chamber. A girl,
PIPPA, from the Silk-mills, springing out
of bed.*

DAY!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another,
curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then over-
flowed the world.

Oh Day, if I squandered a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts
above measure)
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks
at thy pleasure)
— My Day, if I squander such labor or
leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

Thy long blue solemn hours serenely
flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help
and good —
Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, go-
ing,
As if earth turned from work in game-
some mood —

All shall be mine! But thou must treat
me not
As prosperous ones are treated, those who
live

At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa,— old-year's sor-
row,

Cast off last night, will come again to-
morrow:

Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall
borrow

Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's
sorrow.

All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular
dearth,

Get more joy one way, if another, less:
Thou art my single day, God lends to
leaven

What were all earth else, with a feel of
heaven,—

Sole light that helps me through the year,
thy sun's!

Try now! Take Asolo's Four Happiest
Ones —

And let thy morning rain on that superb
Great haughty Ottima; can rain disturb
Her Sebald's homage? All the while thy
rain

Beats fiercest on her shrub-house window
pane

He will but press the closer, breathe more
warm

Against her cheek; how should she mind
the storm?

And, morning past, if mid-day shed a
gloom

O'er Jules and Phene,— what care bride
and groom

Save for their dear selves? 'Tis their
marriage day;

And while they leave church and go home
their way,

Hand clasping hand, within each breast
would be

Sunbeams and pleasant weather spite of
thee.

Then, for another trial, obscure thy eye
With mist, — will Luigi and his mother
grieve —

The lady and her child, unmatched, for-
sooth,

She in her age, as Luigi in his youth,
For true content? The cheerful town,
warm, close

And safe, the sooner that thou art morose,
Receives them. And yet once again, out-
break

In storm at night on Monsignor, they make
Such stir about, — whom they expect
from Rome

To visit Asolo, his brothers' home,
And say here masses proper to release
A soul from pain, — what storm dares hurt
his peace?

Calm would he pray, with his own
thoughts to ward

Thy thunder off, nor want the angels'
guard.

But Pippa — just one such mischance
would spoil

Her day that lightens the next twelve-
months' toil

At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!

And here I let time slip for naught!

Aha, you foolhardy sunbeam, caught

With a single splash from my ewer!

You that would mock the best pursuer,

Was my basin over-deep?

One splash of water ruins you asleep,

And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits

Wheeling and counterwheeling,

Reeling, broken beyond healing:

Now grow together on the ceiling!

That will task your wits.

Whoever it was quenched fire first, hoped
to see

Morsel after morsel flee

As merrily, as giddily . . .

Meantime, what lights my sunbeam on,

Where settles by degrees the radiant
cripple?

Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?

New-blown and ruddy as St. Agnes'
nipple,

Plump as the flesh-bunch on some Turk
bird's poll!

Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the
ripple

Of ocean, bud there, — fairies watch un-
roll

Such turban-flowers; I say, such lamps
disperse

Thick red flame through that dusk green
universe!

I am queen of the thee, floweret!

And each fleshy blossom

Preserve I not — (safer

Than leaves that embower it,

Or shells that embosom)

— From weevil and chafer?

Laugh through my pane then; solicit the
bee;

Gibe him, be sure; and, in midst of thy
glee,

Love thy queen, worship me!

— Worship whom else? For am I not,
this day,

Whate'er I please? What shall I please
to-day?

My morn, noon, eve and night — how
spend my day?

To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds
silk,

The whole year round, to earn just bread
and milk:

But, this one day, I have leave to go,

And play out my fancy's fullest games;

I may fancy all day — and it shall be so —

That I taste of the pleasures, am called by
the names

Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!

See! Up the hillside yonder, through the
morning,

Some one shall love me, as the world calls
love:

I am no less than Ottima, take warning!

The gardens, and the great stone house
above,

And other house for shrubs, all glass in
front,

Are mine: where Sebald steals, as he is
wont,

To court me, while old Luca yet reposes:

And therefore, till the shrub-house door
uncloses,

I . . . what now? — give abundant
cause for prate

About me — Ottima, I mean — of late.

Too bold, too confident she'll still face
down

The spitefullest of talkers in our town.

How we talk in the little town below!

But love, love, love — there's better
love, I know!

This foolish love was only day's first
offer;

I choose my next love to defy the scoffer;
For do not our Bride and Bridegroom
sally

Out of Possagno church at noon?
Their house looks over Orcana valley:
Why should not I be the bride as soon
As Ottima? For I saw, beside,
Arrive last night that little bride—
Saw, if you call it seeing her, one flash
Of the pale snow-pure cheek and black
bright tresses,

Blacker than all except the black eyelash;
I wonder she contrives those lids no
dresses!

— So strict was she, the veil
Should cover close her pale
Pure cheeks—a bride to look at and
scarce touch,

Scarce touch, remember, Jules! For are
not such

Used to be tended, flower-like, every
feature,

As if one's breath would fray the lily of a
creature?

A soft and easy life these ladies lead:
Whiteness in us were wonderful indeed.
Oh, save that brow its virgin dimness,
Keep that foot its lady primness,
Let those ankles never swerve
From their exquisite reserve,
Yet have to trip along the streets like me,
All but naked to the knee!
How will she ever grant her Jules a bliss
So startling as her real first infant kiss?
Oh, no—not envy, this!

— Not envy, sure!—for if you gave me
Leave to take or to refuse,
In earnest, do you think I'd choose
That sort of new love to enslave me?
Mine should have lapped me round from
the beginning;

As little fear of losing it as winning:
Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their
wives,

And only parents' love can last our lives.
At eve the Son and Mother, gentle pair,
Commune inside our turret: what pre-
vents

My being Luigi? While that mossy lair
Of lizards through the winter-time is
stirred

With each to each imparting sweet intents
For this new-year, as brooding bird to
bird—

(For I observe of late, the evening walk

Of Luigi and his mother, always ends
Inside our ruined turret, where they talk,
Calmer than lovers, yet more kind than
friends)

— Let me be cared about, kept out of
harm,

And schemed for, safe in love as with a
charm;

Let me be Luigi! If I only knew
What was my mother's face—my father,
too!

Nay, if you come to that, best love of all
Is God's; then why not have God's love
befall

Myself as, in the palace by the Dome,
Monsignor?—who to-night will bless the
home

Of his dead brother; and God bless in
turn

That heart which beats, those eyes which
mildly burn

With love for all men! I, to-night at
least,

Would be that holy and beloved priest.

Now wait!—even I already seem to
share

In God's love: what does New-year's
hymn declare?

What other meaning do these verses bear?

All service ranks the same with God:

If now, as formerly he trod

Paradise, his presence fills

Our earth, each only as God wills

*Can work—God's puppets, best and
worst,*

Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small?"

Costs it more pain that this, ye call

A "great event," should come to pass,

Than that? Untwine me from the mass

Of deeds which make up life, one deed

Power shall fall short in or exceed!

And more of it, and more of it!—oh
yes—

I will pass each, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no
doubt,

Useful to men, and dear to God as they!

A pretty thing to care about

So mightily, this single holiday!

But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?

— With thee to lead me, O Day of mine,

Down the grass path gray with dew,
Under the pine-wood, blind with boughs,
Where the swallow never flew
Nor yet cicala dared carouse —
No, dared carouse!

[She enters the street.]

I. MORNING

Up the Hillside, inside the Shrub-house.
LUCA'S WIFE, OTTIMA, and her Para-
mour, the German SEBALD.

*Sebald. [sings] Let the watching lids
wink!*

*Day's ablaze with eyes, think!
Deep into the night, drink!*

Ottima. Night? Such may be your
Rhineland nights, perhaps;
But this blood-red beam through the
shutter's chinck
— We call such light, the morning: let
us see!

Mind how you grope your way, though!
How these tall

Naked geraniums straggle! Push the
lattice

Behind that frame! — Nay, do I bid you?
— Sebald,

It shakes the dust down on me! Why,
of course

The slide-bolt catches. Well, are you
content,

Or must I find you something else to
spoil?

Kiss and be friends, my Sebald! Is't full
morning?

Oh, don't speak then!

Seb. Ay, thus it used to be!
Ever your house was, I remember, shut
Till mid-day; I observed that, as I
strolled

On mornings through the vale here;
country girls

Were noisy, washing garments in the
brook,

Hinds drove the slow white oxen up the
hills:

But no, your house was mute, would ope
no eye!

And wisely: you were plotting one thing
there,

Nature, another outside. I looked up —
Rough white wood shutters, rusty iron
bars,

Silent as death, blind in a flood of light.

Oh, I remember! — and the peasants
laughed

And said, "The old man sleeps with the
young wife."

This house was his, this chair, this win-
dow — his.

Otti. Ah, the clear morning! I can
see Saint Mark's;

That black streak is the belfry. Stop:
Vicenza

Should lie . . . there's Padua, plain
enough that blue!

Look o'er my shoulder, follow my finger!
Seb. Morning?

It seems to me a night with a sun added.
Where's dew, where's freshness? That
bruised plant, I bruised

In getting through the lattice yestereve,
Droops as it did. See, here's my elbow's
mark

I' the dust o' the sill.

Otti. Oh, shut the lattice, pray!

Seb. Let me lean out. I cannot scent
blood here,

Foul as the morn may be.

There, shut the world out!
How do you feel now, Ottima? There,

curse
The world and all outside! Let us throw
off

This mask: how do you bear yourself?
Let's out

With all of it!

Otti. Best never speak of it.

Seb. Best speak again and yet again
of it,

Till words cease to be more than words.
"His blood,"

For instance — let those two words mean,
"His blood"

And nothing more. Notice, I'll say
them now, "His blood."

Otti. Assuredly if I repented
The deed —

Seb. Repent? Who should repent,
or why?

What puts that in your head? Did I
once say

That I repented?

Otti. No; I said the deed . . .

Seb. "The deed" and "the event" —
just now it was
"Our passion's fruit" — the devil take
such cant!

Say, once and always, Luca was a wittol,
I am his cut-throat, you are . . .

Otti. Here's the wine;
I brought it when we left the house above,
And glasses too — wine of both sorts.

Black? White then?

Seb. But am not I his cut-throat?
What are you?

Otti. There trudges on his business
from the Duomo

Benet the Capuchin, with his brown hood
And bare feet; always in one place at
church,

Close under the stone wall by the south
entry.

I used to take him for a brown cold piece
Of the wall's self, as out of it he rose

To let me pass — at first, I say, I used :

Now, so has that dumb figure fastened on
me,

I rather should account the plastered wall
A piece of him, so chilly does it strike.

This, Sebald?

Seb. No, the white wine — the
white wine!

Well, Ottima, I promised no new year
Should rise on us the ancient shameful
way;

Nor does it rise. Pour on! To your
black eyes!

Do you remember last damned New
Year's day?

Otti. You brought those foreign prints.
We looked at them

Over the wine and fruit. I had to
scheme

To get him from the fire. Nothing but
saying

His own set wants the proof-mark, roused
him up

To hunt them out.

Seb. 'Faith, he is not alive
To fondle you before my face.

Otti. Do you

Fondle me then! Who means to take
your life

For that, my Sebald?

Seb. Hark you, Ottima!
One thing to guard against. We'll not

make much

One of the other — that is, not make
more

Parade of warmth, childish officious coil,
Than yesterday: as if, sweet, I supposed

Proof upon proof were needed now, now
first,

To show I love you — yes, still love
you — love you

In spite of Luca and what's come to him
— Sure sign we had him ever in our
thoughts,

White sneering old reproachful face and
all!

We'll even quarrel, love, at times, as if
We still could lose each other, were not
tied

By this: conceive you?

Otti. Love!

Seb. Not tied so sure!

Because though I was wrought upon,
have struck

His insolence back into him — am I
So surely yours? — therefore forever

yours?

Otti. Love, to be wise, (one counsel
pays another,)

Should we have — months ago, when first
we loved,

For instance that May morning we two
stole

Under the green ascent of sycamores —

If we had come upon a thing like that

Suddenly . . .

Seb. "A thing" — there again
— "a thing!"

Otti. Then, Venus' body, had we come
upon

My husband Luca Gaddi's murdered
corpse

Within there, at his couch-foot, covered
close —

Would you have pored upon it? Why
persist

In poring now upon it? For 'tis here
As much as there in the deserted house:

You cannot rid your eyes of it. For me,
Now he is dead I hate him worse: I

hate . . .

Dare you stay here? I would go back
and hold

His two dead hands, and say "I hate you
worse,

Luca, than . . ."

Seb. Off, off — take your
hands off mine,

'Tis the hot evening — off! oh, morning
is it?

Otti. There's one thing must be done;
you know what thing.

Come in and help to carry. We may sleep
Anywhere in the whole wide house to-

night.

Seb. What would come, think you, if
we let him lie

Just as he is? Let him lie there until
The angels take him! He is turned by
this

Off from his face beside, as you will see.

Otti. This dusty pane might serve for
looking-glass.

Three, four—four gray-hairs! Is it so
you said

A plait of hair should wave across my
neck?

No—this way.

Seb. Ottima, I would give your neck,
Each splendid shoulder, both those
breasts of yours,

That this were undone! Killing! Kill
the world,

So Luca lives again!—ay, lives to
sputter

His fulsome dotage on you—yes, and
feign

Surprise that I return at eve to sup,
When all the morning I was loitering
here—

Bid me dispatch my business and begone.
I would . . .

Otti. See!

Seb. No, I'll finish. Do
you think

I fear to speak the bare truth once for all?

All we have talked of, is, at bottom, fine

To suffer; there's a recompense in guilt;

One must be venturesome and fortunate:

What is one young for, else? In age
we'll sigh

O'er the wild reckless wicked days flown
over;

Still, we have lived: the vice was in its
place.

But to have eaten Luca's bread, have worn
His clothes, have felt his money swell my
purse—

Do lovers in romances sin that way?

Why, I was starving when I used to call

And teach you music, starving while you
plucked me

These flowers to smell!

Otti. My poor lost friend!

Seb. He gave me

Life, nothing less: what if he did re-
proach

My perfidy, and threaten, and do more—

Had he no right? What was to wonder
at?

He sat by us at table quietly:

Why must you lean across till our cheeks
touched?

Could he do less than make pretence to
strike?

'Tis not the crime's sake—I'd commit
ten crimes

Greater, to have this crime wiped out,
undone!

And you—O how feel you? Feel you
for me!

Otti. Well then, I love you better now
than ever,

And best (look at me while I speak to
you)—

Best for the crime; nor do I grieve, in
truth,

This mask, this simulated ignorance,
This affectation of simplicity,

Falls off our crime; this naked crime of
ours

May not now be looked over: look it down!
Great? let it be great; but the joys it

brought,

Pay they or no its price? Come; they or it!
Speak not! The past, would you give up

the past
Such as it is, pleasure and crime together?

Give up that noon I owned my love for
you?

The garden's silence: even the single bee
Persisting in his toil, suddenly stopped,

And where he hid you only could surmise
By some campanula chalice set a-swing.

Who stammered—"Yes, I love you?"

Seb. And I drew
Back; put far back your face with both

my hands
Lest you should grow too full of me—

your face
So seemed athirst for my whole soul and

body!
Otti. And when I ventured to receive

you here,
Made you steal hither in the mornings—

Seb. When
I used to look up 'neath the shrub-house

here,
Till the red fire on its glazed windows

spread
To a yellow haze?

Otti. Ah—my sign was, the sun
Inflamed the sere side of yon chestnut-

tree
Nipped by the first frost.

Seb. You would always laugh
At my wet boots: I had to stride through

grass
Over my ankles.

Otti. Then our crowning night!

Seb. The July night?

Otti. The day of it too, Sebald!
When heaven's pillars seemed o'erbowed
with heat,

Its black-blue canopy suffered descend
Close on us both, to weigh down each to
each,

And smother up all life except our life,
So lay we till the storm came.

Seb. How it came!

Otti. Buried in the woods we lay, you
recollect;

Swift ran the searching tempest over-
head;

And ever and anon some bright white
shaft

Burned through the pine-tree roof, here
burned and there,

As if God's messenger through the close
wood screen

Plunged and replunged his weapon at a
venture,

Feeling for guilty thee and me: then
broke

The thunder like a whole sea overhead —
Seb. Yes!

Otti. — While I stretched myself
upon you, hands

To hands, my mouth to your hot mouth,
and shook

All my locks loose, and covered you with
them —

You, Sebald, the same you!

Seb. Slower, Ottima!

Otti. And as we lay —

Seb. Less vehemently! Love me!
Forgive me! Take not words, mere
words, to heart!

Your breath is worse than wine. Breathe
slow, speak slow!

Do not lean on me!

Otti. Sebald, as we lay,
Rising and falling only with our pants,
Who said, "Let death come now! 'Tis
right to die!

Right to be punished! Naught com-
pletes such bliss

But woe!" Who said that?

Seb. How did we ever rise?
Was't that we slept? Why did it end?

Otti. I felt you
Taper into a point the ruffled ends

Of my loose locks 'twixt both your humid
lips,

My hair is fallen now: knot it again!

Seb. I kiss you now, dear Ottima,
now and now!

This way? Will you forgive me — be
once more

My great queen?

Otti. Bind it thrice about my brow;
Crown me your queen, your spirit's
arbitress,

Magnificent in sin. Say that!

Seb. I crown you
My great white queen, my spirit's arbi-
tress,

Magnificent . . .

[*From without is heard the voice of PIPPA
singing —*

The year's at the spring

And day's at the morn;

Morning's at seven;

The hillside's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing;

The snail's on the thorn:

God's in his heaven —

All's right with the world!

[*PIPPA passes.*

Seb. God's in his heaven! Do you
hear that? Who spoke?

You, you spoke!

Otti. Oh — that little ragged girl!
She must have rested on the step: we
give them

But this one holiday the whole year round.
Did you ever see our silk-mills — their
inside?

There are ten silk-mills now belong to
you.

She stoops to pick my double hearts-
ease . . . Sh!

She does not hear: call you out louder!

Seb. Leave me!
Go, get your clothes on — dress those
shoulders!

Otti. Sebald?

Seb. Wipe off that paint! I hate you.

Otti. Miserable!

Seb. My God, and she is emptied of it
now!

Outright now! — how miraculously gone
All of the grace — had she not strange
grace once?

Why, the blank cheek hangs listless as it
likes,

No purpose holds the features up to-
gether,

Only the cloven brow and puckered chin

Stay in their places: and the very hair,
That seemed to have a sort of life in it,
Drops, a dead web!

Otti. Speak to me — not of me!

Seb. — That round great full-orbed
face, where not an angle
Broke the delicious indolence — all
broken!

Otti. To me — not of me! Ungrate-
ful, perjured cheat!
A coward too: but ingrate's worse than
all!

Beggar — my slave — a fawning, cringing
lie!

Leave me! Betray me! I can see your
drift!

A lie that walks and eats and drinks!

Seb. My God!
Those morbid olive faultless shoulder-
blades —

I should have known there was no blood
beneath!

Otti. You hate me then? You hate
me then?

Seb. To think
She would succeed in her absurd attempt,
And fascinate by sinning, show herself
Superior — guilt from its excess superior
To innocence! That little peasant's voice
Has righted all again. Though I be lost,
I know which is the better, never fear,
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,
Nature or trick! I see what I have done,
Entirely now! Oh I am proud to feel
Such torments — let the world take credit
thence —

I, having done my deed, pay too its price!
I hate, hate — curse you! God's in his
heaven!

Otti. — Me!
Me! no, no, Sebald, not yourself — kill
me!

Mine is the whole crime. Do you kill
me — then

Yourself — then — presently — first hear
me speak!

I always meant to kill myself — wait,
you!

Lean on my breast — not as a breast;
don't love me

The more because you lean on me, my
own

Heart's Sebald! There, there, both
deaths presently!

Seb. My brain is drowned now —
quite drowned; all I feel

Is . . . is, at swift-recurring intervals,
A hurry-down within me, as of waters
Loosened to smother up some ghastly pit:
There they go — whirls from a black fiery
sea!

Otti. Not me — to him, O God, be
merciful!

*Talk by the way, while PIPPA is passing
from the hillside to Orcana. Foreign
Students of painting and sculpture, from
Venice, assembled opposite the house of
JULES, a young French statuary, at
Passagno.*

1st Student. Attention! My own post is
beneath this window, but the pomegranate
clump yonder will hide three or four of you
with a little squeezing, and Schramm and
his pipe must lie flat in the balcony. Four,
five — who's a defaulter? We want
everybody, for Jules must not be suffered
to hurt his bride when the jest's found out.

2d Stud. All here! Only our poet's
away — never having much meant to be
present, moon strike him! The airs of that
fellow, that Giovacchino! He was in vio-
lent love with himself, and had a fair pros-
pect of thriving in his suit, so unmolested
was it, — when suddenly a woman falls in
love with him, too; and out of pure jeal-
ousy he takes himself off to Trieste, im-
mortal poem and all: whereto is this
prophetical epitaph appended already, as
Bluphocks assures me, — “*Here a mam-
moth-poem lies, Fouled to death by but-
terflies.*” His own fault, the simpleton!
Instead of cramp couplets, each like a
knife in your entrails, he should write,
says Bluphocks, both classically and in-
telligibly. — *Æsculapius, an Epic. Cata-
logue of the drugs: Hebe's Plaister — One
strip Cools your lip. Phæbus' emulsion —
One bottle Clears your throttle. Mercury's
bolus — One box Cures . . .*

3d Stud. Subside, my fine fellow! If
the marriage was over by ten o'clock,
Jules will certainly be here in a minute
with his bride.

2d Stud. Good! — only, so should the
poet's muse have been universally accept-
able, says Bluphocks, *et canibus nostris*
. . . and Delia not better known to our
literary dogs than the boy Giovacchino!

1st Stud. To the point, now. Where's
Gottlieb, the new-comer? Oh, — listen,
Gottlieb, to what has called down this

piece of friendly vengeance on Jules, of which we now assemble to witness the winding-up. We are all agreed, all in a tale, observe, when Jules shall burst out on us in a fury by and by; I am spokesman—the verses that are to undeceive Jules bear my name of Lutwyche—but each professes himself alike insulted by this strutting stone-squarer, who came along from Paris to Munich, and thence with a crowd of us to Venice and Possagno here, but proceeds in a day or two alone again—oh, alone indubitably! to Rome and Florence. He, forsooth, took up his portion with these dissolute, brutalized, heartless bunglers!—so he was heard to call us all. Now, is Schramm brutalized, I should like to know? Am I heartless?

Gottlieb. Why, somewhat heartless; for, suppose Jules a coxcomb as much as you choose, still, for this mere coxcombry, you will have brushed off—what do folks style it?—the bloom of his life. It is too late to alter? These love-letters, now, you call his—I can't laugh at them.

4th Stud. Because you never read the sham letters of our inditing which drew forth these.

Gott. His discovery of the truth will be frightful.

4th Stud. That's the joke. But you should have joined us at the beginning: there's no doubt he loves the girl—loves a model he might hire by the hour!

Gott. See here! "He has been accustomed," he writes, "to have Canova's women about him, in stone, and the world's women beside him, in flesh; these being as much below, as those above, his soul's aspiration: but now he is to have the reality." There you laugh again! I say, you wipe off the very dew of his youth.

1st Stud. Schramm! (Take the pipe out of his mouth, somebody!) Will Jules lose the bloom of his youth?

Schramm. Nothing worth keeping is ever lost in this world: look at a blossom—it drops presently, having done its service and lasted its time; but fruits succeed, and where would be the blossom's place could it continue? As well affirm that your eye is no longer in your body, because its earliest favorite, whatever it may have first loved to look on, is dead and done with—as that any affection is lost to the

soul when its first object, whatever happened first to satisfy it, is superseded in due course. Keep but ever looking, whether with the body's eye or the mind's, and you will soon find something to look on! Has a man done wondering at women?—there follow men, dead and alive, to wonder at. Has he done wondering at men?—there's God to wonder at: and the faculty of wonder may be, at the same time, old and tired enough with respect to its first object, and yet young and fresh sufficiently, so far as concerns its novel one. Thus . . .

1st Stud. Put Schramm's pipe into his mouth again! There, you see! Well, this Jules . . . a wretched fribble—oh, I watched his disportings at Possagno, the other day! Canova's gallery—you know: There he marches first resolutely past great works by the dozen without vouchsafing an eye: all at once he stops full at the *Psiche-fanciulla*—cannot pass that old acquaintance without a nod of encouragement—"In your new place, beauty? Then behave yourself as well here as at Munich—I see you!" Next he posts himself deliberately before the unfinished *Pietà* for half an hour without moving, till up he starts of a sudden, and thrusts his very nose into—I say, into—the group; by which gesture you are informed that precisely the sole point he had not fully mastered in Canova's practice was a certain method of using the drill in the articulation of the knee-joint—and that, likewise, has he mastered at length! Good-by, therefore, to poor Canova—whose gallery no longer needs detain his successor Jules, the predestined novel thinker in marble!

5th Stud. Tell him about the women: go on to the women!

1st Stud. Why, on that matter he could never be supercilious enough. How should we be other (he said) than the poor devils, you see, with those debasing habits we cherish! He was not to wallow in that mire, at least; he would wait, and love only at the proper time, and meanwhile put up with the *Psiche-fanciulla*. Now, I happened to hear of a young Greek—real Greek girl at Malamocco: a true Islander, do you see, with Alciphron's "hair like seamoss"—Schramm knows!—white and quiet as an apparition, and

fourteen years old at farthest, — a daughter of Natalia, so she swears — that hag Natalia, who helps us to models at three *lire* an hour. We selected this girl for the heroine of our jest. So, first, Jules received a scented letter — somebody had seen his Tydeus at the Academy, and my picture was nothing to it: a profound admirer bade him persevere — would make herself known to him ere long. (Paolina, my little friend of the *Fenice*, transcribes divinely.) And in due time, the mysterious correspondent gave certain hints of her peculiar charms — the pale cheeks, the black hair — whatever, in short, had struck us in our Malamocco model; we retained her name, too — Phene, which is, by interpretation, sea-eagle. Now, think of Jules finding himself distinguished from the herd of us by such a creature! In his very first answer he proposed marrying his monitress: and fancy us over these letters, two, three times a day, to receive and dispatch! I concocted the main of it: relations were in the way — secrecy must be observed — in fine, would he wed her on trust, and only speak to her when they were indissolubly united? St — st — Here they come!

6th Stud. Both of them! Heaven's love, speak softly, speak within yourselves!

5th Stud. Look at the bridegroom! Half his hair in storm and half in calm, — patted down over the left temple, — like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it: and the same old blouse that he murders the marble in.

2d Stud. Not a rich vest like yours, Hannibal Scratchy! — rich, that your face may the better set it off.

6th Stud. And the bride! Yes, sure enough, our Phene! Should you have known her in her clothes? How magnificently pale.

Gott. She does not also take it for earnest, I hope?

1st Stud. Oh, Natalia's concern, that is. We settle with Natalia.

6th Stud. She does not speak — has evidently let out no word. The only thing is, will she equally remember the rest of her lesson, and repeat correctly all those verses which are to break the secret to Jules?

Gott. How he gazes on her! Pity — pity!

1st Stud. They go in; now, silence! You three, — not nearer the window, mind, than that pomegranate; just where the little girl, who a few minutes ago passed us singing, is seated.

II. NOON

Over Orcana. The house of JULES, who crosses its threshold with PHENE: she is silent, on which JULES begins —

Do not die, Phene! I am yours now, you Are mine now; let fate reach me how she likes,

If you'll not die: so, never die! Sit here —

My work-room's single seat. I overlean This length of hair and lustrous front; they turn

Like an entire flower upward: eyes, lips, last

Your chin — no, last your throat turns: 'tis their scent

Pulls down my face upon you. Nay, look ever

This one way till I change, grow you — I could

Change into you, beloved!

You by me,
And I by you; this is your hand in mine,
And side by side we sit: all's true,
Thank God!

I have spoken: speak you!

O my life to come!
My Tydeus must be carved that's there in clay;

Yet how be carved, with you about the room?

Where must I place you? When I think that once

This room-full of rough block-work seemed my heaven

Without you! Shall I ever work again, Get fairly into my old ways again,

Bid each conception stand while, trait by trait,

My hand transfers its lineaments to stone?

Will my mere fancies live near you, their truth —

The live truth, passing and repassing me. Sitting beside me?

Now speak!

Only first,
See, all your letters! Was't not well
contrived?
Their hiding-place in Psyche's robe; she
keeps
Your letters next her skin: which drops
out foremost?
Ah,—this that swam down like a first
moonbeam
Into my world!

Again those eyes complete
Their melancholy survey, sweet and slow,
Of all my room holds; to return and rest
On me, with pity, yet some wonder too:
As if God bade some spirit plague a world,
And this were the one moment of surprise
And sorrow while she took her station,

pausing
O'er what she sees, finds good, and must
destroy!

What gaze you at? Those? Books, I
told you of;

Let your first word to me rejoice them,
too:

This minion, a Coluthus, writ in red,
Bistre and azure by Bessarion's scribe—
Read this line . . . no, shame—Homer's
be the Greek

First breathed me from the lips of my
Greek girl!

This Odyssey in coarse black vivid type
With faded yellow blossoms 'twixt page
and page,

To mark great places with due gratitude;
"He said, and on Antinous directed
A bitter shaft" . . . a flower blots out the
rest!

Again upon your search? My statues,
then!

—Ah, do not mind that—better that
will look

When cast in bronze—an Almain Kai-
ser, that,

Swart-green and gold, with truncheon
based on hip.

This, rather, turn to! What, unrecog-
nized?

I thought you would have seen that here
you sit

As I imagined you,—Hippolyta,
Naked upon her bright Numidian horse.

Recall you this then? "Carve in bold
relief"—

So you commanded—"Carve, against I
come,

A Greek, in Athens, as our fashion was,

Feasting, bay-filled and thunder-free,
Who rises 'neath the lifted myrtle-branch.
'Praise those who slew Hipparchus!' cry
the guests.

'While o'er thy head the singer's myrtle
waves

As erst above our champion: stand up,
all!'"

See, I have labored to express your
thought.

Quite round, a cluster of mere hands and
arms

(Thrust in all senses, all ways, from all
sides,

Only consenting at the branch's end
They strain toward) serves for frame to a
sole face,

The Praiser's, in the centre: who with
eyes

Sightless, so bend they back to light in-
side

His brain where visionary forms throng
up,

Sings, minding not that palpitating arch
Of hands and arms, nor the quick drip of
wine

From the drenched leaves o'erhead, nor
crowns cast off,

Violet and parsley crowns to trample on—
Sings, pausing as the patron-ghosts ap-
prove,

Devoutly their unconquerable hymn.
But you must say a "well" to that—say
"well!"

Because you gaze—am I fantastic,
sweet?

Gaze like my very life's-stuff, marble—
marbly

Even to the silence! Why, before I
found

The real flesh Phene, I inured myself
To see, throughout all nature, varied stuff
For better nature's birth by means of art:

With me, each substance tended to one
form

Of beauty—to the human archetype.
On every side occurred suggestive germs
Of that—the tree, the flower—or take
the fruit,—

Some rosy shape, continuing the peach,
Curved beewise o'er its bough; as rosy
limbs,

Depending, nestled in the leaves; and
just

From a cleft rose-peach the whole Dryad
sprang.

But of the stuffs one can be master of,
How I divined their capabilities!
From the soft-rinded smoothening facile
chalk

That yields your outline to the air's embrace,

Half-softened by a halo's pearly gloom;
Down to the crisp imperious steel, so sure
To cut its one confided thought clean out
Of all the world. But marble! — 'neath
my tools

More pliable than jelly — as it were
Some clear primordial creature dug from
depths

In the earth's heart, where itself breeds
itself,

And whence all baser substance may be
worked;

Refine it off to air, you may, — condense
it

Down to the diamond; — is not metal
there,

When o'er the sudden speck my chisel
trips?

— Not flesh, as flake off flake I scale, approach,

Lay bare those bluish veins of blood
asleep?

Lurks flame in no strange windings where,
surprised

By the swift implement sent home at
once,

Flushes and glowings radiate and hover
About its track?

Phene? what — why is this?
That whitening cheek, those still dilating
eyes!

Ah, you will die — I knew that you would
die!

PHENE *begins, on his having long remained
silent.*

Phene. Now the end's coming; to be
sure it must

Have ended sometime! Tush, why need
I speak

Their foolish speech? I cannot bring to
mind

One half of it, beside; and do not care
For old Natalia now, nor any of them.

Oh, you — what are you? — if I do not
try

To say the words Natalia made me learn,
To please your friends, — it is to keep my-
self

Where your voice lifted me, by letting that

Proceed: but can it? Even you, per-
haps,
Cannot take up, now you have once let
fall,

The music's life, and me along with that —
No, or you would; We'll stay, then, as
we are:

Above the world.

You creature with the eyes!
If I could look forever up to them,

As now you let me, — I believe, all sin,
All memory of wrong done, suffering
borne,

Would drop down, low and lower, to the
earth

Whence all that's low comes, and there
touch and stay

— Never to overtake the rest of me,
All that, unspotted, reaches up to you,
Drawn by those eyes! What rises is
myself,

Not me the shame and suffering; but
they sink,

Are left, I rise above them. Keep me so,
Above the world!

But you sink, for your eyes
Are altering — altered! Stay — "I love
you, love" . . .

I could prevent it if I understood:
More of your words to me: was't in the
tone

Or the words, your power?

Or stay — I will repeat
Their speech, if that contents you! Only
change

No more, and I shall find it presently
Far back here, in the brain yourself filled
up.

Natalia threatened me that harm should
follow

Unless I spoke their lesson to the end,
But harm to me, I thought she meant, not
you.

Your friends, — Natalia said they were
your friends

And meant you well, — because, I
doubted it,

Observing (what was very strange to see)
On every face, so different in all else,

The same smile girls like me are used to
bear,

But never men, men cannot stoop so low;
Yet your friends, speaking of you, used
that smile,

That hateful smirk of boundless self-
conceit

Which seems to take possession of the world

And make of God a tame confederate,
Purveyor to their appetites . . . you know!

But still Natalia said they were your friends,

And they assented though they smiled the more,

And all came round me, — that thin Englishman

With light lank hair seemed leader of the rest;

He held a paper — "What we want," said he,

Ending some explanation to his friends —
"Is something slow, involved and mystical,

To hold Jules long in doubt, yet take his taste

And lure him on until, at innermost
Where he seeks sweetness' soul, he may find — this!

— As in the apple's core, the noisome fly:
For insects on the rind are seen at once,

And brushed aside as soon, but this is found

Only when on the lips or loathing tongue."

And so he read what I have got by heart:
I'll speak it, — "Do not die, love! I am

yours" . . .

No — is not that, or like that, part of words
Yourself began by speaking? Strange

to lose

What cost such pains to learn! Is this more right?

*I am a painter who cannot paint;
In my life, a devil rather than saint;*

*In my brain, as poor a creature too:
No end to all I cannot do!*

*Yet do one thing at least I can —
Love a man or hate a man*

*Supremely: thus my love began.
Through the Valley of Love I went,*

*In the loveliest spot to abide,
And just on the verge where I pitched my*

*tent,
I found Hate dwelling beside.*

(Let the Bridegroom ask what the painter meant,

Of his Bride, of the peerless Bride!)

*And further, I traversed Hate's grove,
In the hatefullest nook to dwell;*

*But lo, where I flung myself prone, couched
Love*

*Where the shadow threefold fell.
(The meaning — those black bride's-eyes
above,
Not a painter's lip should tell!)*

"And here," said he, "Jules probably will ask

'You have black eyes, Love, — you are, sure enough,

My peerless bride, — then do you tell indeed

What needs some explanation! What means this?'"

— And I am to go on, without a word —

*So, I grew wise in Love and Hate,
From simple that I was of late.*

*Once, when I loved, I would enlase
Breast, eyelids, hands, feet, form and face*

*Of her I loved, in one embrace —
As if by mere love I could love immensely!*

*Once, when I hated I would plunge
My sword, and wipe with the first lunge*

*My foe's whole life out like a sponge —
As if by mere hate I could hate intensely!*

*But now I am wiser, know better the fashion
How passion seeks aid from its opposite*

passion:

*And if I see cause to love more, hate more
Than ever man loved, ever hated before —*

*And seek in the Valley of Love
The nest, or the nook in Hate's Grove,*

*Where my soul may surely reach
The essence, naught less, of each,*

*The Hate of all Hates, the Love
Of all Loves, in the Valley or Grove, —*

*I find them the very warders
Each of the other's borders.*

*When I love most, Love is disguised
In Hate; and when Hate is surprised*

*In Love, then I hate most: ask
How Love smiles through Hate's iron casque,*

Hate grins through Love's rose-braided mask, —

*And how, having hated thee,
I sought long and painfully*

*To reach thy heart, nor prick
The skin but pierce to the quick —*

*Ask this, my Jules, and be answered
straight*

*By thy bride — how the painter Lutwyche
can hate!*

JULES interposes.

Lutwyche! Who else? But all of them,
no doubt,

Hated me: they at Venice — presently
Their turn, however! You I shall not
meet:

If I dreamed, saying this would wake me.

Keep

What's here, the gold — we cannot meet
again,

Consider, and the money was but meant
For two years' travel, which is over now.
All chance or hope or care or need of it,
This — and what comes from selling
these, my casts

And books and medals, except . . . let
them go

Together, so the produce keeps you safe
Out of Natalia's clutches! If by chance
(For all's chance here) I should survive
the gang

At Venice, root out all fifteen of them,
We might meet somewhere, since the
world is wide.

*From without is heard the voice of PIPPA,
singing —*

Give her but a least excuse to love me!

When — where —

*How — can this arm establish her above
me,*

If fortune fixed her as my lady there,

There already, to eternally reprove me?

("Hist!" — said Kate the Queen;

*But "Oh!" cried the maiden, binding
her tresses,*

*"'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
Crumbling your hounds their messes!")*

*Is she wronged? — To the rescue of her
honor,*

My heart!

*Is she poor? — What costs it to be styled
a donor?*

Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part.

*But that fortune should have thrust all
this upon her!*

("Nay, list!" — bade Kate the Queen;

*And still cried the maiden, binding her
tresses,*

*"'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
Fitting your hawks their jesses!")*

[PIPPA passes.

JULES resumes.

What name was that the little girl sang
forth?

Kate? The Cornaro, doubtless, who re-
nounced

The crown of Cyprus to be lady here
At Asolo, where still her memory stays.
And peasants sing how once a certain
page

Pined for the grace of her so far above
His power of doing good to, "Kate the
Queen —

She never could be wronged, be poor,"
he sighed,

"Need him to help her!"

Yes, a bitter thing

To see our lady above all need of us;
Yet so we look ere we will love; not I,
But the world looks so. If whoever loves
Must be, in some sort, god or worshipper,
The blessing or the blest one, queen or
page,

Why should we always choose the page's
part?

Here is a woman with utter need of me, —
I find myself queen here, it seems!

How strange!

Look at the woman here with the new
soul,

Like my own Psyche, — fresh upon her
lips

Alit, the visionary butterfly,
Waiting my word to enter and make
bright,

Or flutter off and leave all blank as first.
This body had no soul before, but slept
Or stirred, was beauteous or ungainly,
free

From taint or foul with stain, as outward
things

Fastened their image on its passiveness:
Now it will wake, feel, live — or die
again!

Shall to produce form out of unshaped
stuff

Be Art — and further, to evoke a soul
From form be nothing? This new soul
is mine!

Now, to kill Lutwyche, what would that
do? — save

A wretched dauber, men will hoot to
death

Without me, from their hooting. Oh,
to hear

God's voice plain as I heard it first, before
They broke in with their laughter! I
heard them

Henceforth, not God.

To Ancona — Greece — some isle!
I wanted silence only; there is clay

Everywhere. One may do whate'er one likes

In Art: the only thing is, to make sure That one does like it — which takes pains to know.

Scatter all this, my Phene — this mad dream!

Who, what is Lutwyche, what Natalia's friends,

What the whole world except our love — my own,

Own Phene? But I told you, did I not, Ere night we travel for your land — some isle

With the sea's silence on it? Stand aside —

I do but break these paltry models up To begin Art afresh. Meet Lutwyche, I —

And save him from my statue meeting him?

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas! Like a god going through his world, there stands

One mountain for a moment in the dusk, Whole brotherhoods of cedars on its brow:

And you are ever by me while I gaze — Are in my arms as now — as now — as now!

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas! Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas!

Talk by the way, while PIPPA is passing from Orcana to the Turret. Two or three of the Austrian Police loitering with BLUPHOCKS, an English vagabond, just in view of the Turret.

Bluphocks. So, that is your Pippa, the little girl who passed us singing? Well, your Bishop's Intendant's money shall be honestly earned: — now, don't make me that sour face because I bring the Bishop's name into the business; we know he can have nothing to do with such horrors: we know that he is a saint and all that a bishop should be, who is a great man beside. *Oh were but every worm a maggot, Every fly a grig, Every bough a Christmas fogot, Every tune a jig!* In fact, I have abjured all religions; but the last I inclined to was the Armenian: for I have travelled, do you see, and at Koenigsberg, Prussia Improper (so styled because there's a sort of bleak hungry sun there), you might remark, over a venerable

house-porch, a certain Chaldee inscription; and brief as it is, a mere glance at it used absolutely to change the mood of every bearded passenger. In they turned, one and all; the young and lightsome, with no irreverent pause, the aged and decrepit, with a sensible alacrity: 'twas the Grand Rabbi's abode, in short. Struck with curiosity, I lost no time in learning Syriac — (these are vowels, you dogs — follow my stick's end in the mud — *Celarent, Darii, Ferio!*) and one morning presented myself, spelling-book in hand, a, b, c, — I picked it out letter by letter, and what was the purport of this miraculous posy? Some cherished legend of the past, you'll say — "*How Moses hocuspocussed Egypt's land with fly and locust,*" — or "*How to Jonah sounded harshish, Get thee up and go to Tarshish,*" — or "*How the angel meeting Balaam, Straight his ass returned a salaam.*" In no wise! "*Shackabrack — Boach — somebody or other — Isaach, Re-cci-ver, Pur-cha-ser and Ex-chan-ger of — Stolen Goods!*" So talk to me of the religion of a bishop! I have renounced all bishops save Bishop Beveridge! — mean to live so — and die — *As some Greek dog-sage dead and merry, Hellward bound in Charon's wherry, With food for both worlds, under and upper, Lupine-seed and Hecate's supper, And never an obolus. . . .* (though thanks to you, or this Intendant — through you, or this Bishop through his Intendant — I possess a burning pocket-full of *zwanzigers*) . . . *To pay the Stygian Ferry!*

1st Policeman. There is the girl, then; go and deserve them the moment you have pointed out to us Signor Luigi and his mother. [*To the rest.*] I have been noticing a house yonder, this long while: not a shutter unclosed since morning!

2d Pol. Old Luca Gaddi's, that owns the silk-mills here: he dozes by the hour, wakes up, sighs deeply, says he should like to be Prince Metternich, and then dozes again, after having bidden young Sebald, the foreigner, set his wife to playing draughts. Never molest such a household, they mean well.

Blup. Only, cannot you tell me something of this little Pippa, I must have to do with? One could make something of that name. Pippa — that is, short for

Felippa — rhyming to *Panurge* consults
Hertrippa — *Believest thou King Agrippa?*
 Something might be done with that name.

2d *Pol.* Put into rhyme that your
 head and a ripe muskmelon would not be
 dear at half a *zwanziger*! Leave this
 fooling, and look out; the afternoon's
 over or nearly so.

3d *Pol.* Where in this passport of
 Signor Luigi does our Principal instruct
 you to watch him so narrowly? There?
 What's there beside a simple signature?
 (That English fool's busy watching.)

2d *Pol.* Flourish all round — "Put
 all possible obstacles in his way;" oblong
 dot at the end — "Detain him till further
 advices reach you;" scratch at bottom —
 "Send him back on pretence of some
 informality in the above;" ink-spirt
 on right hand side (which is the case here)
 — "Arrest him at once," Why and
 wherefore, I don't concern myself, but my
 instructions amount to this: if Signor
 Luigi leaves home to-night for Vienna —
 well and good, the passport deposed with
 us for our *visa* is really for his own use,
 they have misinformed the Office, and he
 means well; but let him stay over to-
 night — there has been the pretence we
 suspect, the accounts of his corresponding
 and holding intelligence with the Carbo-
 nari are correct, we arrest him at once,
 to-morrow comes Venice, and presently
 Spielberg. Bluphocks makes the signal,
 sure enough! That is he, entering the
 turret with his mother, no doubt.

III. EVENING

Inside the Turret on the Hill above Asolo.

LUIGI and his MOTHER entering.

Mother. If there blew wind, you'd
 hear a long sigh, easing
 The utmost heaviness of music's heart.

Luigi. Here in the archway?

Mother. Oh no, no — in farther,
 Where the echo is made, on the ridge.

Luigi. Here surely, then.
 How plain the tap of my heel as I leaped
 up!

Hark — "Lucius Junius!" The very
 ghost of a voice
 Whose body is caught and kept by . . .
 what are those?

Mere withered wallflowers, waving over
 head?

They seem an elvish group with thin
 bleached hair

Then lean out of their topmost fortress —
 look

And listen, mountain men, to what we say,
 Hand under chin of each grave earthy
 face.

Up and show faces all of you! — "All of
 you!"

That's the king dwarf with the scarlet
 comb; old Franz,

Come down and meet your fate? Hark
 — "Meet your fate!"

Mother. Let him not meet it, my
 Luigi — do not

Go to his City! Putting crime aside,
 Half of these ills of Italy are feigned:
 Your Pellicos and writers for effect,

Write for effect.

Luigi. Hush! Say A writes, and B.

Mother. These A's and B's write for
 effect, I say.

Then, evil is in its nature loud, while good
 Is silent; you hear each petty injury,
 None of his virtues; he is old beside,
 Quiet and kind, and densely stupid.

Why

Do A and B kill not him themselves?

Luigi. They teach
 Others to kill him — me — and, if I fail,
 Others to succeed; now, if A tried and
 failed,

I could not teach that: mine's the lesser
 task.

Mother, they visit night by night . . .

Mother. — You, Luigi?

Ah, will you let me tell you what you are?

Luigi. Why not? Oh, the one thing
 you fear to hint,

You may assure yourself I say and say
 Ever to myself! At times — nay, even
 as now

We sit — I think my mind is touch'd,
 suspect

All is not sound: but is not knowing that,
 What constitutes one sane or otherwise?
 I know I am thus — so, all is right again.
 I laugh at myself as through the town I
 walk,

And see men merry as if no Italy
 Were suffering; then I ponder — "I am
 rich,

Young, healthy; why should this fact
 trouble me,

More than it troubles these?" But it
 does trouble.

No, trouble's a bad word: for as I walk
There's springing and melody and giddi-
ness,

And old quaint turns and passages of
my youth,

Dreams long forgotten, little in them-
selves,

Return to me—whatever may amuse
me:

And earth seems in a truce with me, and
heaven

Accords with me, all things suspend their
strife,

The very cicala laughs "There goes he,
and there!"

Feast him, the time is short; he is on
his way

For the world's sake: feast him this once,
our friend!"

And in return for all this, I can trip
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps. I go

This evening, mother!

Mother. But mistrust yourself—
Mistrust the judgment you pronounce
on him!

Luigi. Oh, there I feel—am sure that
I am right!

Mother. Mistrust your judgment then,
of the mere means

To this wild enterprise: say, you are
right,—

Now should one in your state e'er bring
to pass

What would require a cool head, a cool
heart,

And a calm hand? You never will
escape.

Luigi. Escape? To even wish that,
would spoil all.

The dying is best part of it. Too much
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of
mine,

To leave myself excuse for longer life:
Was not life pressed down, running o'er
with joy,

That I might finish with it ere my fellows
Who, sparerlier feasted, make a longer
stay?

I was put at the board-head, helped to
all

At first; I rise up happy and content.
God must be glad one loves his world so
much.

I can give news of earth to all the dead
Who ask me:—last year's sunsets, and
great stars

Which had a right to come first and see
ebb

The crimson wave that drifts the sun
away—

Those crescent moons with notched and
burning rims

That strengthened into sharp fire, and
there stood,

Impatient of the azure—and that day
In March, a double rainbow stopped the
storm—

May's warm slow yellow moonlit summer
nights—

Gone are they, but I have them in my
soul!

Mother. (He will not go!)

Luigi. You smile at
me? 'Tis true,—

Voluptuousness, grotesqueness, ghastril-
ness,

Environ my devotedness as quaintly
As round about some antique altar
wreath

The rose festoons, goats' horns, and
oxen's skulls.

Mother. See now: you reach the city,
you must cross

His threshold—how?

Luigi. Oh, that's if we conspired!

Then would come pains in plenty, as you
guess—

But guess not how the qualities most fit
For such an office, qualities I have,

Would little stead me, otherwise em-
ployed,

Yet prove of rarest merit only here.

Everyone knows for what his excellence
Will serve, but no one ever will consider

For what his worst defect might serve:
and yet

Have you not seen me range our coppice
yonder

In search of a distorted ash?—I find
The wry spoilt branch a natural perfect
bow.

Fancy the thrice-sage, thrice-precau-
tioned man

Arriving at the palace of my errand!

No, no! I have a handsome dress packed
up—

White satin here, to set off my black
hair;

In I shall march—for you may watch
your life out

Behind thick walls, make friends there
to betray you;

More than one man spoils everything.
March straight —

Only, no clumsy knife to fumble for,
Take the great gate, and walk (not
saunter) on

Through guards and guards — I have
rehearsed it all

Inside the turret here a hundred times.
Don't ask the way of whom you meet,
observe!

But where they cluster thickest is the
door

Of doors; they'll let you pass — they'll
never blab

Each to the other, he knows not the
favorite,

Whence he is bound and what's his busi-
ness now.

Walk in — straight up to him; you have
no knife:

Be prompt, how should he scream?
Then out with you!

Italy, Italy, my Italy!

You're free, you're free! Oh mother, I
could dream

They got about me — Andrea from his
exile,

Pier from his dungeon, Gualtier from his
grave!

Mother. Well, you shall go. Yet
seems this patriotism

The easiest virtue for a selfish man

To acquire: he loves himself — and next,
the world —

If he must love beyond, — but naught
between:

As a short-sighted man sees naught mid-
way

His body and the sun above. But you
Are my adored Luigi, ever obedient

To my least wish, and running o'er with
love:

I could not call you cruel or unkind.

Once more, your ground for killing him
— then go!

Luigi. Now do you try me, or make
sport of me?

How first the Austrians got these prov-
inces . . .

(If that is all, I'll satisfy you soon)

— Never by conquest but by cunning, for
That treaty whereby . . .

Mother. Well!

Luigi. (Sure, he's arrived,
The tell-tale cuckoo: spring's his confi-
dant,

And he lets out her April purposes!)

Or . . . better go at once to modern
time.

He has . . . they have . . . in fact, I
understand

But can't restate the matter: that's my
boast:

Others could reason it out to you, and
prove

Things they have made me feel.

Mother. Why go to-night?

Morn's for adventure. Jupiter is now

A morning-star. I cannot hear you,
Luigi!

Luigi. "I am the bright and morning-
star," saith God —

And "to such an one I give the morning-
star."

The gift of the morning-star! Have I
God's gift

Of the morning-star?

Mother. Chiara will love to see

That Jupiter an evening-star next June.

Luigi. True, mother. Well for those
who live through June!

Great noontides, thunder-storms, all
glaring pomps

That triumph at the heels of June the
god

Leading his revel through our leafy world.
Yes, Chiara will be here.

Mother. In June: remember.

Yourself appointed that month for her
coming.

Luigi. Was that low noise the echo?

Mother. The night wind,

She must be grown — with her blue eyes
upturned

As if life were one long and sweet sur-
prise:

In June she comes.

Luigi. We were to see together

The Titian at Treviso. There, again!

[From without is heard the voice of
PIPPA singing —

A king lived long ago,

In the morning of the world,

When earth was nigher heaven than now;

And the king's locks curled,

Disparting o'er a forehead full

As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull —

Only calm as a babe new-born:

For he was got to a sleepy mood,

So safe from all decrepitude,

*Age with its bane, so sure gone by,
(The gods so loved him while he dreamed)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.*

Luigi. No need that sort of king
should ever die!

*Among 'he rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sat to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled him many a valley-thief
Caught in the sheep-pens, robber-chief
Swarthy and shameless, beggar-cheat,
Spy-prowler, or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground;
And sometimes clung about his feet,
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,
A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
Of one with sullen thickset brows:
And sometimes from the prison-house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought,
Who through some chink had pushed and
pressed*

*On knees and elbows, belly and breast,
Worm-like into the temple, — caught
He was by the very god,
Who ever in the darkness strode
Backward and forward, keeping watch
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch!
These, all and every one,
The king judged, sitting in the sun.*

Luigi. That king should still judge,
sitting in the sun!

*His councillors, on left and right,
Looked anxious up, — but no surprise
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes
Where the very blue had turned to white.
'Tis said, a Python scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forked tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old king sat to judge away;
But when he saw the sweepy hair
Girt with a crown of berries rare
Which the god will hardly give to wear
To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
At his wondrous forest rites, —
Seeing this he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world begun!*

[PIPPA passes.

Luigi. And such grace have they, now
that the world ends!
The Python at the city, on the throne,
And brave men, God would crown for
slaying him,
Lurk in by-corners lest they fall his prey.
Are crowns yet to be won in this late
time

Which weakness makes me hesitate to
reach?

'Tis God's voice calls: how could I stay?
Farewell!

*Talk by the way, while PIPPA is passing
from the Turret to the Bishop's Brother's
House, close to the Duomo S. Maria.
Poor GIRLS sitting on the steps.*

1st Girl. There goes a swallow to
Venice — the stout seafarer!
Seeing those birds fly, makes one wish
for wings.

Let us all wish; you, wish first!

2d Girl. I? This sunset
To finish.

3d Girl. That old — somebody I know,
Grayer and older than my grandfather,
To give me the same treat he gave last
week —

Feeding me on his knee with fig-
peckers,

Lampreys and red Breganze-wine, and
mumbling

The while some folly about how well I
fare,

Let sit and eat my supper quietly:

Since had he not himself been late this
morning

Detained at — never mind where, —
had he not . . .

"Eh, baggage, had I not!" —

2d Girl. How she can lie!

3d Girl. Look there — by the nails!

2d Girl. What makes your fingers red?

3d Girl. Dipping them into wine to
write bad words with

On the bright table: how he laughed!

1st Girl. My turn.
Spring's come and summer's coming. I
would wear

A long loose gown, down to the feet and
hands,

With plaits here, close about the throat,
all day;

And all night lie, the cool long nights in
bed;

And have new milk to drink, apples to eat,

Deuzans and junetings, leather-coats . . .

ah, I should say,

This is away in the fields — miles!

3d Girl. Say at once
You'd be at home: she'd always be at home!

Now comes the story of the farm among
The cherry orchards, and how April snowed

White blossoms on her as she ran. Why, fool,

They've rubbed the chalk-mark out, how tall you were,

Twisted your starling's neck, broken his cage,

Made a dung-hill of your garden!

1st Girl. They destroy
My garden since I left them? well — perhaps

I would have done so: so I hope they have!

A fig-tree curled out of our cottage wall;
They called it mine, I have forgotten why.

It must have been there long ere I was born:

Cric — cric — I think I hear the wasps o'erhead

Pricking the papers strung to flutter there

And keep off birds in fruit-time — coarse long papers,

And the wasps eat them, prick them through and through.

3d Girl. — How her mouth twitches!
Where was I? — before

She broke in with her wishes and long gowns

And wasps — would I be such a fool! — Oh, here!

This is my way: I answer every one
Who asks me why I make so much of him —

(If you say "you love him" — a straight "he'll not be gulled!")

"He that seduced me when I was a girl
Thus high — had eyes like yours, or hair like yours,

Brown, red, white," — as the case may be: that pleases.

See how that beetle burnishes in the path!
There sparkles he along the dust: and there —

Your journey to that maize tuft spoiled at least!

1st Girl. When I was young, they said if you killed one

Of those sunshiny beetles, that his friend
Up there, would shine no more that day nor next.

2d Girl. When you were young? nor are you young, that's true.

How your plump arms, that were, have dropped away!

Why, I can span them. Cecco beats you still?

No matter, so you keep your curious hair.
I wish they'd find a way to dye our hair

Your color — any lighter tint, indeed

Than black: the men say they are sick of black,

Black eyes, black hair!

4th Girl. Sick of yours, like enough.
Do you pretend you ever tasted lampreys

And ortolans? Giovita, of the palace,
Engaged (but there's no trusting him)

to slice me
Polenta with a knife that had cut up

An ortolan.

2d Girl. Why, there! Is not that Pippa

We are to talk to, under the window, — quick! —

Where the lights are?

1st Girl. That she? No, or she would sing,

For the Intendant said . . .

3d Girl. Oh, you sing first!
Then, if she listens and comes close . . .

I'll tell you, —
Sing that song the young English noble

made,
Who took you for the purest of the pure,

And meant to leave the world for you — what fun!

2d Girl. [Sings.]

You'll love me yet! — and I can tarry

Your love's protracted growing:

June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,
From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartfelt now: some seed

At least is sure to strike,

And yield — what you'll not pluck indeed,
Not love, but, may be, like.

You'll look at least on love's remains,

A grave's one violet:

Your look? — that pays a thousand pains.
What's death? You'll love me yet!

3d Girl. [To PIPPA who approaches.]
Oh, you may come closer — we shall not

eat you! Why, you seem the very person that the great rich handsome Englishman has fallen so violently in love with. I'll tell you all about it.

IV. NIGHT

Inside the Palace by the Duomo. MONSIGNOR, dismissing his Attendants.

Monsignor. Thanks, friends, many thanks! I chiefly desire life now, that I may recompense every one of you. Most I know something of already. What, a repast prepared? *Benedictio benedicatur* . . . ugh, ugh! Where was I? Oh, as you were remarking, Ugo, the weather is mild, very unlike winter-weather: but I am a Sicilian, you know, and shiver in your Julys here. To be sure, when 'twas full summer at Messina, as we priests used to cross in procession the great square on Assumption Day, you might see our thickest yellow tapers twist suddenly in two, each like a falling star, or sink down on themselves in a gore of wax. But go, my friends, but go! [*To the Intendant.*] Not you, Ugo! [*The others leave the apartment.*] I have long wanted to converse with you, Ugo.

Intendant. Uguccio—

Mon. . . . 'guccio Stefani, man! of Ascoli, Fermo and Fossombruno;—what I do need instructing about, are these accounts of your administration of my poor brother's affairs. Ugh! I shall never get through a third part of your accounts; take some of these dainties before we attempt it, however. Are you bashful to that degree? For me, a crust and water suffice.

Inten. Do you choose this especial night to question me?

Mon. This night, Ugo. You have managed my late brother's affairs since the death of our elder brother: fourteen years and a month, all but three days. On the Third of December, I find him . . .

Inten. If you have so intimate an acquaintance with your brother's affairs, you will be tender of turning so far back: they will hardly bear looking into, so far back.

Mon. Ay, ay, ugh, ugh,—nothing but disappointments here below! I remarked a considerable payment made to yourself on this Third of December. Talk

of disappointments! There was a young fellow here, Jules, a foreign sculptor I did my utmost to advance, that the Church might be a gainer by us both: he was going on hopefully enough, and of a sudden he notifies to me some marvellous change that has happened in his notions of Art. Here's his letter,—“He never had a clearly conceived Ideal within his brain till to-day. Yet since his hand could manage a chisel, he has practised expressing other men's Ideals; and, in the very perfection he has attained to, he foresees an ultimate failure: his unconscious hand will pursue its prescribed course of old years, and will reproduce with a fatal expertness the ancient types, let the novel one appear never so palpably to his spirit. There is but one method of escape: confiding the virgin type to as chaste a hand, he will turn painter instead of sculptor, and paint, not carve, its characteristics,”—strike out, I dare say, a school like Correggio; how think you, Ugo?

Inten. Is Correggio a painter?

Mon. Foolish Jules! and yet, after all, why foolish? He may—probably will—fail egregiously; but if there should arise a new painter, will it not be in some such way, by a poet now, or a musician (spirits who have conceived and perfected an Ideal through some other channel), transferring it to this, and escaping our conventional roads by pure ignorance of them; eh, Ugo? If you have no appetite, talk at least, Ugo?

Inten. Sir, I can submit no longer to this course of yours. First, you select the group of which I formed one,—next you thin it gradually,—always retaining me with your smile,—and so do you proceed till you have fairly got me alone with you between four stone walls. And now then? Let this farce, this chatter end now: what is it you want with me?

Mon. Ugo!

Inten. From the instant you arrived, I felt your smile on me as you questioned me about this and the other article in those papers—why your brother should have given me this villa, that *podere*,—and your nod at the end meant,—what?

Mon. Possibly that I wished for no loud talk here. If once you set me coughing, Ugo!—

Inten. I have your brother's hand and seal to all I possess: now ask me what for! what service I did him—ask me!

Mon. I would better not: I should rip up old disgraces, let out my poor brother's weaknesses. By the way, Maffeo of Forli, (which, I forgot to observe, is your true name,) was the interdict ever taken off you for robbing that church at Cesna?

Inten. No, nor needs be: for when I murdered your brother's friend, Pasquale, for him . . .

Mon. Ah, he employed you in that business, did he? Well, I must let you keep, as you say, this villa and that *podere* for fear the world should find out my relations were of so indifferent a stamp? Maffeo, my family is the oldest in Mes-sina, and century after century have my progenitors gone on polluting themselves with every wickedness under heaven: my own father . . . rest his soul!—I have, I know, a chapel to support that it may rest: my dear two dead brothers were,—what you know tolerably well; I, the youngest, might have rivalled them in vice, if not in wealth: but from my boyhood I came out from among them, and so am not partaker of their plagues. My glory springs from another source; or if from this, by contrast only,—for I, the bishop, am the brother of your employers, Ugo. I hope to repair some of their wrong, however; so far as my brother's ill-gotten treasure reverts to me, I can stop the consequences of his crime: and not one *soldo* shall escape me. Maffeo, the sword we quiet men spurn away, you shrewd knaves pick up and commit murders with; what opportunities the virtuous forego, the villanous seize. Because, to pleasure myself apart from other considerations, my food would be millet-cake, my dress sackcloth, and my couch straw,—am I therefore to let you, the off-scouring of the earth, seduce the poor and ignorant by appropriating a pomp these will be sure to think lessens the abominations so unaccountably and exclusively associated with it? Must I let villas and *poderi* go to you, a murderer and thief, that you may beget by means of them other murderers and thieves? No—if my cough would but allow me to speak!

Inten. What am I to expect? You are going to punish me?

Mon. Must punish you, Maffeo. I cannot afford to cast away a chance. I have whole centuries of sin to redeem, and only a month or two of life to do it in. How should I dare to say . . .

Inten. "Forgive us our trespasses"?

Mon. My friend, it is because I avow myself a very worm, sinful beyond measure, that I reject a line of conduct you would applaud perhaps. Shall I proceed, as it were, a-pardoning?—I?—who have no symptom of reason to assume that aught less than my strenuousest efforts will keep myself out of mortal sin, much less keep others out. No: I do trespass, but will not double that by allowing you to trespass.

Inten. And suppose the villas are not your brother's to give, nor yours to take? Oh, you are hasty enough just now!

Mon. 1, 2—N^o 3!—ay, can you read the substance of a letter, N^o 3, I have received from Rome? It is precisely on the ground there mentioned, of the suspicion I have that a certain child of my late elder brother, who would have succeeded to his estates, was murdered in infancy by you, Maffeo, at the instigation of my late younger brother—that the Pontiff enjoins on me not merely the bringing that Maffeo to condign punishment, but the taking all pains, as guardian of the infant's heritage for the Church, to recover it parcel by parcel, howsoever, whensoever, and wheresoever. While you are now gnawing those fingers, the police are engaged in sealing up your papers, Maffeo, and the mere raising my voice brings my people from the next room to dispose of yourself. But I want you to confess quietly, and save me raising my voice. Why, man, do I not know the old story? The heir between the succeeding heir, and this heir's ruffianly instrument, and their complot's effect, and the life of fear and bribes and ominous smiling silence? Did you throttle or stab my brother's infant? Come now!

Inten. So old a story, and tell it no better? When did such an instrument ever produce such an effect? Either the child smiles in his face; or, most likely, he is not fool enough to put himself in the employer's power so thoroughly: the

child is always ready to produce—as you say—howsoever, wheresoever, and whensoever.

Mon. Liar!

Inten. Strike me? Ah, so might a father chastise! I shall sleep soundly to-night at least, though the gallows await me to-morrow; for what a life did I lead! Carlo of Cesena reminds me of his connivance, every time I pay his annuity; which happens commonly thrice a year. If I remonstrate, he will confess all to the good bishop—you!

Mon. I see through the trick, caitiff! I would you spoke truth for once. All shall be sifted, however—seven times sifted.

Inten. And how my absurd riches encumbered me! I dared not lay claim to above half of my possessions. Let me but once unbosom myself, glorify Heaven, and die!

Sir, you are no brutal dastardly idiot like your brother I frightened to death: let us understand one another. Sir, I will make away with her for you—the girl—here close at hand; not the stupid obvious kind of killing; do not speak—know nothing of her nor of me! I see her every day—saw her this morning: of course there is to be no killing; but at Rome the courtesans perish off every three years, and I can entice her thither—have indeed begun operations already. There is a certain lusty blue-eyed florid-complexioned English knave, I and the Police employ occasionally. You assent, I perceive—no, that's not it—assent I do not say—but you will let me convert my present havings and holdings into cash, and give me time to cross the Alps? 'Tis but a little black-eyed pretty singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl. I have kept her out of harm's way up to this present; for I always intended to make your life a plague to you with her. 'Tis as well settled once and forever. Some women I have procured will pass Bluphocks, my handsome scoundrel, off for somebody; and once Pippa entangled!—you conceive? Through her singing? Is it a bargain?

[From without is heard the voice of PIPPA singing—

*Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;*

There was naught above me, naught below,

*My childhood had not learned to know:
For, what are the voices of birds*

—Ah, and of beasts, but words, our words,

Only so much more sweet?

The knowledge of that with my life begun.

But I had so near made out the sun,

And counted your stars, the seven and one,

Like the fingers of my hand:

Nay, I could all but understand

Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;

And just when out of her soft fifty changes

No unfamiliar face might over-look me—

Suddenly God took me.

[PIPPA passes.

Mon. [Springing up.] My people—one and all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares . . . I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!* Quick, I say!

PIPPA'S Chamber again. *She enters it.*

The bee with his comb,

The mouse at her dray,

The grub in his tomb,

Wile winter away;

But the fire-fly and hedge-shrew and lob-worm, I pray,

How fare they?

Ha, ha, thanks for your counsel, my Zanze!

"Feast upon lampreys, quaff Brenganze"—

The summer of life so easy to spend,

And care for to-morrow so soon put away!

But winter hastens at summer's end,

And fire-fly, hedge-shrew, lob-worm, I pray,

How fare they?

No bidding me then to . . . what did Zanze say?

"Pare your nails pearlwise, get your small feet shoes

More like" . . . (what said she?)—"and less like canoes!"

How pert that girl was!—would I be those pert

Impudent staring women! It had done me,

However, surely no such mighty hurt

To learn his name who passed that jest
upon me:

No foreigner, that I can recollect,
Came, as she says, a month since, to in-
spect

Our silk-mills — none with blue eyes and
thick rings

Of raw-silk-colored hair, at all events.
Well, if old Luca keep his good intents,
We shall do better, see what next year
brings!

I may buy shoes, my Zanze, not appear
More destitute than you perhaps next
year!

Bluph . . . something! I had caught the
uncouth name

But for Monsignor's people's sudden
clatter

Above us — bound to spoil such idle
chatter

As ours: it were indeed a serious matter
If silly talk like ours should put to shame
The pious man, the man devoid of blame,
The . . . ah but — ah but, all the same,
No mere mortal has a right

To carry that exalted air;
Best people are not angels quite:
While — not the worst of people's doings
scare

The devil; so there's that proud look to
spare!

Which is mere counsel to myself,
mind! for

I have just been the holy Monsignor:
And I was you, too, Luigi's gentle mother,
And you too, Luigi! — how that Luigi
started

Out of the turret — doubtlessly departed
On some good errand or another,
For he passed just now in a traveller's
trim,

And the sullen company that prowled
About his path, I noticed, scowled
As if they had lost a prey in him.

And I was Jules the sculptor's bride,
And I was Ottima beside,
And now what am I? — tired of fooling.
Day for folly, night for schooling!
New Year's day is over and spent,
Ill or well, I must be content.

Even my lily's asleep, I vow:

Wake up — here's a friend I've plucked
you!

Call this flower a heart's-ease now!
Something rare, let me instruct you,
Is this, with petals triply swollen,

Three times spotted, thrice the pollen;
While the leaves and parts that witness
Old proportions and their fitness,
Here remain unchanged, unmoved now;
Call this pampered thing improved now!
Suppose there's a king of the flowers
And a girl-show held in his bowers —
"Look ye, buds, this growth of ours,"
Says he, "Zanze from the Brenta,
I have made her gorge polenta
Till both cheeks are near as bouncing
As her . . . name there's no pronouncing!
See this heightened color too,
For she swilled Breganze wine
Till her nose turned deep carmine;
'Twas but white when wild she grew.
And only by this Zanze's eyes
Of which we could not change the size,
The magnitude of all achieved
Otherwise, may be perceived."

Oh what a drear dark close to my poor
day!

How could that red sun drop in that
black cloud?

Ah Pippa, morning's rule is moved away,
Dispensed with, never more to be al-
lowed!

Day's turn is over, now arrives the
night's.

Oh lark, be day's apostle
To mavis, merle and throstle,
Bid them their betters jostle
From day and its delights!
But at night, brother owlet, over the
woods,

Toll the world to thy chantry;
Sing to the bats' sleek sisterhoods
Full complines with gallantry:
Then, owls and bats,
Cows and twats,
Monks and nuns, in a cloister's moods,
Adjourn to the oak-stump pantry!

[After she has begun to undress herself.

Now, one thing I should like to really
know:

How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day:

— Approach, I mean, so as to touch them
so

As to . . . in some way . . . move
them — if you please,

Do good or evil to them some slight way.
For instance, if I wind

Silk to-morrow, my silk may bind

[Sitting on the bedside

And border Ottima's cloak's hem.
 Ah me, and my important part with
 them,
 This morning's hymn half promised when
 I rose!
 True in some sense or other, I suppose.
 [As she lies down
 God bless me! I can pray no more to-
 night.
 No doubt, some way or other, hymns say
 right.

*All service ranks the same with God —
 With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
 Are we; there is no last nor first.*

[She sleeps.
 1841.

CAVALIER TUNES

I. MARCHING ALONG

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament
 swing:
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest
 folk droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this
 song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such
 carles
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their
 treasonous parles!
 Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor
 sup
 Till you're —
 CHORUS. — Marching along, fifty-score
 strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, sing-
 ing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies'
 knell.
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry
 as well!
 England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
 CHORUS. — Marching along, fifty-score
 strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, sing-
 ing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and
 his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent
 carles!
 Hold by the right, you double your might;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for
 the fight,
 CHORUS. — March we along, fifty-score
 strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, sing-
 ing this song!

II. GIVE A ROUSE

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right
 now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight
 now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite
 now,
 King Charles!
 Who gave me the goods that went since?
 Who raised me the house that sank once?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?
 Who found me in wine you drank once?
 CHORUS. — King Charles, and who'll do
 him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe
 for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's
 despite now,
 King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?
 CHORUS. — King Charles, and who'll
 do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe
 for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's
 despite now,
 King Charles!

III. BOOT AND SADDLE

BOOT, saddle, to horse and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
 CHORUS. — Boot, saddle, to horse and
 away!
 Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd
 say;
 Many's the friend there, will listen and
 pray

"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —

CHORUS. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Round-
heads' array:

Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

CHORUS. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,

Laughs when you talk of surrendering,
"Nay!

I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

CHORUS. — Boot, saddle to horse, and away!" 1842.

THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD-EL-KADR

As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side,
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed,
He, in whom our Tribes confide,
Is descried, ways untried,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride
To our Chief and his Allied,
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied —
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unspied
As I ride, as I ride?

As I ride, as I ride,
When an inner voice has cried,
The sands slide, nor abide
(As I ride, as I ride)
O'er each visioned homicide
That came vaunting (has he lied?)
To reside — where he died,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
As I ride, as I ride,

Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
— Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed —
How has vied stride with stride
As I ride, as I ride!

As I ride, as I ride,
Could I loose what Fate has tied,
Ere I pried, she should hide
(As I ride, as I ride)
All that's meant me — satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride!

1842.

CRISTINA

SHE should never have looked at me
If she meant I should not love her!
There are plenty . . . men you call such,
I suppose . . . she may discover
All her soul to, if she pleases,
And yet leave much as she found
them:
But I'm not so, and she knew it
When she fixed me, glancing round
them.

What? To fix me thus meant nothing?
But I can't tell (there's my weakness)
What her look said! — no vile cant, sure,
About "need to strew the bleakness
Of some lone shore with its pearl-seed,
That the sea feels" — no "strange
yearning
That such souls have, most to lavish
Where there's chance of least return-
ing."

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure though seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing.

There are flashes struck from midnights,
There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
Whereby piled-up honors perish,
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
While just this or that poor impulse,
Which for once had play unstified,
Seems the sole work of a lifetime,
That away the rest have trifled.

Doubt you if, in some such moment,
 As she fixed me, she felt clearly,
 Ages past the soul existed,
 Here an age 'tis resting merely,
 And hence fleets again for ages,
 While the true end, sole and single,
 It stops here for is, this love-way,
 With some other soul to mingle?

Else it loses what it lived for,
 And eternally must lose it;
 Better ends may be in prospect,
 Deeper blisses (if you choose it),
 But this life's end and this love-bliss
 Have been lost here. Doubt you
 whether
 This she felt as, looking at me,
 Mine and her souls rushed together?

Oh, observe! Of course, next moment,
 The world's honors in derision,
 Trampled out the light forever:
 Never fear but there's provision
 Of the devil's to quench knowledge
 Lest we walk the earth in rapture!
 — Making those who catch God's secret
 Just so much more prize their capture!

Such am I; the secret's mine now!
 She has lost me, I have gained her;
 Her soul's mine: and thus, grown perfect,
 I shall pass my life's remainder,
 Life will just hold out the proving
 Both our powers, alone and blended:
 And then come the next life quickly!
 This world's use will have been ended.
 1842.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall," —

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect —
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast;
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's
 grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed;
 his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," the sol-
 dier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief be-
 side,
 Smiling the boy fell dead. 1842.

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the
 wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pan-
 dolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she
 stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I
 said
 "Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured coun-
 tenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest
 glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none
 puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if
 they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not
 the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas
 not
 Her husband's presence only, called that
 spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle
 laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or
 "Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat:"
 such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause
 enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart — how shall I say? — too soon
 made glad.
 Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went every-
 where.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her
 breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white
 mule
 She rode with round the terrace — all and
 each
 Would draw from her alike the approving
 speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men, —
 good! but thanked
 Somehow — I know not how — as if she
 ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to
 blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech — (which I have not) — to
 make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say,
 "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you
 miss,
 Or there exceed the mark" — and if she
 let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made
 excuse,
 — E'en then would be some stooping;
 and I choose

Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no
 doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed
 without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I
 gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There
 she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll
 meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munifi-
 cence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I
 avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune,
 though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze
 for me! 1842.

IN A GONDOLA

He sings

I SEND my heart up to thee, all my heart
 In this my singing.
 For the stars help me, and the sea bears
 part;
 The very night is clinging
 Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
 Above me, whence thy face
 May light my joyous heart to thee its
 dwelling place.

She speaks

Say after me, and try to say
 My very words, as if each word
 Came from you of your own accord,
 In your own voice, in your own way:
 "This woman's heart and soul and brain
 Are mine as much as this gold chain
 She bids me wear; which" (say again)
 "I choose to make by cherishing
 A precious thing, or choose to fling
 Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
 And yet once more say . . . no word
 more!
 Since words are only words. Give o'er!
 Unless you call me, all the same,
 Familiarly by my pet name,

Which if the Three should hear you call,
And me reply to, would proclaim
At once our secret to them all.
Ask of me, too, command me, blame, —
Do, break down the partition-wall
'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
Curtained in dusk and splendid folds!
What's left but — all of me to take?
I am the Three's: prevent them, slake
Your thirst! 'Tis said, the Arab sage,
In practising with gems, can loose
Their subtle spirit in his cruce
And leave but ashes; so, sweet mage,
Leave them my ashes when thy use
Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

He sings

Past we glide, and past, and past!
What's that poor Agnese doing
Where they make the shutters fast?
Gray Zanobi's just a-wooing
To his couch the purchased bride:
Past we glide!

Past we glide, and past, and past!
Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
Like a beacon to the blast?
Guests by hundreds, not one caring
If the dear host's wife were wried:
Past we glide!

She Sings

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

He sings

What are we two?
I am a Jew,
And carry thee, farther than friends can
pursue,
To a feast of our tribe;
Where they need thee to bribe

The devil that blasts them unless he
imbibe
Thy . . . Scatter the vision forever!
And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

Say again, what we are?
The sprite of a star,
I lure thee above where the destinies bar
My plumes their full play
Till a ruddier ray
Than my pale one announce there is
withering away
Some . . . Scatter the vision forever!
And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

He muses

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must;
Which life were best on Summer eves?

He speaks, musing

Lie back; could thought of mine improve
you?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing; from this, another wing;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you!
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet
As if a million sword-blades hurled
Defiance from you to the world!

Rescue me thou, the only real!
And scare away this mad ideal
That came, nor motions to depart!
Thanks! Now, stay ever as thou art!

Still he muses

What if the Three should catch at last
Thy serenader? While there's cast
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
Gian pinions me, Himself has past
His stylet through my back; I reel;
And . . . is it thou I feel?

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
Past every church that saints and saves,
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
By Lido's wet accursed graves,
They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
And . . . on thy breast I sink!

She replies, musing

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-deep,
As I do: thus: were death so unlike sleep,
Caught this way? Death's to fear from
flame or steel,
Or poison doubtless; but from water —
feel!
Go find the bottom! Would you stay
me? There!
Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-
grass
To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
I flung away: since you have praised my
hair,
'Tis proper to be choice in what I wear.

He speaks

Row home? must we row home? Too
surely
Know I where its front's demurely
Over the Giudecca piled;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All's the set face of a child:
Behind it, where's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face?
No two windows look one way
O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them. Ah, the autumn day
I, passing, saw you overhead!
First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
Then a sweet cry, and last came you —
To catch your lory that must needs
Escape just then, of all times then,
To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
And make me happiest of men.
I scarce could breathe to see you reach
So far back o'er the balcony
To catch him ere he climbed too high
Above you in the Smyrna peach,
That quick the round smooth cord of gold,
This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,
Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont, of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness' sake
To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.

Dear lory, may his beak retain
Ever its delicate rose stain
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had marked their thief to know again!

Stay longer yet, for others' sake
Than mine! What should your chamber
do?

— With all its rarities that ache
In silence while day lasts, but wake
At night-time and their life renew,
Suspended just to pleasure you
Who brought against their will together
These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
Around them such a magic tether
That dumb they look: your harp, believe.
With all the sensitive tight strings
Which dare not speak, now to itself
Breathes slumberously, as if some elf

Went in and out the chords, his wings
Make murmur wheresoe'er they graze,
As an angel may, between the maze
Of midnight palace-pillars, on
And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
Through guilty glorious Babylon.
And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell
As the dry limpet for the lymph
Come with a tune he knows so well.
And how your statues' hearts must swell!
And how your pictures must descend
To see each other, friend with friend!
Oh, could you take them by surprise,
You'd find Schidone's eager Duke
Doing the quaintest courtesies
To that prim saint by Haste-thee-Luke!
And, deeper into her rock den,
Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen
You'd find retreated from the ken
Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser —
As if the Tizian thinks of her,
And is not, rather, gravely bent
On seeing for himself what toys
Are these, his progeny invent,
What litter now the board employs
Whereon he signed a document
That got him murdered! Each enjoys
Its night so well, you cannot break
The sport up, so, indeed must make
More stay with me, for others' sake.

She speaks

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
Is used to tie the jasmine back
That overflows my room with sweets,

Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
My Zanze! If the ribbon's black,
The Three are watching: keep away!

Your gondola — let Zorzi wreathe
A mesh of water-weeds about
Its prow, as if he unaware
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot
stair!
That I may throw a paper out
As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are
we.

Only one minute more to-night with me?
Resume your past self of a month ago!
Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
The lady with the colder breast than snow.
Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my
hand

More than I touch yours when I step to
land,

And say, "All thanks, Siora!" —

Heart to heart
And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we
part,

Clasp me and make me thine, as mine
thou art!

[He is surprised, and stabbed.]

It was ordained to be so, sweet! — and
best

Comes now beneath thine eyes, upon thy
breast.

Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards!
Care

Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not
scorn

To death, because they never lived: but I
Have lived indeed, and so — (yet one
more kiss) — can die! 1842.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A CHILD'S STORY

*(Written for, and inscribed to, W. M. the
Younger.)*¹

I

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side
A pleasanter spot you never spied;

¹ The son of William Macready, the famous actor.

But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks'
own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's
a noddy;

And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a rack-
ing

To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-
ing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guildler I'd my ermine gown
sell,

I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's
that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew
 mutinous
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
 "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking
 bigger :

And in did come the strangest figure!
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red,
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in;
 There was no guessing his kith and kin :
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one: "It's as my great-grand-
 sire,

Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted
 tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
 And, "Please your honors," said he,
 "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep or swim or fly or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole and toad and newt and viper;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."

(And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same
 check;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
 straying

As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of
 gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:

And as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!" — was the ex-
 clamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-
 tion.

VII

Into the street the Piper stepped,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes
 twinkled,
 Like a candle-flame where salt is
 sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty
 rumbling;

And out of the houses the rats came
 tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny
 rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny
 rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
 Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,

Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished!

— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary:
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the
 pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe:

And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-
 boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-
 flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter-
 casks:

And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-
saltery!

So munch on, crunch on, take your
nunccheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore
me!'

— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin
people

Ringing the bells till they rocked the
steeple.

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long
poles,

Poke out the nests and block up the
holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders.
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the
face

Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thou-
sand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked
blue;

So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,
Hock;

And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!

"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a
knowing wink,

"Our business was done at the river's
brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I
think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something
for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your
poke;

But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in
joke.

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders. Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's
rich in,

For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:

With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think
I brook

Being worse treated than a Cook?

Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst.
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stepped into the street,

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight
cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a
bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and
hustling;

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,

Little hands clapping and little tongues
chattering,

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when
barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
stood
As if they were changed into blocks of
wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High
Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and
daughters!

However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-
dressed,

And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-
side,

A wondrous portal opened wide.
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children
followed,

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut
fast.

Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the
way;

And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates
left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks
here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer.
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,

The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and
South,

To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find
him,

Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone for-
ever,

They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column.

And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having
risen

Out of some subterranean prison
To which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

xv

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
 Of scores out with all men — especially
 pipers!
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats
 or from mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us
 keep our promise! 1842.

RUDEL TO THE LADY OF TRIPOLI

I KNOW a Mount, the gracious Sun per-
 ceives
 First, when he visits, last, too, when he
 leaves
 The world; and, vainly favored, it repays
 The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
 By no change of its large calm front of
 snow.
 And underneath the Mount, a Flower I
 know,
 He cannot have perceived, that changes
 ever
 At his approach; and, in the lost en-
 deavor
 To live his life, has parted, one by one,
 With all a flower's true graces, for the
 grace
 Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
 With ray-like florets round a disk-like
 face.
 Men nobly call by many a name the
 Mount
 As over many a land of theirs its large
 Calm front of snow like a triumphal
 targe
 Is reared, and still with old names, fresh
 names vie,
 Each to its proper praise and own ac-
 count:
 Men call the Flower the Sunflower,
 sportively.

II

Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold look
 Across the waters to this twilight nook,
 — The far sad waters, Angel, to this
 nook!

III

Dear Pilgrim, art thou for the East in-
 deed?
 Go! — saying ever as thou dost proceed,

That I, French Rudel, choose for my
 device

A sunflower outspread like a sacrifice
 Before its idol. See! These inexpert
 And hurried fingers could not fail to hurt
 The woven picture; 'tis a woman's skill
 Indeed; but nothing baffled me, so, ill
 Or well, the work is finished. Say, men
 feed

On songs I sing, and therefore bask the
 bees

On my flower's breast as on a platform
 broad:

But as the flower's concern is not for
 these

But solely for the sun, so men applaud
 In vain this Rudel, he not looking here
 But to the East — the East! Go, say
 this, Pilgrim dear! 1842.

THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEW-
DROP

FROM A BLOT IN THE SCUTCHEON

THERE'S a woman like a dewdrop, she's
 so purer than the purest;
 And her noble heart's the noblest, yes,
 and her sure faith's the surest:
 And her eyes are dark and humid, like
 the depth on depth of lustre
 Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sun-
 nier than the wild-grape cluster,
 Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her
 neck's rose-misted marble:
 Then her voice's music . . . call it the
 well's bubbling, the bird's warble!
 And this woman says, "My days were
 sunless and my nights were moon-
 less,
 Parched the pleasant April herbage, and
 the lark's heart's outbreak tune-
 less,
 If you loved me not!" And I who —
 (ah, for words of flame!) adore
 her,
 Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate
 palpably before her —
 I may enter at her portal soon, as now
 her lattice takes me,
 And by noontide as by midnight make
 her mine, as hers she makes
 me!

1843.

THE LOST LEADER¹

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
 Found the one gift of which fortune be-
 reft us,

Lost all the others she lets us devote;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him
 out silver,

So much was theirs who so little al-
 lowed:

How all our copper had gone for his
 service!

Rags — were they purple, his heart had
 been proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him,
 honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent
 eye,

Learned his great language, caught his
 clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to
 die!

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for
 us,

Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they
 watch from their graves!

¹ Browning admitted that in writing this poem he had Wordsworth in mind, but insisted that he did not mean it as an exact portrait of Wordsworth. Browning's mature judgment on the matter is best expressed in his own words: "I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account; had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore." See also Mrs. Orr's *Browning (Life and Letters)*, I, 191. Compare Shelley's early Sonnet

TO WORDSWORTH

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know
 That things depart which never may return:
 Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first
 glow,

Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
 These common woes I feel. One loss is mine
 Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore.
 Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
 Above the blind and battling multitude:
 In honored poverty thy voice did weave
 Songs consecrate to truth and liberty, —
 Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
 Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

1815. 1816.

He alone breaks from the van and the
 freemen,
 — He alone sinks to the rear and the
 slaves!

We shall march prospering, — not
 through his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us, — not from his
 lyre;

Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his
 quiescence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest
 bade aspire:

Blot out his name, then, record one lost
 soul more,

One task more declined, one more
 footpath untrod,

One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for
 angels,

One wrong more to man, one more in-
 sult to God!

Life's night begins: let him never come
 back to us!

There would be doubt, hesitation and
 pain,

Forced praise on our part — the glimmer
 of twilight,

Never glad confident morning again!

Best fight on well, for we taught him —
 strike gallantly,

Menace our heart ere we master his
 own;

Then let him receive the new knowledge
 and wait us,

Pardoned in heaven, 'the first by the
 throne!

1845.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX¹

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and
 he;

I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped
 all three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the
 gatebolts undrew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us gallop-
 ing through;

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank
 to rest,

And into the midnight we galloped
 abreast.

¹ This galloping ballad, which has no historical foundation, was written at sea, off Cape St. Vincent. See Mrs. Orr's *Browning*, I, 144-45.

Not a word to each other; we kept the
 great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
 changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths
 tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the
 pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained
 slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while
 we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight
 dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out
 to see;
 At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as
 could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we
 heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there
 is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black
 every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping
 past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its
 spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp
 ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out
 on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence, — ever
 that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
 askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which
 aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping
 on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried
 Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's
 not in her.
 We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard
 the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and
 staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the
 flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered
 and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in
 the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
 laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright
 stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang
 white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is
 in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a
 moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a
 stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the
 whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix
 from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to
 the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'
 rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each hol-
 ster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt
 and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted
 his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse
 without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any
 noise, bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped
 and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking
 round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees
 on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland
 of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last
 measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common
 consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought
 good news from Ghent.

1838. 1845.

EARTH'S IMMORTALITIES

FAME

SEE, as the prettiest graves will do in time,
 Our poet's wants the freshness of its prime;
 Spite of the sexton's browsing horse, the
 sods
 Have struggled through its binding osier
 rods;
 Headstone and half-sunk footstone lean
 awry,
 Wanting the brick-work promised by-
 and-by;
 How the minute gray lichens, plate o'er
 plate,
 Have softened down the crisp-cut name
 and date!

LOVE

So, the year's done with!
 (*Love me forever!*)
 All March begun with,
 April's endeavor;
 May-wreaths that bound me
 June needs must sever;
 Now snows fall round me,
 Quenching June's fever —
 (*Love me forever!*) 1845.

MEETING AT NIGHT

THE gray sea and the long black land;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;
 And the startled little waves that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, through its joys
 and fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each!
 1845.

PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountain's
 rim;
 And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.
 1845.

SONG

NAY but you, who do not love her,
 Is she not pure gold, my mistress?
 Holds earth aught — speak truth —
 above her?

Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
 And this last fairest tress of all,
 So fair, see, ere I let it fall?

Because you spend your lives in praising;
 To praise, you search the wide world
 over:

Then why not witness, calmly gazing,
 If earth holds aught — speak truth —
 above her?

Above this tress, and this, I touch
 But cannot praise, I love so much!

1845.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

OH, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-
 wood sheaf

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
 bough

In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the
 swallows!

Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in
 the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on the
 clover

Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent
 spray's edge —

That's the wise thrush; he sings each
 song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could re-
 capture

The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with
 hoary dew,

All will be gay when noontide wakes
 anew

The buttercups, the little children's
 dower

— Far brighter than this gaudy melon
 flower!
 1845.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the
Northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reek-
ing into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in
face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest Northeast distance
dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me:
how can I help England?" — say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to
God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent
over Africa.

1838. 1845.

TIME'S REVENGES

I'VE a Friend, over the sea;
I like him, but he loves me.
It all grew out of the books I write;
They find such favor in his sight
That he slaughters you with savage looks
Because you don't admire my books.
He does himself though, — and if some
vein

Were to snap to-night in this heavy brain,
To-morrow month, if I lived to try,
Round should I just turn quietly,
Or out of the bedclothes stretch my hand
Till I found him, come from his foreign
land

To be my nurse in this poor place,
And make my broth and wash my face
And light my fire and, all the while,
Bear with his old good-humored smile
That I told him "Better have kept away
Than come and kill me, night and day,
With, worse than fever throbs and shoots,
The creaking of his clumsy boots."
I am as sure that this he would do,
As that Saint Paul's is striking two.
And I think I rather . . . woe is me!

— Yes, rather should see him than not
see,

If lifting a hand could seat him there
Before me in the empty chair
To-night, when my head aches indeed,
And I can neither think nor read,
Nor make these purple fingers hold
The pen; this garret's freezing cold!

And I've a Lady — there he wakes,
The laughing fiend and prince of snakes
Within me, at her name, to pray
Fate send some creature in the way
Of my love for her, to be down-torn,
Upthrust and outward-borne.
So I might prove myself that sea
Of passion which I needs must be!
Call my thoughts false and my fancies
quaint

And my style innocent and its figures faint,
All the critics say and more blame yet,
And not one angry word you get.
But, please you, wonder I would put
My cheek beneath that lady's foot
Rather than trample under mine
The laurels of the Florentine,
And you shall see how the devil spends
A fire God gave for other ends!
I tell you, I ride up and down
This garret, crowned with love's best
crown,

And feasted with love's perfect feast,
To think I kill for her, at least,
Body and soul and peace and fame,
Alike youth's end and manhood's aim,
— So is my spirit, as flesh with sin,
Filled full, eaten out and in
With the face of her, the eyes of her,
The lips, the little chin, the stir
Of shadow round her mouth; and she
— I'll tell you — calmly would decree
That I should roast at a slow fire,
If that would compass her desire
And make her one whom they invite
To the famous ball to-morrow night.

There may be heaven; there must be hell;
Meantime, there is our earth here — well!
1845.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

THAT second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds through the country-
side,

Breathed hot and instant on my trace, —
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have
plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they
love:

— How long it seems since Charles was lost!

Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew. When these had
passed,

I threw my glove to strike the last
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
One instant rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground;
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt:
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast.
Then I drew breath: they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 'twas told her, could not
fail

Persuade a peasant of its truth;
I meant to call a freak of youth
This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm —

At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us: the State
Will give you gold — oh, gold so much! —
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and
drink,

And also paper, pen and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebræ begin;
Walk to the third confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes
peace?*

Say it a second time, then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
*From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?* — for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip;
Then come back happy we have done
Our mother service — I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her
stand

In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sunrise
Than of her coming. We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover — stout and tall,
She said — then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much" — as if some doubt
Entered her heart, — then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew."
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path; at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news.
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head — "This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother; she
Uses my hand and blesses thee."
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning — much less wished for —
aught

Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
I never was in love; and since
Charles proved false, what shall now
convince

My inmost heart I have a friend?
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself — say, three —
I know at least what one should be.
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands. And
next

— Nor much for that am I perplexed —
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers. Last
— Ah, there, what should I wish? For
fast

Do I grow old and out of strength.
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay
— Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so — perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine —
Are turning wise: while some opine
"Freedom grows license," some suspect
"Haste breeds delay," and recollect
They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt: what
harm

If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes — just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing — how
It steals the time! To business now.
1845.

PICTOR IGNOTUS

FLORENCE, 15—

I COULD have painted pictures like that
youth's

Ye praise so. How my soul springs up!
No bar

Stayed me — ah, thought which saddens
while it soothes!

— Never did fate forbid me, star by
star,

To outburst on your night with all my
gift

Of fires from God: nor would my flesh
have shrunk

From seconding my soul, with eyes uplift
And wide to heaven, or, straight like
thunder, sunk

To the centre, of an instant; or around
Turned calmly and inquisitive, to scan
The license and the limit, space and
bound,

Allowed to truth made visible in man.
And, like that youth ye praise so, all I saw,
Over the canvas could my hand have
flung,

Each face obedient to its passion's law,
Each passion clear proclaimed without
a tongue;

Whether Hope rose at once in all the
blood,

A-tiptoe for the blessing of embrace,
Or Rapture drooped the eyes, as when
her brood

Pull down the nesting dove's heart to
its place;

Or Confidence lit swift the forehead up,
And locked the mouth fast, like a
castle braved, —

O human faces, hath it spilt, my cup?
What did ye give me that I have not
saved?

Nor will I say I have not dreamed (how
well!)

Of going — I, in each new picture, —
forth,

As, making new hearts beat and bosoms
swell,

To Pope or Kaiser, East, West, South,
or North,

Bound for the calmly satisfied great State,
Or glad aspiring little burgh, it went,
Flowers cast upon the car which bore the
freight,

Through old streets named afresh from
the event,

Till it reached home, where learned age
 should greet
 My face, and youth, the star not yet
 distinct
 Above his hair, lie learning at my feet! —
 Oh, thus to live, I and my picture,
 linked
 With love about, and praise, till life
 should end,
 And then not go to heaven, but linger
 here,
 Here on my earth, earth's every man my
 friend, —
 The thought grew frightful, 'twas so
 wildly dear!
 But a voice changed it. Glimpses of
 such sights
 Have scared me, like the revels through
 a door
 Of some strange house of idols at its rites!
 This world seemed not the world it
 was before:
 Mixed with my loving trusting ones,
 there trooped
 . . . Who summoned those cold faces
 that begun
 To press on me and judge me? Though
 I stooped
 Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,
 They drew me forth, and spite of me . . .
 enough!
 These buy and sell our pictures, take
 and give,
 Count them for garniture and household-
 stuff
 And where they live needs must our
 pictures live
 And see their faces, listen to their prate,
 Partakers of their daily pettiness,
 Discussed of, — "This I love, or this I
 hate,
 This likes me more, and this affects
 me less!"
 Wherefore I chose my portion. If at
 whiles
 My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
 These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
 With the same series, Virgin, Babe
 and Saint,
 With the same cold calm beautiful
 regard, —
 At least no merchant traffics in my
 heart;
 The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
 Vain tongues from where my pictures
 stand apart:

Only prayer breaks the silence of the
 shrine
 While, blackening in the daily candle-
 smoke,
 They moulder on the damp wall's traver-
 tine,
 'Mid echoes the light footstep never
 woke.
 So, die my pictures! surely, gently die!
 O youth, men praise so, — holds their
 praise its worth?
 Blown harshly, keeps the trump its
 golden cry?
 Tastes sweet the water with such specks
 of earth? 1845.

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

ROME, 15—

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping
 back?
 Nephews — sons mine . . . ah God, I
 know not! Well —
 She, men would have to be your mother
 once,
 Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
 What's done is done, and she is dead
 beside,
 Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die our-
 selves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's
 a dream.
 Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night,
 I ask
 "Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace
 seems all.
 Saint Praxed's ever was the church for
 peace;
 And so, about this tomb of mine. I
 fought
 With tooth and nail to save my niche,
 ye know:
 — Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my
 care;
 Shrewd was that snatch from out the
 corner South
 He graced his carrion with, God curse the
 same!
 Yet still my niche is not so cramped but
 thence

One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent
 seats,
 And up into the very doom where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
 And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
 With those nine columns round me, two
 and two,
 The odd one at my feet where Anselm
 stands:
 Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the
 ripe
 As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty
 pulse.
 — Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-
 stone,
 Put me where I may look at him! True
 peach,
 Rosy and flawless: how I earned the
 prize!
 Draw close: that conflagration of my
 church
 — What then? So much was saved if
 aught were missed!
 My sons, ye would not be my death?
 Go dig
 The white-grape vineyard where the
 oil-press stood,
 Drop water gently till the surface sink,
 And if ye find . . . Ah God, I know not,
 I! . . .
 Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
 And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
 Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
 Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
 Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast.
 Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas,
 all,
 That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
 So, let the blue lump poise between my
 knees,
 Like God the Father's globe on both his
 hands
 Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
 For Gandolf shall not choose but see and
 burst!
 Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our
 years:
 Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
 Did I say basalt for my slab, sons?
 Black —
 'Twas ever antique-black I meant!
 How else
 Shall ye contrast my frieze to come
 beneath?

The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
 Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and
 perchance
 Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
 The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
 Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
 Ready to twitch the Nymph's last gar-
 ment off,
 And Moses with the tables . . . but I
 know
 Ye mark me not! What do they whisper
 thee,
 Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye
 hope
 To revel down my villas while I gasp
 Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy trav-
 ertine
 Which Gandolf from his tomb-top
 chuckles at!
 Nay, boys, ye love me — all of jasper,
 then!
 'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I
 grieve.
 My bath must needs be left behind,
 alas!
 One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
 There's plenty jasper somewhere in the
 world —
 And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to
 pray
 Horses for ye, and brown Greek manu-
 scripts,
 And mistresses with great smooth marbly
 limbs?
 — That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
 Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's
 every word,
 No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second
 line —
 Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his
 need!
 And then how I shall lie through cen-
 turies,
 And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
 And see God made and eaten all day long,
 And feel the steady candle-flame, and
 taste
 Good strong thick stupefying incense-
 smoke!
 For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
 Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
 I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
 And stretch my feet forth straight as
 stone can point,
 And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth,
 drop

Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work:
And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange
thoughts

Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life too, popes, cardinals and
priests,

Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,

— Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
They glitter like your mother's for my
soul,

Or ye would heighten my impoverished
frieze,

Piece out its starved design, and fill my
vase

With grapes, and add a visor and a Term,
And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus
down,

To comfort me on my entablature
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
"Do I live, am I dead?" — There, leave
me, there!

For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
To death — ye wish it — God, ye wish it!
Stone —

Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares
which sweat

As if the corpse they keep were oozing
through —

And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row: and, going, turn your backs
— Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church
for peace,

That I may watch at leisure if he leers —
Old Gandolf — at me, from his onion-
stone,

As still he envied me, so fair she was!¹

1845.

¹ I know no other piece of modern English, prose or poetry, in which there is so much told, as in these lines, of the Renaissance spirit, — its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of good Latin. It is nearly all that I said of the central Renaissance in thirty pages of the *Stones of Venice*,

SAUL

I

SAID Abner, "At last thou art come! Ere
I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I
wished it, and did kiss his cheek.
And he: "Since the King, O my friend,
for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor
until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance
the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright,
with the water be wet.
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a
space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants,
of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have
ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the mon-
arch sinks back upon life.

II

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved!
God's child with his dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies
still living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harp-
strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

III

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers,
and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder.
The tent was unlooped;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and
under I stooped;
Hands and knees on the slippery grass-
patch, all withered and gone,

put into as many lines, Browning's being also the antecedent work. The worst of it is that this kind of concentrated writing needs so much solution before the reader can fairly get the good of it, that people's patience fails them, and they give the thing up as insoluble; though, truly, it ought to be to the current of common thought like Saladin's talisman, dipped in clear water, not soluble altogether, but making the element medicinal. (*Ruskin*.)

Other aspects of the Renaissance spirit, finer but equally true, are expressed, with similar concentration, in "Old Pictures in Florence," "Pictor Ignotus," "Andrea del Sarto," "A Grammarian's Funeral," etc., etc.

That extends to the second enclosure, I
 groped my way on
 Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open.
 Then once more I prayed,
 And opened the foldskirts and entered,
 and was not afraid
 But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!"
 And no voice replied.
 At the first I saw naught but the black-
 ness: but soon I descried
 A something more black than the black-
 ness — the vast, the upright
 Main prop which sustains the pavilion:
 and slow into sight
 Grew a figure against it, gigantic and
 blackest of all.
 Then a sunbeam, that burst through the
 tent-roof, showed Saul.

IV

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both
 arms stretched out wide
 On the great cross-support in the centre,
 that goes to each side;
 He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there
 as, caught in his pangs
 And waiting his change, the king-serpent
 all heavily hangs,
 Far away from his kind, in the pine, till
 deliverance come
 With the spring-time, — so agonized Saul,
 drear and stark, blind and dumb.

V

Then I tuned my harp, — took off the
 lilies we twine round its chords
 Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the
 noontide — those sunbeams like swords!
 And I first played the tune all our sheep
 know, as, one after one,
 So docile they come to the pen-door till
 folding be done.
 They are white and untorn by the bushes,
 for lo, they have fed
 Where the long grasses stifle the water
 within the stream's bed;
 And now one after one seeks its lodging,
 as star follows star
 Into eve and the blue far above us, — so
 blue and so far!

VI

— Then the tune for which quails on the
 cornland will each leave his mate
 To fly after the player; then, what makes
 the crickets elate

Till for boldness they fight one another;
 and then, what has weight
 To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside
 his sand house —
 There are none such as he for a wonder,
 half bird and half mouse!
 God made all the creatures and gave them
 our love and our fear,
 To give sign, we and they are his children,
 one family here.

VII

Then I played the help-tune of our reap-
 ers, their wine-song, when hand
 Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good
 friendship, and great hearts expand
 And grow one in the sense of this world's
 life. — And then, the last song
 When the dead man is praised on his
 journey — "Bear, bear him along,
 With his few faults shut up like dead
 flowerets! Are balm seeds not here
 To console us? The land has none left
 such as he on the bier.
 Oh, would we might keep thee, my
 brother!" — And then, the glad chant
 Of the marriage, — first go the young
 maidens, next, she whom we vaunt
 As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.
 — And then, the great march
 Wherein man runs to man to assist him
 and buttress an arch
 Naught can break; who shall harm them,
 our friends? Then, the chorus intoned
 As the Levites go up to the altar in glory
 enthroned.
 But I stopped here: for here in the dark-
 ness Saul groaned.

VIII

And I paused, held my breath in such
 silence, and listened apart;
 And the tent shook, for mighty Saul
 shuddered: and sparkles 'gan dart
 From the jewels that woke in his turban,
 at once, with a start,
 All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies
 courageous at heart.
 So the head: but the body still moved
 not, still hung there erect.
 And I bent once again to my playing,
 pursued it unchecked,
 As I sang: —

IX

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor!
 No spirit feels waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing
 nor sinew unbraced.
 Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping
 from rock up to rock,
 The strong rending of boughs from the
 fir-tree, the cool silver shock
 Of the plunge in a pool's living water,
 the hunt of the bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion is
 couched in his lair.
 And the meal, the rich dates yellowed
 over with gold dust divine,
 And the locust-flesh steeped in the
 pitcher, the full draught of wine,
 And the sleep in the dried river-channel
 where bulrushes tell
 That the water was wont to go warbling
 so softly and well.
 How good is man's life, the mere living!
 how fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses
 forever in joy!
 Hast thou loved the white locks of thy
 father, whose sword thou didst guard
 When he trusted thee forth with the
 armies, for glorious reward?
 Didst thou see the thin hands of thy
 mother, held up as men sung
 The low song of the nearly-departed, and
 hear her faint tongue
 Joining in while it could to the witness,
 'Let one more attest,
 I have lived, seen God's hand through a
 lifetime, and all was for best?'
 Then they sung through their tears in
 strong triumph, not much, but the rest.
 And thy brothers, the help and the con-
 test, the working whence grew
 Such result as, from seething grape-
 bundles, the spirit strained true:
 And the friends of thy boyhood — that
 boyhood of wonder and hope,
 Present promise and wealth of the future
 beyond the eye's scope, —
 Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a
 people is thine;
 And all gifts, which the world offers
 singly, on one head combine!
 On one head, all the beauty and strength,
 love and rage (like the three
 That, a-work in the rock, helps its labor
 and lets the gold go)

High ambition and deeds which surpass
 it, fame crowning them, — all
 Brought to blaze on the head of one
 creature — King Saul!"

X

And lo, with that leap of my spirit, —
 heart, hand, harp and voice,
 Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow,
 each bidding rejoice
 Saul's fame in the light it was made for
 — as when, dare I say,
 The Lord's army, in rapture of service,
 strains through its array,
 And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot —
 "Saul!" cried I, and stopped,
 And waited the thing that should follow.
 Then Saul, who hung propped
 By the tent's cross-support in the centre,
 was struck by his name.
 Have ye seen where Spring's arrowy
 summons goes right to the aim,
 And some mountain, the last to with-
 stand her, that held (he alone,
 While the vale laughed in freedom and
 flowers) on a broad bust of stone
 A year's snow bound about for a breast-
 plate, — leaves grasp of the sheet?
 Fold on fold all at once it crowds thun-
 derously down to his feet,
 And there fronts you, stark, black, but
 alive yet, your mountain of old,
 With his rents, the successive bequeath-
 ing of ages untold —
 Yea, each harm got in fighting your
 battles, each furrow and scar
 Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the
 tempest — all hail, there they are!
 — Now again to be softened with verdure,
 again hold the nest
 Of the dove, tempt the goat and its
 young to the green on his crest
 For their food in the ardors of summer.
 One long shudder thrilled
 All the tent till the very air tingled,
 then sank and was stilled
 At the King's self left standing before
 me, released and aware.
 What was gone, what remained? All
 to traverse 'twixt hope and despair,
 Death was past, life not come: so he
 waited. Awhile his right hand
 Held the brow, helped the eyes left too
 vacant forthwith to remand

To their place what new objects should
 enter: 'twas Saul as before.
 I looked up and dared gaze at those eyes,
 nor was hurt any more
 Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn,
 ye watch from the shore,
 At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean —
 a sun's slow decline
 Over hills which, resolved in stern silence,
 o'erlap and entwine
 Base with base to knit strength more
 intensely: so, arm folded arm
 O'er the chest whose slow heavings sub-
 sided.

XI

What spell or what charm,
 (For awhile there was trouble within me),
 what next should I urge
 To sustain him where song had restored
 him? — Song filled to the verge
 His cup with the wine of this life, pressing
 all that it yields
 Of mere fruitage, the strength and the
 beauty: beyond, on what fields,
 Glean a vintage more potent and perfect
 to brighten the eye
 And bring blood to the lip, and commend
 them the cup they put by?
 He saith, "It is good;" still he drinks
 not: he lets me praise life,
 Gives assent, yet would die for his own
 part.

XII

Then fancies grew rife
 Which had come long ago on the pasture,
 when round me the sheep
 Fed in silence — above, the one eagle
 wheeled slow as in sleep;
 And I lay in my hollow and mused on
 the world that might lie
 'Neath his ken, though I saw but the
 strip 'twixt the hill and the sky:
 And I laughed — "Since my days are
 ordained to be passed with my flocks,
 Let me people at least, with my fancies,
 the plains and the rocks,
 Dream the life I am never to mix with,
 and image the show
 Of mankind as they live in those fashions
 I hardly shall know!
 Schemes of life, its best rules and right
 uses, the courage that gains,
 And the prudence that keeps what men
 strive for." And now these old trains

Of vague thought came again; I grew
 surer; so, once more the string
 Of my harp made response to my spirit,
 as thus —

XIII

"Yea, my King,"
 I began — "thou dost well in rejecting
 mere comforts that spring
 From the mere mortal life held in common
 by man and by brute:
 In our flesh grows the branch of this
 life, in our soul it bears fruit.
 Thou hast marked the slow rise of the
 tree, — how its stem trembled first
 Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's
 antler; then safely outburst
 The fan-branches all round; and thou
 mindest when these too, in turn,
 Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed
 perfect: yet more was to learn,
 E'en the good that comes in with the
 palm-fruit. Our dates shall we slight,
 When their juice brings a cure for all
 sorrow? or care for the plight
 Of the palm's self whose slow growth
 produced them? Not so! stem and
 branch
 Shall decay, nor be known in their place,
 while the palm-wine shall stanch
 Every wound of man's spirit in winter.
 I pour thee such wine,
 Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for!
 the spirit be thine!
 By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome
 thee, thou still shalt enjoy
 More indeed, than at first when incon-
 scious, the life of a boy.
 Crush that life, and behold its wine run-
 ning! Each deed thou hast done
 Dies, revives, goes to work in the world!
 until e'en as the sun
 Looking down on the earth, though
 clouds spoil him, though tempests
 efface,
 Can find nothing his own deed produced
 not, must everywhere trace
 The results of his past summer-prime, —
 so, each ray of thy will,
 Every flash of thy passion and prowess,
 long over, shall thrill
 Thy whole people, the countless, with
 ardor, till they too give forth
 A like cheer to their sons, who in turn,
 fill the South and the North

With the radiance thy deed was the germ
 of. Carouse in the past!
 But the license of age has its limit; thou
 diest at last:
 As the lion when age dims his eyeball,
 the rose at her height,
 So with man — so his power and his
 beauty forever take flight.
 No! Again a long draught of my soul-
 wine! Look forth o'er the years!
 Thou hast done now with eyes for the
 actual; begin with the seer's!
 Is Saul dead? In the depth of the vale
 make his tomb — bid arise
 A gray mountain of marble heaped four-
 square, till, built to the skies,
 Let it mark where the great First King
 slumbers: whose fame would ye know?
 Up above see the rock's naked face,
 where the record shall go
 In great characters cut by the scribe, —
 Such was Saul, so he did;
 With the sages directing the work, by
 the populace chid, —
 For not half, they'll affirm, is comprised
 there! Which fault to amend,
 In the grove with his kind grows the
 cedar, whereon they shall spend
 (See, in tablets 'tis level before them)
 their praise, and record
 With the gold of the graver, Saul's story,
 — the statesman's great word
 Side by side with the poet's sweet com-
 ment. The river's a-wave
 With smooth paper-reeds grazing each
 other when prophet-winds rave:
 So the pen gives unborn generations their
 due and their part
 In thy being! Then, first of the mighty,
 thank God that thou art!"

XIV

And behold while I sang . . . but O
 Thou who didst grant me that day,
 And before it not seldom hast granted
 thy help to essay,
 Carry on and complete an adventure, —
 my shield and my sword
 In that act where my soul was thy ser-
 vant, thy word was my word, —
 Still be with me, who then at the summit
 of human endeavor
 And scaling the highest, man's thought
 could, gazed hopeless as ever

On the new stretch of heaven above me
 — till, mighty to save,
 Just one lift of thy hand cleared that
 distance — God's throne from man's
 grave!
 Let me tell out my tale to its ending —
 my voice to my heart
 Which can scarce dare believe in what
 marvels last night I took part,
 As this morning I gather the fragments,
 alone with my sheep,
 And still fear lest the terrible glory
 vanish like sleep!
 For I wake in the gray dewy covert, while
 Hebron upheaves
 The dawn struggling with night on his
 shoulder, and Kidron retrieves
 Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

XV

I say then, — my song
 While I sang thus, assuring the monarch,
 and ever more strong
 Made a proffer of good to console him —
 he slowly resumed
 His old motions and habitudes kingly.
 The right hand replumed
 His black locks to their wonted compo-
 sure, adjusted the swathes
 Of his turban, and see — the huge sweat
 that his countenance bathes,
 He wipes off with the robe; and he girds
 now his loins as of yore,
 And feels slow for the armlets of price,
 with the clasp set before.
 He is Saul, ye remember in glory, — ere
 error had bent
 The broad brow from the daily com-
 munion; and still, though much spent
 Be the life and the bearing that front
 you, the same, God did choose,
 To receive what a man may waste, des-
 ecrate, never quite lose.
 So sank he along by the tent-prop till,
 stayed by the pile
 Of his armor and war-cloak and garments,
 he leaned there awhile,
 And sat out my singing, — one arm round
 the tent-prop, to raise
 His bent head, and the other hung slack
 — till I touched on the praise
 I foresaw from all men in all time, to the
 man patient there;
 And thus ended, the harp falling forward.
 Then first I was 'ware

That he sat, as I say, with my head just
 above his vast knees
 Which were thrust out on each side
 around me, like oak roots which please
 To encircle a lamb when it slumbers.
 I looked up to know
 If the best I could do had brought solace;
 he spoke not, but slow
 Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till
 he laid it with care
 Soft and grave, but in mild settled will,
 on my brow: through my hair
 The larger fingers were pushed, and he
 bent back my head, with kind power —
 All my face back, intent to peruse it, as
 men do a flower.
 Thus held he me there with his great
 eyes that scrutinized mine —
 And oh, all my heart how it loved him!
 but where was the sign?
 I yearned — "Could I help thee, my
 father, inventing a bliss,
 I would add, to that life of the past, both
 the future and this;
 I would give thee new life altogether, as
 good, ages hence,
 As this moment, — had love but the
 warrant, love's heart to dispense!"

XVI

Then the truth came upon me. No harp
 more — no song more! outbroke —

XVII

"I have gone the whole round of creation:
 I saw and I spoke:
 I, a work of God's hand for that purpose
 received in my brain
 And pronounced on the rest of his hand-
 work — returned him again
 His creation's approval or censure: I
 spoke as I saw:
 I report, as a man may of God's work —
 all's love, yet all's law.
 Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me.
 Each faculty tasked
 To perceive him, has gained an abyss,
 where a dewdrop was asked.
 Have I knowledge? confounded it
 shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
 Have I forethought? how purblind, how
 blank to the Infinite Care!
 Do I task any faculty highest, to image
 success?
 I but open my eyes, — and perfection,
 no more and no less,

In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me,
 and God is seen God
 In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in
 the soul and the clod.
 And thus looking within and around me,
 I ever renew
 (With that stoop of the soul which in
 bending upraises it too)
 The submission of man's nothing-perfect
 to God's all-complete,
 As by each new obeisance in spirit, I
 climb to his feet.
 Yet with all this abounding experience,
 this deity known,
 I shall dare to discover some province,
 some gift of my own.
 There's a faculty pleasant to exercise,
 hard to hoodwink,
 I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I
 laugh as I think)
 Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it,
 wot ye, I worst
 E'en the Giver in one gift. — Behold, I
 could love if I durst!
 But I sink the pretension as fearing a
 man may o'ertake
 God's own speed in the one way of love:
 I abstain for love's sake.
 — What, my soul? see thus far and no
 farther? when doors great and small,
 Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch,
 should the hundredth appall?
 In the least things have faith, yet dis-
 trust in the greatest of all?
 Do I find love so full in my nature, God's
 ultimate gift,
 That I doubt his own love can compete
 with it? Here, the parts shift?
 Here, the creature surpass the Creator, —
 the end, what Began?
 Would I fain in my impotent yearning
 do all for this man,
 And dare doubt he alone shall not help
 him, who yet alone can?
 Would it ever have entered my mind, the
 bare will, much less power.
 To bestow on this Saul what I sang of,
 the marvellous dower
 Of the life he was gifted and filled with?
 to make such a soul,
 Such a body, and then such an earth for
 insphering the whole?
 And doth it not enter my mind (as my
 warm tears attest)
 These good things being given, to go on,
 and give one more, the best?

Ay, to save and redeem and restore him,
 maintain at the height
 This perfection, — succeed with life's
 day-spring, death's minute of night?
 Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch
 Saul the mistake,
 Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now
 — and bid him awake
 From the dream, the probation, the prelude,
 to find himself set
 Clear and safe in new light and new life,
 — a new harmony yet
 To be run, and continued, and ended —
 who knows? — or endure!
 The man taught enough by life's dream,
 of the rest to make sure;
 By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning
 intensified bliss,
 And the next world's reward and repose,
 by the struggles in this.

XVIII

"I believe it! 'Tis thou, God, that
 givest, 'tis I who receive:
 In the first is the last, in thy will is my
 power to believe.
 All's one gift: thou canst grant it more-
 over, as prompt to my prayer
 As I breathe out this breath, as I open
 these arms to the air.
 From thy will stream the worlds, life and
 nature, thy dread Sabaoth:
 I will? — the mere atoms despise me!
 Why am I not loth
 To look that, even that in the face too?
 Why is it I dare
 Think but lightly of such impuissance?
 What stops my despair?
 This; — 'tis not what man Does which
 exalts him, but what man Would do!
 See the King — I would help him but can-
 not, the wishes fall through.
 Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow,
 grow poor to enrich,
 To fill up his life, starve my own out, I
 would — knowing which,
 I know that my service is perfect. Oh,
 speak through me now!
 Would I suffer for him that I love? So
 wouldst thou — so wilt thou!
 So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffa-
 blest, uttermost crown —
 And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor
 leave up nor down

One spot for the creature to stand in! It
 is by no breath,
 Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation
 joins issue with death!
 As thy Love is discovered almighty,
 almighty be proved
 Thy power, that exists with and for it,
 of being Beloved!
 He who did most, shall bear most; the
 strongest shall stand the most weak.
 'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry
 for! my flesh, that I seek
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O
 Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee;
 a Man like to me,
 Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever:
 a Hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to
 thee! See the Christ stand!"

XIX

I know not too well how I found my way
 home in the night.
 There were witnesses, cohorts about me,
 to left and to right,
 Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen,
 the alive, the aware:
 I repressed, I got through them as hardly,
 as strugglingly there,
 As a runner beset by the populace fam-
 ished for news —
 Life or death. The whole earth was
 awakened, hell loosed with her crews;
 And the stars of night beat with emotion,
 and tingled and shot
 Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowl-
 edge: but I fainted not,
 For the Hand still impelled me at once
 and supported, suppressed
 All the tumult, and quenched it with
 quiet, and holy behest,
 Till the rapture was shut in itself, and
 the earth sank to rest.
 Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had
 withered from earth —
 Not so much, but I saw it die out in the
 day's tender birth;
 In the gathered intensity brought to the
 gray of the hills;
 In the shuddering forests' held breath;
 in the sudden wind-thrills;
 In the startled wild beasts that bore off,
 each with eye sidling still

Though averted with wonder and dread;
 in the birds stiff and chill
 That rose heavily, as I approached them,
 made stupid with awe:
 E'en the serpent that slid away silent, —
 he felt the new law.
 The same stared in the white humid
 faces upturned by the flowers;
 The same worked in the heart of the
 cedar and moved the vine-bowers:
 And the little brooks witnessing mur-
 mured, persistent and low,
 With their obstinate, all put hushed
 voices — "E'en so, it is so!"
 1845. 1855.¹

Meet, if thou require it,
 Both demands,
 Laying flesh and spirit
 In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow,
 Not to-night.
 I must bury sorrow
 Out of sight:

— Must a little weep, Love,
 (Foolish me!)
 And so fall asleep, Love,
 Loved by thee. 1855.

EVELYN HOPE

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

LET's contend no more, Love,
 Strive nor weep:
 All be as before, Love,
 — Only sleep!

What so wild as words are?
 I and thou
 In debate, as birds are,
 Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking
 While we speak!
 Hush and hide the talking,
 Cheek on cheek!

What so false as truth is,
 False to thee?
 Where the serpent's tooth is
 Shun the tree —

Where the apple reddens
 Never pry —
 Lest we lose our Edens,
 Eve and I.

Be a god and hold me
 With a charm!
 Be a man and fold me
 With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!
 As I ought
 I will speak thy speech, Love,
 Think thy thought —

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-
 flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass;
 Little has yet been changed, I think:
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass
 Save two long rays through the hinge's
 chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my
 name;
 It was not her time to love; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir,
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares, —
 And the sweet white brow is all of
 her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
 What, your soul was pure and true,
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew —
 And, just because I was thrice as old
 And our paths in the world diverged so
 wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be
 told?
 We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love:
 I claim you still, for my own love's
 sake!

¹ The first part of the poem, up to Section X,
 was published in *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*,
 1845; the complete poem, in *Men and Women*, 1855.

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a
 few :
 Much is to learn, much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will,
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I
 shall say)

In the lower earth, in the years long still,
 That body and soul so pure and gay?
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red —

And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old life's
 stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since
 then,

Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full
 scope,

Either I missed or itself missed me :
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
 What is the issue ? Let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !

My heart seemed full as it could hold ;
 There was place and to spare for the frank
 young smile,

And the red young mouth, and the
 hair's young gold.

So, hush, — I will give you this leaf to
 keep :

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold
 hand !

There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
 You will wake, and remember, and
 understand,

1855.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

WHERE the quiet-colored end of evening
 smiles

Miles and miles

On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep

Tinkle homeward through the twilight,
 stray or stop

As they crop —

Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (So they say)

Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since
 Held his court in, gathered councils,
 wielding far
 Peace or war.

Now, — the country does not even boast
 a tree,

As you see,

To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain
 rills

From the hills

Intersect and give a name to, (else they
 run

Into one,)

Where the domed and daring palace
 shot its spires

Up like fires

O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,

Made of marble, men might march on
 nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, — see, of
 grass

Never was !

Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'er-
 spreads

And embeds

Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone —

Where a multitude of men breathed joy
 and woe

Long ago ;

Lust of glory pricked their hearts up,
 dread of shame

Struck them tame ;

And that glory and that shame alike, the
 gold

Bought and sold.

Now, — the single little turret that re-
 mains

On the plains,

By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,

While the patching houseleek's head of
 blossom winks

Through the chinks —

Marks the basement whence a tower in
 ancient time

Sprang sublime,

And a burning ring, all round, the chariots
 traced

As they raced,

And the monarch and his minions and his
dames

Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored
eve

Smiles to leave

To their folding, all our many-tinkling
fleece

In such peace,

And the slopes and rills in undistin-
guished gray

Melt away —

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair

Waits me there

In the turret whence the charioteers
caught soul

For the goal,

When the king looked, where she looks
now, breathless, dumb

Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,

All the mountains topped with temples,
all the grades

Colonnades,

All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, —
and then,

All the men!

When I do come, she will speak not, she
will stand,

Either hand

On my shoulder, give her eyes the first
embrace

Of my face,

Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and
speech

Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters
forth

South and North,

And they built their gods a brazen pillar
high

As the sky,

Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full
force —

Gold, of course.

Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood
that burns!

Earth's returns

For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,

With their triumphs and their glories and
the rest!

Love is best.

1855.

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON
OF QUALITY)

HAD I but plenty of money, money
enough and to spare,

The house for me no doubt, were a house
in the city-square;

Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at
the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something
to hear, at least!

There, the whole day long, one's life is a
perfect feast;

While up at a villa one lives, I maintain
it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like
the horn of a bull

Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the
creature's skull,

Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly
a leaf to pull!

— I scratch my own, sometimes, to see
if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city — the square
with the houses! Why,

They are stone-faced, white as a curd,
there's something to take the eye!

Houses in four straight lines, not a single
front awry;

You watch who crosses and gossips, who
saunters, who hurries by;

Green blinds, as a matter of course, to
draw when the sun gets high;

And the shops with fanciful signs which
are painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over
in March by rights,

'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have
withered well off the heights:

You've the brown ploughed land before,
where the oxen steam and wheeze,

And the hills over-smoked behind by the
faint gray olive-trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've
summer all at once;

In a day he leaps complete with a few
strong April suns.

'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat,
scarce risen three fingers well,

The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows
out its great red bell

Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the
children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
 In the shade it sings and springs: in the shine such foam-bows flash
 On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and pash
 Round the lady atop in her conch — fifty gazers do not abash,
 Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
 Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted forefinger.
 Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
 Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
 Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
 And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
 Enough of the seasons, — I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin:
 No' sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in:

You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.

By and by, there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
 Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post-office such a scene-picture — the new play, piping hot!

And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.

Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,

And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so,

Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,

"And moreover," (the sonnet goes rhyming,) "the skirts of Saint Paul has reached,

Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than ever he preached."

Noon strikes, — here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;

No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the rate.

They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
 It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!

Beggars can scarcely be choosers; but still — ah, the pity, the pity!

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,

And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles;

One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,

And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of scandals:

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life! r855.

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

OH Galuppi, Baldassare, this is very sad to find!

I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;

But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.

What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,

Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . . what you call

. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival:

I was never out of England — it's as if I saw it all.

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?

Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,

When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round
and lips so red, —
On her neck the small face buoyant, like
a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where
a man might base his head?

Well, and it was graceful of them —
they'd break talk off and afford
— She, to bite her mask's black velvet —
he, to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played *Toccatas*,
stately at the clavichord?

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive,
sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspen-
sions those solutions — "Must we die?"
Those commiserating sevenths — "Life
might last! we can but try!"

"Were you happy?" — "Yes." — "And
are you still as happy?" — "Yes.
And you?"
— "Then, more kisses!" — "Did I stop
them, when a million seemed so few?"
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it
must be answered to!

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh,
they praised you, I dare say!
"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good
alike at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking when I hear
a master play!"

Then they left you for their pleasure:
till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing,
some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them
where they never see the sun.

But when I sit down to reason, think to
take my stand nor swerve,
While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from
nature's close reserve,
In you come with your cold music till I
creep through every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking
where a house was burned:
"Dust and ashes, dead and done with,
Venice spent what Venice earned.
The soul, doubtless, is immortal — where
a soul can be discerned.

"Yours for instance: you know physics,
something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls
shall rise in their degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction, —
you'll not die, it cannot be!

"As for Venice and her people, merely
born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage,
mirth and folly were the crop:
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the
kissing had to stop?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and
I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too
— what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms!
I feel chilly and grown old. 1855.

OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE

THE morn when first it thunders in
March,
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they
say:
As I leaned and looked over the aloed arch
Of the villa-gate this warm March day,
No flash snapped, no dumb thunder rolled
In the valley beneath where, white and
wide
And washed by the morning water gold,
Florence lay out on the mountain-side.

River and bridge and street and square
Lay mine, as much at my beck and call,
Through the live translucent bath of air,
As the sights in a magic crystal ball.
And of all I saw and of all I praised,
The most to praise and the best to see,
Was the startling bell-tower Giotto raised:
But why did it more than startle me?

Giotto, how, with that soul of yours,
Could you play me false who loved you
so?
Some slights if a certain heart endures
Yet it feels, I would have your fellows
know!
I' faith, I perceive not why I should care
To break a silence that suits them best,
But the thing grows somewhat hard to
bear
When I find a Giotto join the rest.

On the arch where olives overhead
 Print the blue sky with twig and leaf,
 (That sharp-curved leaf which they never
 shed)

"Twixt the aloes, I used to lean in chief,
 And mark through the winter afternoons,
 By a gift God grants me now and then,
 In the mild decline of those suns like
 moons,
 Who walked in Florence, besides her
 men.

They might chirp and chaffer, come and
 go

For pleasure or profit, her men alive —
 My business was hardly with them, I trow,
 But with empty cells of the human
 hive;

— With the chapter-room, the cloister-
 porch,

The church's apsis, aisle or nave,
 Its crypt, one fingers along with a torch
 Its face set full for the sun to shave.

Wherever a fresco peels and drops,
 Wherever an outline weakens and wanes
 Till the latest life in the painting stops,
 Stands One whom each fainter pulse-
 tick pains:

One, wishful each scrap should clutch the
 brick,

Each tinge not wholly escape the
 plaster,

— A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
 The wronged great soul of an ancient
 Master.

For oh, this world and the wrong it does!
 They are safe in heaven with their
 backs to it,

The Michaels and Rafaels, you hum and
 buzz

Round the works of, you of the little
 wit!

Do their eyes contract to the earth's old
 scope,

Now that they see God face to face,
 And have all attained to be poets, I hope?
 'Tis their holiday now, in any case.

Much they reckon of your praise and you!
 But the wronged great souls — can
 they be quit

Of a world where their work is all to do,
 Where you style them, you of the little
 wit,

Old Master This and Early the Other,
 Not dreaming that Old and New are
 fellows:

A younger succeeds to an elder brother,
 Da Vincis derive in good time from
 Dellos.

And here where your praise might yield/
 returns,

And a handsome word or two give
 help,

Here, after your kind, the mastiff girns
 And the puppy pack of poodles yelp.

What, not a word for Stefano there,
 Of brow once prominent and starry,
 Called Nature's Ape, and the world's
 despair

For his peerless painting? (See Va-
 sari.)

There stands the Master. Study, my
 friends,

What a man's work comes to! So he
 plans it,

Performs it, perfects it, makes amends
 For the toiling and moiling, and then,

sic transit!

Happier the thrifty blind-folk labor,
 With upturned eye while the hand is
 busy,

Not sidling a glance at the coin of their
 neighbor!

'Tis looking downward that makes one
 dizzy.

"If you knew their work you would deal
 your dole."

May I take upon me to instruct you?
 When Greek Art ran and reached the
 goal,

Thus much had the world to boast *in*
fructu —

The Truth of Man, as by God first
 spoken,

Which the actual generations garble,
 Was re-uttered, and Soul (which Limbs
 betoken)

And Limbs (Soul informs) made new in
 marble.

So you saw yourself as you wished you
 were,

As you might have been, as you cannot
 be;

Earth here, rebuked by Olympus there:
 And grew content in your poor degree

With your little power, by those statues'
 godhead,
 And your little scope, by their eyes'
 full sway,
 And your little grace, by their grace
 embodied
 And your little date, by their forms
 that stay.

You would fain be kinglier, say, than I
 am?
 Even so, you will not sit like Theseus,
 You would prove a model? The Son of
 Priam,
 Has yet the advantage in arms' and
 knees' use.
 You're wroth — can you slay your snake
 like Apollo?
 You're grieved — still Niobe's the
 grander!
 You live — there's the Racers' frieze to
 follow:
 You die — there's the dying Alexander.

So, testing your weakness by their
 strength,
 Your meagre charms by their rounded
 beauty,
 Measured by Art in your breadth and
 length,
 You learned — to submit is a mortal's
 duty.
 — When I say "you" 'tis the common
 soul,
 The collective, I mean: the race of
 Man
 That receives life in parts to live in a
 whole,
 And grow here according to God's
 clear plan.

Growth came when, looking your last on
 them all,
 You turned your eyes inwardly one
 fine day
 And cried with a start — What if we so
 small
 Be greater and grander the while than
 they?
 Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of
 stature?
 In both, of such lower types are we
 Precisely because of our wider nature;
 For time, theirs — ours, for eternity.

To-day's brief passion limits their range;
 It seethes with the morrow for us and
 more.
 They are perfect — how else? they shall
 never change:
 We are faulty — why not? we have
 time in store.
 The Artificer's hand is not arrested
 With us; we are rough-hewn, nowise
 polished:
 They stand for our copy, and once, in-
 vested
 With all they can teach, we shall see
 them abolished.

'Tis a life-long toil till our lump be
 leaven —
 The better! What's come to perfec-
 tion perishes.
 Things learned on earth, we shall practise
 in heaven:
 Works done least rapidly, Art most
 cherishes.
 Thyself shalt afford the example, Giotto!
 Thy one work, not to decrease or di-
 minish,
 Done at a stroke, was just (was it not?)
 "O!"
 Thy great Campanile is still to finish.

Is it true that we are now, and shall be
 hereafter,
 But what and where depend on life's
 minute?
 Hails heavenly cheer or infernal laughter
 Our first step out of the gulf or in it?
 Shall Man, such step within his endeavor,
 Man's face, have no more play and
 action
 Than joy which is crystallized forever,
 Or grief, an eternal petrification?

On which I conclude, that the early
 painters,
 To cries of "Greek Art and what more
 wish you?" —
 Replied, "To become now self-acquainters,
 And paint man, man, whatever the
 issue!
 Make new hopes shine through the flesh
 they fray,
 New fears aggrandize the rags and
 tatters:
 To bring the invisible full into play!
 Let the visible go to the dogs — what
 matters?"

Give these, I exhort you, their guerdon
and glory
For daring so much, before they well
did it.

The first of the new, in our race's story,
Beats the last of the old; 'tis no idle
quiddit.

The worthies began a revolution,
Which if on earth you intend to ac-
knowledge,

Why, honor them now! (ends my allocu-
tion)

Nor confer your degree when the folk
leave college.

There's a fancy some lean to and others
hate —

That, when this life is ended, begins
New work for the soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses
and wins:

Where the strong and the weak, this
world's congeries,

Repeat in large what they practised in
small,

Through life after life in unlimited
series;

Only the scale's to be changed, that's
all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has
seen

By the means of Evil that Good is
best,

And, through earth and its noise, what
is heaven's serene, —

When our faith in the same has stood
the test —

Why the child grown man, you burn the
rod,

The uses of labor are surely done;

There remaineth a rest for the people of
God:

And I have had troubles enough, for
one.

But at any rate I have loved the season
Of Art's spring-birth so dim and dewy;

My sculptor is Nicolo the Pisan,
My painter — who but Cimabue?

Nor ever was man of them all indeed,
From these to Ghiberti and Ghirlan-
dajo,

Could say that he missed my critic-meed.

So, now to my special grievance —
heigh-ho!

Their ghosts still stand, as I said before,
Watching each fresco flaked and rasped,
Blocked up, knocked out, or white-
washed o'er:

— No getting again what the church
has grasped!

The works on the wall must take their
chance;

"Works never conceded to England's
thick clime!"

(I hope they prefer their inheritance
Of a bucketful of Italian quick-lime.)

When they go at length, with such a
shaking

Of heads o'er the old delusion, sadly
Each master his way through the black
streets taking,

Where many a lost work breathes
though badly —

Why don't they bethink them of who has
merited?

Why not reveal, while their pictures dree
Such doom, how a captive might be out-
ferreted?

Why is it they never remember me?

Not that I expect the great Bigordi,
Nor Sandro to hear me, chivalric, belli-
cose;

Nor the wronged Lippino; and not a
word I

Say of a scrap of Frà Angelico's:

But are you too fine, Taddeo Gaddi,
To grant me a taste of your intonaco,
Some Jerome that seeks the heaven with a
sad eye?

Not a churlish saint, Lorenzo Monaco?

Could not the ghost with the close red cap,
My Pollajolo, the twice a craftsman,

Save me a sample, give me the hap
Of a muscular Christ that shows the
draughtsman?

No Virgin by him the somewhat petty,
Of finical touch and tempera crumbly—

Could not Alesso Baldovinetti
Contribute so much, I ask him humbly?

Margheritone of Arezzo,

With the grave-clothes garb and swad-
dling barret,

(Why purse up mouth and beak in a pet
so,

You bald old saturnine poll-clawed
parrot?)

Not a poor glimmering Crucifixion,
Where in the foreground kneels the
donor?

If such remain, as is my conviction,
The hoarding it does you but little
honor.

They pass; for them the panels may
thrill,

The tempera grow alive and tinglish;
Their pictures are left to the mercies still
Of dealers and stealers, Jews and the
English,

Who, seeing mere money's worth in their
prize,

Will sell it to somebody calm as Zeno
At naked High Art, and in ecstasies
Before some clay-cold vile Carlino!

No matter for these! But Giotto, you,
Have you allowed, as the town-tongues
babble it, —

Oh, never! it shall not be counted true —
That a certain precious little tablet
Which Buonarrotti eyed like a lover —
Was buried so long in oblivion's womb
And, left for another than I to discover,
Turns up at last! and to whom? — to
whom?

I, that have haunted the dim San Spirito,
(Or was it rather the Ognissanti?)
Patient on altar-step planting a weary
toe!

Nay, I shall have it yet! *Detur
amanti!*

My Koh-i-noor — or (if that's a platitude)
Jewel of Giamschid, the Persian Sofi's
eye;

So, in anticipative gratitude,
What if I take up my hope and proph-
esy?

When the hour grows ripe, and a certain
dotard

Is pitched, no parcel that needs invoic-
ing,

To the worst side of the Mont St. Go-
thard,

We shall begin by way of rejoicing;
None of that shooting the sky (blank
cartridge),

Nor a civic guard, all plumes and
lacquer,

Hunting Radetzky's soul like a partridge
Over Morello with squib and cracker.

This time we'll shoot better game and
bag 'em hot —

No mere display at the stone of Dante.
But a kind of sober Witanagemot
(Ex: "Casa Guidi," *quod videas ante*)
Shall ponder, once Freedom restored to
Florence,

How Art may return that departed
with her.

Go, hated house, go each trace of the
Lorraine's,

And bring us the days of Orgagna
hither!

How we shall prologuize, how we shall
perorate,

Utter fit things upon art and history,
Feel truth at blood-heat and falsehood at
zero rate,

Make of the want of the age no mys-
tery;

Contrast the fructuous and sterile eras,
Show — monarchy ever its uncouth cub
licks

Out of the bear's shape into Chimæra's,
While Pure Art's birth is still the
republic's.

Then one shall propose in a speech (curt
Tuscan.

Expurgate and sober, with scarcely an
"issimo,")

To end now our half-told tale of Cam-
buscan,

And turn the bell-tower's *alt* to *altis-
simo*:

And fine as the beak of a young beccaccia
The Campanile, the Duomo's fit ally,
Shall soar up in gold full fifty braccia,
Completing Florence, as Florence Italy

Shall I be alive that morning the scaf-
fold

Is broken away, and the long-pent
fire,

Like the golden hope of the world, un-
baffled

Springs from its sleep, and up goes the
spire

While "God and the People" plain for its
motto,

Thence the new tricolor flaps at the
sky?

At least to foresee that glory of Giotto
And Florence together, the first am I!

"DE GUSTIBUS —"

YOUR ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
 (If our loves remain)
 In an English lane,
 By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
 Hark, those two in the hazel coppice —
 A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
 Making love, say, —
 The happier they!
 Draw yourself up from the light of the
 moon,
 And let them pass, as they will too soon.
 With the beanflowers' boon,
 And the blackbird's tune,
 And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world
 Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
 In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
 Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
 (If I get my head from out the mouth
 O' the grave, and loose my spirit's
 bands,
 And come again to the land of lands) —
 In a sea-side house to the farther South,
 Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
 And one sharp tree — 'tis a cypress —
 stands
 By the many hundred years red-rusted,
 Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
 My sentinel to guard the sands
 To the water's edge. For, what expands
 Before the house, but the great opaque
 Blue breadth of sea without a break?
 While, in the house, forever crumbles
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls.
 From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
 A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
 Down on the pavement, green-flesh
 melons,
 And says there's news to-day — the
 king
 Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,
 Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling,
 — She hopes they have not caught the
 felons.
 Italy, my Italy!
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me —
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her, Calais)
 Open my heart and you will see
 Graved inside of it, "Italy."
 Such lovers old are I and she:
 So it always was, so shall ever be!

1855.

MY STAR

ALL that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,
 hangs furled:
 They must solace themselves with the
 Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; there-
 fore I love it. 1855.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND

My love, this is the bitterest, that thou —
 Who art all truth, and who dost love me
 now
 As thine eyes say, as thy voice breaks
 to say —
 Shouldst love so truly, and couldst love
 me still
 A whole long life through, had but love
 its will,
 Would death that leads me from thee
 brook delay.
 I have but to be by thee, and thy hand
 Will never let mine go, nor heart with-
 stand
 The beating of my heart to reach its
 place.
 When shall I look for thee and feel thee
 gone?
 When cry for the old comfort and find
 none?
 Never, I know! Thy soul is in thy
 face.
 Oh, I should fade — 'tis willed so!
 Might I save,
 Gladly I would, whatever beauty gave
 Joy to thy sense, for that was precious
 too.
 It is not to be granted. But the soul
 Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves
 that whole;
 Vainly the flesh fades; soul makes all
 things new.

It would not be because my eye grew
dim
Thou couldst not find the love there,
thanks to Him

Who never is dishonored in the spark
He gave us from his fire of fires and
bade

Remember whence it sprang, nor be
afraid

While that burns on, though all the
rest grow dark.

So, how thou wouldst be perfect, white
and clean

Outside as inside, soul and soul's demesne

Alike, this body given to show it by!

Oh, three-parts through the worst of
life's abyss,

What plaudits from the next world after
this,

Couldst thou repeat a stroke and gain
the sky! —

And is it not the bitterer to think

That disengage our hands and thou wilt
sink

Altho' thy love was love in very
deed?

I know that nature! Pass a festive day,
Thou dost not throw its relic-flower away
Nor bid its music's loitering echo
speed.

Thou let'st the stranger's glove lie where
it fell;

If old things remain old things all is
well,

For thou art grateful as becomes man
best:

And hadst thou only heard me play one
tune,

Or viewed me from a window, not so
soon

With thee would such things fade as
with the rest.

I seem to see! We meet and part; 'tis
brief;

The book I opened keeps a folded leaf,
The very chair I sat on, breaks the
rank;

That is a portrait of me on the wall —
Three lines, my face comes at so slight a
call:

And for all this, one little hour to
thank!

But now, because the hour through years
was fixed,

Because our inmost beings met and
mixed,

Because thou once hast loved me —
wilt thou dare

Say to thy soul and Who may list
beside,

"Therefore she is immortally my bride;
Chance cannot change my love, nor
time impair.

"So, what if in the dusk of life that's
left,

I, a tired traveller of my sun bereft,

Look from my path when, mimicking
the same,

The firefly glimpses past me, come and
gone?

— Where was it till the sunset? Where
anon

It will be at the sunrise! What's to
blame?"

Is it so helpful to thee? Canst thou
take

The mimic up, nor, for the true thing's
sake,

Put gently by such efforts at a beam?

Is the remainder of the way so long,

Thou need'st the little solace, thou the
strong?

Watch out thy watch, let weak ones
doze and dream!

Ah, but the fresher faces! "Is it true,"
Thou'lt ask, "some eyes are beautiful

and new?

Some hair, — how can one choose but
grasp such wealth?

And if a man would press his lips to lips
Fresh as the wilding hedge-rose-cup there
slips

The dewdrop out of, must it be by
stealth?

"It cannot change the love still kept for
Her,

More than if such a picture I prefer

Passing a day with, to a room's bare
side:

The painted form takes nothing she
possessed,

Yet, while the Titian's Venus lies at rest,
A man looks. Once more, what is
there to chide?"

So must I see, from where I sit and watch,
 My own self sell myself, my hand attach
 Its warrant to the very thefts from
 me —
 Thy singleness of soul that made me
 proud,
 Thy purity of heart I loved aloud,
 Thy man's-truth I was bold to bid God
 see!

Love so, then, if thou wilt! Give all thou
 canst
 Away to the new faces — disentranced,
 (Say it and think it) obdurate no more;
 Re-issue looks and words from the old
 mint,
 Pass them afresh, no matter whose the
 print
 Image and superscription once they
 bore!

Re-coin thyself and give it them to
 spend, —
 It all comes to the same thing at the
 end,
 Since mine thou wast, mine art and
 mine shalt be,
 Faithful or faithless, sealing up the sum
 Or lavish of my treasure, thou must come
 Back to the heart's place here I keep
 for thee!

Only, why should it be with stain at all?
 Why must I, 'twixt the leaves of coronal,
 Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow?
 Why need the other women know so
 much,
 And talk together, "Such the look and
 such
 The smile he used to love with, then as
 now!"

Might I die last and show thee! Should
 I find
 Such hardship in the few years left behind,
 If free to take and light my lamp, and
 go
 Into thy tomb, and shut the door and sit,
 Seeing thy face on those four sides of it
 The better that they are so blank, I
 know!

Why, time was what I wanted, to turn
 o'er
 Within my mind each look, get more and
 more

By heart each word, too much to learn
 at first:

And join thee all the fitter for the pause
 'Neath the low doorway's lintel. That
 were cause

For lingering, though thou calledst, if
 I durst!

And yet thou art the nobler of us two:
 What dare I dream of, that thou canst
 not do,

Outstripping my ten small steps with
 one stride?

I'll say then, here's a trial and a task —
 Is it to bear? — if easy, I'll not ask:

Though love fail, I can trust on in thy
 pride.

Pride? — when those eyes forestall the
 life behind

The death I have to go through! — when
 I find,

Now that I want thy help most, all
 of thee!

What did I fear? Thy love shall hold me
 fast

Until the little minute's sleep is past

And I wake saved. — And yet it will
 not be! 1855.

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA

I WONDER do you feel to-day

As I have felt since, hand in hand,
 We sat down on the grass, to stray
 In spirit better through the land,
 This morn of Rome and May?

For me, I touched a thought, I know,
 Has tantalized me many times,
 (Like turns of thread the spiders throw
 Mocking across our path) for rhymes
 To catch at and let go.

Help me to hold it! First it left
 The yellowing fennel, run to seed
 There, branching from the brickwork's
 cleft,

Some old tomb's ruin; yonder weed
 Took up the floating weft,

Where one small orange cup amassed
 Five beetles — blind and green they
 grobe

Among the honey-meal: and last,
 Everywhere on the grassy slope
 I traced it. Hold it fast!

The champaign with its endless fleece
 Of feathery grasses everywhere!
 Silence and passion, joy and peace,
 An everlasting wash of air —
 Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life here, through such length of
 hours,
 Such miracles performed in play,
 Such primal naked forms of flowers,
 Such letting nature have her way,
 While heaven looks from its towers!

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
 Let us be unashamed of soul,
 As earth lies bare to heaven above!
 How is it under our control
 To love or not to love?

I would that you were all to me,
 You that are just so much, no more.
 Not yours nor mine, nor slave nor
 free!

Where does the fault lie? What the
 core
 O' the wound, since wound must be?

I would I could adopt your will,
 See with your eyes, and set my heart
 Beating by yours, and drink my fill
 At your soul's springs, — your part my
 part
 In life, for good and ill.

No, I yearn upward, touch you close,
 Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
 Catch your soul's warmth, — I pluck the
 rose
 And love it more than tongue can
 speak —
 Then the good minute goes.

Already how am I so far
 Out of that minute? Must I go
 Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
 Onward, whenever light winds blow,
 Fixed by no friendly star?

Just when I seemed about to learn!
 Where is the thread now? Off again!
 The old trick! Only I discern —
 Infinite passion, and the pain
 Of finite hearts that yearn.

1855.

MISCONCEPTIONS

THIS is a spray the Bird clung to,
 Making it blossom with pleasure,
 Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.
 Oh, what a hope beyond measure
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying
 feet hung to, —
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the Queen leaned on,
 Thrilled in a minute erratic,
 Ere the true bosom she bent on,
 Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
 Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer
 went on —
 Love to be saved for it, proffered to,
 spent on! 1855.

ONE WAY OF LOVE

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.
 Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
 And strew them where Pauline may pass.
 She will not turn aside? Alas!
 Let them lie. Suppose they die?
 The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
 These stubborn fingers to the lute!
 To-day I venture all I know.
 She will not hear my music? So!
 Break the string; fold music's wing:
 Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.
 This hour my utmost art I prove
 And speak my passion — heaven or hell?
 She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!
 Lose who may — I still can say,
 Those who win heaven, blest are they!
 1855.

ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE

JUNE was not over
 Though past the full,
 And the best of her roses
 Had yet to blow,
 When a man I know
 (But shall not discover,
 Since ears are dull,
 And time discloses)

Turned him and said with a man's true
 air,
 Half sighing a smile in a yawn, as
 'twere, —
 "If I tire of your June, will she greatly
 care?"

Well, dear, in-doors with you!
 True! serene deadness
 Tries a man's temper.
 What's in the blossom
 June wears on her bosom?
 Can it clear scores with you?
 Sweetness and redness,
Eadem semper!
 Go, let me care for it greatly or slightly!
 If June mend her bower now, your hand
 left unsightly
 By plucking the roses, — my June will
 do rightly.

And after, for pastime,
 If June is refulgent
 With flowers in completeness,
 All petals, no prickles,
 Delicious as trickles
 Of wine poured at mass-time, —
 And chose One indulgent
 To redness and sweetness:
 Or if, with experience of man and of spider,
 June use my June-lightning, the strong
 insect-ridder,
 And stop the fresh film-work, — why,
 June will consider. 1855.

RESPECTABILITY

DEAR, had the world in its caprice
 Deigned to proclaim "I know you both,
 Have recognized your plighted troth,
 Am sponsor for you: live in peace!" —
 How many precious months and years
 Of youth had passed, that speed so fast,
 Before we found it out at last,
 The world, and what it fears!

How much of priceless life were spent
 With men that every virtue decks,
 And women models of their sex,
 Society's true ornament, —
 Ere we dared wander, nights like this,
 Through wind and rain, and watch the
 Seine,
 And feel the Boulevard break again
 To warmth and light and bliss!

I know! the world proscribes not love;
 Allows my finger to caress
 Your lips' contour and downiness,
 Provided it supply a glove.
 The world's good word! — the Institute!
 Guizot receives Montalembert!
 Eh? Down the court three lampions
 flare:
 Put forward your best foot! 1855.

LOVE IN A LIFE

Room after room,
 I hunt the house through
 We inhabit together.
 Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt
 find her —
 Next time, herself! — not the trouble be-
 hind her
 Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!
 As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath
 blossomed anew:
 Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave
 of her feather.

Yet the day wears,
 And door succeeds door;
 I try the fresh fortune —
 Range the wide house from the wing to
 the center.
 Still the same chance! she goes out as I
 enter.
 Spend my whole day in the quest, —
 who cares?
 But 'tis twilight, you see, — with such
 suites to explore,
 Such closets to search, such alcoves to
 importune! 1855.

LIFE IN A LOVE

ESCAPE me?
 Never —
 Beloved!
 While I am I, and you are you,
 So long as the world contains us both,
 Me the loving and you the loth,
 While the one eludes, must the other
 pursue.
 My life is a fault at last, I fear:
 It seems too much like a fate, indeed!
 Though I do my best I shall scarce
 succeed.
 But what if I fail of my purpose here?

It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
 To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
 And baffled, get up and begin again, —
 So the chase takes up one's life, that's
 all.

While, look but once from your farthest
 bound

At me so deep in the dust and dark,
 No sooner the old hope goes to ground
 Than a new one, straight to the self-
 same mark,
 I shape me —
 Ever
 Removed!

r855.

IN THREE DAYS

So, I shall see her in three days
 And just one night, but nights are short,
 Then two long hours, and that is morn.
 See how I come, unchanged, unworn!
 Feel, where my life broke off from thine,
 How fresh the splinters keep and fine, —
 Only a touch and we combine!

Too long, this time of year, the days!
 But nights, at least the nights are short.
 As night shows where her one moon is,
 A hand's-breadth of pure light and bliss,
 So life's night gives my lady birth
 And my eyes hold her! What is worth
 The rest of heaven, the rest of earth?

O loaded curls, release your store
 Of warmth and scent, as once before
 The tingling hair did, lights and darks
 Outbreaking into fairy sparks,
 When under curl and curl I pried
 After the warmth and scent inside.
 Through lights and darks how manifold —
 The dark inspired, the light controlled!
 As early Art embrowns the gold.

What great fear, should one say, "Three
 days
 That change the world might change as
 well

Your fortune; and if joy delays,
 Be happy that no worse befell!"
 What small fear, if another says,
 "Three days and one short night beside
 May throw no shadow on your ways;
 But years must teem with change untried,
 With chance not easily defied,
 With an end somewhere undescried."

No fear! — or if a fear be born
 This minute, it dies out in scorn.
 Fear? I shall see her in three days
 And one night, now the nights are short,
 Then just two hours, and that is morn.
 r855.

THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL

A PICTURE AT FANO

DEAR and great Angel, wouldst thou only
 leave

That child, when thou hast done with
 him, for me!

Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
 Shall find performed thy special minis-
 try,

And time come for departure, thou, sus-
 pending

Thy flight, may'st see another child for
 tending,

Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step no
 more,

From where thou standest now to
 where I gaze,

— And suddenly my head is covered o'er
 With those wings, white above the
 child who prays

Now on that tomb — and I shall feel thee
 guarding

Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
 Yon heaven thy home, that waits and
 opes its door.

I would not look up thither past thy head
 Because the door opes, like that child,

I know,

For I should have thy gracious face in-
 stead,

Thou bird of God! And wilt thou
 bend me low

Like him, and lay, like his, my hands
 together,

And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
 Me, as thy lamb there, with thy gar-
 ment's spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest

My head beneath thine, while thy
 healing hands

Close-covered both my eyes beside thy
 breast,

Pressing the brain, which too much
 thought expands,

Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
 Distortion down till every nerve had
 soothing,
 And all lay quiet, happy and suppressed.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies

And sea, when once again my brow was bared

After thy healing, with such different eyes.

O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:

And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
 What further may be sought for or declared?

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach
 (Alfred, dear friend!) — that little child
 to pray,

Holding the little hands up, each to each
 Pressed gently, — with his own head
 turned away

Over the earth where so much lay before him

Of work to do, though heaven was opening o'er him,

And he was left at Fano by the beach.

We were at Fano, and three times we went
 To sit and see him in his chapel there,
 And drink his beauty to our soul's content

— My angel with me too: and since I care

For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power

And glory comes this picture for a dower,
 Fraught with a pathos so magnificent) —

And since he did not work thus earnestly

At all times, and has else endured some wrong —

I took one thought his picture struck from me,

And spread it out, translating it to song.

My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?

How rolls the Wairoa at your World's far end?

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

1855.

MEMORABILIA

AH, did you once see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you,
 And did you speak to him again?
 How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,
 And also you are living after;
 And the memory I started at —
 My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
 And a certain use in the world no
 doubt,

Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
 'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
 And there I put inside my breast
 A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
 Well, I forget the rest. 1855.

POPULARITY

STAND still, true poet that you are!
 I know you; let me try and draw you,
 Some night you'll fail us: when afar
 You rise, remember one man saw you,
 Knew you, and named a star!

My star, God's glow-worm! Why extend
 That loving hand of his which leads
 you,
 Yet locks you safe from end to end
 Of this dark world, unless he needs you,
 Just saves your light to spend?

His clenched hand shall uncloset at last,
 I know, and let out all the beauty:
 My poet holds the future fast,
 Accepts the coming ages' duty,
 Their present for this past.

That day the earth's feast-master's brow
 Shall clear, to God the chalice raising;
 "Others give best at first, but thou
 Forever set'st our table praising,
 Keep'st the good wine till now!"

Meantime, I'll draw you as you stand,
 With few or none to watch and wonder:
 I'll say — a fisher, on the sand
 By Tyre the old, with ocean-plunder,
 A netful, brought to land.

Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
 Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
 Whereof one drop worked miracles,
 And colored like Astarte's eyes
 Raw silk the merchant sells?

And each bystander of them all
 Could criticise, and quote tradition
 How depths of blue sublimed some pall
 — To get which, pricked a king's am-
 bition;
 Worth sceptre, crown and ball.

Yet there's the dye, in that rough mesh,
 The sea has only just o'er-whispered!
 Like whelks, each lip's beard dripping
 fresh,
 As if they still the water's lisp heard
 Through foam the rock-weeds thresh.

Enough to furnish Solomon
 Such hangings for his cedar-house,
 That, when gold-robed he took the throne
 In that abyss of blue, the Spouse
 Might swear his presence shone

Most like the centre-spike of gold
 Which burns deep in the bluebell's
 womb
 What time, with ardors manifold,
 The bee goes singing to her groom,
 Drunken and overbold.

More conchs! not fit for warp or woof!
 Till cunning come to pound and squeeze
 And clarify, — refine to proof
 The liquor filtered by degrees,
 While the world stands aloof.

And there's the extract, flasked and fine,
 And priced and salable at last!
 And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes
 combine
 To paint the future from the past,
 Put blue into their line.

Hobbs hints blue, — straight he turtle
 eats:
 Nobbs prints blue, — claret crowns his
 cup:
 Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats, —
 Both gorge. Who fished the murex
 up?
 What porridge had John Keats? ¹ 1855.

¹ See Chesterton's *Life of Browning*, pp. 154-156.

THE PATRIOT

AN OLD STORY

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags
 they had,
 A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowd
 and cries.
 Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise re-
 pels —
 But give me your sun from yonder
 skies!"
 They had answered, "And afterward,
 what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
 To give it my loving friends to keep!
 Naught man could do, have I left undone:
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now —
 Just a palsied few at the windows set;
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles' Gate — or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead
 bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
 In triumphs, people have dropped down
 dead.
 "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
 Me?" — God might question; now in-
 stead,
 'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.
1855.

A LIGHT WOMAN

So far as our story approaches the end,
 Which do you pity the most of us
 three? —
 My friend, or the mistress of my friend
 With her wanton eyes, or me?

My friend was already too good to lose,
 And seemed in the way of improve-
 ment yet,
 When she crossed his path with her
 hunting-noose,
 And over him drew her net.

When I saw him tangled in her toils,
 A shame, said I, if she adds just him
 To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
 The hundredth for a whim!

And before my friend be wholly hers,
 How easy to prove to him, I said,
 An eagle's the game her pride prefers,
 Though she snaps at a wren instead!

So, I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,
 My hand sought hers as in earnest
 need,
 And round she turned for my noble sake,
 And gave me herself indeed.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the
 world,
 The wren is he, with his maiden face.
 — You look away and your lip is curled?
 Patience, a moment's space!

For see, my friend goes shaking and
 white;
 He eyes me as the basilisk:
 I have turned, it appears, his day to
 night,
 Eclipsing his sun's disk.

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief:
 "Though I love her — that, he compre-
 hends —
 One should master one's passions, (love,
 in chief)
 And be loyal to one's friends!"

And she, — she lies in my hand as tame
 As a pear late basking over a wall;
 Just a touch to try and off it came;
 'Tis mine, — can I let it fall?

With no mind to eat it, that's the worst!
 Were it thrown in the road, would the
 case assist?
 'Twas quenching a dozen blue-flies'
 thirst
 When I gave its stalk a twist.

And I, — what I seem to my friend, you
 see:

What I soon shall seem to his love, you
 guess:

What I seem to myself, do you ask of
 me?

No hero, I confess.

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
 And matter enough to save one's own:
 Yet think of my friend, and the burning
 coals

He played with for bits of stone!

One likes to show the truth for the truth;
 That the woman was light is very true:
 But suppose she says, — Never mind that
 youth,

What wrong have I done to you?

Well, anyhow, here the story stays,
 So far at least as I understand;
 And, Robert Browning, you writer of
 plays,
 Here's a subject made to your hand!

1855.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

I SAID — Then dearest, since 'tis so,
 Since now at length my fate I know,
 Since nothing all my love avails,
 Since all my life seemed meant for, fails,
 Since this was written and needs must
 be —

My whole heart rises up to bless
 Your name in pride and thankfulness!
 Take back the hope you gave, — I claim
 Only a memory of the same,
 — And this beside, if you will not blame,
 Your leave for one more last ride with
 me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;
 Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
 When pity would be softening through,
 Fixed me a breathing-while or two
 With life or death in the balance:
 right!

The blood replenished me again;
 My last thought was at least not vain:
 I and my mistress, side by side
 Shall be together, breathe and ride,
 So, one day more am I deified.
 Who knows but the world may end
 to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions — sun's
And moon's and evening-star's at once —

And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near.
Till flesh must fade for heaven was
here! —

Thus leant she and lingered — joy and
fear!

Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this?
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell!
Where had I been now if the worst
befell?

And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive, and who succeeds?
We rode; it seemed, my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought, — All labor, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess,
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful
past!

I hoped she would love me; here we
ride.

What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had
been?

What will but felt the fleshly screen?
We ride and I see her bosom heave.
There's many a crown for us who can
reach.

Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-
stones.

My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
What we felt only: you expressed
You hold things beautiful the best,

And place them in rhyme so, side by
side.

'Tis something, nay 'tis much: but
then,

Have you yourself what's best for men?
Are you — poor, sick, old ere your time —
Nearer one whit your own sublime
Than we who never have turned a
rhyme?

Sing, riding's a joy. For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor — so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn
To yonder girl that fords the burn!

You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
What, man of music, you grown gray
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend,
“Greatly his opera's strains intend,
But in music we know how fashions
end!”

I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had
fate

Proposed bliss here should sublimate
My being — had I signed the bond —
Still one must lead some life beyond,

Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.
This foot once planted on the goal,
This glory-garland round my soul,
Could I descry such? Try and test!
I sink back shuddering from the quest.
Earth being so good, would heaven seem
best?

Now, heaven and she are beyond this
ride.

And yet — she has not spoke so long!
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned.

We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
What if we still ride on, we two,
With life forever old yet new,
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity, —
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, forever ride?

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN EUROPE

LET us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar
thorpes
Each in its tether
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
Cared-for till cock-crow:
Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rock-row!
That's the appropriate country; there,
man's thought,
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd
and crop:
Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citted to the top,
Crowded with culture!
All the peaks soar, but one the rest ex-
cels;
Clouds overcome it;
No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit.
Thither our path lies; wind we up the
heights;
Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the
night's;
He's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each
head,
'Ware the beholders!
This is our master, famous, calm and
dead,
Borne on our shoulders.
Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, ~darkling
thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather!
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and
throat,
Lyric Apollo!
Long he lived nameless: how should
Spring take note
Winter would follow?
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was
gone!
Cramped and diminished,

Moaned he, "New measures, other feet
anon!
My dance is finished?"
No, that's the world's way: (keep the
mountain-side,
Make for the city!)
He knew the signal, and stepped on with
pride
Over men's pity;
Left play for work, and grappled with the
world
Bent on escaping:
"What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou
keepest furled?
Show me their shaping,
Theirs who most studied man, the bard
and sage, —
Give!" — So, he gowned him,
Straight got by heart that book to its last
page:
Learned, we found him.
Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like
lead,
Accents uncertain:
"Time to taste life," another would have
said,
"Up with the curtain!"
This man said rather, "Actual life comes
next?
Patience a moment!
Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed
text,
Still there's the comment.
Let me know all! Prate not of most or
least,
Painful or easy!
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the
feast,
Ay, nor feel queasy."
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to
give!
Sooner, he spurned it.
Image the whole, then execute the
parts —
Fancy the fabric
Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire
from quartz,
Ere mortar dab brick!
(Here's the town-gate reached: there's
the market-place
Gaping before us.)
Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
(Hearten our chorus!)

That before living he'd learn how to live —
 No end to learning:
 Earn the means first — God surely will contrive
 Use for our earning.
 Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:
 Live now or never!"
 He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
 Man has Forever."
 Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head:
Calculus racked him:
 Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead:
Tussis attacked him.
 "Now, master, take a little rest!" — not he!
 (Caution redoubled,
 Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)
 Not a whit troubled,
 Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
 Fierce as a dragon
 He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
 Sucked at the flagon.
 Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
 Heedless of far gain,
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
 Bad is our bargain!
 Was it not great? did not he throw on God,
 (He loves the burthen) —
 God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen?
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
 Just what it all meant?
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment.
 He ventured neck or nothing — heaven's success
 Found, or earth's failure:
 "Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes!
 Hence with life's pale lure!"
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it:
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit:
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.

That, has the world here — should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him!
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find him.
 So, with the throttling hands of death at strife
 Ground he at grammar;
 Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife:
 While he could stammer
 He settled *Holi's* business — let it be! —
 Properly based *Oun* —
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.
 Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
 Hail to your purlieus,
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
 Swallows and curlews!
 Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there:
 This man decided not to Live but Know —
 Bury this man there?
 Here — here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the dew send!
 Lofty designs must close in like effects:
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him — still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying. 1855.

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

THERE'S a palace in Florence, the world knows well,
 And a statue watches it from the square.
 And this story of both do our townsmen tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,
 At the farthest window facing the East
 Asked, "Who rides by with the royal air!"

The bridesmaids' prattle around her ceased;
 She leaned forth, one on either hand;
 They saw how the blush of the bride increased —

They felt by its beats her heart expand —
As one at each ear and both in a breath
Whispered, "The Great-Duke Ferdin-
 mand."

That selfsame instant, underneath,
The Duke rode past in his idle way,
Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,
Till he threw his head back — "Who is
 she?"
— "A bride the Riccardi brings home
 to-day."

Hair in heaps lay heavily
Over a pale brow spirit-pure —
Carved like the heart of the coal-black
 tree,

Crisped like a war steed's encolure —
And vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure,

And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise
Filled the fine empty sheath of a man, —
The Duke grew straightway brave and
 wise.

He looked at her as a lover can;
She looked at him, as one who awakes:
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

Now, love so ordered for both their sakes,
A feast was held that selfsame night
In the pile which the mighty shadow
 makes.

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,
But the palace overshadows one,
Because of a crime, which may God re-
 quite!

To Florence and God the wrong was done,
Through the first republic's murder there
By Cosimo and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue's face in the
 square)
Turned in the midst of his multitude
At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood
A single minute and no more
While the bridegroom bent as a man sub-
 dued —

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor —
For the Duke on the lady a kiss con-
 ferred,
As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?
If a word did pass, which I do not think,
Only one out of a thousand heard.

That was the bridegroom. At day's brink
He and his bride were alone at last
In a bed chamber by a taper's blink.

Calmly he said that her lot was cast,
That the door she had passed was shut on
 her
Till the final catafalk repassed.

The world meanwhile, its noise and stir,
Through a certain window facing the
 East
She could watch like a convent's chroni-
 cler.

Since passing the door might lead to a
 feast,
And a feast might lead to so much beside,
He, of many evils, chose the least.

"Freely I choose too," said the bride —
"Your window and its world suffice,"
Replied the tongue, while the heart
 replied —

"If I spend the night with that devil
 twice,
May his window serve as my loop of hell
Whence a damned soul looks on paradise!

"I fly to the Duke who loves me well,
Sit by his side and laugh at sorrow
Ere I count another ave-bell.

"'T is only the coat of a page to borrow,
And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,
And I save my soul — but not to-mor-
 row —"

(She checked herself and her eye grew
 dim)

"My father tarries to bless my state:
I must keep it one day more for him.

"Is one day more so long to wait?
Moreover the Duke rides past, I know;
We shall see each other, sure as fate."

She turned on her side and slept. Just
so!

So we resolve on a thing and sleep:
So did the lady, ages ago.

That night the Duke said, "Dear or cheap
As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
To body or soul, I will drain it deep."

And on the morrow, bold with love,
He beckoned the bridegroom (close on
call,
As his duty bade, by the Duke's alcove)

And smiled "'Twas a very funeral,
Your lady will think, this feast of ours, —
A shame to efface whate'er befall!

"What if we break from the Arno bowers,
And try if Petraja, cool and green,
Cure last night's faults with this morn-
ing's flowers?"

The bridegroom, not a thought to be seen
On his steady brow and quiet mouth,
Said, "Too much favor for me so mean!

"But alas! my lady leaves the South;
Each wind that comes from the Apennine
Is a menace to her tender youth:

"Nor a way exists, the wise opine,
If she quits her palace twice this year,
To avert the flower of life's decline."

Quoth the Duke, "A sage and a kindly
fear.
Moreover Petraja is cold this spring:
Be our feast to-night as usual here!"

And then to himself — "Which night
shall bring
Thy bride to her lover's embraces, fool —
Or I am the fool, and thou art the king!

"Yet my passion must wait a night, nor
cool —
For to-night the Envoy arrives from
France
Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my
tool.

"I need thee still and might miss per-
chance.
To-day is not wholly lost, beside,
With its hope of my lady's countenance:

"For I ride — what should I do but ride?
And passing her palace, if I list,
May glance at its window — well betide!"

So said, so done: nor the lady missed
One ray that broke from the ardent brow,
Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit
kissed.

Be sure that each renewed the vow,
No morrow's sun should arise and set
And leave them then as it left them now.

But next day passed, and next day yet,
With still fresh cause to wait one day more
Ere each leaped over the parapet.

And still, as love's brief morning wore,
With a gentle start, half smile, half sigh,
They found love not as it seemed before.

They thought it would work infallibly,
But not in despite of heaven and earth:
The rose would blow when the storm
passed by.

Meantime they could profit in winter's
dearth
By store of fruits that supplant the rose:
The world and its ways have a certain
worth:

And to press a point while these oppose
Were simple policy; better wait:
We lose no friends and we gain no foes.

Meantime, worse fates than a lover's fate,
Who daily may ride and pass and look
Where his lady watches behind the grate!

And she — she watched the square like a
book
Holding one picture and only one,
Which daily to find she undertook:

When the picture was reached the book
was done,
And she turned from the picture at night
to scheme
Of tearing it out for herself next sun.

So weeks grew months, years; gleam by
gleam
The glory dropped from their youth and
love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a
dream;

Which hovered as dreams do, still above :
But who can take a dream for a truth ?
Oh, hide our eyes from the next remove !

One day as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that
 streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's
 tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so
 peaked, —

And wondered who the woman was,
Hollowed-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass —
"Summon here," she suddenly said,
"Before the rest of my old self pass,

"Him, the Carver, a hand to aid,
Who fashions the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade.

"Let Robbia's craft so apt and strange
Arrest the remains of young and fair,
And rivet them while the seasons range.

"Make me a face on the window there,
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square !

"And let me think that it may beguile
Dreary days which the dead must spend
Down in their darkness under the aisle,

"To say, 'What matters it at the end ?
I did no more while my heart was warm
Than does that image, my pale-faced
 friend.'

"Where is the use of the lip's red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm —

"Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine ?
A lady of clay is as good, I trow."

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine,
With flowers and fruits which leaves en-
 lace,

Was set where now is the empty shrine —

(And, leaning out of a bright blue space,
As a ghost might lean from a chink of sky,
The passionate pale lady's face —

Eyeing ever, with earnest eye
A quick-turned neck at its breathless
 stretch,
Some one who ever is passing by —)

The Duke had sighed like the simplest
 wretch

In Florence, "Youth — my dream es-
 capes !

Will its record stay ?" And he bade
 them fetch

Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes —
"Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes ?

"John of Douay shall effect my plan,
Set me on horseback here aloft,
Alive, as the crafty sculptor can,

"In the very square I have crossed so oft :
That men may admire, when future suns
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

"While the mouth and the brow stay
 brave in bronze —

Admire and say, 'When he was alive
How he would take his pleasure once !'

"And it shall go hard but I contrive
To listen the while, and laugh in my tomb
At idleness which aspires to strive."

So ! While these wait the trump of
 doom,

How do their spirits pass, I wonder,
Nights and days in the narrow room ?

Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder.

Only they see not God, I know,
Nor all that chivalry of his,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,

Burn upward each to his point of bliss —
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had burned his way through the world
 to this.

I hear you reproach, "But delay was
 best,

For their end was a crime." — Oh, a
 crime will do

As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view!

Must a game be played for the sake of pelf?
Where a button goes, 'twere an epigram
To offer the stamp of the very Guelph.

The true has no value beyond the sham;
As well the counter as coin, I submit,
When your table's a hat, and your prize,
a dram.

Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as warily, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it,

If you choose to play! — is my principle.
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin:
And the sin I impute to each frustrate
ghost

Is — the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te, fabula!* 1855.

"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME"

(See *Edgar's song in LEAR*)

My first thought was, he lied in every
word,

That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
Suppression of the glee, that pursed and
scored

Its edge, at one more victim gained
thereby.

What else should he be set for, with his
staff?

What, save to waylay with his lies,
ensnare

All travellers who might find him
posted there,

And ask the road? I guessed what
skull-like laugh

Would break, what crutch 'gin write my
epitaph

For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

If at his counsel I should turn aside
Into that ominous tract which, all
agree,

Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquies-
cingly

I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end described,
So much as gladness that some end
might be.

For, what with my whole world-wide
wandering,

What with my search drawn out
through years, my hope

Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope
With that obstreperous joy success
would bring, —

I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring
My heart made, finding failure in its
scope.

As when a sick man very near to death
Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and
end

The tears, and takes the farewell of
each friend,

And hears one bid the other go, draw
breath

Freelier outside, ("since all is o'er," he
saith,

"And the blow fallen no grieving can
amend;")

While some discuss if near the other
graves

Be room enough for this, and when a day
Suits best for carrying the corpse away,

With care about the banners, scarves and
staves:

And still the man hears all, and only
craves

He may not shame such tender love and
stay.

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been
writ

So many times among "The Band" —
to wit,

The knights who to the Dark Tower's
search addressed

Their steps — that just to fail as they,
seemed best,

And all the doubt was now — should I
be fit?

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
That hateful cripple, out of his high-
way

Into the path he pointed. All the day
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one
grim

Red leer to see the plain catch its
estrays.

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or
two,

Than, pausing to throw backward a
last view

O'er the safe road, 'twas gone; gray
plain all round:

Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound.
I might go on; naught else remained to
do.

So, on I went, I think I never saw
Such starved ignoble nature; nothing
throve:

For flowers — as well expect a cedar
grove!

But cockle, spurge, according to their
law

Might propagate their kind, with none to
awe,

You'd think: a burr had been a treas-
ure trove.

No! penury, inertness and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's
portion. "See

Or shut your eyes," said Nature peev-
ishly,

"It nothing skills: I cannot help my
case:

'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure
this place,

Calcine its clods and set my prisoners
free."

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk
Above its mates, the head was chopped;
the bents

Were jealous else. What made those
holes and rents

In the dock's harsh swarth leaves,
bruised as to balk

All hope of greenness? 'tis a brute must
walk

Pashing their life out, with a brute's
intent.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the
mud

Which underneath looked kneaded up
with blood.

One stiff blind horse, his every bone
a-stare,

Stood stupefied, however he came there:
Thrust out past service from the
devil's stud!

Alive? he might be dead for aught I
know,

With that red gaunt and coloped neck
a-strain,

And shut eyes underneath the rusty
mane;

Seldom went such grotesqueness with
such woe;

I never saw a brute I hated so;
He must be wicked to deserve such
pain.

I shut my eyes and turned them on my
heart,

As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I asked one draught of earlier, happier
sights,

Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards — the sol-
dier's art:

One taste of the old time sets all to
rights.

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening
face

Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold

An arm in mine to fix me to the place,
That way he used. Alas, one night's
disgrace!

Out went my heart's new fire and left
it cold.

Giles then, the soul of honor — there he
stands

Frank as ten years ago when knighted
first.

What honest man should dare (he said)
he durst.

Good — but the scene shifts — faugh!
what hangman hands

Pin to his breast a parchment? His own
bands

Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and
curst!

Better this present than a past like that;
Back therefore to my darkening path
again!

No sound, no sight as far as eye could
strain.

Will the night send a howlet or a bat?

I asked: when something on the dismal
flat

Came to arrest my thoughts and
change their train.

A sudden little river crossed my path

As unexpected as a serpent comes.

No sluggish tide congenial to the
glooms;

This, as it frothed by, might have been a
bath

For the fiend's glowing hoof — to see the
wrath

Of its black eddy bespate with flakes
and spumes.

So petty, yet so spiteful! All along,

Low scrubby alders kneeled down over
it;

Drenched willows flung them headlong
in a fit

Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:

The river which had done them all the
wrong,

Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred
no whit.

Which, while I forded, — good saints,
how I feared

To set my foot upon a dead man's
cheek,

Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to
seek

For hollows, tangled in his hair or
beard!

— It may have been a water-rat I speared,

But, ugh, it sounded like a baby's
shriek.

Glad was I when I reached the other
bank.

Now for a better country. Vain
presage!

Who were the strugglers, what war did
they wage,

Whose savage trample thus could pad the
dank

Soil to a plash? Toads in a poisoned
tank,

Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage —

The fight must so have seemed in that fell
cirque.

What penned them there, with all the
plain to choose?

No footprint leading to that horrid
mews,

None out of it. Mad brewage set to work
Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves

the Turk

Pits for his pastime, Christians against
Jews.

And more than that — a furlong on —
why, there!

What bad use was that engine for, that
wheel,

Or brake, not wheel — that harrow fit
to reel

Men's bodies out like silk? with all the air
Of Tophet's tool, on earth left unaware.

Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of
steel.

Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once
a wood,

Next a marsh, it would seem, and now
mere earth

Desperate and done with: (so a fool
finds mirth,

Makes a thing and then mars it, till his
mood

Changes and off he goes!) within a rood —
Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark

black dearth.

Now blotches rankling, colored gay and
grim,

Now patches where some leanness of
the soil's

Broke into moss or substances like boils;

Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim

Gaping at death, and dies while it
recoils.

And just as far as ever from the end!

Naught in the distance but the evening,
naught

To point my footstep further! At the
thought,

A great black bird, Apollyon's bosom-
friend,

Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing
dragon-penned

That brushed my cap — perchance the
guide I sought.

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
 'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given
 place
 All round to mountains — with such
 name to grace
 Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen
 in view.
 How thus they had surprised me, —
 solve it, you!
 How to get from them was no clearer
 case.

Yet half I seemed to recognize some trick
 Of mischief happened to me, God
 knows when —
 In a bad dream perhaps. Here ended,
 then,
 Progress this way. When, in the very
 nick
 Of giving up, one time more, came a click
 As when a trap shuts — you're inside
 the den!

Burningly it came on me all at once,
 This was the place! those two hills on
 the right,
 Crouched like two bulls locked horn in
 horn in fight;
 While to the left, a tall scalped mountain
 . . . Dunce,
 Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,
 After a life spent training for the sight!

What in the midst lay but the Tower
 itself?
 The round squat turret, blind as the
 fool's heart,
 Built of brown stone, without a coun-
 terpart
 In the whole world. The tempest's
 mocking elf
 Points to the shipman thus the unseen
 shelf
 He strikes on, only when the timbers
 start.

Not see? because of night perhaps? —
 why, day
 Came back again for that! before it left
 The dying sunset kindled through a
 cleft:
 The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
 Chin upon hand, to see the game at
 bay, —
 "Now stab and end the creature — to
 the heft!"

Not hear? when noise was everywhere!
 it tolled
 Increasing like a bell. Names in my
 ears,
 Of all the lost adventurers my peers, —
 How such a one was strong, and such was
 bold,
 And such was fortunate, yet each of old
 Lost, lost! one moment knelled the
 woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hill-
 sides, met
 To view the last of me, a living frame
 For one more picture! in a sheet of
 flame
 I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
 Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
 And blew: "*Childe Roland to the Dark
 Tower came.*" 1855.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

I AM poor brother Lippo, by your leave!
 You need not clap your torches to my
 face.
 Zooks, what's to blame? you think you
 see a monk!
 What, 'tis past midnight, and you go the
 rounds,
 And here you catch me at an alley's end
 Where sportive ladies leave their doors
 ajar?
 The Carmine's my cloister: hunt it up,
 Do, — harry out, if you must show your
 zeal,
 Whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong
 hole,
 And nip each softling of a wee white
 mouse,
Weke, weke, that's crept to keep him
 company!
 Aha, you know your betters! Then,
 you'll take
 Your hand away that's fiddling on my
 throat.
 And please to know me likewise. Who
 am I?
 Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a
 friend
 Three streets off — he's a certain . . .
 how d'ye call?
 Master — a . . . Cosimo of the Medici.
 I' the house that caps the corner. Boh!
 you were best!

Remember and tell me, the day you're
 hanged,
 How you affected such a gullet's-gripe!
 But you, sir, it concerns you that your
 knaves
 Pick up a manner nor discredit you:
 Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep
 the streets
 And count fair prize what comes into
 their net?
 He's Judas to a tittle, that man is!
 Just such a face! Why, sir, you make
 amends.
 Lord, I'm not angry! Bid your hang-
 dogs go
 Drink out this quarter-florin to the health
 Of the munificent House that harbors me
 (And many more beside, lads! more
 beside!)

And all's come square again. I'd like
 his face —
 His, elbowing on his comrade in this door
 With the pike and lantern, — for the
 slave that holds
 John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair
 With one hand ("Look you, now," as
 who should say)
 And his weapon in the other, yet un-
 wiped!
 It's not your chance to have a bit of
 chalk,
 A wood-coal or the like? or you should
 see!
 Yes, I'm the painter, since you style me so.
 What, brother Lippo's doings, up and
 down
 You know them and they take you? like
 enough!
 I saw the proper twinkle in your eye —
 'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first.
 Let's sit and set things straight now, hip
 to haunch.
 Here's spring come, and the nights one
 makes up bands
 To roam the town and sing our carnival,
 And I've been three weeks shut within
 my mew,
 A-painting for the great man, saints and
 saints
 And saints again. I could not paint all
 night —
 Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh
 air.
 There came a hurry of feet and little feet,
 A sweep of lute strings, laughs, and
 whiffs of song, —

*Flower o' the broom,
 Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!
 Flower o' the quince,
 I let Lisa go, and what good in life since?
 Flower o' the thyme — and so on. Round
 they went.*

Scarce had they turned the corner when a
 titter
 Like the skipping of rabbits by moon-
 light, — three slim shapes,
 And a face that looked up . . . zooks,
 sir, flesh and blood,
 That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it
 went,
 Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
 All the bed-furniture — a dozen knots,
 There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
 Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and
 so dropped,
 And after them. I came up with the fun
 Hard by Saint Laurence, hail fellow, well
 met, —
*Flower o' the rose,
 If I've been merry, what matter who knows?
 And so as I was stealing back again
 To get to bed and have a bit of sleep
 Ere I rise up to-morrow and go work
 On Jerome knocking at his poor old
 breast
 With his great round stone to subdue the
 flesh,
 You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I see!
 Though your eye twinkles still, you shake
 your head —
 Mine's shaved — a monk, you say — the
 sting's in that!
 If Master Cosimo announced himself,
 Mum's the word naturally; but a monk!
 Come, what am I a beast for? tell us,
 now!
 I was a baby when my mother died
 And father died and left me in the street.
 I starved there, God knows how, a year or
 two
 On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and
 shucks,
 Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day,
 My stomach being empty as your hat,
 The wind doubled me up and down I
 went.
 Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one
 hand.
 (Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)
 And so along the wall, over the bridge,
 By the straight cut to the convent. Six
 words there,*

While I stood munching my first bread
that month:

"So, boy, you're minded," quoth the
good fat father,

Wiping his own mouth, 'twas refection-
time, —

"To quit this very miserable world?

Will you renounce" . . . "the mouthful
of bread?" thought I;

By no means! Brief, they made a monk
of me;

I did renounce the world, its pride and
greed,

Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-
house,

Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to — all at eight
years old.

Well, sir, I found in time, you may be
sure,

'Twas not for nothing — the good belly-
ful,

The warm serge and the rope that goes all
round,

And day-long blessed idleness beside!

"Let's see what the urchin's fit for"
— that came next.

Not overmuch their way, I must confess.

Such a to-do! They tried me with their
books;

Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in
pure waste!

Flower o' the clove,

All the Latin I construe is "amo" I love!

But, mind you, when a boy starves in the
streets

Eight years together, as my fortune was,
Watching folk's faces to know who will
fling

The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he
desires,

And who will curse or kick him for his
pains, —

Which gentleman processional and fine,
Holding a candle to the Sacrament,
Will wink and let him lift a plate and
catch

The droppings of the wax to sell again,
Or holla for the Eight and have him
whipped, —

How say I? — nay, which dog bites,
which lets drop

His bone from the heap of offal in the
street, —

Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp
alike,

He learns the look of things, and none the
less

For admonition from the hunger-pinch.

I had a store of such remarks, be sure,

Which, after I found leisure, turned to
use.

I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
Scrawled them within the antiphonary's

marge,

Joined legs and arms to the long music-
notes,

Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and
B's,

And made a string of pictures of the
world

Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and
noun,

On the wall, the bench, the door. The
monks looked black.

"Nay," quoth the Prior, "turn him out,
d'ye say?

In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.

What if at last we get our man of parts,
We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese

And Preaching Friars, to do our church up
fine

And put the front on it that ought to be!"

And hereupon he bade me daub away.
Thank you! my head being crammed,

the walls a blank,

Never was such prompt disemburdening.
First, every sort of monk, the black and
white,

I drew them, fat and lean: then, folk at
church,

From good old gossips waiting to confess
Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-
ends, —

To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting
there

With the little children round him in a
row

Of admiration, half for his beard and half
For that white anger of his victim's son

Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
Signing himself with the other because of

Christ

(Whose sad face on the cross sees only
this

After the passion of a thousand years)
Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her

head,

(Which the intense eyes looked through)
came at eve

On tiptoe, said a word, dropped in a loaf.

Her pair of earrings and a bunch of
flowers
(The brute took growling), prayed, and
so was gone.
I painted all, then cried "'Tis ask and
have;
Choose, for more 's ready!" — laid the
ladder flat,
And showed my covered bit of cloister-
wall,
The monks closed in a circle and praised
loud
Till checked, taught what to see and not
to see,
Being simple bodies, — "That's the very
man!
Look at the boy who stoops to pat the
dog!
That woman's like the Prior's niece who
comes
To care about his asthma: it's the life!"
But there my triumph's straw-fire flared
and fumed;
Their betters took their turn to see and
say:
The Prior and the learned pulled a face
And stopped all that in no time. "How?
what's here?
Quite from the mark of painting, bless us
all!
Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! it's devil's-
game!
Your business is not to catch men with
show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as
flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of
men —
Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . . no,
it's not . . .
It's vapor done up like a new-born
babe —
(In that shape when you die it leaves your
mouth)
It's . . . well, what matters talking,
it's the soul!
Give us no more of body than shows soul!
Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising
God,
That sets us praising, — why not stop
with him?
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our
head

With wonder at lines, colors, and what
not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and
arms!
Rub all out, try at it a second time.
Oh, that white smallish female with the
breasts,
She's just my niece . . . Herodias, I
would say, —
Who went and danced and got men's
heads cut off!
Have it all out!" Now, is this sense, I
ask?
A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go
further
And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow
does for white
When what you put for yellow's simply
black,
And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all beside itself means and looks
naught.
Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest
face,
The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint — is
it so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with
these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and
blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's
flash,
And then add soul and heighten them
three-fold?
Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
(I never saw it—put the case the
same —)
If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God in-
vents:
That's somewhat: and you'll find the
soul you have missed,
Within yourself, when you return him
thanks.
"Rub all out!" Well, well, there's my
life, in short,
And so the thing has gone on ever since.
I'm grown a man no doubt, I've broken
bounds:
You should not take a fellow eight years
old

And make him swear to never kiss the girls.

I'm my own master, paint now as I please —

Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-house!

Lord, it's fast holding by the rings in front —

Those great rings serve more purposes than just

To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse!

And yet the old schooling sticks, the old grave eyes

Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work, The heads shake still — "It's art's decline, my son!

You're not of the true painters, great and old;

Brother Angelico's the man, you'll find;

Brother Lorenzo stands his single peer:

Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the third!"

Flower o' the pine,

You keep your mistr . . . manners, and I'll stick to mine!

I'm not the third, then: bless us, they must know!

Don't you think they're the likeliest to know,

They with their Latin? So, I swallow my rage.

Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight, and paint

To please them — sometimes do and sometimes don't;

For, doing most, there's pretty sure to come

A turn, some warm eve finds me at my saints —

A laugh, a cry, the business of the world —

(Flower o' the Peach,

Death for us all, and his own life for each!)

And my whole soul revolves, the cup runs over,

The world and life's too big to pass for a dream,

And I do these wild things in sheer despite,

And play the fooleries you catch me at, In pure rage! The old mill-horse, out at grass

After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so,

Although the miller does not preach to him

The only good of grass is to make chaff. What would men have? Do they like grass or no —

May they or mayn't they? all I want's the thing

Settled forever one way. As it is, You tell too many lies and hurt yourself:

You don't like what you only like too much,

You do like what, if given you at your word,

You find abundantly detestable.

For me, I think I speak as I was taught; I always see the garden and God there

A-making man's wife: and, my lesson learned,

The value and significance of flesh, I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.

You understand me: I'm a beast, I know.

But see, now — why, I see as certainly As that the morning-star's about to shine,

What will hap some day. We've a youngster here

Comes to our convent, studies what I do, Slouches and stares and lets no atom drop:

His name is Guidi — he'll not mind the monks —

They call him Hulking Tom, he lets them talk —

He picks my practice up — he'll paint apace.

I hope so — though I never live so long, I know what's sure to follow. You be judge!

You speak no Latin more than I, belike; However, you're my man, you've seen

the world

— The beauty and the wonder and the power,

The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,

Changes, surprises, — and God made it all!

— For what? Do you feel thankful, ay or no,

For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,

The mountain round it and the sky above, Much more the figures of man, woman,

child,

These are the frame to? What's it all about?

To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,

Wondered at? oh, this last of course! —
you say.

But why not do as well as say, — paint
these

Just as they are, careless what comes of
it?

God's works — paint any one, and count
it crime

To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His
works

Are here already; nature is complete:

Suppose you reproduce her — (which you
can't)

There's no advantage! you must beat
her, then."

For, don't you mark? we're made so
that we love

First when we see them painted, things
we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to
see;

And so they are better, painted — better
to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given
for that;

God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out. Have you no-
ticed, now,

Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of
chalk,

And trust me but you should, though!
How much more,

If I drew higher things with the same
truth!

That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,
Interpret God to all of you! Oh, oh,

It makes me mad to see what men shall
do

And we in our graves! This world's
no blot for us,

Nor blank; it means intensely, and
means good:

To find its meaning is my meat and
drink.

"Ay, but you don't so instigate to
prayer!"

Strikes in the Prior: "when your mean-
ing's plain

It does not say to folk — remember
matins,

Or, mind you fast next Friday!" Why,
for this

What need of art at all? A skull and
bones,

Two bits of stick nailed crosswise, or,
what's best,

A bell to chime the hour with, does as
well.

I painted a Saint Laurence six months
since

At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine
style:

"How looks my painting, now the scaf-
fold's down?"

I ask a brother: "Hugely," he returns —
"Already not one phiz of your three

slaves
Who turn the Deacon off his toasted side,
But's scratched and prodded to our

heart's content,
The pious people have so eased their own

With coming to say prayers there in a
rage:

We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.
Expect another job this time next year,

For pity and religion grow i' the crowd —
Your painting serves its purpose!"

Hang the fools!

— That is — you'll not mistake an idle
word

Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God wot,
Tasting the air this spicy night which

turns
The unaccustomed head like Chianti

wine!
Oh, the church knows! don't misreport

me, now!
It's natural a poor monk out of bounds

Should have his apt word to excuse
himself:

And harken how I plot to make amends.
I have bethought me: I shall paint a

piece
... There's for you! Give me six

months, then go, see
Something in Sant' Ambrogio's! Bless

the nuns!
They want a cast o' my office. I shall

paint
God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,

Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel
brood,

Lilies and vestments and white faces,
sweet

As puff on puff of grated orris-root
When ladies crowd to Church at mid-

summer.
And then i' the front, of course a saint

or two —
Saint John, because he saves the Flo-

rentines,

Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black
and white

The convent's friends and gives them a
long day,

And Job, I must have him there past
mistake,

The man of Uz (and Us without the z,
Painters who need his patience). Well,
all these

Secured at their devotion, up shall come
Out of a corner when you least expect,
As one by a dark stair into a great light,
Music and talking, who but Lippo!

I! —

Mazed, motionless, and moonstruck —
I'm the man!

Back I shrink — what is this I see and
hear?

I, caught up with my monk's-things by
mistake,

My old serge gown and rope that goes
all-round,

I, in this presence, this pure company!
Where's a hole, where's a corner for
escape?

Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing
Forward, puts out a soft palm — "Not
so fast!"

— Addresses the celestial presence,
"nay —

He made you and devised you, after all,
Though he's none of you! Could Saint
John there draw —

His camel-hair make up a painting-
brush?

We come to brother Lippo for all that,
Iste perfecit opus!" So, all smile —

I shuffle sideways with my blushing face
Under the cover of a hundred wings

Thrown like a spread of kirtles when
you're gay

And play hot cockles, all the doors being
shut,

Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops
The hothead husband! Thus I scuttle
off

To some safe bench behind, not letting go
The palm of her, the little lily thing

That spoke the good word for me in the
nick,

Like the Prior's niece . . . Saint Lucy,
I would say,

And so all's saved for me, and for the
church

A pretty picture gained. Go, six months
hence!

Your hand, sir, and good-by: no lights,
no lights!

The street's hushed, and I know my own
way back,

Don't fear me! There's the gray begin-
ning. Zooks! 1855.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

CALLED "THE FAULTLESS PAINTER"

BUT do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for
once:

Sit down and all shall happen as you
wish.

You turn your face, but does it bring your
heart?

I'll work then for your friend's friend,
never fear,

Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own
price,

And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it?
tenderly?

Oh, I'll content him, — but to-morrow,
Love!

I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it
seems

As if — forgive now — should you let me
sit

Here by the window with your hand in
mine

And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,

Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work

Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow, how you shall be glad for
this!

Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she
curls inside.

Don't count the time lost, neither; you
must serve

For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking so —

My serpentine beauty, rounds on
rounds!

— How could you ever prick those perfect
ears,

Even to put the pearl there! oh, so
sweet —

My face, my moon, my everybody's
 moon,
 Which everybody looks on and calls his.
 And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
 While she looks — no one's: very dear,
 no less.
 You smile? why, there's my picture
 ready made,
 There's what we painters call our har-
 mony!
 A common grayness silvers everything, —
 All in a twilight, you and I alike
 — You, at the point of your first pride in
 me
 (That's gone you know), — but I, at
 every point;
 My youth, my hope, my art, being all
 toned down
 To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.
 There's the bell clinking from the chapel-
 top;
 That length of convent-wall across the
 way
 Holds the trees safer, huddled more in-
 side;
 The last monk leaves the garden; days
 decrease,
 And autumn grows, autumn in every-
 thing,
 Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
 As if I saw alike my work and self
 And all that I was born to be and do,
 A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's
 hand.
 How strange now looks the life he makes
 us lead;
 So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
 I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!
 This chamber for example — turn your
 head —
 All that's behind us! You don't under-
 stand
 Nor care to understand about my art,
 But you can hear at least when people
 speak:
 And that cartoon, the second from the
 door
 — It is the thing, Love! so such things
 should be —
 Behold Madonna! — I am bold to say.
 I can do with my pencil what I know,
 What I see, what at bottom of my heart
 I wish for, if I ever wish so deep —
 Do easily, too — when I say, perfectly,
 I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are
 judge,

Who listened to the Legate's talk last
 week,
 And just as much they used to say in
 France.
 At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!
 No sketches first, no studies, that's long
 past:
 I do what many dream of all their lives,
 — Dream? strive to do, and agonize to
 do,
 And fail in doing. I could count twenty
 such
 On twice your fingers, and not leave this
 town,
 Who strive — you don't know how the
 others strive
 To paint a little thing like that you
 smeared
 Carelessly passing with your robes
 afloat, —
 Yet do much less, so much less, Someone
 says,
 (I know his name, no matter) — so much
 less!
 Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
 There burns a truer light of God in them.
 In their vexed beating stuffed and
 stopped-up brain,
 Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to
 prompt
 This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's
 hand of mine.
 Their works drop groundward, but them-
 selves, I know,
 Reach many a time a heaven that's shut
 to me,
 Enter and take their place there sure
 enough,
 Though they come back and cannot tell
 the world.
 My works are nearer heaven, but I sit
 here.
 The sudden blood of these men! at a
 word —
 Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it
 boils too.
 I, painting from myself and to myself,
 Know what I do, am unmoved by men's
 blame
 Or their praise either. Somebody re-
 marks
 Morello's outline there is wrongly traced.
 His hue mistaken; what of that? or
 else,
 Rightly traced and well ordered; what
 of that?

Speak as they please, what does the
mountain care?

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his
grasp,

Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-
gray

Placid and perfect with my art: the
worse!

I know both what I want and what might
gain,

And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
"Had I been two, another and myself,

Our head would have o'erlooked the
world!" No doubt.

Yonder's a work now, of that famous
youth

The Urbinate who died five years ago.

("Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,

Pouring his soul, with kings and popes
to see,

Reaching, that heaven might so replenish
him,

Above and through his art — for it gives
way;

That arm is wrongly put — and there
again —

A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right — that, a child may under-
stand.

Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
But all the play, the insight and the
stretch —

Out of me, out of me! And wherefore
out?

Had you enjoined them on me, given me
soul,

We might have risen to Rafael, I and
you!

Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I
think —

More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you — oh, with the same perfect

brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect

mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a

bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the

snare —
Had you, with these the same, but

brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth

there urged
"God and the glory! never care for gain,

The present by the future, what is that?

Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!

Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"

I might have done it for you. So it
seems:

Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.

Beside, incentives come from the soul's
self;

The rest avail not. Why do I need you?

What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?

In this world, who can do a thing, will
not;

And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:

Yet the will's somewhat — somewhat,
— too, the power —

And thus we half-men struggle. At the
end,

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.

'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,

That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak

the truth.

I dared not, do you know, leave home
all day,

For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.

The best is when they pass and look aside;

But they speak sometimes; I must bear
it all.

Well may they speak! That Francis,
that first time,

And that long festal year at Fontaine-
bleau!

I surely then could sometimes leave the
ground,

Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,

In that humane great monarch's golden
look, —

One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made

the smile,
One arm about my shoulder, round my

neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,

I painting proudly with his breath
on me,

All his court round him, seeing with his
eyes,

Such frank French eyes, and such a fire
of souls

Profuse, my hand kept plying by those
hearts, —

And, best of all, this, this, this face be-
yond,

This in the background, waiting on my
work,

To crown the issue with a last reward!

A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
And had you not grown restless . . . but
I know —

'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my in-
stinct said;

Too live the life grew, golden and not gray,
And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun
should tempt

Out of the grange whose four walls make
his world.

How could it end in any other way?

You called me, and I came home to your
heart.

The triumph was — to reach and stay
there; since

I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?

Let my hands frame your face in your
hair's gold,

You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!

"Rafael did this, Andrea painted that;

The Roman's is the better when you pray,

But still the other's Virgin was his
wife" —

Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge

Both pictures in your presence; clearer
grows

My better fortune, I resolve to think.

For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,

Said one day Agnolo, his very self,

To Rafael . . . I have known it all these
years . . .

(When the young man was flaming out
his thoughts

Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,

Too lifted up in heart because of it)

"Friend, there's a certain sorry little
scrub

Goes up and down our Florence, none
cares how,

Who, were he set to plan and execute

As you are, pricked on by your popes
and kings,

Would bring the sweat into that brow of
yours!"

To Rafael's! — And indeed the arm is
wrong.

I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see,
Give the chalk here — quick, thus the line
should go!

Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it
out!

Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
(What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?

Do you forget already words like those?)
If really there was such a chance, so

lost, —

Is, whether you're — not grateful — but
more pleased.

Well, let me think so. And you smile
indeed!

This hour has been an hour! Another
smile?

If you would sit thus by me every night
I should work better, do you comprehend?

I mean that I should earn more, give
you more.

See, it is settled dusk now; there's a
star;

Morello's gone, the watch-lights show
the wall,

The cue-owls speak the name we call
them by.

Come from the window, love, — come in,
at last,

Inside the melancholy little house

We built to be so gay with. God is just.

King Francis may forgive me: oft at
nights

When I look up from painting, eyes tired
out,

The walls become illumined, brick from
brick

Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright
gold,

That gold of his I did cement them with!

Let us but love each other. Must you
go?

That Cousin here again? he waits out-
side?

Must see you — you, and not with me?
Those loans?

More gaming debts to pay? you smiled
for that?

Well, let smiles buy me! have you more
to spend?

While hand and eye and something of a
heart

Are left me, work's my ware, and what's
it worth?

I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit

The gray remainder of the evening out,

Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly

How I could paint, were I but back in
France,

One picture, just one more — the Virgin's
face.

Not yours this time! I want you at my
side

To hear them — that is, Michel Agnolo —
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.

Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your
friend.

I take the subjects for his corridor,
 Finish the portrait out of hand — there,
 there,
 And throw him in another thing or two
 If he demurs; the whole should prove
 enough
 To pay for this same Cousin's freak.
 Beside,
 What's better and what's all I care
 about,
 Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff!
 Love, does that please you? Ah, but
 what does he,
 The Cousin! what does he to please you
 more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-
 night.
 I regret little, I would change still less.
 Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
 The very wrong to Francis! — it is true
 I took his coin, was tempted and com-
 plied,
 And built this house and sinned, and all
 is said.
 My father and my mother died of want.
 Well, had I riches of my own? you see
 How one gets rich! Let each one bear
 his lot.
 They were born poor, lived poor, and
 poor they died;
 And I have labored somewhat in my
 time
 And not been paid profusely. Some
 good son
 Paint my two hundred pictures — let him
 try!
 No doubt, there's something strikes a
 balance. Yes.
 You loved me quite enough, it seems
 to-night.
 This must suffice me here. What would
 one have?
 In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one
 more chance —
 Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
 Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
 For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo and me
 To cover — the three first without a wife,
 While I have mine! So — still they
 overcome
 Because there's still Lucrezia, — as I
 choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my
 Love. 1855.

ONE WORD MORE.¹

TO E. B. B.

London, September, 1855.

I

THERE they are, my fifty men and women
 Naming me the fifty poems finished!
 Take them, Love, the book and me to-
 gether:

Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

II

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume
 Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
 These, the world might view — but one,
 the volume.
 Who that one, you ask? — Your heart
 instructs you.
 Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
 Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
 Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
 Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
 Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving,
 Check, the world was wont to hail a
 painter's,
 Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a
 poet's?

III

You and I would rather read that volume,
 (Taken to his beating bosom by it)
 Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
 Would we not? than wonder at Madon-
 nas —
 Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
 Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
 Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre —
 Seen by us and all the world in circle.

IV

You and I will never read that volume.
 Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
 Guarded long the treasure-book and
 loved it.
 Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
 Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours,
 the treasure!"
 Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

¹ The last poem of the collection *Men and Women*, two volumes, published in 1855, and containing a large part of Browning's greatest work. Here, for once, Browning speaks in his own person.

V

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."

While he mused and traced it and retraced
it,

(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped
for,

When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the
wicked,

Back he held the brow and pricked its
stigma,

Bit into the live man's flesh for parch-
ment,

Loosed him, laughed to see the writing
rankle,

Let the wretch go festering through
Florence) —

Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,

Dante standing, studying his angel, —
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.

Says he — "Certain people of impor-
tance"

(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
"Entered and would seize, forsooth, the
poet."

Says the poet — "Then I stopped my
painting."

VI

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,

Would we not? — than read a fresh
Inferno.

VII

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,

While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
In they broke, those "People of impor-
tance:"

We and Bice bear the loss forever.

VIII

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's pic-
ture?

This: no artist lives and loves, that longs
not

Once, and only once, and for one only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a lan-
guage

Fit and fair and simple and sufficient —

Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his
nature,

Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper
dowry, —

Does he paint? he fain would write a
poem, —

Does he write? he fain would paint a
picture,

Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only,

So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's
sorrow.

IX

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's
abatement!

He who smites the rock and spreads the
water,

Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath
him,

Even he, the minute makes immortal,
Proves, perchance, but mortal in the
minute.

Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.
While he smites, how can he but remember,

So he smote before, in such a peril,
When they stood and mocked — "Shall
smiting help us?"

When they drank and sneered — "A
stroke is easy!"

When they wiped their mouths and went
their journey,

Throwing him for thanks — "But
drought was pleasant."

Thus old memories mar the actual tri-
umph;

Thus the doing savors of disrelish;
Thus achievement lacks a gracious some-
what;

O'er-importuned brows becloud the man-
date,

Carelessness or consciousness — the ges-
ture.

For he bears an ancient wrong about him,
Sees and knows again those phalanxed
faces,

Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed
prelude —

"How shouldst thou, of all men, smite,
and save us?"

Guesses what is like to prove the sequel —
"Egypt's flesh-pots — nay, the drought
was better."

X

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic
warrant!
Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven bril-
liance,
Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial
fiat.
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

XI

Did he love one face from out the thou-
sands,
(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and
wifely,
Were she but the Æthiopian bondslave,)
He would envy yon dumb patient camel,
Keeping a reserve of scanty water
Meant to save his own life in the desert;
Ready in the desert to deliver
(Kneeling down to let his breast be
opened)
Hoard and life together for his mistress.

XII

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you
statues,
Make you music that should all-express
me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing:
All the gifts from all the heights, you own,
Love!

XIII

Yet a semblance of resource avails us —
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must
seize it,
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last
time.
He who works in fresco, steals a hair-
brush,
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient
proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flower-
ets.
He who blows through bronze, may
breathe through silver,
Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes, may write for once as I do.

XIV

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
Enter each and all, and use their service,
Speak from every mouth, — the speech,
a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
Hope and fears, belief and disbelieving:
I am mine and yours — the rest be all
men's,
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true per-
son,
Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this
sentence:
Pray you, look on these my men and
women,
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie
also!
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all
things.

XV

Not but that you know me! Lo, the
moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice-trans-
figured,
Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-
breadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house-
roofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

XVI

What, there's nothing in the moon note-
worthy?
Nay: for if that moon could love a
mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos),
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman,
steersman —
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,

Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats — him,
even!

Think, the wonder of the moonstruck
mortal —

When she turns round, comes again in
heaven,

Opens out anew for worse or better!
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered
crystals?

Proves she as the paved work of a
sapphire

Seen by Moses when he climbed the
mountain?

Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu
Climbed and saw the very God, the
Highest,

Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that
paved work,

When they ate and drank and saw God
also!

XVII

What were seen? None knows, none
ever shall know.

Only this is sure — the sight were other,
Not the moon's same side, born late in
Florence,

Dying now impoverished here in London.
God be thanked, the meanest of his
creatures

Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the
world with,

One to show a woman when he loves her!

XVIII

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you — yourself my moon of poets!

Ah, but that's the world's side, there's
the wonder,

Thus they see you, praise you, think they
know you!

There, in turn I stand with them and
praise you —

Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out
them,

Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed
of,

Where I hush and bless myself with
silence,

XIX

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing
it,

Drew one angel — borne, see, on my
bosom!

R. B. 1855.

BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM

I

"WOULD a man 'scape the rod?"

Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,

"See that he turn to God
The day before his death."

"Ay, could a man inquire
When it shall come!" I say.

The Rabbi's eye shoots fire —
"Then let him turn to-day!"

II

Quoth a young Sadducee:

"Reader of many rolls,
Is it so certain we
Have, as they tell us, souls?"

"Son, there is no reply!"
The Rabbi bit his beard:

"Certain, a soul have I —
We may have none," he sneered.

Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,
The Right-hand Temple-column,
Taught babes in grace their grammar,
And struck the simple, solemn.

1856.

AMONG THE ROCKS

OH, good gigantic smile o' the brown old
earth,

This autumn morning! How he sets
his bones

To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees
and feet

For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap
of stones

The white breast of the sea-lark twitters
sweet,

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true ;
 Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles
 and knows.
 If you loved only what were worth your
 love,
 Love were clear gain, and wholly well
 for you :
 Make the low nature better by your
 throes !
 Give earth yourself, go up for gain above !
 1864.

ABT VOGLER

(AFTER HE HAS BEEN EXTEMPORIZING
 UPON THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF HIS
 INVENTION)

WOULD that the structure brave, the
 manifold music I build,
 Bidding my organ obey, calling its
 keys to their work,
 Claiming each slave of the sound, at a
 touch, as when Solomon willed
 Armies of angels that soar, legions of
 demons that lurk,
 Man, brute, reptile, fly, — alien of end
 and of aim,
 Adverse, each from the other heaven-
 high, hell-deep removed, —
 Should rush into sight at once as he
 named the ineffable Name,
 And pile him a palace straight, to pleas-
 ure the princess he loved !
 Would it might tarry like his, the beauti-
 ful building of mine,
 This which my keys in a crowd pressed
 and importuned to raise !
 Ah, one and all, how they helped, would
 dispart now and now combine,
 Zealous to hasten the work, heighten
 their master his praise !
 And one would bury his brow with a
 blind plunge down to hell,
 Burrow awhile and build, broad on the
 roots of things,
 Then up again swim into sight, having
 based me my palace well,
 Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on
 the nether springs.
 And another would mount and march,
 like the excellent minion he was,
 Ay, another and yet another, one
 crowd but with many a crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as
 transparent as glass,
 Eager to do and die, yield each his
 place to the rest :
 For higher still and higher (as a runner
 tips with fire,
 When a great illumination surprises a
 festal night —
 Outlined round and round Rome's dome
 from space to spire)
 Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and
 the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it
 was certain, to match man's birth,
 Nature in turn conceived, obeying an
 impulse as I ;
 And the emulous heaven yearned down,
 made effort to reach the earth,
 As the earth had done her best, in my
 passion, to scale the sky :
 Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar
 and dwelt with mine,
 Not a point nor peak but found and
 fixed its wandering star ;
 Meteor-moons, balls of blaze : and they
 did not pale nor pine,
 For earth had attained to heaven,
 there was no more near nor far.

Nay more ; for there wanted not who
 walked in the glare and glow,
 Presences plain in the place ; or, fresh
 from the Protoplast,
 Furnished for ages to come, when a kind-
 lier wind should blow,
 Lured now to begin and live, in a house
 to their liking at last ;
 Or else the wonderful Dead who have
 passed through the body and gone,
 But were back once more to breathe
 in an old world worth their new :
 What never had been, was now ; what
 was, as it shall be anon ;
 And what is, — shall I say, matched
 both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their
 sounds to a wish of my soul,
 All through my soul that praised as its
 wish flowed visibly forth,
 All through music and me! For think,
 had I painted the whole,
 Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the
 process so wonder-worth :

Had I written the same, made verse —
 still, effect proceeds from cause,
 Ye know why the forms are fair, ye
 hear how the tale is told;
 It is all triumphant art, but art in obe-
 dience to laws,
 Painter and poet are proud in the
 artist-list enrolled: —

But here is the finger of God, a flash of
 the will that can,
 Existent behind all laws, that made
 them and, lo, they are!
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift
 be allowed to man,
 That out of three sounds he frame, not
 a fourth sound, but a star.
 Consider it well: each tone of our scale
 in itself is naught:
 It is everywhere in the world — loud,
 soft, and all is said:
 Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in
 my thought:
 And there! Ye have heard and seen:
 consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of
 music I reared;
 Gone! and the good tears start, the
 praises that come too slow;
 For one is assured at first, one scarce can
 say that he feared,
 That he even gave it a thought, the
 gone thing was to go.
 Never to be again! But many more of
 the kind
 As good, nay, better, perchance: is
 this your comfort to me?
 To me, who must be saved because I
 cling with my mind
 To the same, same self, same love, same
 God: ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee,
 the ineffable Name?
 Builder and maker, thou, of houses not
 made with hands!
 What, have fear of change from thee who
 art ever the same?
 Doubt that thy power can fill the
 heart that thy power expands?
 There shall never be one lost good!
 What was, shall live as before;
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence
 implying sound;

What was good shall be good, with, for
 evil, so much good more;
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the
 heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed
 of good shall exist;
 Not its semblance, but itself; no
 beauty, nor good, nor power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each
 survives for the melodist
 When eternity affirms the conception of
 an hour,
 The high that proved too high, the heroic
 for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to
 lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and
 the bard;
 Enough that he heard it once: we
 shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a tri-
 umph's evidence
 For the fulness of the days? Have
 we withered or agonized?
 Why else was the pause prolonged but
 that singing might issue thence?
 Why rushed the discords in, but that
 harmony should be prized?
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is
 slow to clear,
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme
 of the weak and woe:
 But God has a few of us whom he whispers
 in the ear;
 The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis
 we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes
 her reign:
 I will be patient and proud, and soberly
 acquiesce.
 Give me the keys. I feel for the common
 chord again,
 Sliding by semitones till I sink to the
 minor, — yes,
 And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand
 on alien ground,
 Surveying awhile the heights I rolled
 from into the deep;
 Which, hark, I have dared and done, for
 my resting-place is found,
 The C Major of this life: so, now I
 will try to sleep. 1864.

RABBI BEN EZRA

GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was
made:

Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see
all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best re-
call?"

Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends,
transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by
a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find a feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets
doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I
must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
but go!

Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare,
never grudge the throe!

For thence, — a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks, —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would
not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs
want play?

To man, propose this test —
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its
lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How
good to live and learn"?

Not once beat "Praise be thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now Love perfect
too:

Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete, — I trust
what thou shalt do!"

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for
rest:

Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as
we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon
the whole!"

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its
term:

Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though
in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and
new :

Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to
indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is
gold :

And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame :
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know,
being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray :
A whisper from the west
Shoots — "Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies
another day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at
last,

"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain :
The Future I may face now I have proved
the Past."

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the
tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught
found made :

So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age : wait death
nor be afraid !

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand
thine own,

With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let
thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the
Past !

Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and
give us peace at last !

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me ; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that : whom shall
my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had
the price ;

O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could
value in a trice :

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account ;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled
the man's amount :

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and
escaped ;

All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor ! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies
our clay, —

Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change ; the
Past gone, seize to-day !"

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God
 stand sure:
 What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter
 and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain
 arrest:
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently
 impressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and
 press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the
 sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trum-
 pet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The master's lips aglow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what
 needst thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men;
 And since, not even while the whirl was
 worst,
 Did I — to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colors rife,
 Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake
 thy thirst:

So, take and use thy work:
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings
 past the aim!
 My times be in thy hand!
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death
 complete the same!

1864.

CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS; OR, NATURAL THEOLOGY IN THE ISLAND

"Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a
 one as thyself."

[*'WILL sprawl*, now that the heat of day
 is best,
 Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire,
 With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop
 his chin.
 And, while he kicks both feet in the cool
 slush,
 And feels about his spine small eft-things
 course,
 Run in and out each arm, and make
 him laugh:
 And while above his head a pompion-
 plant,
 Coating the cave-top as a brow its eye,
 Creeps down to touch and tickle hair and
 beard,
 And now a flower drops with a bee inside,
 And now a fruit to snap at, catch and
 crunch, —
 He looks out o'er yon sea which sunbeams
 cross
 And recross till they weave a spider-web,
 (Meshes of fire, some great fish breaks
 at time,)
 And talks to his own self, howe'er he please,
 Touching that other, whom his dam called
 God.
 Because to talk about Him, vexes — ha,
 Could He but know! and time to vex is
 now,
 When talk is safer than in winter-time.
 Moreover Prosper and Miranda sleep
 In confidence he drudges at their task,
 And it is good to cheat the pair, and gibe,
 Letting the rank tongue blossom into
 speech.]
 Setebos, Setebos, and Setebos!
 'Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the
 moon.
 'Thinketh He made it, with the sun to
 match,
 But not the stars; the stars came other-
 wise;
 Only made clouds, winds, meteors, such
 as that:
 Also this isle, what lives and grows
 thereon,
 And snaky sea which rounds and ends the
 same.

'Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease:
He hated that He cannot change His
cold,

Nor cure its ache. 'Hath spied an icy
fish

That longed to 'scape the rock-stream
where she lived,

And thaw herself within the lukewarm
brine

O' the lazy sea her stream thrusts far
amid,

A crystal spike 'twixt two warm walls
of wave;

Only, she ever sickened, found repulse
At the other kind of water, not her life,
(Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred o'
the sun,)

Flounced back from bliss she was not born
to breathe,

And in her old bounds buried her despair,
Hating and loving warmth alike: so He.

'Thinketh, He made thereat the sun, this
isle,

Trees and the fowls here, beast and creep-
ing thing,

Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a
leech;

Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
That floats and feeds; a certain badger
brown

He hath watched hunt with that slant
whitewedge eye

By moonlight; and the pie with the long
tongue

That pricks deep into oakwarts for a
worm,

And says a plain word when she finds
her prize,

But will not eat the ants; and ants them-
selves

That build a wall of seeds and settled
stalks

About their hole — He made all these and
more,

Made all we see, and us, in spite: how
else?

He could not, Himself, make a second
self

To be His mate; as well have made
Himself:

He would not make what He dislikes or
slights,

An eyesore to Him, or not worth His
pains:

But did, in envy, listlessness or sport,

Make what Himself would fain, in a
manner, be —

Weaker in most points, stronger in a few,
Worthy, and yet mere playthings all the
while,

Things He admires and mocks too, —
that is it.

Because, so brave, so better though they
be,

It nothing skills if He begin to plague.
Look now, I melt a gourd-fruit into mash,

Add honeycomb and pods, I have per-
ceived,

Which bite like finches when they bill and
kiss, —

Then, when froth rises bladdery, drink up
all,

Quick, quick, till maggots scamper
through my brain;

Last, throw me on my back i' the seeded
thyme,

And wanton, wishing I were born a bird.
Put case, unable to be what I wish,

I yet could make a live bird out of clay:
Would not I take clay, pinch my Caliban

Able to fly? — for, there, see, he hath
wings,

And great comb like the hoopoe's to ad-
mire,

And there, a sting to do his foes offence,
There, and I will that he begin to live,

Fly to yon rock-top, nip me off the horns
Of grigs high up that make the merry din

Saucy through their veined wings, and
mind me not.

In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle
clay,

And he lay stupid-like, — why I should
laugh;

And if he, spying me should fall to weep,
Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong,

Bid his poor leg smart less or grow
again, —

Well, as the chance were this might take
or else

Not take my fancy: I might hear his cry
And give the manikin three sound legs

for one,
Or pluck the other off, leave him like an

egg,
And lessoned he was mine and merely clay.

Were this no pleasure lying in the thyme,
Drinking the mash, with brain become

alive
Making and marring clay at will? So

He.

'Thinketh such shows nor right nor wrong
 in Him,
 Nor kind nor cruel: He is strong and
 Lord.
 'Am strong myself compared to yonder
 crabs
 That march now from the mountain to
 the sea;
 'Let twenty pass and stone the twenty-
 first,
 Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
 'Say, the first straggler that boasts purple
 spots
 Shall join the file, one pincer twisted off;
 'Say this bruised fellow shall receive a
 worm,
 And two worms he whose nippers end in
 red;
 As it likes me each time I do: so He.

Well then, 'supposeth He is good i' the
 main,
 Placable if His mind and ways were
 guessed,
 But rougher than His handiwork, be sure!
 Oh, He hath made things worthier than
 Himself,
 And envieth that, so helped, such things
 do more
 Than He who made them! What con-
 soles but this?
 That they, unless through Him, do
 naught at all,
 And must submit: what other use in
 things?
 'Hath cut a pipe of pithless elder-joint
 That, blown through, gives exact the
 scream o' the jay
 When from her wing you twitch the
 feathers blue:
 Sound this, and little birds that hate the
 jay
 Flock within stone's throw, glad their
 foe is hurt:
 Put case such pipe could prattle and
 boast forsooth,
 "I catch the birds, I am the crafty thing,
 I make the cry my maker cannot make
 With his great round mouth; he must
 blow through mine!"
 Would not I smash it with my foot? So
 He.

But wherefore rough, why cold and ill
 at ease?
 Aha, that is a question! Ask, for that,

What knows, — the something over Sete-
 bos
 That made Him, or He, may be, found
 and fought,
 Worst,ed, drove off and did to nothing,
 perchance.
 There may be something quiet o'er His
 head,
 Out of His reach, that feels nor joy nor
 grief,
 Since both derive from weakness in some
 way.
 I joy because the quails come; would
 not joy
 Could I bring quails here when I have a
 mind:
 This Quiet, all it hath a mind to, doth.
 'Esteemeth stars the outposts of its
 couch,
 But never spends much thought nor care
 that way.
 It may look up, work up, the worse for
 those
 It works on! 'Careth but for Setebos
 The many-handed as a cuttle-fish,
 Who, making Himself feared through
 what He does,
 Looks up, first, and perceives he cannot
 soar
 To what is quiet and hath happy life;
 Next looks down here, and out of very
 spite
 Makes this a bauble-world to ape yon
 real,
 These good things to match those as hips
 do grapes.
 'Tis solace making baubles, ay, and sport.
 Himself peeped late, eyed Prosper at his
 books
 Careless and lofty, lord now of the isle:
 Vexed, 'stitched a book of broad leaves,
 arrow-shaped,
 Wrote thereon, he knows what, prodigious
 words;
 Has peeled a wand and called it by a
 name;
 Weareth at whiles for an enchanter's
 robe
 The eyed skin of a supple oncelot;
 And hath an ounce sleeker than young-
 ling mole,
 A four-legged serpent he makes cower and
 couch,
 Now snarl, now hold its breath and
 mind his eye,
 And saith she is Miranda and my wife:

'Keeps for his Ariel a tall pouch-bill crane
 He bids go wade for fish and straight
 disgorge;
 Also a sea-beast, lumpish, which he
 snared,
 Blinded the eyes of and brought some-
 what tame,
 And split its toe-webs, and now pens the
 drudge
 In a hole o' the rock, and calls him Cali-
 ban;
 A bitter heart that bides its time and
 bites.
 'Plays thus at being Prosper in a way.
 Taketh his mirth with make-believes: so
 He.

His dam held that the Quiet made all
 things
 Which Setebos vexed only: 'holds not
 so.
 Who made them weak, meant weakness
 He might vex.
 Had He meant other, while His hand
 was in,
 Why not make horny eyes no thorn could
 prick,
 Or plate my scalp with bone against
 the snow,
 Or overscale my flesh 'neath joint and
 joint
 Like an orc's armor? Ay, — so spoil His
 sport!
 He is the One now: only He doth all.

'Saith, He may like, perchance, what
 profits him.
 Ay, himself loves what does him good;
 but why?
 'Gets good no otherwise. This blinded
 beast
 Loves whoso places flesh-meat on his
 nose,
 But, had he eyes, would want no help,
 but hate
 Or love, just as it liked him: he hath
 eyes.
 Also it pleases Setebos to work,
 Use all His hands, and exercise much
 craft,
 By no means for the love of what is
 worked.
 'Tasteth himself, no finer good i' the
 world
 When all goes right, in this safe summer-
 time,

And he wants little, hungers, aches not
 much,
 Than trying what to do with wit and
 strength.
 'Falls to make something: 'piled yon
 pile of turfs,
 And squared and stuck there squares of
 soft white chalk,
 And, with a fish-tooth, scratched a moon
 on each,
 And set up endwise certain spikes of
 tree,
 And crowned the whole with a sloth's
 skull a-top,
 Found dead i' the woods, too hard for one
 to kill.
 No use at all i' the work, for work's sole
 sake;
 'Shall some day knock it down again: so
 He.

'Saith He is terrible: watch His feats in
 proof!
 One hurricane will spoil six good months'
 hope.
 He hath a spite against me, that I know.
 Just as He favors Prosper, who knows
 why?
 So it is, all the same, as well I find.
 'Wove wattles half the winter, fenced
 them firm
 With stone and stake to stop she-tor-
 toises
 Crawling to lay their eggs here: well,
 one wave,
 Feeling the foot of Him upon its neck,
 Gaped as a snake does, lolled out its large
 tongue,
 And licked the whole labor flat: so much
 for spite.

'Saw a ball flame down late (yonder it lies)
 Where half an hour before, I slept i' the
 shade:
 Often they scatter sparkles: there is
 force!
 'Dug up a newt He may have envied
 once
 And turned to stone, shut up inside a
 stone.
 Please Him and hinder this? — What
 Prosper does?
 Aha, if He would tell me how! Not He!
 There is the sport: discover how or die!
 All need not die, for of the things o' the
 isle

Some flee afar, some dive, some run up
trees;

Those at His mercy, — why they please
Him most

When . . . when . . . well, never try
the same way twice!

Repeat what act has pleased, He may
grow wroth.

You must not know His ways, and play
Him off,

Sure of the issue. Doth the like himself:

'Spareth a squirrel that it nothing fears
But steals the nut from underneath my
thumb,

And when I threat, bites stoutly in de-
fence:

'Spareth an urchin that contrariwise,
Curls up into a ball, pretending death
For fright at my approach: the two ways
please.

But what would move my choler more
than this,

That either creature counted on its life
To-morrow and next day and all days to
come

Saying, forsooth, in the inmost of its
heart,

"Because he did so yesterday with me,
And otherwise with such another brute,
So must he do henceforth and always." —

Ay?

Would teach the reasoning couple what
"must" means!

'Doth as he likes, or wherefore Lord?
So He.

'Conceiveth all things will continue thus,
And we shall have to live in fear of Him
So long as He lives, keeps his strength:
no change,

If He have done His best, make no new
world

To please Him more, so leave off watch-
ing this, —

If He surprise not even the Quiet's self
Some strange day, — or, suppose, grow
into it

As grubs grow butterflies: else, here we
are,

And there is He, and nowhere help at all.

'Believeth with the life, the pain shall
stop.

His dam held different, that after death
He both plagued enemies and feasted
friends:

Idly! He doth His worst in this our life,
Giving just respite lest we die through
pain,

Saving last pain for worst, — with which,
and end.

Meanwhile, the best way to escape His ire
Is, not to seem too happy. 'Sees, him-
self,

Yonder two flies, with purple films and
pink,

Bask on the pompion-bell above: kills
both.

'Sees two black painful beetles roll their
ball

On head and tail as if to save their lives:
Moves them the stick away they strive
to clear.

Even so, 'would have him misconceive,
suppose

This Caliban strives hard and ails no less,
And always, above all else, envies Him;
Wherefore he mainly dances on dark
nights,

Moans in the sun, gets under holes to
laugh,

And never speaks his mind save housed
as now:

Outside, 'groans, curses. If He caught
me here,

O'erheard this speech, and asked "What
chucklest at?"

'Would, to appease Him, cut a finger off,
Or of my three kid yearlings burn the best,
Or let the toothsome apples rot on tree,
Or push my tame beast for the orc to
taste:

While myself lit a fire, and made a song
And sung it, "*What I hate, be consecrate,
To celebrate Thee and Thy state, no mate
For Thee; what see for envy in poor me?*"

Hoping the while, since evils sometimes
mend,

Warts rub away and sores are cured with
slime,

That some strange day, will either the
Quiet catch

And conquer Setebos, or likelier He
Decrepit may doze, doze, as good as die.

[What, what? A curtain o'er the world
at once!

Crickets stop hissing; not a bird — or,
yes,

There scuds His raven that has told Him
all!

It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha!
 The wind
 Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house
 o' the move,
 And fast invading fires begin! White
 blaze —
 A tree's head snaps — and there, there,
 there, there, there,
 Histhunder follows! Fool to gibe at
 Him!
 Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!
 'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper
 lip,
 Will let those quails fly, will not eat this
 month
 One little mess of wheelks, so he may
 'scape!]

1864.

CONFESSIONS

WHAT is he buzzing in my ears?
 "Now that I come to die,
 Do I view the world as a vale of tears?"
 Ah, reverend sir, not I!

What I viewed there once, what I view
 again
 Where the physic bottles stand
 On the table's edge, — is a suburb lane,
 With a wall to my bedside hand.

That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,
 From a house you could descry
 O'er the garden-wall; is the curtain blue
 Or green to a healthy eye?

To mine, it serves for the old June weather
 Blue above lane and wall;
 And that farthest bottle labelled "Ether"
 Is the house o'ertopping all.

At a terrace, somewhere near the stopper,
 There waited for me, one June,
 A girl: I know, sir, it's improper,
 My poor mind's out of tune.

Only, there was a way . . . you crept
 Close by the side, to dodge
 Eyes in the house, two eyes except:
 They styled their house "The Lodge."

What right had a lounge up their lane?
 But, by creeping very close,
 With the good wall's help, — their eyes
 might strain
 And stretch themselves to Oes,

Yet never catch her and me together,
 As she left the attic, there,
 By the rim of the bottle labelled "Ether,"
 And stole from stair to stair,

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate
 Alas,
 We loved, sir — used to meet:
 How sad and bad and mad it was —
 But, then, how it was sweet! 1864.

YOUTH AND ART

It once might have been, once only:
 We lodged in a street together,
 You, a sparrow on the house top lonely,
 I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
 You thumbed, thrust, patted and
 polished,
 Then laughed "They will see some day
 Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song;
 I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twit-
 tered,
 "Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
 And Grisi's existence embittered!"

I earned no more by a warble
 Than you by a sketch in plaster:
 You wanted a piece of marble,
 I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
 Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
 For air, looked out on the tiles,
 For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
 Cap and blouse — nay, a bit of beard
 too:
 Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
 With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I — soon managed to find
 Weak points in the flower-fence facing
 Was forced to put up a blind
 And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
 If you never turned your eye's tail up
 As I shook upon *E in alt*,
 Or ran the chromatic scale up:

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
In a pellet of clay and fling it?
Why did not I put a power
Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
(And yet the memory rankles,)
When models arrived, some minx
Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!
"That foreign fellow, — who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,
"Suppose we join hands and fortunes
And I fetch her from over the way,
Her, piano, and long tunes and short
tunes?"

No, no: you would not be rash,
Nor I rasher and something over:
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
I've married a rich old lord,
And you're dubbed knight and an R. A.

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired, — been
happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it forever.

1864.

A FACE

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless
mould
Of those two lips, which should be open-
ing soft

In the pure profile: not as when she
laughs,
For that spoils all: but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its
staff's

Burden of honey-colored buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for
this.

Then her lithe neck, three fingers might
surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold
ground

Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it
lifts!

I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces orb on orb
Breaking its outline, burning shades
absorb:

But these are only massed there, I should
think,

Waiting to see some wonder momentarily
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against
the sky

(That's the pale ground you'd see this
sweet face by),

All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into
one eye

Which fears to lose the wonder, should it
wink. 1864.

PROSPICE

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my
throat,

The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts
denote

I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the
storm,

The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a
visible form,

Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit
attained,

And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon
be gained,

The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!

I would hate that death bandaged my
eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare
 like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad
 life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to
 the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices
 that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace
 out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp
 thee again,
 And with God be the rest! 1861. 1864.

EPILOGUE

TO DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WITLESS alike of will and way divine,
 How heaven's high with earth's low
 should intertwine!
 Friends, I have seen through your eyes:
 now use mine!

Take the least man of all mankind, as I;
 Look at his head and heart, find how
 and why
 He differs from his fellows utterly:

Then, like me, watch when nature by
 degrees
 Grows alive round him, as in Arctic seas
 (They said of old) the instinctive water
 flees

Toward some elected point of central rock,
 As though, for its sake only, roamed the
 flock
 Of waves about the waste: awhile they
 mock

With radiance caught for the occasion,
 — hues
 Of blackest hell now, now such reds and
 blues
 As only heaven could fitly interfuse, —

The mimic monarch of the whirlpool king
 O' the current for a minute: then they
 wring
 Up by the roots and oversweep the thing,

And hasten off, to play again elsewhere
 The same part, choose another peak as
 bare,
 They find and flatter, feast and finish
 there.

When you see what I tell you, — nature
 dance
 About each man of us, retire, advance,
 As though the pageant's end were to
 enhance

His worth, and — once the life, his pro-
 duct, gained —
 Roll away elsewhere, keep the strife sus-
 tained,
 And show thus real, a thing the North but
 feigned —

When you acknowledge that one world
 could do
 All the diverse work, old yet ever new,
 Divide us, each from other, me from
 you, —

Why, where's the need of Temple, when
 the walls
 O' the world are that? What use of
 swells and falls
 From Levites' choir, Priests' cries, and
 trumpet-calls?

That one Face, far from vanish, rather
 grows,
 Or decomposes but to recompose,
 Become my universe that feels and
 knows! 1864.

DEDICATION OF THE RING AND
THE BOOK

END OF BOOK I

SUCH, British Public, ye who like me not,
 (God love you!) — whom I yet have
 labored for,
 Perchance more careful whoso runs may
 read
 Than erst when all, it seemed, could
 read who ran, —
 Perchance more careless whoso reads may
 praise
 Than late when he who praised and read
 and wrote
 Was apt to find himself the selfsame me, —
 Such labor had such issue, so I wrought

This arc, by furtherance of such alloy,
And so, by one spirt, take away its trace
Till, justifiably golden, rounds my ring.

A ring without a posy, and that ring
mine?

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire, —
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face, —
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart —
When the first summons from the dark-
ling earth

Reached thee amid thy chambers,
blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory — to drop
down,

To toil for man, to suffer or to die, —
This is the same voice: can thy soul
know change?

Hail then, and harken from the realms
of help!

Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of
thee,

Except with bent head and beseeching
hand —

That still, despite the distance and the
dark.

What was, again may be; some inter-
change

Of grace, some splendor once thy very
thought.

Some benediction anciently thy smile:
— Never conclude, but raising hand and
head

Thither where eyes, that cannot reach,
yet yearn

For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on, — so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven
thy home,

Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face
makes proud,

Some wanness where, I think, thy foot
may fall!

1868.

HERVÉ RIEL

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen
hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe
to France!

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-
skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a
shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint
Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with
the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his
great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winner of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take
us quick — or, quicker still,
Here 's the English can and will!"

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk
and leaped on board;
"Why what hope or chance have ships
like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all
the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her
twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the
single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a
craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would
you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked to-
gether stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the
vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:

For up stood, for out stepped, for in
struck amid all these
— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate
— first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by
Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the
Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we
here?" cries Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are
you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who
took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shal-
low, every swell,

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where
the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it
love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the
foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That
were worse than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth!
Sirs, believe me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a
passage I know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound:

And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why I've nothing but my life, — here's
my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait,
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the
squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were
the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel
that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"
— sure as fate,
Up the English come, — too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding
on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Cap-
tain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville. "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my
name's not Damfreville."

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 " Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point,
 what is it but a run? —
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
 Since the others go ashore —
 Come ! A good whole holiday !
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I
 call the Belle Aurore !"
 That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost :
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it
 befell ;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack.
 In memory of the man but for whom
 had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight
 whence England bore the bell.
 Go to Paris : rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank !
 You shall look long enough ere you come
 to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse,
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once
 more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love
 thy wife, the Belle Aurore ! 1871

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

PROLOGUE

AMPHIBIAN

THE fancy I had to-day,
 Fancy which turned a fear !
 I swam far out in the bay,
 Since waves laughed warm and clear.

I lay and looked at the sun,
 The noon-sun looked at me :
 Between us two, no one
 Live creature, that I could see.

Yes ! There came floating by
 Me, who lay floating too,
 Such a strange butterfly !
 Creature as dear as new :

Because the membraned wings
 So wonderful, so wide,
 So sun-suffused, were things
 Like soul and naught beside.

A handbreadth overhead !
 All of the sea my own,
 It owned the sky instead ;
 Both of us were alone.

I never shall join its flight,
 For, naught buoys flesh in air.
 If it touch the sea — good night !
 Death sure and swift waits there.

Can the insect feel the better
 For watching the uncouth play
 Of limbs that slip the fetter,
 Pretend as they were not clay ?

Undoubtedly I rejoice
 That the air comports so well
 With a creature which had the choice
 Of the land once. Who can tell ?

What if a certain soul
 Which early slipped its sheath,
 And has for its home the whole
 Of heaven, thus look beneath,

Thus watch one who, in the world,
 Both lives and likes life's way,
 Nor wishes the wings unfurled
 That sleep in the worm, they say ?

But sometimes when the weather
 Is blue, and warm waves tempt
 To free one's self of tether,
 And try a life exempt

From worldly noise and dust,
 In the sphere which overbrims
 With passion and thought, — why, just
 Unable to fly, one swims !

By passion and thought upborne,
 One smiles to one's self — " They fare
 Scarce better, they need not scorn
 Our sea, who live in the air !"

Emancipate through passion
And thought, with sea for sky,
We substitute, in a fashion,
For heaven — poetry :

Which sea, to all intent,
Gives flesh such noon-disport
As a finer element
Affords the spirit-sort.

Whatever they are, we seem :
Imagine the thing they know ;
All deeds they do, we dream ;
Can heaven be else but so ?

And meantime, yonder streak
Meets the horizon's verge ;
That is the land, to seek
If we tire or dread the surge

Land the solid and safe —
To welcome again (confess !)
When, high and dry, we chafe
The body, and don the dress.

Does she look, pity, wonder
At one who mimics flight,
Swims — heaven above, sea under,
Yet always earth in sight ?

EPILOGUE

THE HOUSEHOLDER

SAVAGE I was sitting in my house, late,
lone :

Dreary, weary with the long day's work :
Head of me, heart of me, stupid as a stone :
Tongue-tied now, now blaspheming
like a Turk ;

When, in a moment, just a knock, call,
cry,

Half a pang and all a rapture, there
again were we ! —

"What and is it really you again?"
quoth I :

"I again, what else did you expect?"
quoth She.

"Never mind, hie away from this old
house —

Every crumbling brick embrowned
with sin and shame !

Quick, in its corners ere certain shapes
arouse !

Let them — every devil of the night —
lay claim,

Make and mend, or rap and rend, for
me ! Good-by !

God be their guard from disturbance
at their glee,

Till, crash, comes down the carcass in a
heap !" quoth I :

"Nay, but there's a decency required !"
quoth She.

"Ah, but if you knew how time has
dragged, days, nights !

All the neighbor-talk with man and
maid — such men !

All the fuss and trouble of street-sounds,
window-sights :

All the worry of flapping door and echo-
ing roof ; and then,

All the fancies . . . Who were they had
leave, dared try

Darker arts that almost struck despair
in me ?

If you knew but how I dwelt down here !"
quoth I :

"And was I so better off up there?"
quoth She.

"Help and get it over ! *Reunited to his
wife*

(How draw up the paper lets the parish
people know ?)

*Lies M. or N., departed from this life,
Day the this or that, month and year the
so and so.*

What i' the way of final flourish ? Prose,
verse ? Try !

Affliction sore long time he bore, or, what
is it to be ?

Till God did please to grant him ease.
Do end !" quoth I :

"I end with — Love is all, and Death
is nought !" quoth She. 1872.

HOUSE

SHALL I sonnet-sing you about myself ?

Do I live in a house you would like to
see ?

Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf ?

"Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key ?"

Invite the world, as my betters have
done ?

"Take notice : this building remains on
view,

Its suites of reception every one,
Its private apartment and bedroom too ;

"For a ticket, apply to the Publisher."

No: thanking the public, I must decline.

A peep through my window, if folk prefer;
But, please you, no foot over threshold
of mine!

I have mixed with a crowd and heard
free talk

In a foreign land where an earthquake
chanced

And a house stood gaping, naught to balk
Man's eye wherever he gazed or glanced.

The whole of the frontage shaven sheer,
The inside gaped: exposed to day,
Right and wrong and common and queer,
Bare, as the palm of your hand, it lay.

The owner? Oh, he had been crushed,
no doubt!

"Odd tables and chairs for a man of
wealth!

What a parcel of musty old books about!
He smoked, — no wonder he lost his
health!

"I doubt if he bathed before he dressed.
A brasier? — the pagan, he burned
perfumes!

You see it is proved, what the neighbors
guessed:

His wife and himself had separate
rooms."

Friends, the good man of the house at
least

Kept house to himself till an earth-
quake came:

'Tis the fall of its frontage permits you
feast

On the inside arrangement you praise
or blame.

Outside should suffice for evidence:

And whoso desires to penetrate

Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense —
No optics like yours, at any rate!

"Hoity-toity! A street to explore,
Your house the exception! *'With this
same key*

Shakespeare unlocked his heart!'" —
Once more,

*Did Shakespeare? If so, the less
Shakespeare he!* 1876.

FEARS AND SCRUPLES

HERE'S my case. Of old I used to love
him,

This same unseen friend, before I
knew:

Dream there was none like him, none
above him, —

Wake to hope and trust my dream was
true.

Loved I not his letters full of beauty?

Not his actions famous far and wide?

Absent, he would know I vowed him
duty;

Present, he would find me at his side.

Pleasant fancy! for I had but letters,

Only knew of actions by hearsay:

He himself was busied with my betters;

What of that? My turn must come
some day.

"Some day" proving — no day! Here's
the puzzle.

Passed and passed my turn is. Why
complain?

He's so busied! If I could but muzzle
People's foolish mouths that give me
pain!

"Letters?" (hear them!) "You a judge
of writing?

Ask the experts! How they shake the
head

O'er these characters, your friend's in-
diting —

Call them forgery from A to Z!

"Actions? Where's your certain proof"
(they bother)

"He, of all you find so great and
good,

He, he only, claims this, that, the other
Action — claimed by men, a multi-
tude?"

I can simply wish I might refute you,
Wish my friend would, — by a word, a
wink, —

Bid me stop that foolish mouth, — you
brute you!

He keeps absent, — why, I cannot
think.

Never mind! Though foolishness may
flout me,
One thing's sure enough: 'tis neither
frost,
No, nor fire, shall freeze or burn from
out me
Thanks for truth — though falsehood,
gained — though lost.

All my days, I'll go the softlier, sadlier,
For that dream's sake! How forget
the thrill
Through and through me as I thought
"The gladlier
Lives my friend because I love him still!"

Ah, but there's a menace some one utters!
"What and if your friend at home play
tricks?

Peep at hide-and-seek behind the shutters?
Mean your eyes should pierce through
solid bricks?

"What and if he, frowning, wake you,
dreamy?
Lay on you the blame that bricks —
conceal?

Say, '*At least I saw who did not see me,
Does see now, and presently shall feel*'?

"Why, that makes your friend a mon-
ster!" say you:

"Had his house no window? At first
nod,

Would you not have hailed him?"
Hush, I pray you!

What if this friend happened to be —
God?
1876.

NATURAL MAGIC

ALL I can say is — I saw it!
The room was as bare as your hand.
I locked in the swarth little lady, — I
swear,
From the head to the foot of her — well,
quite as bare!
"No Nautch shall cheat me," said I, "tak-
ing my stand
At this bolt which I draw!" And this
bolt — I withdraw it,
And there laughs the lady, not bare, but
embowered
With — who knows what verdure, o'er-
fruited, o'erflowered?
Impossible! Only — I saw it!

All I can sing is — I feel it!
This life was as blank as that room;
I let you pass in here. Precaution, in-
deed?
Walls, ceiling and floor, — not a chance
for a weed!
Wide opens the entrance: where's cold
now, where's gloom?
No May to sow seed here, no June to
reveal it,
Behold you enshrined in these blooms of
your bringing,
These fruits of your bearing — nay, birds
of your winging!
A fairy-tale! Only — I feel it! 1876.

MAGICAL NATURE

FLOWER — I never fancied, jewel — I
profess you!
Bright I see and soft I feel the outside
of a flower.
Save but glow inside and — jewel, I
should guess you,
Dim to sight and rough to touch: the
glory is the dower.

You, forsooth, a flower? Nay, my love,
a jewel —

Jewel at no mercy of a moment in
your prime!

Time may fray the flower-face: kind be
time or cruel,

Jewel, from each facet, flash your
laugh at time! 1876.

APPEARANCES

AND so you found that poor room dull,
Dark, hardly to your taste, my dear?
Its features seemed unbeautiful:

But this I know — 'twas there, not
here,

You plighted troth to me, the word
Which — ask that poor room how it
heard.

And this rich room obtains your praise
Unqualified, — so bright, so fair,
So all whereat perfection stays?

Ay, but remember — here, not there,
The other word was spoken! — Ask
This rich room how you dropped the
mask!
1876.

EPILOGUE

TO THE PACCHIAROTTO VOLUME

μεστοὶ . . .

οἱ δ' ἀμφορῆς οἴνου μέλαρος ἀνθοσμίου.

"THE poets pour us wine —"

Said the dearest poet I ever knew,
Dearest and greatest and best to me.
You clamor athirst for poetry —
We pour. "But when shall a vintage
be" —

You cry — "strong grape, squeezed gold
from screw,
Yet sweet juice, flavored flowery-fine?
That were indeed the wine!"

One pours your cup — stark strength.
Meat for a man; and you eye the
pulp
Strained, turbid still, from the viscous
blood
Of the snaky bough: and you grumble
"Good!

For it swells resolve, breeds hardihood;
Dispatch it, then, in a single gulp!"
So, down, with a wry face, goes at length
The liquor: stuff for strength.

One pours your cup — sheer sweet,
The fragrant fumes of a year condensed:
Suspicion of all that's ripe or rathe,
From the bud on branch to the grass in
swathe,
"We suck mere milk of the seasons,"
saith
A curl of each nostril — "dew, dispensed
Nowise for nerving man to feat:
Boys sip such honeyed sweet!"

And thus who wants wine strong,
Waves each sweet smell of the year
away;
Who likes to swoon as the sweets suffuse
His brain with a mixture of beams and
dews
Turned syrupy drink — rough strength
eschews;
"What though in our veins your wine-
stock stay?
The lack of the bloom does our palate
wrong.
Give us wine sweet, not strong!"

Yet wine is — some affirm —

Prime wine is found in the world some-
where,
Of portable strength with sweet to match.
You double your heart its dose, yet
catch —
As the draught descends — a violet-
smatch,
Softness — however it came there,
Through drops expressed by the fire and
worm:
Strong sweet wine — some affirm.

Body and bouquet both?
'Tis easy to ticket a bottle so;
But what was the case in the cask, my
friends?
Cask? Nay, the vat — where the maker
mends
His strong with his sweet (you suppose)
and blends
His rough with his smooth, till none
can know
How it comes you may tipple, nothing
loth,
Body and bouquet both.

"You" being just — the world.
No poets — who turn, themselves, the
winch
Of the press; no critics — I'll even say,
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day,) —
Who for love of the work have learned
the way
Till themselves produce home-made,
at a pinch:
No! You are the world, and wine ne'er
purled
Except to please the world!

"For, oh the common heart!
And, ah the irremissible sin
Of poets who please themselves, not us!
Strong wine yet sweet wine pouring thus!
How please still — Pindar and Æschylus!
Drink — dipped into by the bearded
chin
Alike and the bloomy lip — no part
Denied the common heart!

"And might we get such grace,
And did you moderns but stock our
vault
With the true half-brandied half-attar-gul,
How would seniors indulge at a hearty
pull

While juniors tossed off their thimbleful!
 Our Shakespeare and Milton escaped
 your fault,
 So, they reign supreme o'er the weaker
 race
 That wants the ancient grace!"

If I paid myself with words
 (As the French say well) I were dupe
 indeed!

I were found in belief that you quaffed
 and bowed

At your Shakespeare the whole day long,
 caroused

In your Milton pottle-deep nor drowsed
 A moment of night — toped on, took
 heed

Of nothing like modern cream-and-curds.
 Pay me with deeds, not words!

For — see your cellarage!

There are forty barrels with Shake-
 speare's brand.

Some five or six are abroach: the rest
 Stand spigoted, fauceted. Try and test
 What yourselves call best of the very
 best!

How comes it that still untouched they
 stand?

Why don't you try tap, advance a stage
 With the rest in the cellarage?

For — see your cellarage!

There are four big butts of Milton's
 brew.

How comes it you make old drips and
 drops

Do duty, and there devotion stops?

Leave such an abyss of malt and hops
 Embellied in butts which bungs still
 glue?

You hate your bard! A fig for your
 rage!

Free him from cellarage!

'Tis said I brew stiff drink,

But the deuce a flavor of grape is there.
 Hardly a May-go-down, 'tis just

A sort of a gruff Go-down-it-must —

No Merry-go-down, no gracious gust
 Commingles the racy with Springtide's
 rare!

"What wonder," say you, "that we
 cough, and blink

At Autumn's heady drink?"

Is it a fancy, friends?

Mighty and mellow are never mixed,
 Though mighty and mellow born at once,
 Sweet for the future, — strong for the
 nonce!

Stuff you should stow away, ensconce
 In the deep and dark, to be found fast-
 fixed

At the century's close: such time strength
 spends

A-sweetening for my friends!

And then — why, what you quaff

With a smack of lip and a cluck of
 tongue,

Is leakage and leavings — just what haps
 From the tun some learned taster taps

With a promise "Prepare your watery
 chaps!

Here's properest wine for old and
 young!

Dispute its perfection? You make us
 laugh!

Have faith, give thanks, but —
 quaff!"

Leakage, I say, or — worse —

Leavings suffice, pot-valiant souls.

Somebody, brimful, long ago,
 Frothed flagon he drained to the dregs;
 and, lo,

Down whisker and beard what an over-
 flow!

Lick spilth that has trickled from
 classic jowls,

Sup the single scene, sip the only verse —
 Old wine, not new and worse!

I grant you: worse by much!

Renounce that new where you never
 gained

One glow at heart, one gleam at head,
 And stick to the warrant of age instead!
 No dwarf's-lap! Fatten, by giants fed!

You fatten, with oceans of drink un-
 drained?

You feed — who would choke did a cob-
 web smutch

The Age you love so much?

A mine's beneath a moor:

Acres of moor roof fathoms of mine
 Which diamonds dot where you please
 to dig;

Yet who plies spade for the bright and
 big?

Your product is — truffles, you hunt with
a pig!

Since bright-and-big, when a man
would dine,
Suits badly: and therefore the Kohinoor
May sleep in mine 'neath moor!

Wine, pulse in might from me!

It may never emerge in must from vat,
Never fill cask nor furnish can,
Never end sweet, which strong began —
God's gift to gladden the heart of man;

But spirit's at proof, I promise that!
No sparing of juice spoils what should be
Fit brewage — mine for me.

Man's thoughts and loves and hates!

Earth is my vineyard, these grew there:
From grape of the ground, I made or
marred

My vintage; easy the task or hard,

Who set it — his praise be my reward!

Earth's yield! Who yearn for the
Dark Blue Sea's,
Let them "lay, pray, bray" — the addle-
pates!

Mine be Man's thoughts, loves,
hates!

But some one says, "Good Sir!"

('Tis a worthy versed in what concerns
The making such labor turn out well,)
"You don't suppose that the nosegay-
smell

Needs always come from the grape?
Each bell

At your foot, each bud that your cul-
ture spurns

The very cowslip would act like myrrh
On the stiffest brew — good Sir!

"Cowslips, abundant birth

O'er meadow and hillside, vineyard too,
— Like a schoolboy's scrawlings in and
out

Distasteful lesson-book — all about
Greece and Rome, victory and rout —

Love-verses instead of such vain ado!
So, fancies frolic it o'er the earth
Where thoughts have rightlier birth.

"Nay, thoughtlings they themselves;

Loves, hates — in little and less and
least!

Thoughts? 'What is a man beside a
mount!'

Loves? '*Absent — poor lovers the minutes
count!*'

Hates? '*Fie — Pope's letters to Martha
Blount!*'

These furnish a wine for a children's
feast:

Insipid to man, they suit the elves

Like thoughts, loves, hates them-
selves."

And, friends, beyond dispute

I too have the cowslips dewy and dear.
Punctual as Springtide forth peep they:
I leave them to make my meadow gay.
But I ought to pluck and impound them,
eh?

Not let them alone, but deftly shear
And shred and reduce to — what may
suit

Children, beyond dispute?

And, here's May-month, all bloom,

All bounty: what if I sacrifice?
If I out with shears and shear, nor stop
Shearing till prostrate, lo, the crop?
And will you prefer it to ginger-pop

When I've made you wine of the mem-
ories

Which leave as bare as a churchyard
tomb

My meadow, late all bloom?

Nay, what ingratitude

Should I hesitate to amuse the wits
That have pulled so long at my flask,
nor grugged

The headache that paid their pains, nor
budded

From bunghole before they sighed and
judged

"Too rough for our taste, to-day,
befits

The racy and right when the years con-
clude!"

Out on ingratitude!

Grateful or ingrate — none,

No cowslip of all my fairy crew
Shall help to concoct what makes you
wink,

And goes to your head till you think you
think!

I like them alive: the printer's ink
Would sensibly tell on the perfume too.

I may use up my nettles, ere I've done;
But of cowslips — friends get none!

Don't nettles make a broth
 Wholesome for blood grown lazy and
 thick?
 Maws out of sorts make mouths out of
 taste.
 My Thirty-four Port — no need to waste
 On a tongue that's fur and a palate —
 paste!
 A magnum for friends who are sound!
 the sick —
 I'll posset and cosset them, nothing loth,
 Henceforward with nettle-broth!
 1876.

LA SAISIAZ

PROLOGUE

GOOD, to forgive;
 Best, to forget!
 Living, we fret;
 Dying, we live.
 Fretless and free,
 Soul, clap thy pinion.
 Earth have dominion,
 Body, o'er thee!

Wander at will,
 Day after day,
 Wander away,
 Wandering still —
 Soul that canst soar!
 Body may slumber:
 Body shall cumber
 Soul-flight no more.

Waft of soul's wing!
 What lies above?
 Sunshine and Love
 Skyblue and Spring!
 Body hides — where?
 Ferns of all feather,
 Mosses and heather,
 Yours be the care!
 1878.

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

PROLOGUE

SUCH a starved bank of moss
 Till, that May-morn,
 Blue ran the flash across:
 Violets were born!
 Sky — what a scowl of cloud
 Till, near and far,
 Ray on ray split the shroud:
 Splendid, a star!

World — how it walled about
 Live with disgrace
 Till God's own smile came out:
 That was thy face!

EPILOGUE

What a pretty tale you told me
 Once upon a time
 — Said you found it somewhere (scold me!)
 Was it prose or was it rhyme,
 Greek or Latin? Greek, you said,
 While your shoulder propped my head.

Anyhow there's no forgetting
 This much if no more,
 That a poet (pray, no petting)
 Yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore,
 Went where suchlike used to go,
 Singing for a prize, you know.

Well, he had to sing, nor merely
 Sing but play the lyre;
 Playing was important clearly
 Quite as singing: I desire.
 Sir, you keep the fact in mind
 For a purpose that's behind.

There stood he, while deep attention
 Held the judges round,
 — Judges able, I should mention,
 To detect the slightest sound
 Sung or played amiss: such ears
 Had old judges, it appears!

None the less he sang out boldly,
 Played in time and tune,
 Till the judges, weighing coldly
 Each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,
 Sure to smile "In vain one tries
 Picking faults out: take the prize!"

When, a mischief! Were they seven
 Strings the lyre possessed?
 Oh, and afterwards eleven,
 Thank you! Well, sir, — who had
 guessed
 Such ill luck in store? — it happened
 One of those same seven strings snapped.

All was lost, then! No! a cricket
 (What "cicada"? Pooh!)
 — Some mad thing that left its thicket
 For mere love of music — flew
 With its little heart on fire,
 Lighted on the crippled lyre.

So that when (Ah, joy!) our singer
 For his truant string
 Feels with disconcerted finger,
 What does cricket else but fling
 Fiery heart forth, sound the note
 Wanted by the throbbing throat?

Ay and, ever to the ending,
 Cricket chirps at need,
 Executes the hand's intending,
 Promptly, perfectly, — indeed
 Saves the singer from defeat
 With her chirrup low and sweet.

Till, at ending, all the judges
 Cry with one assent
 "Take the prize — a prize who grudges
 Such a voice and instrument?
 Why, we took your lyre for harp,
 So it shrilled us forth F sharp!"

Did the conqueror spurn the creature,
 Once its service done?
 That's no such uncommon feature
 In the case when Music's son
 Finds his Lotte's power too spent
 For aiding soul-development.

No! This other, on returning
 Homeward, prize in hand,
 Satisfied his bosom's yearning:
 (Sir, I hope you understand!)
 — Said "Some record there must be
 Of this cricket's help to me!"

So, he made himself a statue:
 Marble stood, life-size;
 On the lyre, he pointed at you,
 Perched his partner in the prize;
 Never more apart you found
 Her, he throned, from him, she crowned.

That's the tale: its application?
 Somebody I know
 Hopes one day for reputation
 Through his poetry that's — Oh,
 All so learned and so wise
 And deserving of a prize!

If he gains one, will some ticket,
 When his statue's built,
 Tell the gazer "Twas a cricket
 Helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt
 Sweet and low, when strength usurped
 Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped?

"For as victory was highest,
 While I sang and played, —
 With my lyre at lowest, highest,
 Right alike, — one string that made
 'Love' sound soft was snapt in twain
 Never to be heard again, —

"Had not a kind cricket fluttered,
 Perched upon the place
 Vacant left, and duly uttered
 'Love, Love, Love,' whene'er the bass
 Asked the treble to atone
 For its somewhat sombre drone."

But you don't know music! Wherefore
 Keep on casting pearls
 To a — poet? All I care for
 Is — to tell him that a girl's
 "Love" comes aptly in when gruff
 Grows his singing. (There, enough!)
 1878.

TRAY

SING me a hero! Quench my thirst
 Of soul, ye bards!

Quoth Bard the first:
 "Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don
 His helm and eke his habergeon" . . .
 Sir Olaf and his bard!

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard
 the second),
 "That eye wide ope as though Fate
 beckoned
 My hero to some steep, beneath
 Which precipice smiled tempting
 death" . . .
 You too without your host have reck-
 oned;

"A beggar child" (let's hear this third!)
 "Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird
 Sang to herself at careless play,
 And fell into the stream. 'Dismay!
 Help, you the standers-by!' None stirred.

"Bystanders reason, think of wives
 And children ere they risk their lives.
 Over the balustrade has bounced
 A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
 Plumb on the prize. 'How well he dives!

"Up he comes with the child, see, tight
 In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite

“John, go and catch — or, if needs be,
Purchase that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog’s soul, we’ll see!”
1879.

ECHETLOS

But one man kept no rank, and his sole
arm plied no spear,
As a flashing came and went, and a form
i' the van, the rear,
Brightened the battle up, for he blazed
now there, how here.

Not anywhere on view blazed the large
limbs thonged and brown,
Shearing and clearing still with the share
before which — down
To the dust went Persia's pomp, as he
ploughed for Greece, that clown!

Not the great name! Sing — woe for the
great name Mŕtiadés
And its end at Paros isle! Woe for
Themistokles
— Satrap in Sardis court! Name not the
clown like these! 1880.

EPILOGUE TO DRAMATIC IDYLS

“TOUCH him ne’er so lightly, into song
he broke :
Soil so quick-receptive, — not one
feather-seed,

Not one flower-dust fell but straight its
fall awoke
Vitalizing virtue: song would song suc-
ceed
Sudden as spontaneous — prove a poet-
soul!"

Indeed?

Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard
and bare:

Sun and dew their mildness, storm and
frost their rage

Vainly both expend, — few flowers
awaken there:

Quiet in its cleft broods — what the after-
age

Knows and names a pine, a nation's
heritage.¹ 1880.

WANTING IS — WHAT?

WANTING is — what?

Summer redundant,

Blueness abundant,

— Where is the blot?

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the
same,

— Framework which waits for a picture
to frame:

What of the leafage, what of the flower?

Roses embowering with naught they
embower!

Come then, complete incompleteness, O
comer,

Pant through the blueness, perfect the
summer!

Breathe but one breath

Rose-beauty above,

And all that was death

Grows life, grows love,

Grows love!

1883.

ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE

ONE day, it thundered and lightened.

Two women, fairly frightened,

Sank to their knees, transformed, trans-
fixed,

At the feet of the man who sat betwixt;

¹ Having been criticized for speaking thus of his own work (as well he might, if he chose), Browning wrote the following lines in an album, for an American girl, at Venice:

Thus I wrote in London, musing on my betters,
Poets dead and gone; and lo, the critics cried,
"Out on such a boast!" as if I dreamed that fet-
ters

Binding Dante bind up — me! as if true pride
Were not also humble! . . .

And "Mercy!" cried each — "if I tell
the truth
Of a passage in my youth!"

Said This: "Do you mind the morning
I met your love with scorning?

As the worst of the venom left my lips,
I thought, 'If, despite this lie, he strips
The mask from my soul with a kiss — I
crawl

His slave, — soul, body, and all!"

Said That: "We stood to be married;
The priest, or some one, tarried;
'If Paradise-door prove locked?' smiled
you.

I thought, as I nodded, smiling too,
'Did one, that's away, arrive — nor late
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate!"

It ceased to lighten and thunder.

Up started both in wonder,

Looked round and saw that the sky was
clear,

Then laughed "Confess you believed us,
Dear!"

"I saw through the joke!" the man
replied.

They re-seated themselves beside.

1883.

NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE

NEVER the time and the place

And the loved one all together!

This path — how soft to pace!

This May — what magic weather!

Where is the loved one's face?

In a dream that loved one's face meets
mine,

But the house is narrow, the place is
bleak

Where, outside, rain and wind combine

With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,

With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,

With a malice that marks each word,
each sign!

O enemy sly and serpentine,

Uncoil thee from the waking man!

Do I hold the Past

Thus firm and fast

Yet doubt if the Future hold I can?

This path so soft to pace shall lead

Through the magic of May to herself
indeed!

Or narrow if needs the house must be,
Outside are the storms and strangers:
 we —
Oh, close, safe, warm, sleep I and she,
— I and she. 1883.

SONGS FROM FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

ROUND us the wild creatures, overhead
 the trees,
Underfoot the moss-tracks, — life and
 love with these!
I to wear a fawn-skin, thou to dress in
 flowers:
All the long lone summer-day, that
 greenwood life of ours!
Rich-pavilioned, rather, — still the world
 without, —
Inside — gold-roofed silk-walled silence
 round about!
Queen it thou on purple, — I, at watch
 and ward,
Couched beneath the columns, gaze, thy
 slave, love's guard!

So, for us no world? Let throngs press
 thee to me!
Up and down amid men, heart by heart
 fare we!
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice,
 hateful face!
God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls
 should souls have place.

WISH no word unspoken, want no look
 away!
What if words were but mistake, and
 looks — too sudden, say!
Be unjust for once, Love! Bear it — well
 I may!

Do me justice always? Bid my heart —
 their shrine —
Render back its store of gifts, old looks
 and words of thine
— Oh, so all unjust — the less deserved,
 the more divine?

FIRE is in the flint: true, once a spark
 escapes.
Fire forgets the kinship, soars till fancy
 shapes
Some befitting cradle where the babe had
 birth —

Wholly heaven's the product, unallied
 to earth.
Splendors recognized as perfect in the
 star!
In our flint their home was, housed as
 now they are.

VERSE-MAKING was least of my virtues:
 I viewed with despair
Wealth that never yet was but might be
 — all that verse-making were
If the life would but lengthen to wish, let
 the mind be laid bare.
So I said "To do little is bad, to do nothing
 is worse" — And made verse.

Love-making, — how simple a matter!
 No depths to explore,
No heights in a life to ascend! No dis-
 heartening Before,
No affrighting Hereafter, — love now will
 be love evermore.
So I felt "To keep silence were folly"
 — all language above, I made love.

Ask not one least word of praise!
 Words declare your eyes are bright?
What then meant that summer day's
 Silence spent in one long gaze?
 Was my silence wrong or right?

Words of praise were all to seek!
 Face of you and form of you,
Did they find the praise so weak
 When my lips just touched your cheek —
 Touch which let my soul come through?

"Why from the world," Ferishtah smiled,
 "should thanks
Go to this work of mine? If worthy
 praise,
Praised let it be and welcome: as verse
 ranks,
So rate my verse: if good therein out-
 weighs
Aught faulty judged, judge justly!
 Justice says:
Be just to fact, or blaming or approving:
But — generous? No, nor loving!

"Loving! what claim to love has work
 of mine?
Concede my life were emptied of its
 gains
To furnish forth and fill work's strict
 confine,

Who works so for the world's sake —
 he complains
 With cause when hate, not love,
 rewards his pains.
 I looked beyond the world for truth and
 beauty:
 Sought, found, and did my duty."

1884.

WHY I AM A LIBERAL

"WHY?" Because all I haply can and do,
 All that I am now, all I hope to be, —
 Whence comes it save from fortune set-
 ting free
 Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
 God traced for both? If fetters not a few,
 Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
 These shall I bid men — each in his
 degree

Also God-guided — bear, and gayly, too?

But little do or can the best of us:
 That little is achieved through Liberty.
 Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
 His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
 Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
 A brother's right to freedom. That is
 "Why."

1885.

ROSNY

WOE, he went galloping into the war,
 Clara, Clara!

Let us two dream: shall he 'scape with a
 scar?

Scarcely disfigurement, rather a grace
 Making for manhood which nowise we
 mar:

See, while I kiss it, the flush on his
 face —

Rosny, Rosny!

Light does he laugh: "With your love
 in my soul"

(Clara, Clara!)

"How could I other than — sound, safe,
 and whole —

Cleave who opposed me asunder, yet
 stand

Scatheless beside you, as, touching love's
 goal,

Who won the race kneels, craves reward
 at your hand —

Rosny, Rosny?"

Ay, but if certain who envied should see!
 Clara, Clara,

Certain who simper: "The hero for me
 Hardly of life were so chary as miss
 Death — death and fame — that's love's
 guerdon when She

Boasts, proud bereaved one, her choice
 fell on this

Rosny, Rosny!"

So, — go on dreaming, — he lies mid a heap
 (Clara, Clara,)

Of the slain by his hand: what is death
 but a sleep?

Dead, with my portrait displayed on
 his breast:

Love wrought his undoing: "No pru-
 dence could keep

The love-maddened wretch from his
 fate." That is best,

Rosny, Rosny!

1889.

POETICS

"So say the foolish!" Say the foolish
 so, Love?

"Flower she is, my rose" — or else,

"My very swan is she" —

Or perhaps, "Yon maid-moon, blessing
 earth below, Love,

That art thou!" — to them, belike: no
 such vain words from me.

"Hush, rose, blush! no balm like breath,"
 I chide it:

"Bend thy neck its best, swan, — hers
 the whiter curve!"

Be the moon the moon: my Love I place
 beside it:

What is she? Her human self, — no
 lower word will serve. 1889.

SUMMUM BONUM

ALL the breath and the bloom of the
 year in the bag of one bee:

All the wonder and wealth of the mine
 in the heart of one gem:

In the core of one pearl all the shade and
 the shine of the sea:

Breath and bloom, shade and shine, —
 wonder, wealth, and — how far
 above them —

Truth, that's brighter than gem,

Trust, that's purer than pearl —

Brightest truth, purest trust in the
 universe — all were for me

In the kiss of one girl. 1889.

A PEARL, A GIRL

A SIMPLE ring with a single stone,
 To the vulgar eye no stone of price:
 Whisper the right word, that alone —
 Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,
 And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern
 scroll)
 Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole
 Through the power in a pearl.

A woman ('tis I this time that say)
 With little the world counts worthy
 praise;
 Utter the true word — out and away
 Escapes her soul: I am wrapt in blaze,
 Creation's lord, of heaven and earth
 Lord whole and sole — by a minute's
 birth —
 Through the love in a girl! 1889.

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG

FROWNED the Laird on the Lord: "So,
 redhanded I catch thee?"

Death-doomed by our Law of the
 Border!

We've gallows outside and a chiel to dis-
 patch thee:

Who trespasses — hangs: all's in
 order."

He met frown with smile, did the young
 English gallant:

Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, Hus-
 band, I beg!"

He's comely: be merciful! Grace for
 the callant

— If he marries our Muckle-mouth
 Meg!"

"No mile-wide-mouthed monster of
 yours do I marry:

Grant rather the gallows!" laughed he.

"Foul fare kith and kin of you — why do
 you tarry?"

"To tame your fierce temper!" quoth
 she.

"Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him
 fast for a week:

Cold, darkness, and hunger work
 wonders:

Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion
 will squeak,

And 'it rains' soon succeed to 'it thun-
 ders.'"

A week did he bide in the cold and the
 dark

— Not hunger: for duly at morning
 In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark
 Chirped, "Muckle-mouth Meg still
 ye're scorning?"

"Go hang, but here's parritch to hearten
 ye first!"

"Did Meg's Muckle-mouth boast
 within some

Such music as yours, mine should match
 it or burst:

No frog-jaws! So tell folk, my Win-
 some!"

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's
 door set wide,

Out he marched, and there waited the
 lassie:

"Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg
 for a bride!

Consider! Sky's blue and turf's
 grassy:

Life's sweet: shall I say ye wed
 Muckle-mouth Meg?"

"Not I," quoth the stout heart: "too
 eerie

The mouth that can swallow a bubbly-
 jock's egg;

Shall I let it munch mine? Never,
 Dearie!"

"Not Muckle-mouth Meg? Wow, the
 obstinate man!

Perhaps he would rather wed me!"

"Ay, would he — with just for a dowry
 your can!"

"I'm Muckle-mouth Meg," chirruped
 she.

"Then so — so — so — so" as he kissed
 her apace —

"Will I widen thee out till thou turnest
 From Margaret Minnikin-mou', by God's
 grace,

To Muckle-mouth Meg in good
 earnest!" 1889.

DEVELOPMENT

My Father was a scholar and knew Greek.
 When I was five years old, I asked him
 once

"What do you read about?"

"The siege of Troy."

"What is a siege, and what is Troy?"

Whereat
He piled up chairs and tables for a town,
Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat
— Helen, enticed away from home (he
said)

By wicked Paris, who couched some-
where close

Under the footstool, being cowardly,
But whom — since she was worth the
pains, poor puss —

Towzer and Tray, — our dogs, the Atrei-
dai, — sought

By taking Troy to get possession of
— Always when great Achilles ceased to
sulk,

(My pony in the stable) — forth would
prance

And put to flight Hector — our page-
boy's self.

This taught me who was who and what
was what:

So far I rightly understood the case
At five years old; a huge delight it proved
And still proves — thanks to that in-
structor sage

My Father, who knew better than turn
straight

Learning's full flare on weak-eyed igno-
rance,

Or, worse yet, leave weak eyes to grow
sand-blind,

Content with darkness and vacuity.

It happened, two or three years afterward,
That — I and playmates playing at
Troy's Siege —

My Father came upon our make-believe.
"How would you like to read yourself the
tale

Properly told, of which I gave you first
Merely such notion as a boy could bear?
Pope, now, would give you the precise
account

Of what, some day, by dint of scholarship,
You'll hear — who knows? — from
Homer's very mouth.

Learn Greek by all means, read the 'Blind
Old Man,

Sweetest of Singers' — *tuphlos* which
means 'blind,'

Hedistos which means 'sweetest.' Time
enough!

Try, anyhow, to master him some day;
Until when, take what serves for sub-
stitute,

Read Pope, by all means!"

So I ran through Pope,
Enjoyed the tale — what history so true?
Also attacked my Primer, duly drudged,
Grew fitter thus for what was promised
next —

The very thing itself, the actual words,
When I could turn — say, Buttmann to
account.

Time passed, I ripened somewhat: one
fine day,

"Quite ready for the Iliad, nothing less?
There's Heine, where the big books block
the shelf:

Don't skip a word, thumb well the
Lexicon!"

I thumbed well and skipped nowise till I
learned

Who was who, what was what, from
Homer's tongue,

And there an end of learning. Had you
asked

The all-accomplished scholar, twelve
years old,

"Who was it wrote the Iliad?" — what a
laugh!

"Why, Homer, all the world knows: of
his life

Doubtless some facts exist: it's every-
where:

We have not settled, though, his place of
birth:

He begged, for certain, and was blind
beside:

Seven cities claimed him — Scio, with
best right,

Thinks Byron. What he wrote? Those
Hymns we have.

Then there's the 'Battle of the Frogs
and Mice,'

That's all — unless they dig 'Margites' up
(I'd like that) nothing more remains to
know."

Thus did youth spend a comfortable
time;

Until — "What's this the Germans say in
fact

That Wolf found out first? It's un-
pleasant work

Their chop and change, unsettling one's
belief:

All the same, where we live, we learn,
that's sure."

So, I bent brow o'er *Prolegomena*.
And after Wolf, a dozen of his like
Proved there was never any Troy at all,
Neither Besiegers nor Besieged, — nay,
worse, —

No actual Homer, no authentic text,
No warrant for the fiction I, as fact,
Had treasured in my heart and soul so
long —

Ay, mark you! and as fact held still, still
hold,

Spite of new knowledge, in my heart of
hearts

And soul of souls, fact's essence freed and
fixed

From accidental fancy's guardian sheath.
Assuredly thenceforward — thank my
stars, —

However it got there, deprive who
could —

Wring from the shrine my precious ten-
antry,

Helen, Ulysses, Hector and his Spouse,
Achilles and his Friend? — though Wolf
— ah, Wolf!

Why must he needs come doubting, spoil
a dream?

But then, "No dream's worth waking" —
Browning says:

And here's the reason why I tell thus
much.

I, now mature man, you anticipate,
May blame my Father justifiably
For letting me dream out my nonage thus,
And only by such slow and sure degrees
Permitting me to sift the grain from chaff,
Get truth and falsehood known and
named as such.

Why did he ever let me dream at all,
Not bid me taste the story in its strength?
Suppose my childhood was scarce quali-
fied

To rightly understand mythology,
Silence at least was in his power to keep:
I might have — somehow — correspond-
ingly —

Well, who knows by what method,
gained my gains,
Been taught, by forthrights not meander-
ings,

My aim should be to loathe, like Peleus'
son,

A lie as Hell's Gate, love my wedded wife,
Like Hector, and so on with all the rest.
Could not I have excogitated this

Without believing such men really were?
That is — he might have put into my
hand

The "Ethics"? In translation, if you
please,

Exact, no pretty lying that improves
To suit the modern taste: no more, no
less —

The "Ethics": 'tis a treatise I find hard
To read aright now that my hair is gray,
And I can manage the original.

At five years old — how ill had fared its
leaves!

Now, growing double o'er the Stagirite,
At least I soil no page with bread and
milk,

Nor crumple, dogsear and deface —
boys' way. 1889.

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO

At the midnight in the silence of the
sleep-time,

When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where — by death, fools
think, imprisoned —

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom
you loved so,
— Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mis-
taken!

What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish,
the unmanly?

Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I
drivel

— Being — who?

One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,

Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's
work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as
either should be,

"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed, —
fight on, fare ever

There as here!" 1889.

FITZGERALD

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

*LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS, edited by W. A. Wright, 2 volumes, Macmillan, 1899. — MISCELLANIES, 1900 (Golden Treasury Series). — RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM, London, 1859, 1868, 1872, 1879, 1890. — *VARIORUM AND DEFINITIVE EDITION of the Poetical and Prose Writings, edited by George Bentham, 7 volumes, Doubleday, Page, 1902. — LETTERS to Fannie Kemble, edited by W. A. Wright, Macmillan, 1895. — MORE LETTERS, Macmillan, 1901. — LETTERS, 2 volumes, 1920. — SOME NEW LETTERS, Williams and Norgate, 1924. — LETTERS to Bernard Barton, edited by F. R. Barton, 1924.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

BENSON (A. C.), Edward FitzGerald, 1905 (English Men of Letters Series). — GLYDE (J.), The Life of Edward FitzGerald, 1900. — WRIGHT (T.), The Life of Edward FitzGerald. — ADAMS (M.), In the Footsteps of Borrow and FitzGerald, 1915. — FITZGERALD-KERRICH (M. E.), Personal Reminiscences, by His Great-niece (in Nineteenth Century, 1909). — GROOME (F. H.), Two Suffolk Friends, 1895.

CRITICISM

ALDRICH (T. B.), A Persian Poet (in Atlantic Monthly, April, 1878). — ANDERSON (M. B.), The Translator of Omar Khayyam (in London Dial, October, 1895). — BRADFORD (G.), Bare Souls, 1924. — DOWDEN (E.), Literary Remains of FitzGerald (in Academy, August 3, 1889). — GOSSE (E.), Critical Kit-Kats, 1913. — HEARN (Lafcadio), Interpretations of Literature, Vol. I, 1915. — MCCARTHY (J. H.), in London Saturday Review, January 16, 1836. — MORE (P. E.), Kipling and FitzGerald (in Shelburne Essays, second series). — MURRAY (J. A.), in Fortnightly Review, December, 1896. — THOMAS (E.), A Literary Pilgrim in England, 1917. — THOMPSON (A. H.), Edward FitzGerald (in Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. XIII). — TORREY (B.), Friends on the Shelf, 1906. — WOODBERRY (G. E.), Literary Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century, 1921.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY prepared for the Caxton Club, Chicago, 1899. — PRIDEAUX (W. F.), Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald, 1901.

FITZGERALD

RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR

I

WAKE! For the Sun, who scatter'd into
flight
The Stars before him from the Field of
Night,
Drives Night along with them from
Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II

Before the phantom of False morning
died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern
cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared
within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper out-
side?"

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood
before
The Tavern shouted — "Open then the
Door!
You know how little while we have to
stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on
the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground
suspIRES.

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where
no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water
blows.

VI

And David's lips are lockt; but in
divine
High-piping Pehleví, with "Wine! Wine!
Wine!
Red wine!" — the Nightingale cries to
the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of
Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance
fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the
Wing

VIII

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter
run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by
drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by
one.

IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you
say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yester-
day?
And this first Summer month that
brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

X

Well, let it take them! What have we to
do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zail and Rustum bluster as they
will,
Or Hátim call to Supper — heed not you.

XI

With me along the strip of Herbage
strown
That just divides the desert from the
sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is for-
got —
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden
Throne?

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII

Some for the Glories of This World; and
some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to
come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV

Look to the blowing Rose about us —
"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I
blow.
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden
throw."

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden
grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like
Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are
turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts
upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty
Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravanseraï
Whose Portals are alternate Night and
Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his
way.

XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and
drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the
Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break
his Sleep.

XIX

I sometimes think that never blows so
red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar
bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely
Head.

XX

And this reviving Herb whose tender
Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs un-
seen!

XXI

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears :
To-morrow! — Why, *To-morrow* I may
 be
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand
 Years.

XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the
 best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath
 prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two
 before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII

And we, that now make merry in the
 Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new
 bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch
 of Earth
 Descend — ourselves to make a Couch —
 for whom?

XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may
 spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend ;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and —
 sans End !

XXV

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
 And those that after some To-morrow
 stare,
 A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness
 cries,
 "Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor
 There."

XXVI

Why, all the Saints and Sages who dis-
 cuss'd
 Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they are
 thrust
 Like foolish Prophets forth; their
 Words to Scorn
 Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt
 with Dust.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argu-
 ment
 About it and about : but evermore
 Came out by the same door where in I
 went.

XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did I
 sow,
 And with mine own hand wrought to
 make it grow;
 And this was all the Harvest that I
 reap'd —
 "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
 Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flow-
 ing;
 And out of it, as Wind along the
 Waste,
 I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried
Whence?
 And, without asking, *Whither* hurried
 hence!
 Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
 Must drown the memory of that in-
 solence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through the
 Seventh Gate
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn
 sate;
 And many a Knot unravel'd by the
 Road;
 But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no
 Key;
 There was the Veil through which I
 might not see:
 Some little talk awhile of ME and
 THEE
 There was — and then no more of THEE
 and ME.

XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas
that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs
reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and
Morn.

XXXIV

Then of the THEE IN ME who works
behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I
heard,
As from Without — "THE ME WITHIN
THEE BLIND!"

XXXV

Then to the lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While
you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall
return."

XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I
kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take — and
give!

XXXVII

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obiterated Tongue
It murmur'd — "Gently, Brother, gently,
pray!"

XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we
throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal
below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some
Eye
There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks
up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you — like an empty
Cup.

XLI

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you
press,
End in what All begins and ends in —
Yes;
Think then you are TO-DAY what
YESTERDAY
You were — TO-MORROW you shall not be
less.

XLIII

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall
not shrink.

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust
aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame — were't not a
Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

XLV

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's
rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death address;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like
no more;
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has
pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will
pour.

XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are
past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World
shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure
heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-
cast.

XLVIII

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has
reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make
haste!

XLIX

Would you that spangle of Existence
spend
About THE SECRET — quick about it,
Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and
True —
And upon what, prithee, may life depend?

L

A Hair perhaps divides the False and
True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue —
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-
house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

LI

Whose secret Presence, through Crea-
tion's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your
pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi;
and
They change and perish all — but He
remains;

LII

A moment guess'd — then back behind
the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama
roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn
floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening
Door,
You gaze TO-DAY while You are You —
how then
To-MORROW, You when shall be You no
more?

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain
pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful
Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave
Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my
Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to
Spouse.

LVI

For "Is" and "IS-NOT" though with Rule
and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning? —
Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yester-
day.

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an
Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the
Grape!

LIX

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute :

The sovereign Alchemist that in a
trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute :

LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing
Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black
Horde

Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the
Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind
Sword.

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God,
who dare

Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare ?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we
not ?

And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it
there ?

LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on
trust,

Or lured with Hope of some Diviner
Drink,
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into
Dust !

LXIII

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise !
One thing at least is certain — *This* Life
flies ;

One thing is certain and the rest is
Lies ;
The Flower that once has blown for ever
dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not ? that of the myriads
who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness
through,

Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from
Sleep

They told their comrades, and to Sleep
return'd.

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell :
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answered "I Myself am Heav'n and
Hell :"

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Our-
selves,

So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern
held

In Midnight by the Master of the Show ;

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon his Chequer-board of Nights and
Days ;

Hither and thither moves, and checks,
and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and
Noes,

But Here or There as strikes the Player
goes ;

And He that toss'd you down into the
Field,
He knows about it all — *HE* knows — *HE*
knows !

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having
writ,

Moves on : nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and
die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for
It
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last
Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the
Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation
wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall
read.

LXXIV

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did pre-
pare;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or
Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you
came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor
where.

LXXV

I tell you this — When, started from the
Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they
flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXVI

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my being — let the Dervish
flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls with-
out.

LXXVII

And this I know: whether the one True
Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me
quite,
One Flash of *It* within the Tavern
caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to pro-
voke
A conscious Something to resent the
yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be re-
paid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-
allay'd
Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade!

LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with
gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil
round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst
make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the
Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of
Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give —
and take!

* * * *

LXXXII

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
Once more within the Potter's house
alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of
Clay.

LXXXIII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and
small,
That stood along the floor and by the
wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and
some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV

Said one among them — "Surely not in
vain
My substance of the common Earth was
ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be
broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth
again."

LXXXV

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish
Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he
drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel
made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
"They sneer at me for leaning all
awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake?"

LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious
Lot —
I think a Súfi pipkin — waxing hot —
"All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me
then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the
Pot?"

LXXXVIII

"Why," said another, "Some there are
who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making
— Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be
well."

LXXXIX

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make
or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC

So while the Vessels one by one were
speaking,
The little Moon look'd in that all were
seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other,
"Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot
a-creaking!"

* * * *

XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life pro-
vide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has
died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living
Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCIII

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much
wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow
Cup
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I
swore?
And then and then came Spring, and
Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

XCV

And much as Wine has play'd the
Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor —
Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they
sell.

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with
the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript
should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches
sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who
knows!

XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain
yield
One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed,
reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might
spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the
field!

XCVIII

Would but some wingèd Angel ere too
late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him
conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things
entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and
then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

* * * *

C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for *one*
in vain!

CI

And when like her, oh Sákí, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the
Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the
spot
Where I made One — turn down an
empty Glass!

TAMÁM

CLOUGH

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

POEMS, with memoir by Charles Eliot Norton, Ticknor & Fields, 1862. — POEMS AND PROSE REMAINS, with memoir by Mrs. Clough, 2 volumes, Macmillan, 1869. — POEMS, 1 volume, Macmillan, 1888. — SELECTIONS from the Poems, 1 volume, Macmillan, 1894 (Golden Treasury Series). — POEMS, edited by H. S. Milford, Oxford University Press, 1910. — POEMS, with introduction by Charles Whibley, Macmillan, 1913. — PROSE REMAINS, 1 volume, Macmillan (1862), 1888.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

Memoirs by *C. E. Norton and by Mrs. Clough, in the editions above mentioned. — SHAIRP (J. C.), Portraits of Friends, Clough (in Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. XI, 1887). — *OSBORNE (J. I.), Arthur Hugh Clough, 1920.

CRITICISM

ARNOLD (Matthew), On Translating Homer, § III; Last Words on Translating Homer, last two pages. — *BAGEHOT (W.), Literary Studies, Vol. II, 1879. — BIJVANCK (W. G. C.), *Poezie en Leven in de 19de Eeuw: Studien op het Gebied der Letterkunde*, 1889. — *BROOKE (S. A.), Four Victorian Poets, 1908. — DOWDEN (E.), Studies in Literature: Transcendental Movement in Literature, 1878. — HUDSON (W. H.), Studies in Interpretation, 1893. — *HUTTON (R. H.), Literary Essays, 1871, 1888; Brief Literary Criticisms: The Unpopularity of Clough, 1906; Amiel and Clough. — MABIE (H. W.), My Study Fire, second series. — OLIPHANT (Margaret), — Victorian Age in English Literature. — PATMORE (C.), Principle in Art. — PERRY (T. S.), in Atlantic Monthly, 1875, p. 409. — ROBERTSON (J. M.), New Essays towards a Critical Method, 1897. — *SIDGWICK (Henry), Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses, 1905. — STEDMAN (E. C.), Victorian Poets. — WADDINGTON (S.), Arthur Hugh Clough, a Monograph, 1883. — WARD (T. H.), English Poets, Vol. IV.

ARMSTRONG (R. A.), Faith and Doubt, 1898. — MACDONALD (G.), England's Antiphon, 1868. — SCUDDER (Vida D.), Life of the Spirit, 1904. — SEEBURG (L.), Ueber A. H. Clough. — SHARP (Amy), Victorian Poets, 1891. — SWANWICK (Anna), Poets the Interpreters of Their Age, 1892.

BEATTY (J. M., Jr.), Arthur Hugh Clough as Revealed in His Prose (in South Atlantic Quarterly, April, 1926). — EMERSON (R. W.), Uncollected Writings, 1912: review of Clough's *Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*. — JONES (W. L.), Arthur Hugh Clough (in Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. XIII). — LUTONSKY (Paula), Arthur Hugh Clough (in Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie, 1912). — SHACKFORD (Martha H.), Clough Centenary: His Dipsychus (in Sewanee Review, October, 1919). — SYMONDS (J. A.), Last and First, 1919. — WINCHESTER (C. T.), An Old Castle, 1922. — Review of Clough's poems in Contemporary Review, February, 1914.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

*ARNOLD, The Scholar Gipsy; Thyrsis. — *LOWELL, Agassiz, section III.

CLOUGH

IN A LECTURE-ROOM

AWAY, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths
 below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-
 tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen,
 incessantly?
Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?
1840. 1849.

BLANK MISGIVINGS

How often sit I, poring o'er
My strange distorted youth,
Seeking in vain, in all my store,
One feeling based on truth;
Amid the maze of petty life,
A clue whereby to move,
A spot whereon in toil and strife
To dare to rest and love.
So constant as my heart would be,
So fickle as it must,
'Twere well for others as for me
'Twere dry as summer dust.
Excitements come, and act and speech
Flow freely forth; — but no,
Nor they, nor aught beside can reach
The buried world below.
1841. 1849.

τὸ καλόν

I HAVE seen higher, holier things than
these,
And therefore must to these refuse my
heart,

Yet am I panting for a little ease;
I'll take, and so depart.

Ah, hold! the heart is prone to fall away,
Her high and cherished visions to for-
get,
And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay
So vast, so dread a debt?

How will the heart, which now thou
trustest, then
Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,
Turn with sharp stings upon itself! Again,
Bethink thee of the debt!

— Hast thou seen higher, holier things
than these,
And therefore must to these thy heart
refuse?

With the true best, alack, how ill agrees
That best that thou would'st choose!

The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven
above;
Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty
do:
Amid the things allowed thee live and
love;
Some day thou shalt it view.
1841. 1849.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;
When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so, but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year un-
changed,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered —
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass
 guides —
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ; and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting
 past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

1849.

THE NEW SINAI

Lo, here is God, and there is God !
 Believe it not, O Man ;
 In such vain sort to this and that
 The ancient heathen ran :
 Though old Religion shake her head,
 And say in bitter grief,
 The day behold, at first foretold,
 Of atheist unbelief :
 Take better part, with manly heart,
 Thine adult spirit can ;
 Receive it not, believe it not,
 Believe it not, O Man !

As men at dead of night awaked
 With cries, "The king is here,"
 Rush forth and greet whome'er they
 meet,
 Whoe'er shall first appear ;
 And still repeat, to all the street,
 "'Tis he, — the king is here ;"
 The long procession moveth on,
 Each nobler form they see,
 With changeful suit they still salute
 And cry, "'Tis he, 'tis he !"

So, even so, when men were young,
 And earth and heaven were new,
 And His immediate presence He
 From human hearts withdrew,
 The Soul perplexed and daily vexed
 With sensuous False and True,

Amazed, bereaved, no less believed,
 And fain would see Him too :
 "He is !" the prophet-tongues pro-
 claimed ;
 In joy and hasty fear,
 "He is !" aloud replied the crowd,
 "Is here, and here, and here."

"He is ! They are !" in distance seen
 On yon Olympus high,
 In those Avernian woods abide
 And walk this azure aký :
 "They are ! They are !" — to every
 show

Its eyes the baby turned,
 And blazes sacrificial, tall,
 On thousand altars burned :
 "They are ! They are !" — On Sinai's
 top
 Far seen the lightnings shone,
 The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke,
 And God said, "I am One."

God spake it out, "I, God, am One ;"
 The unheeding ages ran.
 And baby-thoughts again, again,
 Have dogged the growing man :
 And as of old from Sinai's top
 God said that God is One,
 By Science strict so speaks He now
 To tell us, There is None !
 Earth goes by chemic forces ; Heaven's
 A Mécanique Céleste !
 And heart and mind of human kind
 A watch-work as the rest !

Is this a Voice, as was the Voice,
 Whose speaking told abroad,
 When thunder pealed, and mountain
 reeled,
 The ancient truth of God ?
 Ah, not the Voice ; 'tis but the cloud,
 The outer-darkness dense,
 Where image none, nor e'er was seen
 Similitude of sense.
 'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense
 That wrapt the Mount around ;
 While in amaze the people stays,
 To hear the Coming Sound.

Is there no prophet-soul the while
 To dare, sublimely meek,
 Within the shroud of blackest cloud
 The Deity to seek ?
 'Midst atheistic systems dark,
 And darker hearts' despair,

That soul has heard perchance His word,
 And on the dusky air
 His skirts, as passed He by, to see
 Hath strained on their behalf,
 Who on the plain, with dance amain,
 Adore the Golden Calf.

'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense;
 Though blank the tale it tells,
 No God, no Truth! yet He, in sooth,
 Is there — within it dwells;
 Within the sceptic darkness deep
 He dwells that none may see,
 Till idol forms and idle thoughts
 Have passed and ceased to be:
 No God, no Truth! ah though, in sooth
 So stands the doctrine's half:
 On Egypt's track return not back,
 Nor own the Golden Calf.

Take better part, with manlier heart,
 Thine adult spirit can;
 No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er —
 Believe it ne'er — O Man!
 But turn not then to seek again
 What first the ill began;
 No God, it saith; ah, wait in faith
 God's self-completing plan;
 Receive it not, but leave it not,
 And wait it out, O Man!

"The Man that went the cloud within
 Is gone and vanished quite;
 He cometh not," the people cries,
 "Nor bringeth God to sight:
 Lo these thy gods, that safety give,
 Adore and keep the feast!"
 Deluding and deluded cries
 The Prophet's brother-Priest:
 And Israel all bows down to fall
 Before the gilded beast.

Devout, indeed! that priestly creed,
 O Man, reject as sin;
 The clouded hill attend thou still,
 And him that went within.
 He yet shall bring some worthy thing
 For waiting souls to see:
 Some sacred word that he hath heard
 Their light and life shall be;
 Some lofty part, than which the heart
 Adopt no nobler can,
 Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe
 And thou shalt do, O Man!

1845. 1869.

THE QUESTIONING SPIRIT

THE human spirits saw I on a day,
 Sitting and looking each a different way;
 And hardly tasking, subtly questioning,
 Another spirit went around the ring
 To each and each: and as he ceased his
 say,

Each after each, I heard them singly sing,
 Some querulously high, some softly,
 sadly low,

We know not — what avails to know?
 We know not — wherefore need we
 know?

This answer gave they still unto his suing,
 We know not, let us do as we are doing.
 Dost thou not know that these things only
 seem? —

I know not, let me dream my dream.
 Are dust and ashes fit to make a
 treasure? —

I know not, let me take my pleasure.
 What shall avail the knowledge thou hast
 sought? —

I know not, let me think my thought.
 What is the end of strife? —

I know not, let me live my life.
 How many days or e'er thou mean'st to
 move? —

I know not, let me love my love.
 Were not things old once new? —
 I know not, let me do as others do.
 And when the rest were overpast,
 I know not, I will do my duty, said the
 last.

Thy duty do? rejoined the voice,
 Ah, do it, do it, and rejoice;
 But shalt thou then, when all is done,
 Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty
 Like these, that may be seen and won
 In life, whose course will then be run;
 Or wilt thou be where there is none?
 I know not, I will do my duty.

And taking up the word around, above,
 below,
 Some querulously high, some softly,
 sadly low,
 We know not, sang they all, nor ever need
 we know.

We know not, sang they, what avails to
 know?

Whereat the questioning spirit, some
 short space,

Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.

But as the echoing chorus died away
And to their dreams the rest returned
apace,

By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,
And in a silvery whisper heard him say :
Truly, thou know'st not, and thou need'st
not know ;

Hope only, hope thou, and believe al-
way ;

I also know not, and I need not know,
Only with questionings pass I to and fro,
Perplexing these that sleep, and in their
folly

Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melan-
choly ;

Till that, their dreams deserting, they
with me

Come all to this true ignorance and thee.

1847. 1862.

BETHESDA

A SEQUEL

I SAW again the spirits on a day,
Where on the earth in mournful case they
lay ;

Five porches were there, and a pool, and
round,

Huddling in blankets, strewn upon the
ground,

Tied-up and bandaged, weary, sore and
spent,

The maimed and halt, diseased and im-
potent.

For a great angel came, 'twas said, and
stirred

The pool at certain seasons, and the word
Was, with this people of the sick, that
they

Who in the waters here their limbs should
lay

Before the motion on the surface ceased
Should of their torment straightway be
released.

So with shrunk bodies and with hands
down-dropped,

Stretched on the steps, and at the pil-
lars propped,

Watching by day and listening through
the night,

They filled the place, a miserable sight.

And I beheld that on the stony floor
He too, that spoke of duty once before,
No otherwise than others here to-day,
Foredone and sick and sadly muttering
lay.

"I know not, I will do — what is it I
would say :

What was that word which once sufficed
alone for all,

Which now I seek in vain, and never can
recall?"

And then, as weary of in vain renewing
His question, thus his mournful thought
pursuing,

"I know not, I must do as other men are
doing."

But what the waters of that pool might
be,

Of Lethe were they, or Philosophy ;
And whether he, long waiting, did attain
Deliverance from the burden of his pain
There with the rest ; or whether, yet
before,

Some more diviner stranger passed the
door

With his small company into that sad
place,

And breathing hope into the sick man's
face,

Bade him take up his bed, and rise and
go,

What the end were, and whether it were
so,

Further than this I saw not, neither
know.

1849. 1862.

FROM AMOURS DE VOYAGE¹

EN ROUTE

*Over the great windy waters, and over the
clear-crested summits,
Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the
perfecter earth,*

¹ Clough's long poem in hexameters, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, interesting as it is, is of too little importance and poetic value in proportion to its length, to be included in these selections ; and no parts of it are detachable as extracts. Some examples of Clough's use of hexameters (and elegiacs) may however be taken from his other long poem, the *Amours de Voyage*, which suffer comparatively little in being separated from their context, and are equally characteristic of some of Clough's moods. They are also interesting as a contrast to Byron's verses on Rome, in *Childe Harold* and elsewhere. On the *Amours de Voyage*, see especially Bagehot's essay on Clough.

*Come, let us go, — to a land wherein gods of
the old time wandered,*

*Where every breath even now changes to
ether divine.*

*Come let us go; though withal a voice
whisper, "The world that we live in,*

*Whithersoever we turn, still is the same
narrow crib;*

*'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a
cord, that we travel;*

*Let who would 'scape and be free go to his
chamber and think;*

*'Tis but to change the idle fancies for
memories wilfully false;*

*'Tis but to go and have been." — Come,
little bark! let us go.*

ROME

ROME disappoints me still; but I shrink
and adapt myself to it.

Somehow a tyrannous sense of a super-
incumbent oppression

Still, wherever I go, accompanies ever,
and makes me

Feel like a tree (shall I say?) buried under
a ruin of brickwork.

Rome, believe me, my friend, is like its
own Monte Testaceo,

Merely a marvelous mass of broken and
castaway wine-pots.

Ye gods! what do I want with this rub-
bish of ages departed,

Things that Nature abhors, the experi-
ments that she has failed in?

What do I find in the Forum? An arch-
way and two or three pillars.

Well, but St. Peter's? Alas, Bernini has
filled it with sculpture!

No one can cavil, I grant, at the size of the
great Coliseum.

Doubtless the notion of grand and capa-
cious and massive amusement,

This the old Romans had; but tell me, is
this an idea?

Yet of solidity much, but of splendor
little is extant:

"Brickwork I found thee, and marble I
left thee!" their Emperor vaunted;

"Marble I thought thee, and brickwork I
find thee!" the Tourist may
answer.

THE PANTHEON

No, great Dome of Agrippa, thou art not
Christian! canst not,

Strip and replaster and daub and do what
they will with thee, be so!

Here underneath the great porch of
colossal Corinthian columns,

Here as I walk, so I dream of the Chris-
tian belfries above them?

Or, on a bench as I sit and abide for long
hours, till thy whole vast

Round grows dim as in dreams to my
eyes, I repeople thy niches,

Not with the Martyrs, and Saints, and
Confessors, and Virgins, and chil-
dren,

But with the mightier forms of an older,
austerer worship;

And I recite to myself, how
Eager for battle here

Stood Vulcan, here maternal Juno,
And with the bow to his shoulder faith-
ful

He, who with pure dew laveth of Castaly
His flowing locks, who holdeth of Lycia

The oak forest and the wood that bore
him,

Delos' and Patara's own Apollo.

ON MONTORIO'S HEIGHT

TIBUR is beautiful, too, and the orchard
slopes, and the Anio

Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical
cadence;

Tibur and Anio's tide; and cool from
Lucretilis ever,

With the Digentian stream, and with the
Bandusian fountain,

Folded in Sabine recesses, the valley and
villa of Horace: —

So not seeing I sang; so seeing and lis-
tening say I,

Here as I sit by the stream, as I gaze at
the cell of the Sibyl,

Here with Albunea's home and the grove
of Tiburnus beside me;

Tivoli beautiful is, and musical, O Tev-
erone,

Dashing from mountain to plain, thy
parted impetuous waters,

Tivoli's waters and rocks; and fair unto
Monte Gennaro

(Haunt, even yet, I must think, as I
wander and gaze, of the shadows,

Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus,
the Nymphs, and the Graces),

Fair in itself, and yet fairer with human
completing creations,

Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and
 villa of Horace : —
 So not seeing I sang ; so now — Nor seeing,
 nor hearing,
 Neither by waterfall lulled, nor folded in
 sylvan embraces,
 Neither by cell of the Sibyl, nor stepping
 the Monte Gennaro,
 Seated on Anio's bank, nor sipping
 Bandusian waters,
 But on Montorio's height, looking down
 on the tile-clad streets, the
 Cupolas, crosses, and domes, the bushes
 and kitchen-gardens,
 Which, by the grace of the Tibur, pro-
 claim themselves Rome of the
 Romans, —
 But on Montorio's height, looking forth
 to the vapory mountains,
 Cheating the prisoner Hope with illu-
 sions of vision and fancy, —
 But on Montorio's height, with these
 weary soldiers by me,
 Waiting till Oudinot enter, to reinstate
 Pope and Tourist.

THE REAL QUESTION

Action will furnish belief, — but will that
 belief be the true one?
 This is the point, you know. However,
 it doesn't much matter.
 What one wants, I suppose, is to prede-
 termine the action,
 So as to make it entail, not a chance be-
 lief, but the true one.
Out of the question, you say ; *if a thing*
isn't wrong we may do it.
 Ah ! but this *wrong*, you see — but I do
 not know that it matters. . . .

SCEPTIC MOODS

ROME is fallen, I hear, the gallant Med-
 ici taken,
 Noble Manara slain, and Garibaldi has
 lost *il Moro* ;
 Rome is fallen ; and fallen, or falling,
 heroic Venice.
 I, meanwhile, for the loss of a single
 small chit of a girl, sit
 Moping and mourning here, — for her,
 and myself much smaller.
 Whither depart the souls of the brave
 that die in the battle,
 Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause
 that perishes with them?

Are they upborne from the field on the
 slumberous pinions of angels
 Unto a far-off home, where the weary rest
 from their labor
 And the deep wounds are healed, and
 the bitter and burning moisture
 Wiped from the generous eyes? or do they
 linger, unhappy,
 Pining, and haunting the grave of their
 by-gone hope and endeavor?
 All declamation, alas ! though I talk,
 I care not for Rome nor
 Italy ; feebly and faintly, and but with
 the lips, can lament the
 Wreck of the Lombard youth, and the
 victory of the oppressor.
 Whither depart the brave ! — God
 knows ; I certainly do not.

ENVOI

*So go forth to the world, to the good report
 and the evil !
 Go, little book ! thy tale, is it not evil and
 good ?
 Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by
 without answer.
 Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rear-
 ing and age,
 Say, "I am flitting about many years from
 brain unto brain of
 Feeble and restless youths born to in-
 glorious days :
 But," so finish the word, "I was writ in a
 Roman chamber,
 When from Janiculan heights thundered
 the cannon of France."*
 1848-1849. 1858.

PESCHIERA

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
 "'Tis better to have fought and lost,
 Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor — a trampled rag —
 Lies, dirt and dust ; the lines I track
 By sentry boxes yellow-black,
 Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
 Upon the grass of your redoubts ;
 The eagle with his black wings flouts
 The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O men of Brescia, on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You say, "Since so it is, — good-bye
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!'"

You said (there shall be answer fit),
"And if our children must obey,
They must: but thinking on this day
'Twill less debase them to submit."

You said (Oh not in vain you said),
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we
may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
When blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
But for glory of the cause,
You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands;
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in
you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
"'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."
1849. 1862.

ALTERAM PARTEM

Or shall I say, Vain word, false thought,
Since Prudence hath her martyrs too,
And Wisdom dictates not to do,
Till doing shall be not for nought?

Not ours to give or lose is life;
Will Nature, when her brave ones fall,
Remake her work? or songs recall
Death's victim slain in useless strife?

That rivers flow into the sea
Is loss and waste, the foolish say,
Nor know that back they find their way,
Unseen, to where they went to be.

Showers fall upon the hills, springs flow,
The river runneth still at hand,
Brave men are born into the land,
And whence the foolish do not know.

No! no vain voice did on me fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
"'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."
1849. 1862.

IN THE DEPTHS

It is not sweet content, be sure,
That moves the nobler Muse to song,
Yet when could truth come whole and
pure
From hearts that inly writhe with
wrong?

'Tis not the calm and peaceful breast
That sees or reads the problem true;
They only know, on whom 't has prest
Too hard to hope to solve it too.

Our ills are worse than at their ease
These blameless happy souls suspect,
They only study the disease,
Also, who live not to detect. 1862.

THE LATEST DECALOGUE

THOU shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency:
Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
Honor thy parents: that is, all
From whom advancement may befall;
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive:
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it:
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.
1862.

FROM DIPSYCHUS

"THERE is no God," the wicked saith,
 "And truly it's a blessing,
 For what He might have done with us
 It's better only guessing."

"THERE is no God," a youngster thinks,
 "Or really, if there may be,
 He surely did not mean a man
 Always to be a baby."

"THERE is no God, or if there is,"
 The tradesman thinks, "'twere funny
 If He should take it ill in me
 To make a little money."

"Whether there be," the rich man says,
 "It matters very little,
 For I and mine, thank somebody,
 Are not in want of victual."

Some others, also, to themselves,
 Who scarce so much as doubt it,
 Think there is none, when they are well
 And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath
 The shadow of the steeple;
 The parson and the parson's wife,
 And mostly married people;

Youths green and happy in first love,
 So thankful for illusion;
 And men caught out in what the world
 Calls guilt, in first confusion;

And almost every one when age,
 Disease, or sorrows strike him,
 Inclines to think there is a God,
 Or something very like Him.

1849. 1862.

OUR gaieties, our luxuries,
 Our pleasures and our glee,
 Mere insolence and wantonness,
 Alas! they feel to me.

How shall I laugh and sing and dance?
 My very heart recoils,
 While here to give my mirth a chance
 A hungry brother toils.

The joy that does not spring from joy
 Which I in others see,
 How can I venture to employ,
 Or find it joy for me? 1849. 1869.

THIS world is very odd we see,
 We do not comprehend it;
 But in one fact we all agree,
 God won't, and we can't mend it.

Being common sense, it can't be sin
 To take it as I find it;
 The pleasure to take pleasure in;
 The pain, try not to mind it.

These juicy meats, this flashing wine,
 May be an unreal mere appearance;
 Only — for my inside, in fine,
 They have a singular coherence.

Oh yes, my pensive youth, abstain;
 And any empty sick sensation,
 Remember, anything like pain
 Is only your imagination.

Trust me, I've read your German sage
 To far more purpose e'er than you did;
 You find it in his wisest page,
 Whom God deludes is well deluded.

1849. 1869.

WHERE are the great, whom thou
 would'st wish to praise thee?
 Where are the pure, whom thou would'st
 choose to love thee?
 Where are the brave, to stand supreme
 above thee,
 Whose high commands would cheer,
 whose chiding raise thee?
 Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find
 In the stones, bread, and life in the blank
 mind. 1849. 1862.

WHEN the enemy is near thee,
 Call on us!
 In our hands we will upbear thee,
 He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
 He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee.
 Call on us!
 Call when all good friends have left thee,
 Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee;
 Call when hope and heart are sinking,
 And the brain is sick with thinking,
 Help, O help!
 Call, and following close behind thee
 There shall haste, and there shall find
 thee,

Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,
 When necessity seems on thee,
 Hope and choice have all forgone thee,
 Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
 And but one way stands before thee —
 Call on us!

Oh, and if thou dost not call,
 Be but faithful, that is all.
 Go right on, and close behind thee
 There shall follow still and find thee,
 Help, sure help.
 1849. 1862.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
 The labor and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets
 making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the
 light,
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.
 1849. 1862.

EASTER DAY

NAPLES, 1849

THROUGH the great sinful streets of
 Naples as I passed,
 With fiercer heat than flamed above
 my head
 My heart was hot within me; till at last
 My brain was lightened when my
 tongue had said —
 Christ is not risen!

Christ is not risen, no —
 He lies and moulders low;
 Christ is not risen!

What though the stone were rolled away,
 and though
 The grave found empty there? —
 If not there, then elsewhere;
 If not where Joseph laid Him first, why
 then

Where other men
 Translaid Him after, in some humbler
 clay,

Long ere to-day
 Corruption that sad perfect work hath
 done,

Which here she scarcely, lightly had
 begun:

The foul engendered worm
 Feeds on the flesh of the life-giving form
 Of our most Holy and Anointed One.

He is not risen, no —
 He lies and moulders low;
 Christ is not risen!

What if the women, ere the dawn was
 gray,

Saw one or more great angels, as they say
 (Angels, or Him himself)? Yet neither
 there, nor then,

Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
 Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten;
 Nor save in thunderous terror, to blind
 Saul;

Save in an after Gospel and late Creed,
 He is not risen, indeed, —
 Christ is not risen!

Or, what if e'en, as runs a tale, the Ten
 Saw, heard, and touched, again and yet
 again?

What if at Emmaüs' inn, and by Caper-
 naum's Lake,
 Came One, the bread that brake —
 Came One that spake as never mortal
 spake,

And with them ate, and drank, and stood,
 and walked about?

Ah? "some" did well to "doubt!"
 Ah! the true Christ, while these things
 came to pass,

Nor heard, nor spake, nor walked, nor
 lived, alas!

He was not risen, no —
 He lay and mouldered low,
 Christ was not risen!

As circulates in some great city crowd
 A rumor changeful, vague, importunate,
 and loud,

From no determined centre or of fact
 Or authorship exact,
 Which no man can deny
 Nor verify;
 So spread the wondrous fame;
 He all the same
 Lay senseless, mouldering, low:
 He was not risen, no —
 Christ was not risen!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 As of the unjust, also of the just —
 Yes, of that Just One, too!
 This is the one sad Gospel that is true —
 Christ is not risen!

Is He not risen, and shall we not rise?
 Oh, we unwise!
 What did we dream, what wake we to
 discover?
 Ye hills, fall on us, and ye mountains,
 cover!
 In darkness and great gloom
 Come ere we thought it is *our* day of
 doom;
 From the cursed world, which is one tomb,
 Christ is not risen!

Eat, drink, and play, and think that this
 is bliss:
 There is no heaven but this;
 There is no hell,
 Save earth, which serves the purpose
 doubly well,
 Seeing it visits still
 With equalest apportionment of ill
 Both good and bad alike, and brings to
 one same dust
 The unjust and the just
 With Christ, who is not risen.

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls be-
 reaved:
 Of all the creatures under heaven's
 wide cope
 We are most hopeless, who had once
 most hope,
 And most beliefless, that had most be-
 lieved.
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 As of the unjust, also of the just —
 Yea, of that Just One too!
 It is the one sad Gospel that is true —
 Christ is not risen!

Weep not beside the tomb,
 Ye women, unto whom

He was great solace while ye tended Him;
 Ye who with napkin o'er the head
 And folds of linen round each wounded
 limb
 Laid out the Sacred Dead;
 And thou that bar'st Him in thy won-
 dering womb;
 Yea, Daughters of Jerusalem, depart,
 Bind up as best ye may your own sad
 bleeding heart:
 Go to your homes, your living children
 tend,
 Your earthly spouses love;
 Set your affections *not* on things
 above,
 Which moth and rust corrupt, which
 quickliest come to end:
 Or pray, if pray ye must, and pray, if
 pray ye can,
 For death; since dead is He whom ye
 deemed more than man,
 Who is not risen: no —
 But lies and moulders low —
 Who is not risen!

Ye men of Galilee!
 Why stand ye looking up to heaven,
 where Him ye ne'er may see,
 Neither ascending hence, nor returning
 hither again?
 Ye ignorant and idle fishermen!
 Hence to your huts, and boats, and in-
 land native shore,
 And catch not men, but fish;
 Whate'er things ye might wish,
 Him neither here nor there ye e'er shall
 meet with more.
 Ye poor deluded youths, go home,
 Mend the old nets ye left to roam,
 Tie the split oar, patch the torn sail:
 It was indeed an "idle tale" —
 He was not risen!

And, oh, good men of ages yet to be,
 Who shall believe *because* ye did not see —
 Oh, be ye warned, be wise!
 Nor more with pleading eyes,
 And sobs of strong desire,
 Unto the empty vacant void aspire,
 Seeking another and impossible birth
 That is not of your own, and only mother
 earth.
 But if there is no other life for you,
 Sit down and be content, since this must
 even do;
 He is not risen!

One look, and then depart,
 Ye humble and ye holy men of heart;
 And ye! ye ministers and stewards of a
 Word
 Which ye would preach, because another
 heard —
 Ye worshippers of that ye do not
 know,
 Take these things hence and go: —
 He is not risen!

Here, on our Easter Day
 We rise, we come, and lo! we find Him
 not,
 Gardener nor other, on the sacred spot:
 Where they have laid Him there is none
 to say;
 No sound, nor in, nor out — no word
 Of where to seek the dead or meet the
 living Lord.
 There is no glistening of an angel's wings,
 There is no voice of heavenly clear be-
 hest:
 Let us go hence, and think upon these
 things
 In silence, which is best.
 Is He not risen? No —
 But lies and moulders low?
 Christ is not risen?

EASTER DAY

II

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and
 alone,
 I with my secret self held communing of
 mine own.
 So in the southern city spake the tongue
 Of one that somewhat overwildly sung,
 But in a later hour I sat and heard
 Another voice that spake — another
 graver word.
 Weep not, it bade, whatever hath been
 said,
 Though He be dead, He is not dead.
 In the true creed
 He is yet risen indeed;
 Christ is yet risen.

Weep not beside His Tomb,
 Ye women unto whom
 He was great comfort and yet greater
 grief;
 Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with
 Him to roam,

Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hope-
 less to your home;
 Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of
 their belief;
 Though He be dead, He is not dead,
 Nor gone, though fled,
 Not lost, though vanished;
 Though He return not, though
 He lies and moulders low;
 In the true creed
 He is yet risen indeed;
 Christ is yet risen.

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
 Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look
 around.
 Whate'er befell,
 Earth is not hell;
 Now, too, as when it first began,
 Life is yet life, and man is man,
 For all that breathe beneath the heaven's
 high cope,
 Joy with grief mixes, with despondence
 hope.
 Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
 Or at least, faith unbelief.
 Though dead, not dead;
 Not gone, though fled;
 Not lost, though vanished.
 In the great gospel and true creed,
 He is yet risen indeed;
 Christ is yet risen. 1849. 1869.

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE!

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for
 e'en as thy thought
 So are the things that thou see'st;
 e'en as thy hope and belief.
 Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise
 to provoke thee against them:
 Hast thou courage? enough, see them
 exulting to yield.
 Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the
 wild sea's fuming waters
 (Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty
 thou think'st to destroy).
 All with ineffable longing are waiting
 their Invader,
 All, with one varying voice, call to him,
 Come and subdue;
 Still for their Conqueror call, and, but
 for the joy of being conquered
 (Rapture they will not forego), dare to
 resist and rebel;

Still, when resisting and raging, in soft
undervoice say unto him,
Fear not, retire not, O man; hope
evermore and believe.

Go from the east to the west, as the sun
and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and
encompass the earth.

Not for the gain of the gold; for the
getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for the
Duty to do.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher
volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and
encompass the earth.

Go; say not in thy heart, And what then
were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what
were the use or the good!

Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when
the deed is accomplished,
What thou hast done and shalt do
shall be declared to thee then.

Go with the sun and the stars, and yet
evermore in thy spirit
Say to thyself: It is good: yet is there
better than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that I
do is but little;
Nevertheless it is good, though there is
better than it. 1862.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we
see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral
strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly
brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
Chastised each rebel self-centered
thought,
My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropped, if then this
earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en
depart;

Nor seek to see — for what of earthly
kind
Can see Thee as Thou art? —

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem
to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion
hold
In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed
forgive,
In worldly walks the prayerless heart
prepare;
And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the
work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film
shall part,
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the
eyes
In recognition start.

But, as thou willest, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blessed, that
humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.
1862.

ἕμνος ἄνθρωπος

O THOU whose image in the shrine
Of human spirits dwells divine;
Which from that precinct once conveyed,
To be to outer day displayed,
Doth vanish, part, and leave behind
Mere blank and void of empty mind,
Which wilful fancy seeks in vain
With casual shapes to fill again!

O Thou that in our bosom's shrine
Dost dwell, unknown because divine!
I thought to speak, I thought to say,
"The light is here," "behold the way,"
"The voice was thus," and "thus the
word,"
And "thus I saw," and "that I heard," —
But from the lips that half essayed
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!

I will not frame one thought of what
 Thou mayest either be or not.
 I will not prate of "thus" and "so,"
 And be profane with "yes" and "no,"
 Enough that in our soul and heart
 Thou, whatsoe'er Thou may'st be, art.

Unseen, secure in that high shrine
 Acknowledged present and divine,
 I will not ask some upper air,
 Some future day to place Thee there;
 Nor say, nor yet deny, such men
 And women saw Thee thus and then:
 Thy name was such, and there or here
 To him or her Thou didst appear.

Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
 Unknown or known, remain, divine;
 There, or if not, at least in eyes
 That scan the fact that round them lies
 The hand to sway, the judgment guide
 In sight and sense Thyself divide:
 Be thou but there, — in soul and heart
 I will not ask to feel Thou art. 1862.

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY"

WHAT we, when face to face we see
 The Father of our souls, shall be,
 John tells us, doth not yet appear;
 Ah! did he tell what we are here!

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
 A heart for loves to travel through,
 Five senses to detect things near,
 Is this the whole that we are here?

Rules baffle instincts — instincts rules,
 Wise men are bad — and good are fools,
 Facts evil — wishes vain appear,
 We cannot go, why are we here?

O may we for assurance' sake,
 Some arbitrary judgment take,
 And wilfully pronounce it clear,
 For this or that 'tis we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do,
 To pace the sad confusion through,
 And say: — It doth not yet appear,
 What we shall be, what we are here?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
 The heart still overrules the head;
 Still what we hope we must believe,
 And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope
 That in a world of larger scope,
 What here is faithfully begun
 Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
 That ampler life together see,
 Some true result will yet appear
 Of what we are, together, here. 1862.

AH! YET CONSIDER IT AGAIN!

"OLD things need not be therefore true,"
 O brother men, nor yet the new;
 Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
 And yet consider it again!

The souls of now two thousand years
 Have laid up here their toils and fears,
 And all the earnings of their pain, —
 Ah, yet consider it again!

We! what do we see? each a space
 Of some few yards before his face;
 Does that the whole wide plan explain?
 Ah, yet consider it again!

Alas! the great world goes its way,
 And takes its truth from each new day;
 They do not quit, nor can retain,
 Far less consider it again.

1851. 1862.

SONGS IN ABSENCE

COME home, come home! and where is
 home for me,
 Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless
 sea?

To the frail bark here plunging on its way,
 To the wild waters, shall I turn and say
 To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea
 foam,
 You are my home?

Fields once I walked in, faces once I
 knew,
 Familiar things so old my heart believed
 them true,
 These far, far back, behind me lie, before
 The dark clouds mutter, and the deep
 seas roar,
 And speak to them that 'neath and o'er
 them roam
 No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves
 that roar,
 There may indeed, or may not be a shore,
 Where fields as green, and hands and
 hearts as true,
 The old forgotten semblance may renew,
 And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea
 foam
 Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a
 day,
 And days bear weeks, and weeks bear
 months away,
 Ere, if at all, the weary traveller hear,
 With accents whispered in his wayworn
 ear,
 A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come
 To thy true home.

Come home, come home! and where a
 home hath he
 Whose ship is driving o'er the driving
 sea?
 Through clouds that mutter, and o'er
 waves that roar,
 Say, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore
 That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,
 Indeed our home?

1852. 1862.

GREEN fields of England! wheresoe'er
 Across this watery waste we fare,
 Your image at our hearts we bear,
 Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
 Past where the waves' last confines be,
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
 If but in thee my lot lie cast,
 The past shall seem a nothing past
 To thee, dear home, if won at last;
 Dear home in England, won at last.

1852. 1862.

COME back, come back! behold with
 straining mast
 And swelling sail, behold her steaming
 fast;
 With one new sun to see her voyage o'er,
 With morning light to touch her native
 shore,
 Come back! come back.

Come back, come back! while westward
 laboring by,
 With sailless yards, a bare black hulk we
 fly.
 See how the gale we fight with sweeps her
 back,
 To our lost home, on our forsaken track.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back! across the flying
 foam,
 We hear faint far-off voices call us home:
 Come back, ye seem to say; ye seek in
 vain;
 We went, we sought, and homeward
 turned again.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither back
 or why?
 To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes
 to try;
 Walk the old fields; pace the familiar
 street;
 Dream with the idlers, with the bards
 compete.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither and
 for what?
 To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
 Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to
 cleave,
 And with much toil attain to half-believe.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; yea back, in-
 deed, do go
 Sighs panting thick, and tears that want
 to flow;
 Fond fluttering hopes upraise their use-
 less wings,
 And wishes idly struggle in the strings;
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, more eager than
 the breeze
 The flying fancies sweep across the seas,
 And lighter far than ocean's flying foam,
 The heart's fond message hurries to its
 home.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back!
 Back flies the foam; the hoisted flag
 streams back;

The long smoke wavers on the home-
ward track,
Back fly with winds things which the
winds obey,
The strong ship follows its appointed way.
1852. 1862.

SOME future day when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like
dreams away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed
our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade
above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course
alone,
The wider world, and learned what's now
unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out
each a way,
We'll meet again, — we shall have much
to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born
anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll re-
view,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall
yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed, — ye winds and waters,
say! —
Meet yet again, upon some future day?
1852. 1862.

WHERE lies the land to which the ship
would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from?
Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth
face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to
pace;

Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-
westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and
wave!

The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship
would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from?
Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.
1852. 1862.

WERE you with me, or I with you,
That's nought, methinks, I might not do;
Could venture here, and venture there,
And never fear, nor ever care.

To things before, and things behind,
Could turn my thoughts, and turn my
mind,
On this and that, day after day,
Could dare to throw myself away.

Secure, when all was o'er, to find
My proper thought, my perfect mind,
And unimpaired receive anew
My own and better self in you.
1853. 1862.

O SHIP, ship, ship,
That travellest over the sea.
What are the tidings, I pray thee,
Thou bearest hither to me?

Are they tidings of comfort and joy,
That shall make me seem to see
The sweet lips softly moving
And whispering love to me?

Or are they of trouble and grief,
Estrangement, sorrow, and doubt,
To turn into torture my hopes,
And drive me from Paradise out?

O ship, ship, ship,
That comest over the sea,
Whatever it be thou bringest,
Come quickly with it to me.
1853. 1869.

THE STREAM OF LIFE

O STREAM descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,
Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine
And be above us still. 1862.

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLE-
NESS, NEITHER SHADOW OF
TURNING"

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall. 1862.

ITE DOMUM SATURÆ, VENIT
HESPERUS

THE skies have sunk, and hid the upper
snow

(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie),

The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall
we.

Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.

Ah dear, and where is he, a year ago,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and
on?

My sweetheart wanders far away from
me,

In foreign land or on a foreign sea.

Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie),

And through the vale the rains go sweep-
ing by;

Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel
they

O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that
stray

(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie).

And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to
mind

The pleasant huts and herds he left be-
hind?

And doth he sometimes in his slumbering
see

The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,
My sweetheart wandering whereso'er it
be?

Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.

The thunder bellows far from snow to
snow

(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie),

And loud and louder roars the flood be-
low.

Heigho! but soon in shelter shall we be:
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.

Or shall he find before his term be sped,
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to
wed?

(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie).

For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles
away.

Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.

Better it were, thou sayest, to consent ;
Feast while we may, and live ere life be
spent ;
Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable
sure,
The unlovely, and the filthy pure ;
In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,
And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul.

Nay, better far to mark off thus much
 air,
 And call it Heaven : place bliss and glory
 there ;
 Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial
 sky,
 And say, what is not, will be by-and-bye.
 1869.

PERCHÈ PENSA? PENSANDO S'IN- VECCHIA

To spend uncounted years of pain,
 Again, again, and yet again,
 In working out in heart and brain
 The problem of our being here ;
 To gather facts from far and near,
 Upon the mind to hold them clear,
 And, knowing more may yet appear,
 Unto one's latest breath to fear,
 The premature result to draw —
 Is this the object, end and law,
 And purpose of our being here ?
 1869.

LIFE IS STRUGGLE

To wear out heart, and nerves, and brain,
 And give oneself a world of pain ;
 Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
 Imperious, supple — God knows what,
 For what's all one to have or not ;
 O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
 For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
 It is not in itself a bliss,
 Only it is precisely this
 That keeps us all alive.

To say we truly feel the pain,
 And quite are sinking with the strain ; —
 Entirely, simply, undeceived,
 Believe, and say we ne'er believed
 The object, e'en were it achieved,
 A thing we e'er had cared to keep ;
 With heart and soul to hold it cheap,
 And then to go and try it again ;
 O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !

O, 'tis not joy, and 'tis not bliss,
 Only it is precisely this
 That keeps us still alive. 1869.

IN A LONDON SQUARE

PUT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
 East wind and frost are safely gone ;
 With zephyr mild and balmy rain
 The summer comes serenely on ;
 Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
 To promise all that's kind and fair : —
 But thou, O human heart of mine,
 Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
 The winds of March were wild and
 drear,
 And, nearing and receding still,
 Spring never would, we thought, be
 here.
 The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
 Had, not the less, their certain date : —
 And thou, O human heart of mine,
 Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.
 1869.

ALL IS WELL

WHATE'ER you dream, with doubt
 possessed,
 Keep, keep it snug within your breast,
 And lay you down and take your rest ;
 Forget in sleep the doubt and pain,
 And when you wake, to work again.
 The wind it blows, the vessel goes,
 And where and whither, no one knows.

'Twill all be well : no need of care ;
 Though how it will, and when, and
 where,
 We cannot see, and can't declare.
 In spite of dreams, in spite of thought,
 'Tis not in vain, and not for nought,
 The wind it blows, the ship it goes,
 Though where and whither, no one
 knows. 1869.

ARNOLD

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

COMPLETE WORKS, 14 volumes; POETICAL WORKS, 3 volumes; POETICAL WORKS, Globe Edition, 1 volume; SELECTED POEMS (Golden Treasury Series), Macmillan. LETTERS, 2 volumes, see below.

BIOGRAPHY

*LETTERS of Matthew Arnold, edited by G. W. E. Russell, 2 volumes, 1895. — LETTERS from Matthew Arnold to John Churton Collins, 1910. — UNPUBLISHED LETTERS of Matthew Arnold, edited by Arnold Whitridge, 1923. — FITCH (Joshua), Thomas and Matthew Arnold (Great Educators Series). — THORNE (W. H.), Life of Matthew Arnold, 1887. — *GARNETT (R.), Arnold (in Dictionary of National Biography). — SAINTSBURY (George), Life of Matthew Arnold 1899 (Modern English Writers). — PAUL (H. W.), Matthew Arnold, 1902 (English Men of Letters Series). — RUSSELL (G. W. E.), Matthew Arnold, 1904 (Literary Lives).

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY CRITICISM

FARRAR (F. W.), Men I Have Known. — CLOUGH (A. H.), Prose Remains (from North American Review, July, 1853). — *ROSCOE (W. C.), Poems and Essays, Vol. II: The Classical School of English Poetry, Matthew Arnold, 1850. — *SWINBURNE, Essays and Studies: Matthew Arnold's New Poems (from Fortnightly Review, October, 1867). — FORMAN (H. B.), Our Living Poets: Matthew Arnold (from Tinsley's Magazine, September, 1868). — AUSTIN (Alfred), The Poetry of the Period (from Temple Bar, August and September, 1869). — WHIPPLE (E. P.), Recollections: Matthew Arnold, 1887. — WARD (M. A.), A Writer's Recollections: the Family of Fox How, 1918.

LATER CRITICISM

BIRRELL (Augustine), Res Judicatæ, 1892; Papers and Essays. — BURROUGHS (John), The Light of Day: Spiritual Insight of Matthew Arnold, 1900. — DOWDEN (Edward), Transcripts and Studies, 1902. — GARNETT (Richard), Essays of an Ex-Librarian, 1901. — *GATES (L. E.), Three Studies in Literature, 1899; Studies and Appreciations: The Return to Conventional Life, 1900. — HARRISON (Frederic), The Choice of Books, 1903; Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates, 1900. — HENLEY (W. E.), Views and Reviews, 1890. — HUDSON (W. H.), Studies in Interpretation, 1896. — *HUTTON (R. H.), Literary Essays: Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith, 1904. — MUSTARD (W. P.), Homeric Echoes in Matthew Arnold's Balder. — NENCIONI (E.), Letteratura inglese, 1910. — OLIPHANT (Margaret), Victorian Age of English Literature, 1911. — PAUL (H. W.), Men and Letters: Matthew Arnold's Letters, 1901. — SAINTSBURY (George), Corrected Impressions, 1911. — *STEDMAN (E. C.), Victorian Poets, 1903. — STEPHEN (Leslie), Studies of a Biographer, 1906. — TRAILL (H. D.), New Fiction and Other Essays on Literary Subjects, 1897. — *WHITE (G.), Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age, 1898. — WOODBERRY (G. E.), Makers of Literature, 1900.

CHENEY (J. V.), The Golden Guess, 1892. — DAWSON (W. H.), Matthew Arnold and His Relation to the Thought of Our Time, 1904. — DAWSON (W. J.), Makers of Eng-

lish Poetry, 1906. — DIXON (W. M.), *English Poetry: Blake to Browning*, 1910. — DUFF (M. E. G.), *Out of the Past*, 1903. — GALTON (A.), *Urbana Scripta*; *Two Essays on Matthew Arnold, with Some of His Letters to the Author, 1897. — MACARTHUR (Henry), *Realism and Romance*, 1897. — NADAL (E. S.), *Essays at Home and Elsewhere*. — SELKIRK (J. B.), *Ethics and Æsthetics of Modern Poetry: Modern Creeds and Modern Poetry*, 1878. — SHARP (Amy), *Victorian Poets*, 1891. — STEARNS (F. P.), *Sketches from Concord and Appledore*, 1895. — SWANWICK (Anna), *Poets the Interpreters of Their Age*, 1892.

*BROOKE (S. A.), *Four Victorian Poets*, 1908. — DIXON (J. M.), in *Modern Poets and Christian Teaching*, Vol. II, 1906. — *DOWDEN (Edward), in *Chambers' New Cyclopedia of English Literature*, Vol. III, new edition, 1904. — FULLER (Edward), *Arnold*, Newman, and Rossetti (in *Critic*, September, 1904). — GARNETT (R.), *Matthew Arnold* (in *Dictionary of National Biography*, Supplement, Vol. III, 1903). — *HUTTON (R. H.), *Brief Literary Criticisms*, 1906 (five essays). — MACKIE (Alexander), *Nature Knowledge in Modern Poets*, 1906. — PAYNE (W. M.), *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — ROBERTSON (J. M.), *Modern Humanists*, 1891. — SIGGWICK (Henry), *Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses*, 1905. — *WARREN (T. Herbert), *Essays of Poets and Poetry, Ancient and Modern*, 1909.

BICKLEY (F. L.), *Matthew Arnold and His Poetry*, 1911. — BIRRELL (Augustine), *Men, Women, and Books*, 1912. — COURTNEY (Mrs. Janet E.), *Freethinkers of the Nineteenth Century*, 1920. — DRINKWATER (J.), *Victorian Poetry*, 1924. — GEROULD (G. H.), *The Works of Matthew Arnold* (in *Bookman*, June, 1924). — GRIERSON (H. J. C.), *Lord Byron, Arnold, and Swinburne*, 1920. — GUMMERE (R. M.), *Matthew Arnold* (in *Quarterly Review*, January, 1924). — HARRIS (F.), *Contemporary Portraits*, 1915. — HERFORD (C. H.), *Matthew Arnold as a Prophet* (in *Living Age*, February 10, 1923). — JACK (A. A.), *Poetry and Prose*, 1911. — JOHNSON (L. P.), *Post Liminium*, 1911. — JONES (W. L.), *Matthew Arnold* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII). — KELSO (A. P.), *Matthew Arnold in Continental Life and Literature*, 1914. — KER (W. P.), *The Art of Poetry*, 1923. — LEACH (H. G.), *The Forsaken Mermaid* (in *Essays in Memory of Barrett Wendell*, 1926). — LOVETT (R. M.), *Matthew Arnold Today* (in *Forum*, May, 1924). — MILLER (D. S.), *Matthew Arnold on the Occasion of His Centenary* (in *New Republic*, December 27, 1922). — MONROE (Harriet), *Matthew Arnold's Centenary* (in *Poetry*, January, 1923). — MONTAGUE (C. E.), *Matthew Arnold* (in *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 12, 1928). — MORLEY (J.), *Recollections*, 1917. — OMOND (T. S.), *Arnold and Homer* (in *English Association Essays and Studies*, 1912). — POWYS (J. C.), *Visions and Revisions*, 1915. — QUILLER-COUCH (Sir A. T.), *Studies in Literature*, 1918. — RALEIGH (Sir W. A.), *Some Authors*, 1923. — ROMER (V. L.), *Arnold and Some French Poets* (in *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1926). — SADLER (M. E.), *Matthew Arnold* (in *Nineteenth Century*, February-March, 1923). — SHERMAN (S. P.), *Matthew Arnold, How to Know Him*, 1917. — TRISTRAM (H.), *Newman and Matthew Arnold* (in *Cornhill Magazine*, January, 1926). — WILLIAMS (S. T.), *A Century of Matthew Arnold* (in *North American Review*, January, 1923). — WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Literary Essays*, 1920.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

BOURDILLON (F. W.), *Sursum Corda: To Matthew Arnold in America*. — FANSHAWE (Reginald), *Corydon, an Elegy in Memory of Matthew Arnold and Oxford*, 1906. — ROBINSON (E. A.), *The Children of the Night: For Some Poems of Matthew Arnold*. — SHARP (J. C.), *Glen d'Esseray and Other Poems: Balliol Scholars*, 1840-1843. — TRUMAN (Joseph), *Afterthoughts: Laleham, a Poem*. — WATSON (William), *In Laleham Churchyard*.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

*SMART (Thomas B.), *The Bibliography of Matthew Arnold*, 1892.

ARNOLD

QUIET WORK

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their
enmity —

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity!
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in
repose,

Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords
ring,

Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain
turmoil,

Laborers that shall not fail, when man is
gone. 1849.

TO A FRIEND

WHO prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days,
my mind? —

He much, the old man, who, clearest-
soul'd of men,

Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian
Fen,

And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though
blind.

Much he, whose friendship I not long
since won,

That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal
son

Clear'd Rome of what most shamed him.
But be his

My special thanks, whose even-balanced
soul,

From first youth tested up to extreme old
age,

Business could not make dull, nor passion
wild;

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole:
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.
1849.

SHAKESPEARE

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art
free.

We ask and ask — Thou smilest and art
still,

Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest
hill,

Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwell-
ing-place,

Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sun-
beams know,

Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honor'd,
self-secure,

Didst tread on earth unguess'd at, —
Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs
which bow,

Find their sole speech in that victorious
brow. 1849.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!
Call her once before you go —
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"

Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear;
 Children's voices, wild with pain —
 Surely she will come again!
 Call her once and come away;
 This way, this way!
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay!
 The wild white horses foam and fret."
 Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
 Call no more!
 One last look at the white-wall'd town,
 And the little gray church on the windy
 shore,
 Then come down!
 She will not come though you call all day;
 Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell?
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world for ever and aye?
 When did music come this way?
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away?
 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the
 sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended
 it well,
 When down swung the sound of a far-off
 bell.
 She sigh'd, she look'd up through the
 clear green sea;
 She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk
 pray
 In the little gray church on the shore to-
 day.
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah
 me!

And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here
 with thee."
 I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the
 waves;
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the
 kind sea-caves!"
 She smiled, she went up through the surf
 in the bay.
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan;
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world they
 say;
 Come!" I said; and we rose through the
 surf in the bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy
 down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-
 wall'd town;
 Through the narrow paved streets, where
 all was still,
 To the little gray church on the windy
 hill.
 From the church came a murmur of folk
 at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold blowing
 airs.
 We climb'd on the graves, on the stones
 worn with rains,
 And we gazed up the aisle through the
 small leaded panes.
 She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
 "Margaret, hist! come quick, we are
 here!
 Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan."
 But, ah, she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
 Loud prays the priest; shut stands the
 door.
 Come away, children, call no more!
 Come away, come down, call no more!

 Down, down, down!
 Down to the depths of the sea!
 She sits at her wheel in the humming
 town,
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child
 with its toy!
 For the priest and the bell, and the holy
 well;

For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the
sand,

And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mer-
maiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
Come children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side —
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

1849.

THE STRAYED REVELLER

THE PORTICO OF CIRCE'S PALACE
EVENING

*A Youth. Circe**The Youth*

FASTER, faster,
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild, thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul!

Thou standest, smiling
Down on me! thy right arm,
Lean'd up against the column there,
Props thy soft cheek;
Thy left holds, hanging loosely,
The deep cup, ivy-cinctured,
I held but now.

Is it, then, evening
So soon? I see, the night-dews,
Cluster'd in thick beads, dim
The agate brooch-stones
On thy white shoulder;
The cool night-wind, too,
Blows through the portico,
Stirs thy hair, Goddess,
Waves thy white robe!

Circe

Whence art thou, sleeper?

The Youth

When the white dawn first
Through the rough fir-planks
Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
Up at the valley-head,
Came breaking, Goddess!
I sprang up, I threw round me
My dappled fawn-skin;
Passing out, from the wet turf,
Where they lay, by the hut door,
I snatch'd up my vine-crown, my fir-staff,
All drench'd in dew —
Came swift down to join
The rout early gather'd
In the town, round the temple,
Iacchus' white fane
On yonder hill.

Quick I pass'd, following
 The wood-cutters' cart-track
 Down the dark valley; — I saw
 On my left, through the beeches,
 Thy palace, Goddess,
 Smokeless, empty!
 Trembling, I enter'd; behold
 The court all silent,
 The lions sleeping,
 On the altar this bowl.
 I drank, Goddess!
 And sank down here, sleeping,
 On the steps of thy portico.

Circe

Foolish boy! Why tremblest thou?
 Thou lovest it, then, my wine?
 Wouldst more of it? See, how glows,
 Through the delicate, flush'd marble,
 The red, creaming liquor,
 Strown with dark seeds!
 Drink, then! I chide thee not,
 Deny thee not my bowl.
 Come, stretch forth thy hand, then — so!
 Drink — drink again!

The Youth

Thanks, gracious one!
 Ah, the sweet fumes again!
 More soft, ah me,
 More subtle-winding
 Than Pan's flute-music!
 Faint — faint! Ah me,
 Again the sweet sleep!

Circe

Hist! Thou — within there!
 Come forth, Ulysses!
 Art tired with hunting?
 While we range the woodland,
 See what the day brings.

Ulysses

Ever new magic!
 Hast thou then lured hither,
 Wonderful Goddess, by thy art,
 The young, languid-eyed Ampelus,
 Iacchus' darling —
 Or some youth beloved of Pan,
 Of Pan and the Nymphs?
 That he sits, bending downward
 His white, delicate neck
 To the ivy-wreathed marge
 Of thy cup; the bright, glancing vine-
 leaves

That crown his hair,
 Falling forward, mingling
 With the dark ivy-plants —
 His fawn-skin, half untied,
 Smear'd with red wine-stains? Who is
 he,
 That he sits, overweigh'd
 By fumes of wine and sleep,
 So late, in thy portico?
 What youth, Goddess, — what guest
 Of Gods or mortals?

Circe

Hist! he wakes!
 I lured him not hither, Ulysses.
 Nay, ask him!

The Youth

Who speaks? Ah, who comes forth
 To thy side, Goddess, from within?
 How shall I name him?
 This spare, dark-featured,
 Quick-eyed stranger?
 Ah, and I see too
 His sailor's bonnet,
 His short coat, travel-tarnish'd,
 With one arm bare! —
 Art thou not he, whom fame
 This long time rumors
 The favor'd guest of Circe, brought by
 the waves?
 Art thou he, stranger?
 The wise Ulysses,
 Laertes' son?

Ulysses

I am Ulysses.
 And thou, too, sleeper?
 Thy voice is sweet.
 It may be thou hast follow'd
 Through the islands some divine bard,
 By age taught many things,
 Age and the Muses;
 And heard him delighting
 The chiefs and people
 In the banquet, and learn'd his songs,
 Of Gods and Heroes,
 Of war and arts,
 And peopled cities,
 Inland, or built
 By the gray sea. — If so, then hail!
 I honor and welcome thee.

The Youth

The Gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes,
And see below them
The earth and men.

They see Tiresias
Sitting, staff in hand,
On the warm, grassy
Asopus bank,
His robe drawn over
His old, sightless head,
Revolving inly
The doom of Thebes.

They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-ferried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With streaming flanks, and heads
Rear'd proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind.

They see the Indian
Drifting, knife in hand,
His frail boat moor'd to
A floating isle thick-matted
With large-leaved, low-creeping melon-
plants,
And the dark cucumber.
He reaps, and stows them,
Drifting — drifting; — round him,
Round his green harvest-plot,
Flow the cool lake-waves,
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian
On the wide stepp, unharnessing
His wheel'd house at noon.
He tethers his beast down, and makes
his meal —
Mares' milk, and bread
Baked on the embers; — all around
The boundless, waving grass-plains
stretch, thick-starr'd
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock
And flag-leaved iris-flowers.
Sitting in his cart
He makes his meal; before him, for long
miles,
Alive with bright green lizards,
And the springing bustard-fowl,
The track, a straight black line,

Furrows the rich soil; here and there
Clusters of lonely mounds
Topp'd with rough-hewn,
Gray, rain-blear'd statues, overpeer
The sunny waste.

They see the ferry
On the broad, clay-laden
Lone Chorasmian stream; thereon,
With snort and strain,
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow
The ferry-boat, with woven ropes
To either bow
Firm harness'd by the mane; a chief
With shout and shaken spear,
Stands at the prow, and guides them;
but astern

The cowering merchants, in long robes,
Sit pale beside their wealth
Of silk-bales and of balsam-drops,
Of gold and ivory,
Of turquoise-earth and amethyst,
Jasper and chalcedony,
And milk-barr'd onyx-stones.
The loaded boat swings groaning
In the yellow eddies;
The Gods behold them.

They see the Heroes
Sitting in the dark ship
On the foamless, long-heaving
Violet sea,
At sunset nearing
The Happy Islands.

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labor!
O prince, what pain!

They too can see
Tiresias; — but the Gods,
Who give them vision,
Added this law:
That they should bear too
His groping blindness,
His dark foreboding,
His scorn'd white hairs;
Bear Hera's anger
Through a life lengthen'd
To seven ages.

They see the Centaurs
On Pelion; — then they feel,
They too, the maddening wine

Swell their large veins to bursting; in
 wild pain
 They feel the biting spears
 Of the grim Lapithæ, and Theseus, drive,
 Drive crashing through their bones;
 they feel
 High on a jutting rock in the red stream
 Alcmena's dreadful son
 Ply his bow; such a price
 The Gods exact for song:
 To become what we sing.

They see the Indian
 On his mountain lake; but squalls
 Make their skiff reel, and worms
 In the unkind spring have gnawn
 Their melon-harvest to the heart. — They
 see
 The Scythian; but long frosts
 Parch them in winter-time on the bare
 stepp,
 Till they too fade like grass; they crawl
 Like shadows forth in spring.

They see the merchants
 On the Oxus stream; — but care
 Must visit first them too, and make them
 pale.

Whether, through whirling sand,
 A cloud of desert robber-horse have
 burst

Upon their caravan; or greedy kings,
 In the wall'd cities the way passes
 through,

Crush'd them with tolls; or fever-airs,
 On some great river's marge,
 Mown them down, far from home.

They see the Heroes
 Near harbor; — but they share
 Their lives, and former violent toil in
 Thebes,

Seven-gated Thebes, or Troy;
 Or where the echoing oars
 Of Argo first
 Startled the unknown sea.

The old Silenus
 Came, lolling in the sunshine,
 From the dewy forest-coverts,
 This way at noon.
 Sitting by me, while his Fauns
 Down at the water-side
 Sprinkled and smoothed
 His drooping garland,
 He told me these things.

But I, Ulysses,
 Sitting on the warm steps,
 Looking over the valley,
 All day long, have seen,
 Without pain, without labor,
 Sometimes a wild-hair'd Mænad —
 Sometimes a Faun with torches —
 And sometimes, for a moment,
 Passing through the dark stems
 Flowing-robed, the beloved,
 The desire, the divine,
 Beloved Iacchus.

Ah, cool night-wind, tremulous stars!
 Ah, glimmering water,
 Fitful earth-murmur,
 Dreaming woods!
 Ah, golden-haired, strangely smiling
 Goddess,
 And thou, proved, much enduring,
 Wave-toss'd Wanderer!
 Who can stand still?
 Ye fade, ye swim, ye waver before me —
 The cup again!
 Faster, faster,
 O Circe, Goddess.
 Let the wild, thronging train,
 The bright procession
 Of eddying forms,
 Sweep through my soul! 1849.

MEMORIAL VERSES

APRIL 1850

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
 Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease,
 But one such death remain'd to come;
 The last poetic voice is dumb —
 We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
 We bow'd our head and held our breath.
 He taught us little; but our soul
 Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
 With shivering heart the strife we saw
 Of passion with eternal law;
 And yet with reverential awe
 We watch'd the fount of fiery life
 Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said:
 Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
 Physician of the iron age,
 Goethe has done his pilgrimage.

He took the suffering human race,
 He read each wound, each weakness clear;
 And struck his finger on the place,
 And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*
 He look'd on Europe's dying hour
 Of fitful dream and feverish power;
 His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
 The turmoil of expiring life —
 He said: *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there!
 And he was happy, if to know
 Causes of things, and far below
 His feet to see the lurid flow
 Of terror, and insane distress,
 And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth! — Ah, pale ghosts,
 rejoice!

For never has such soothing voice
 Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
 Since erst, at morn, some wandering
 shade

Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
 Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
 Wordsworth has gone from us — and ye,
 Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
 He too upon a wintry clime
 Had fallen — on this iron time
 Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
 He found us when the age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round;
 He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
 He laid us as we lay at birth
 On the cool flowery lap of earth,
 Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
 The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
 Our youth returned; for there was shed;
 On spirits that had long been dead,
 Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
 The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel;
 Others will strengthen us to bear —
 But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
 The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly —
 But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
 O Rotha, with thy living wave!
 Sing him thy best! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.
 1850.

SELF-DECEPTION

SAY, what blinds us, that we claim the
 glory
 Of possessing powers not our share?
 — Since man woke on earth, he knows
 his story,
 But, before we woke on earth, we were.

Long, long since, undower'd yet, our spirit
 Roam'd, ere birth, the treasures of God;
 Saw the gifts, the powers it might inherit,
 Ask'd an outfit for its earthly road.

Then, as now, this tremulous, eager being
 Strain'd and long'd and grasp'd each gift
 it saw;

Then, as now, a Power beyond our seeing,
 Staved us back, and gave our choice the
 law.

Ah, whose hand that day through Heaven
 guided

Man's new spirit, since it was not we?
 Ah, who swayed our choice and who de-
 cided

What our gifts, and what our wants
 should be?

For, alas! he left us each retaining
 Shreds of gifts which he refused in full.
 Still these waste us with their hopeless
 straining,
 Still the attempt to use them proves
 them null.

And on earth we wander, groping, reel-
 ing;
 Powers stir in us, stir and disappear.
 Ah! and he who placed our master-feeling,
 Fail'd to place that master-feeling clear.

We but dream we have our wish'd-for
 powers,
 Ends we seek we never shall attain.
 Ah! some power exists there, which is
 ours?
 Some end is there, we indeed may gain?
 1852.

THE SECOND BEST

MODERATE tasks and moderate leisure,
 Quiet living, strict-kept measure
 Both in suffering and in pleasure —
 'Tis for this thy nature yearns.

But so many books thou readeſt,
 But so many ſchemes thou breed'eſt,
 But so many wiſhes feed'eſt,
 That thy poor head almoſt turns.

And (the world's ſo madly jangled,
 Human things ſo faſt entangled)
 Nature's wiſh muſt now be ſtrangled
 For that beſt which ſhe diſcerns.

So it *muſt* be! yet, while leading
 A ſtrain'd life, while overfeeding,
 Like the reſt, his wit with reading,
 No ſmall profit that man earns,

Who through all he meets can ſteer him,
 Can reject what cannot clear him,
 Cling to what can truly cheer him;
 Who each day more ſurely learns

That an impuſe, from the diſtance
 Of his deepeſt, beſt exiſtence,
 To the words, "Hope, Light, Perſiſtence,"
 Strongly ſets and truly burns.

1852.

LYRIC STANZAS OF EMPEDOCLES

THE out-ſpread world to ſpan
 A cord the Gods firſt ſlung,
 And then the ſoul of man
 There, like a mirror, hung,
 And bade the winds through ſpace impel
 the guſty toy.

Hither and thither ſpins,
 The wind-borne, mirroring ſoul,
 A thouſand glimpses wins,
 And never ſees a whole;
 Looks once, and drives elſewhere, and
 leaves its laſt employ.

The Gods laugh in their ſleeve
 To watch man doubt and fear
 Who knows not what to believe
 Since he ſees nothing clear,
 And dares ſtamp nothing falſe where he
 finds nothing ſure.

Is this, Pausanias, ſo?
 And can our ſouls not ſtrive,
 But with the winds muſt go,
 And hurry where they drive?
 Is fate indeed ſo ſtrong, man's ſtrength
 indeed ſo poor?

I will not judge. That man,
 Howbeit, I judge as loſt,
 Whoſe mind allows a plan,
 Which would degrade it moſt;
 And he treats doubt the beſt who tries to
 ſee leaſt ill.

Be not, then, fear's blind ſlave!
 Thou art my friend; to thee,
 All knowledge that I have,
 All ſkill I wield, are free.
 Ask not the lateſt news of the laſt miracle,

Ask not what days and nights
 In trance Pantheia lay,
 But ask how thou ſuch ſights
 May'ſt ſee without diſmay;
 Ask what moſt helps when known, thou
 ſon of Anchitus!

What? hate, and awe, and ſhame
 Fill thee to ſee our time;
 Thou feeleſt thy ſoul's frame
 Shaken and out of chime?
 What? life and chance go hard with thee
 too, as with us;

Thy citizens, 'tis ſaid,
 Envy thee and oppreſs,
 Thy goodneſs no men aid,
 All ſtrive to make it leſs;
 Tyranny, pride and luſt, fill Sicily's
 abode;

Heaven is with earth at ſtrife,
 Signs make thy ſoul afraid,
 The dead return to life,
 Rivers are dried, winds ſtay'd;
 Scarce can one think in calm, ſo threaten-
 ing are the Gods;

And we feel, day and night,
 The burden of ourſelves —
 Well, then, the wiſer wight
 In his own boſom delves,
 And aſks what ails him ſo, and gets what
 cure he can.

The sophist sneers: Fool, take
 Thy pleasure, right or wrong.
 The pious wail: Forsake
 A world these sophists throng.
 Be neither saint nor sophist-led, but be a
 man!

These hundred doctors try
 To preach thee to their school.
 We have the truth! they cry;
 And yet their oracle,
 Trumpet it as they will, is but the same
 as thine.

Once read thy own breast right,
 And thou hast done with fears;
 Man gets no other light,
 Search he a thousand years.
 Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee,
 at that shrine!

What makes thee struggle and rave?
 Why are men ill at ease? —
 'Tis that the lot they have
 Fails their own will to please;
 For man would make no murmuring were
 his will obey'd.

And why is it, that still
 Man with his lot thus fights? —
 'Tis that he makes this *will*
 The measure of his *rights*,
 And believes Nature outraged if his will's
 gainsaid.

Couldst thou, Pausanias, learn
 How deep a fault is this;
 Couldst thou but once discern
 Thou hast no *right* to bliss,
 No title from the Gods to welfare and
 repose;

Then thou wouldst look less mazed
 Whene'er of bliss debarr'd,
 Nor think the Gods were crazed
 When thy own lot went hard.
 But we are all the same — the fools of our
 own woes!

For, from the first faint morn
 Of life, the thirst for bliss
 Deep in man's heart is born;
 And, sceptic as he is,
 He fails not to judge clear if this be
 quench'd or no.

Nor is the thirst to blame.
 Man errs not that he deems
 His welfare his true aim,
 He errs because he dreams
 The world does but exist that welfare to
 bestow.

We mortals are no kings
 For each of whom to sway
 A new-made world up-springs,
 Meant merely for his play;
 No, we are strangers here; the world is
 from of old.

In vain our pent wills fret,
 And would the world subdue.
 Limits we did not set
 Condition ail we do;
 Born into life we are, and life must be
 our mould.

Born into life! — man grows
 Forth from his parents' stem,
 And blends their bloods, as those
 Of theirs are blent in them;
 So each new man strikes root into a far
 fore-time.

Born into life! — we bring
 A bias with us here,
 And, when here, each new thing
 Affects us we come near;
 To tunes we did not call our being must
 keep chime.

Born into life! — in vain,
 Opinions, those or these,
 Unalter'd to retain
 The obstinate mind decrees;
 Experience, like a sea, soaks all-effacing
 in.

Born into life! — who lists
 May what is false hold dear,
 And for himself make mists
 Through which to see less clear;
 The world is what it is, for all our dust
 and din.

Born into life! — 'tis we,
 And not the world, are new;
 Our cry for bliss, our plea,
 Others have urged it too —
 Our wants have all been felt, our errors
 made before.

No eye could be too sound
To observe a world so vast,
No patience too profound
To sort what's here amass'd;
How man may here best live no care too
great to explore.

But we — as some rude guest
Would change, where'er he roam,
The manners there profess'd
To those he brings from home —
We mark not the world's course, but
would have *it* take *ours*.

The world's course proves the terms
On which man wins content;
Reason the proof confirms —
We spurn it, and invent
A false course for the world, and for our-
selves, false powers.

Riches we wish to get,
Yet remain spendthrifts still;
We would have health, and yet
Still use our bodies ill;
Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth
to life's last scenes.

We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within;
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We want all pleasant ends, but will use
no harsh means;

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through;
But our own acts, for good or ill, are
mightier powers.

Yet, even when man forsakes
All sin, — is just, is pure,
Abandons all which makes
His welfare insecure, —
Other existences there are, that clash
with ours.

Like us, the lightning-fires
Love to have scope and play;
The stream, like us, desires
An unimpeded way;
Like us, the Libyan wind delights to
roam at large.

Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To give his virtues room;
Nor is that wind less rough which blows
a good man's barge.

Nature, with equal mind,
Sees all her sons at play;
Sees man control the wind,
The wind sweep man away;
Allows the proudly-riding and the
foundering bark.

And, lastly, though of ours
No weakness spoil our lot,
Though the non-human powers
Of Nature harm not us,
The ill deeds of other men make often *our*
life dark.

What were the wise man's plan? —
Through this sharp, toil-set life,
To work as best he can,
And win what's won by strife. —
But we an easier way to cheat our pains
have found.

Scratch'd by a fall, with moans
As children of weak age
Lend life to the dumb stones
Whereon to vent their rage,
And bend their little fists, and rate the
senseless ground;

So, loath to suffer mute,
We, peopling the void air,
Make Gods to whom to impute
The ills we ought to bear;
With God and Fate to rail at, suffering
easily.

Yet grant — as sense long miss'd
Things that are now perceived,
And much may still exist
Which is not yet believed —
Grant that the world were full of Gods
we cannot see;

All things the world which fill
Of but one stuff are spun,
That we who rail are still,
With what we rail at, one;
One with the o'erlabored Power that
through the breadth and length

Of earth, and air, and sea,
 In men, and plants, and stones,
 Hath toil perpetually,
 And travails, pants, and moans;
 Fain would do all things well, but some-
 times fails in strength.

And patiently exact
 This universal God
 Alike to any act
 Proceeds at any nod,
 And quietly declaims the cursings of him-
 self.

This is not what man hates,
 Yet he can curse but this,
 Harsh Gods and hostile Fates
 Are dreams! this only *is*
 Is everywhere; sustains the wise, the
 foolish elf.

Not only, in the intent
 To attach blame elsewhere,
 Do we at will invent
 Stern Powers who make their care
 To embitter human life, malignant
 Deities;

But, next, we would reverse
 The scheme ourselves have spun,
 And what we made to curse
 We now would lean upon,
 And feign kind Gods who perfect what
 man vainly tries.

Look, the world tempts our eye,
 And we would know it all!
 We map the starry sky,
 We mine this earthen ball,
 We measure the sea-tides, we number the
 the sea-sands;

We scrutinize the dates
 Of long-past human things,
 The bounds of effaced states,
 The lines of deceased kings;
 We search out dead men's words, and
 works of dead men's hands;

We shut our eyes, and muse
 How our own minds are made,
 What springs of thought they use,
 How righten'd, how betray'd —
 And spend our wit to name what most
 employ unnamed.

But still, as we proceed,
 The mass swells more and more
 Of volumes yet to read,
 Of secrets yet to explore.
 Our hair grows gray, our eyes are dimm'd,
 our heat is tamed;

We rest our faculties,
 And thus address the Gods:
 "True science if there is,
 It stays in your abodes!
 Man's measures cannot mete the im-
 measurable All.

"You only can take in
 The world's immense design.
 Our desperate search was sin,
 Which henceforth we resign,
 Sure only that your mind sees all things
 which befall."

Fools! That in man's brief term
 He cannot all things view,
 Affords no ground to affirm
 That there are Gods who do;
 Nor does being weary prove that he has
 where to rest.

Again. — Our youthful blood
 Claims rapture as its right;
 The world, a rolling flood
 Of newness and delight,
 Draws in the enamor'd gazer to its shining
 breast;

Pleasure, to our hot grasp,
 Gives flowers after flowers;
 With passionate warmth we clasp
 Hand after hand in ours;
 Now do we soon perceive how fast our
 youth is spent.

At once our eyes grow clear!
 We see, in blank dismay,
 Year posting after year,
 Sense after sense decay;
 Our shivering heart is mined by secret
 discontent;

Yet still, in spite of truth,
 In spite of hopes entomb'd,
 That longing of our youth
 Burns ever unconsumed,
 Still hungrier for delight as delights grow
 more rare.

We pause; we hush our heart,
And thus address the Gods:
"The world hath fail'd to impart
The joy our youth forebodes,
Fail'd to fill up the void which in our
breasts we bear.

"Changeful till now, we still
Look'd on to something new;
Let us, with changeless will,
Henceforth look on to you,
To find with you the joy we in vain here
require!"

Fools! That so often here
Happiness mock'd our prayer,
I think, might make us fear
A like event elsewhere;
Make us, not fly to dreams, but moderate
desire.

And yet, for those who know
Themselves, who wisely take
Their way through life, and bow
To what they cannot break,
Why should I say that life need yield but
moderate bliss?

Shall we, with temper spoil'd,
Health sapp'd by living ill,
And judgment all embroil'd
By sadness and self-will,
Shall *we* judge what for man is not true
bliss or is?

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to
have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat
down baffling foes —

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our
repose?

Not much, I know, you prize
What pleasures may be had,
Who look on life with eyes
Estranged, like mine, and sad;
And yet the village-churl feels the truth
more than you.

Who's loath to leave this life
Which to him little yields —
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,
His often-labor'd fields,
The boors with whom he talk'd, the
country-spots he knew.

But thou, because thou hear'st
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate,
Because the Gods thou fear'st
Fail to make blest thy state,
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the
joys there are!

I say: Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope;
Because thou must not dream, thou
need'st not then despair!

1852.

CALLICLES' SONG

FROM EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-
bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapped in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

— What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime? —

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
— The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train? —

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

— Whose praise do they mention.
Of what is it told? —
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men;

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm. 1852.

THE YOUTH OF NATURE

RAISED are the dripping oars,
Silent the boat! the lake,
Lovely and soft as a dream,
Swims in the sheen of the moon.
The mountains stand at its head
Clear in the pure June-night,
But the valleys are flooded with haze.
Rydal and Fairfield are there;
In the shadow Wordsworth lies dead,
So it is, so it will be for aye.
Nature is fresh as of old,
Is lovely; a mortal is dead.

The spots which recall him survive,
For he lent a new life to these hills.
The Pillar still broods o'er the fields
Which border Ennerdale Lake,
And Egremont sleeps by the sea.

The gleam of The Evening Star
Twinkles on Grasmere no more,
But ruin'd and solemn and gray
The sheepfold of Michael survives;
And, far to the south, the heath
Still blows in the Quantock coombs
By the favorite waters of Ruth.
These survive! — yet not without pain,
Pain and dejection to-night,
Can I feel that their poet is gone.
He grew old in an age he condemn'd.
He look'd on the rushing decay
Of the times which had shelter'd his youth,
Felt the dissolving throes
Of a social order he loved;
Outlived his brethren, his peers;
And, like the Theban seer,
Died in his enemies' day.

Cold bubbled the spring of Tilphusa,
Copaïs lay bright in the moon,
Helicon glass'd in the lake
Its firs, and afar rose the peaks
Of Parnassus, snowily clear;
Thebes was behind him in flames,
And the clang of arms in his ear,
When his awe-struck captors led
The Theban seer to the spring.
Tiresias drank and died.
Nor did reviving Thebes
See such a prophet again.

Well may we mourn, when the head
Of a sacred poet lies low
In an age which can rear them no more!
The complaining millions of men
Darken in labor and pain;
But he was a priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
Which we saw with his eyes, and were
glad.

He is dead, and the fruit-bearing day
Of his race is past on the earth;
And darkness returns to our eyes.

For, oh! is it you, is it you,
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,
And mountains, that fill us with joy,
Or the poet who sings you so well?
Is it you, O beauty, O grace,
O charm, O romance, that we feel,
Or the voice which reveals what you are?
Are ye, like daylight and sun,
Shared and rejoiced in by all?
Or are ye immersed in the mass
Of matter, and hard to extract,

Or sunk at the core of the world
To keep for the most to discern?
Like stars in the deep of the sky,
Which arise on the glass of the sage,
But are lost when their watcher is gone.

"They are here" — I heard, as men heard
In Mysian Ida the voice
Of the Mighty Mother, or Crete,
The murmur of Nature reply —
"Loveliness, magic, and grace,
They are here! they are set in the world.
They abide; and the finest of souls
Hath not been thrill'd by them all,
Nor the dullest been dead to them quite.
The poet who sings them may die,
But they are immortal and live,
For they are the life of the world.
Will ye not learn it, and know,
When ye mourn that a poet is dead,
That the singer was less than his themes,
Life, and emotion, and I?"

"More than the singer are these.
Weak is the tremor of pain
That thrills in his mournfullest chord
To that which once ran through his soul.
Cold the elation of joy
In his gladdest, airiest song,
To that which of old in his youth
Fill'd him and made him divine.
Hardly his voice at its best
Gives us a sense of the awe,
The vastness, the grandeur, the gloom
Of the unlit gulf of himself.

"Ye know not yourselves; and your
bards —
The clearest, the best, who have read
Most in themselves — have beheld
Less than they left unreveal'd.
Yet express not yourselves; — can you
make
With marble, with color, with word,
What charm'd you in others re-live?
Can thy pencil, O artist! restore
The figure, the bloom of thy love,
As she was in her morning of spring?
Canst thou paint the ineffable smile
Of her eyes as they rested on thine?
Can the image of life have the glow,
The motion of life itself?"

"Yourselves and your fellows ye know
not; and me,
The mateless, the one, will ye know?"

Will ye scan me, and read me, and tell
Of the thoughts that ferment in my
breast,
My longing, my sadness, my joy?
Will ye claim for your great ones the
gift

To have render'd the gleam of my skies,
To have echoed the moan of my seas,
Utter'd the voice of my hills?
When your great ones depart, will ye
say:

*All things have suffer'd a loss,
Nature is hid in their grave?*

"Race after race, man after man,
Have thought that my secret was theirs,
Have dream'd that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy,
— They are dust, they are changed, they
are gone!

I remain." 1852.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears
me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have
calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye
waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault
of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as
they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things with-
out them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their
shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with
noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregard-
ful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pour-
ing,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"
1852.

MORALITY

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,
Thy struggling, task'd morality —
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife
divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?"

"There is no effort on my brow —
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.

Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once — but where?

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God."
1852.

A SUMMER NIGHT

IN the deserted, moon-blanch'd street,
How lonely rings the echo of my feet!
Those windows, which I gaze at, frown,
Silent and white, unopening down,
Repellent as the world; — but see,
A break between the housetops shows
The moon! and, lost behind her, fading
dim

Into the dewy dark obscurity
Down at the far horizon's rim,
Doth a whole tract of heaven disclose!
And to my mind the thought
Is on a sudden brought
Of a past night, and a far different scene.
Headlands stood out into the moonlit
deep

As clearly as at noon;
The spring-tide's brimming flow
Heaved dazzlingly between;

Houses, with long white sweep,
Girdled the glistening bay;
Behind, through the soft air,
The blue haze-cradled mountains spread
away,
The night was far more fair —
But the same restless paces to and fro,
And the same vainly throbbing heart was
there,
And the same bright, calm moon.

And the calm moonlight seems to say:
*Hast thou then still the old unquiet breast,
Which neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possess'd
And never quite benumb'd by the world's
sway? —*

And I, I know not if to pray
Still to be what I am, or yield and be
Like all the other men I see.

For most men in a brazen prison live,
 Where, in the sun's hot eye,
 With heads bent o'er their toil, they
 languidly
 Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork
 give,
 Dreaming of nought beyond their prison
 wall.
 And as, year after year,
 Fresh products of their barren labor fall
 From their tired hands, and rest
 Never yet comes more near,
 Gloom settles slowly down over their
 breast;
 And while they try to stem
 The waves of mournful thought by which
 they are pressed,
 Death in their prison reaches them,
 Unfreed, having seen nothing, still un-
 blest.

And the rest, a few,
 Escape their prison and depart
 On the wide ocean of life anew.
 There the freed prisoner, where'er his
 heart

Listeth, will sail;
 Nor doth he know how there prevail,
 Despotie on that sea,
 Trade-winds which cross it from eternity
 Awhile he holds some false way, unde-
 barr'd

By thwarting signs, and braves
 The freshening wind and blackening
 waves

And then the tempest strikes him; and
 between

The lightning-bursts is seen
 Only a driving wreck,
 And the pale master on his spar-strewn
 deck

With anguish'd face and flying hair
 Grasping the rudder hard,
 Still bent to make some port he knows
 not where,
 Still standing for some false, impossible
 shore.

And sterner comes the roar
 Of sea and wind, and through the deepen-
 ing gloom

Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman
 loom,

And he too disappears, and comes no more.

Is there no life, but these alone?
 Madman or slave, must man be one?

Plainness and clearness without shadow of
 stain!

Clearness divine!

Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions
 have no sign

Of languor, though so calm, and, though
 so great,

Are yet untroubled and unpassionate;
 Who, though so noble, share in the world's
 toil,

And, though so task'd, keep free from
 dust and soil!

I will not say that your mild deeps retain
 A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
 Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd
 in vain —

But I will rather say that you remain
 A world above man's head, to let him see
 How boundless might his soul's horizons
 be,

How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
 How it were good to abide there, and
 breathe free;

How fair a lot to fill

Is left to each man still! 1852.

THE BURIED LIFE

LIGHT flows our war of mocking words,
 and yet,

Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet!

I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll,

Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,

We know, we know that we can smile!

But there's a something in this breast,

To which thy light words bring no rest.

And thy gay smiles no anodyne.

Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,

And turn those limpid eyes on mine,

And let me read there, love! thy inmost
 soul.

Alas! is even love too weak

To unlock the heart, and let it speak?

Are even lovers powerless to reveal

To one another what indeed they feel?

I knew the mass of men conceal'd

Their thoughts, for fear that if reveal'd

They would by other men be met

With blank indifference, or with blame
 reproved;

I knew they lived and moved

Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest

Of men, and alien to themselves — and yet
 The same heart beats in every human
 breast!

But we, my love! — doth a like spell be-
numb
Our hearts, our voices? — must we too be
dumb?

Ah! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchain'd;
For that which seals them hath been
deep-ordain'd!

Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be —
By what distractions he would be pos-
sess'd,

How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well-nigh change his own identity —
That it might keep from his capricious
play

His genuine self, and force him to obey
Even in his own despite his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our
breast

The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded
streets,

But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless
force

In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which
beats

So wild, so deep in us — to know
Whence our lives come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then
delves,

But deep enough, alas! none ever mines.
And we have been on many thousand
lines,

And we have shown, on each, spirit and
power;

But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been our-
selves —

Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through
our breast.

But they course on for ever unexpress'd.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well — but 'tis not true!
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call!
Yet still, from time to time, vague and
forlorn,

From the soul's subterranean depth up-
borne

As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only — but this is rare —
When a belovèd hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd —
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our
breast,

And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies
plain,

And what we mean, we say, and what we
would, we know.

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur; and he
sees

The meadows where it glides, the sun,
the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his
breast.

And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes. 1852.

LINES

WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

In this lone, open glade I lie,
Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand;
And at its end, to stay the eye,
Those black-crown'd, red-boled pine-trees
stand!

Birds here make song, each bird has his,
Across the girdling city's hum.
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries
come!

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless, active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirr'd forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain-sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretch'd out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout.

In the huge world, which roars hard by,
Be others happy if they can!
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I, on men's impious uproar hurl'd,
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace for ever new!
When I who watch them am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass!
The flowers upclose, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live. 1852.

THE FUTURE

A WANDERER is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time;
Brimming with wonder and joy

He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the
stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts
been.

Whether he wakes
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the screams of the eagles,
Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born clear-flowing stream;
Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the swallowing sea —
As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each, as he glides,
Fable and dream
Of the lands which the river of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,
Or shall reach when his eyes have been
closed.

On the tract where he sails
He wots of; only the thoughts,
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plough?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roam'd on her
breast,

Her vigorous, primitive sons?
What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure?

What bard,
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.

Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
 Border'd by cities and hoarse
 With a thousand cries is its stream.
 And we on its breast, our minds
 Are confused as the cries which we hear,
 Changing and shot as the sights which we
 see.

And we say that repose had fled
 For ever the course of the river of Time.
 That cities will crowd to its edge
 In a blacker, incessanter line;
 That the din will be more on its banks,
 Denser the trade on its stream,
 Flatter the plain where it flows,
 Fiercer the sun overhead.
 That never will those on its breast
 See an ennobling sight,
 Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
 And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time —
 As it grows, as the towns on its marge
 Fling their wavering lights
 On a wider, statelier stream —
 May acquire, if not the calm
 Of its early mountainous shore,
 Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
 Of the gray expanse where he floats,
 Freshening its current and spotted with
 foam

As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
 Peace to the soul of the man on its
 breast —

As the pale waste widens around him,
 As the banks fade dimmer away,
 As the stars come out, and the night-wind
 Brings up the stream
 Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

1852.

STANZAS IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF "OBERMANN"¹

In front the awful Alpine track
 Crawls up its rocky stair;
 The autumn storm-winds drive the rack,
 Close o'er it, in the air.

¹ The author of *Obermann*, Étienne Pivert de Senancour, has little celebrity in France, his own country; and out of France he is almost unknown. But the profound inwardness, the austere sincerity, of his principal work, *Obermann*, the delicate feeling

Behind are the abandon'd baths¹
 Mute in their meadows lone;
 The leaves are on the valley-paths,
 The mists are on the Rhone —

The white mists rolling like a sea!
 I hear the torrents roar.
 — Yes, Obermann, all speaks of thee;
 I feel thee near once more!

I turn thy leaves! I feel their breath
 Once more upon me roll;
 That air of languor, cold, and death,
 Which brooded o'er thy soul.

for nature which it exhibits, and the melancholy eloquence of many passages of it, have attracted and charmed some of the most remarkable spirits of this century, such as George Sand and Sainte-Beuve, and will probably always find a certain number of spirits whom they touch and interest.

Senancour was born in 1770. He was educated for the priesthood, and passed some time in the seminary of St. Sulpice; broke away from the Seminary and from France itself, and passed some years in Switzerland, where he married; returned to France in middle life, and followed thenceforward the career of a man of letters, but with hardly any fame or success. He died an old man in 1846, desiring that on his grave might be placed these words only: *Éternité, deviens mon asile!*

The influence of Rousseau, and certain affinities with more famous and fortunate authors of his own day, — Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, — are everywhere visible in Senancour. But though, like these eminent personages, he may be called a sentimental writer, and though *Obermann*, a collection of letters from Switzerland treating almost entirely of nature and of the human soul, may be called a work of sentiment, Senancour has a gravity and severity which distinguish him from all other writers of the sentimental school. The world is with him in his solitude far less than it is with them; of all writers he is the most perfectly isolated and the least attitudinizing. His chief work, too, has a value and power of its own, apart from these merits of its author. The stir of all the main forces, by which modern life is and has been impelled, lives in the letters of *Obermann*; the dissolving agencies of the eighteenth century, the fiery storm of the French Revolution, the first faint promise and dawn of that new world which our own time is but more fully bringing to light, — all these are to be felt, almost to be touched, there. To me, indeed, it will always seem that the impressiveness of this production can hardly be rated too high.

Beside *Obermann* there is one other of Senancour's works which, for those spirits who feel his attraction, is very interesting; its title is, *Libres Méditations d'un Solitaire Inconnu*. (Arnold's note. The passage of George Sand alluded to may be found in her *Questions d'art et de littérature*. Sainte-Beuve has several times written of Senancour: especially in his *Portraits contemporains*, Vol. I, and in *Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire*, Chap. 14.)

¹ The Baths of Leuk. This poem was conceived, and partly composed, in the valley going down from the foot of the Gemmi Pass towards the Rhone. (Arnold.)

Fly hence, poor wretch, whoe'er thou
 art,
 Condemn'd to cast about,
 All shipwreck in thy own weak heart,
 For comfort from without!

A fever in these pages burns
 Beneath the calm they feign;
 A wounded human spirit turns,
 Here, on its bed of pain.

Yes, though the virgin mountain-air
 Fresh through these pages blows;
 Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
 The soul of their white snows;

Though here a mountain-murmur swells
 Of many a dark-bough'd pine;
 Though, as you read, you hear the bells
 Of the high-pasturing kine —

Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,
 And brooding mountain-bee,
 There sobs I know not what ground-
 tone
 Of human agony.

Is it for this, because the sound
 Is fraught too deep with pain,
 That, Obermann! the world around
 So little loves thy strain?

Some secrets may the poet tell,
 For the world loves new ways;
 To tell too deep ones is not well —
 It knows not what he says.

Yet, of the spirits who have reign'd
 In this our troubled day,
 I know but two, who have attain'd
 Save thee, to see their way.

By England's lakes, in gray old age,
 His quiet home one keeps;
 And one, the strong much-toiling sage,
 In German Weimar sleeps.

But Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
 From half of human fate;
 And Goethe's course few sons of men
 May think to emulate.

For he pursued a lonely road,
 His eyes on Nature's plan;
 Neither made man too much a God,
 Nor God too much a man.

Strong was he, with a spirit free
 From mists, and sane, and clear;
 Clearer, how much! than ours — yet we
 Have a worse course to steer.

For though his manhood bore the blast
 Of a tremendous time,
 Yet in a tranquil world was pass'd
 His tenderer youthful prime.

But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
 Of change, alarm, surprise —
 What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
 What leisure to grow wise?

Like children bathing on the shore,
 Buried a wave beneath,
 The second wave succeeds, before
 We have had time to breathe.

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
 Too harass'd, to attain
 Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's
 wide
 And luminous view to gain.

And then we turn, thou sadder sage,
 To thee! we feel thy spell!
 — The hopeless tangle of our age,
 Thou too hast scann'd it well!

Immovable thou sittest, still
 As death, composed to bear!
 Thy head is clear, thy feeling chill,
 And icy thy despair.

Yes, as the son of Thetis said,
 I hear thee saying now:
*Greater by far than thou are dead;
 Strive not! die also thou!*

Ah! two desires toss about
 The poet's feverish blood.
 One drives him to the world without
 And one to solitude.

*The glow, he cries, the thrill of life,
 Where, where do these abound? —
 Not in the world, not in the strife
 Of men, shall they be found.*

He who hath watch'd, not shared, the
 strife,
 Knows how the day hath gone.
 He only lives with the world's life,
 Who hath renounced his own.

To thee we come, then! Clouds are roll'd
Where thou, O seer! art set;
Thy realm of thought is drear and cold —
The world is colder yet!

And thou hast pleasures, too, to share
With those who come to thee —
Balsms floating on thy mountain-air,
And healing sights to see.

How often, where the slopes are green
On Jaman, hast thou sate
By some high chalet-door, and seen
The summer-day grow late;

And darkness steal o'er the wet grass
With the pale crocus starr'd,
And reach that glimmering sheet of glass
Beneath the piny sward,

Lake Leman's waters, far below!
And watch'd the rosy light
Fade from the distant peaks of snow;
And on the air of night

Heard accents of the eternal tongue
Through the pine branches play —
Listen'd and felt thyself grow young!
Listen'd and wept — Away!

Away the dreams that but deceive
And thou, sad guide, adieu!
I go, fate drives me; but I leave
Half of my life with you,

We, in some unknown Power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line;
Can neither, when we will, enjoy,
Nor, when we will, resign.

I in the world must live; but thou,
Thou melancholy shade!
Wilt not, if thou canst see me now,
Condemn me, nor upbraid.

For thou art gone away from earth,
And place with those dost claim,
The Children of the Second Birth,
Whom the world could not tame;

And with that small, transfigured band,
Who many a different way
Conducted to their common land,
Thou learn'st to think as they.

Christian and pagan, king and slave,
Soldier and anchorite,
Distinctions we esteem so grave,
Are nothing in their sight.

They do not ask, who pined unseen,
Who was on action hurl'd,
Whose one bond is, that all have been
Unspotted by the world.

There without anger thou wilt see
Him who obeys thy spell
No more, so he but rest, like thee,
Unsoil'd! — and so, farewell.

Farewell! — Whether thou now liest near
That much-loved inland sea,
The ripples of whose blue waves cheer
Vevey and Meillerie

And in that gracious region bland,
Where with clear-rustling wave
The scented pines of Switzerland
Stand dark round thy green grave,

Between the dusty vineyard-walls
Issuing on that green place
The early peasant still recalls
The pensive stranger's face,

And stoops to clear thy moss-grown date
Ere he plods on again; —
Or whether, by maligner fate,
Among the swarms of men,

Where between granite terraces
The blue Seine rolls her wave,
The Capital of Pleasure sees
The hardly-heard-of grave; —

Farewell! Under the sky we part,
In the stern Alpine dell.
O unstrung will! O broken heart!
A last, a last farewell! 1852.

REQUIESCAT

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death. 1853.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

AND the first gray of morning fill'd the
east,

And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hush'd, and still the men were
plunged in sleep;

Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the gray dawn stole into his
tent,

He rose, and clad himself, and girt his
sword,

And took his horseman's cloak, and left
his tent;

And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's
tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he
pass'd, which stood
Clustering like beehives on the low flat
strand

Of Oxus, where the summer-floods o'er-
flow

When the sun melts the snows in high
Pamere;

Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er
that low strand,

And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink — the spot

where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes
the land.

The men of former times had crown'd
the top

With a clay fort; but that was fall'n,
and now

The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's
tent,

A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were
spread.

And Sohrab came there, and went in, and
stood

Upon the thick piled carpets in the tent,

And found the old man sleeping on his
bed

Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his
arms,

And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the
step

Was dull'd; for he slept light, an old
man's sleep;

And he rose quickly on one arm, and
said: —

“Who art thou? for it is not yet clear
dawn.

Speak! is there news, or any night
alarm?”

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and
said: —

“Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I
lie

Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army march'd;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan
first

I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and
shown,

At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that while I still
bear on

The conquering Tartar ensigns through
the world,

And beat the Persians back on every
field,

I seek one man, one man, and one alone —
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should
greet,

Should one day greet, upon some well-
fought field,

His not unworthy, not inglorious son.

So I long hoped, but him I never find.

Come then, hear now, and grant me what
I ask.

Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian
lords

To meet me, man to man; if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall —
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no
kin.

Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names
are sunk;

But of a single combat fame speaks clear."

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand

Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said: —

"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine! Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,

And share the battle's common chance with us

Who love thee, but must press for ever first,

In single fight incurring single risk,

To find a father thou hast never seen?

That were far best, my son, to stay with us

Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,

And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.

But, if this one desire indeed rules all,

To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight!

Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,

O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!

But far hence seek him, for he is not here.

For now it is not as when I was young,

When Rustum was in front of every fray;

But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,

In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.

Whether that his own mighty strength at last

Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age,

Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.

There go! — Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes

Danger or death awaits thee on this field.

Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost

To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace

To seek thy father, not seek single fights

In vain; — but who can keep the lion's cub

From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?

Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left

His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;

And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat

He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,

And threw a white cloak round him, and he took

In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;

And on his head he set his sheep-skin cap, Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul;

And raised the curtain of his tent, and call'd

His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun by this had risen, and clear'd the fog

From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.

And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed

Into the open plain; so Haman bade — Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled

The host, and still was in his lusty prime.

From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd;

As when some gray November morn the files,

In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes

Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes

Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,

Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward bound

For the warm Persian sea-board — so they stream'd.

The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard, First, with black sheep-skin caps and

with long spears; Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come

And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.

Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,

The Tukas, and the lances of Salore, And those from Attruck and the Caspian

sands; Light men and on light steeds, who only

drink The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.

And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came

From far, and a more doubtful service own'd;

The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards

And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes

Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,

Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes
 who stray
 Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kir-
 ghizzes,
 Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere;
 These all filed out from camp into the
 plain.

And on the other side the Persians
 form'd; —

First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they
 seem'd,

The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
 The royal troops of Persia, horse and
 foot,

Marshall'd battalions bright in burnish'd
 steel.

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
 Threading the Tartar squadrons to the
 front,

And with his staff kept back the foremost
 ranks.

And when Ferood, who led the Persians,
 saw

That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
 He took his spear, and to the front he
 came,

And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them
 where they stood.

And the old Tartar came upon the sand
 Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and
 said:

“Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars,
 hear!

Let there be truce between the hosts to-
 day.

But choose a champion from the Persian
 lords

To fight our champion Sohrab, man to
 man.”

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
 When the dew glistens on the pearled
 ears,

A shiver runs through the deep corn for
 joy —

So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa
 said,

A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons
 ran

Of pride and hope of Sohrab, whom they
 loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool,
 Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
 That vast sky-neighboring mountain of
 milk snow;

Crossing so high, that, as they mount,
 they pass

Long flocks of travelling birds dead on
 the snow,

Choked by the air, and scarce can they
 themselves

Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd
 mulberries —

In single file they move, and stop their
 breath,

For fear they should dislodge the o'er-
 hanging snows —

So the pale Persians held their breath with
 fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came
 up

To counsel: Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
 And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
 Second, and was the uncle of the King;
 These came and counsell'd, and then
 Gudurz said: —

“Ferood, shame bids us take their
 challenge up,

Yet champion have we none to match this
 youth.

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's
 heart;

But Rustum came last night; aloof he
 sits

And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart.
 Him will I seek, and carry to his ear

The Tartar challenge, and this young
 man's name.

Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
 Stand forth the while, and take their
 challenge up.”

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth
 and cried: —

“Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said!
 Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man.”

He spake: and Peran-Wisa turn'd,
 and strode

Back through the opening squadrons to
 his tent.

But through the anxious Persians Gudurz
 ran,

And cross'd the camp which lay behind,
 and reach'd,

Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's
 tents.

Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering
 gay,

Just pitch'd; the high pavilion in the
 midst

Was Rustum's, and his men lay camp'd
 around.

And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and
 found

Rustum; his morning meal was done,
but still

The table stood before him, charged with
food —

A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of
bread,

And dark green melons; and there Rustum sate

Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And play'd with it; but Gudurz came

and stood

Before him; and he look'd, and saw him
stand,

And with a cry sprang up and dropp'd
the bird,

And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and
said : —

"Welcome! these eyes could see no
better sight.

What news? but sit down first, and eat
and drink."

But Gudurz stood in the tent door,
and said : —

"Not now! a time will come to eat and
drink,

But not to-day; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at

gaze;

For from the Tartars is a challenge
brought

To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion — and thou

know'st his name —

Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young

man's!

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's
heart;

And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are
old,

Or else too weak; and all eyes turned to
thee.

Come down and help us, Rustum, or we
lose!"

He spoke; but Rustum answer'd with
a smile : —

"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the

King

Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai
Khosroo,

Himself is young, and honors younger
men,

And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the

young —

The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts,
not I.

For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's
fame?

For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I
have —

A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,

My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his

herds,

And he has none to guard his weak old
age.

There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak

old man,

And spend the goodly treasures I have
got,

And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's
fame,

And leave to death the hosts of thankless
kings,

And with these slaughterous hands draw
sword no more."

He spoke and smiled; and Gudurz
made reply ; —

"What then, O Rustum, will men say to
this,

When Sohrab dares our bravest forth,
and seeks

Thee most of all, and thou, whom most
he seeks,

Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men
should say :

*Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his
fame,*

And shuns to peril it with younger men."

And greatly moved, then Rustum made
reply : —

"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such
words?

Thou knowest better words than this to
say.

What is one more, one less, obscure or
famed,

Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?

But who for men of nought would do
great deeds?

Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards
his fame!

But I will fight unknown, and in plain
arms;

Let not men say of Rustum, he was
match'd

In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frown'd; and Gudurz
turn'd, and ran

Back quickly through the camp in fear
and joy —

Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum
came.

But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and
call'd

His followers in, and bade them bring his
arms,

And clad himself in steel; the arms he
chose

Were plain, and on his shield was no
device,

Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair
plume.

So arm'd, he issued forth; and Ruksh,
his horse,

Follow'd him like a faithful hound at
heel —

Ruksh, whose renown was noised through
all the earth,

The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find

A colt beneath its dam, and drove him
home,

And rear'd him; a bright bay, with lofty
crest,

Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd
green

Crusted with gold, and on the ground
were work'd

All beasts of chase, all beasts which
hunters know.

So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and
cross'd

The camp, and to the Persian host ap-
pear'd.

And all the Persians knew him, and
with shouts

Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he
was.

And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on
shore,

By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at
night,

Having made up his tale of precious
pearls,

Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum
came.

And Rustum to the Persian front ad-
vanced,

And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and
came.

And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's
corn,

And on each side are squares of standing
corn,

And in the midst a stubble, short and
bare —

So on each side were squares of men,
with spears

Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and
cast

His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he
came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's
morn,

Eyes through her silken curtains the poor
drudge

Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes
her fire —

At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd
window-panes —

And wonders how she lives, and what the
thoughts

Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum
eyed

The unknown adventurous youth, who
from afar

Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs; long he
perused

His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly

rear'd;

Like some young cypress, tall, and dark,
and straight,

Which in a queen's secluded garden
throws

Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit
turf,

By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's
sound —

So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly
rear'd.

And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and
said : —

"O thou young man, the air of Heaven
is soft,

And warm, and pleasant; but the grave
is cold!

Heaven's air is better than the cold dead
grave.

Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a
field

Of blood, and I have fought with many a
foe —

Never was that field lost, or that foe
saved.

O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on
death?

Be govern'd! quit the Tartar host, and
come

To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as
thou."

So he spake, mildly; Sohrab heard his
voice,

The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a
chief

Hath builded on the waste in former
years

Against the robbers; and he saw that
head,

Streak'd with its first gray hairs; — hope
filled his soul,

And he ran forward and embraced his
knees,

And clasp'd his hand within his own, and
said: —

"O, by the father's head! by thine own
soul!

Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou
not he?"

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling
youth,

And turn'd away, and spake to his own
soul: —

"Ah me, I muse what this young fox
may mean!

False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar
boys.

For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: *Rustum is here!*

He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,

And praise my fame, and proffer cour-
teous gifts,

A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,

In Samarcand. he will arise and cry:

'I challenged once, when the two armies
camp'd

Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they

Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he
and I

Changed gifts, and went on equal terms
away.'

So will he speak, perhaps, while men
applaud;

Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed
through me."

And then he turn'd, and sternly spake
aloud: —

"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly
question thus

Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast
call'd

By challenge forth; make good thy
vaunt, or yield!

Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst
fight?

Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face
and flee!

For well I know, that did great Rustum
stand

Before thy face this day, and were re-
veal'd.

There would be then no talk of fighting
more.

But being what I am, I tell thee this —
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:

Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and
yield,

Or else thy bones shall strew this sand,
till winds

Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-
floods,

Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answer'd, on
his feet: —

"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not
fright me so!

I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum

stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting

then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand

here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread

than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am

young —
But yet success sways with the breath of
Heaven.

And though thou thinkest that thou
 knowest sure
 Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely
 know.
 For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
 Poised on the top of a huge wave of
 fate,
 Which hangs uncertain to which side to
 fall.
 And whether it will heave us up to land,
 Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
 Back out to sea, to the deep waves of
 death,
 We know not, and no search will make
 us know;
 Only the event will teach us in its hour."
 He spoke, and Rustum answer'd not,
 but hurl'd
 His spear; down from the shoulder, down
 it came,
 As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
 That long has tower'd in the airy clouds,
 Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it
 come,
 And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the
 spear
 Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the
 sand,
 Which it sent flying wide; — then Sohrab
 threw
 In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield;
 sharp rang,
 The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd
 the spear.
 And Rustum seized his club, which none
 but he
 Could wield; an unlopp'd trunk it was,
 and huge,
 Still rough — like those which men in
 treeless plains
 To build them boats fish from the flooded
 rivers,
 Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
 By their dark springs, the wind in winter-
 time
 Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
 And strewn the channels with torn boughs
 — so huge
 The club which Rustum lifted now, and
 struck
 One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang
 aside,
 Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club
 came
 Thundering to earth, and leapt from
 Rustum's hand.

And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and
 fell
 To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd
 the sand;
 And now might Sohrab have unsheathed
 his sword,
 And pierced the mighty Rustum while he
 lay
 Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with
 sand;
 But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared
 his sword,
 But courteously drew back, and spoke,
 and said: —
 "Thou strik'st too hard! that club of
 thine will float
 Upon the summer-floods, and not my
 bones.
 But rise, and be not wroth! Not wroth
 am I;
 No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my
 soul.
 Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum; 'be it
 so!
 Who art thou then, that canst so touch
 my soul?
 Boy as I am, I have seen battles too —
 Have waded foremost in their bloody
 waves,
 And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
 But never was my heart thus touch'd
 before.
 Are they from Heaven, these softenings of
 the heart?
 O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
 Come, plant we here in earth our angry
 spears,
 And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
 And pledge each other in red wine, like
 friends,
 And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's
 deeds.
 There are enough foes in the Persian host,
 Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel
 no pang;
 Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom
 thou
 Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they con-
 front thy spear!
 But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and
 me!"
 He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum
 had risen,
 And stood erect, trembling with rage;
 his club
 He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear

Whose fiery point now in his mail'd
right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that
autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glitter-
ing arms.

His breast heaved, his lips foam'd, and
twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these
words broke way:—

“Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with
thy hands!
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet
words!

Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no
more!

Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art
wont to dance;

But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no
play

Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge,
and wine!

Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before
both the hosts

With thy light skipping tricks, and thy
girl's wiles.”

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his
taunts,

And he too drew his sword; at once they
rush'd

Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the
clouds,

One from the east, one from the west;
their shields

Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy wood-
cutters

Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such
blows

Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
And you would say that sun and star
took part

In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd
the sun

Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the
plain,

And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the
pair.

In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and
they alone;

For both the on-looking hosts on either
hand

Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was
pure,

And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with blood-
shot eyes

And laboring breath; first Rustum struck
the shield

Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-
spiked spear

Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach
the skin,

And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry
groan.

Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rus-
tum's helm,

Nor clove its steel quite through; but all
the crest

He shore away, and that proud horse-hair
plume,

Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head; but then
the gloom

Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and
Ruksh, the horse,

Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful
cry;—

No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert-lion, who all day
Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his
side,

And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked
for fear,

And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but
rush'd on,

And struck again; and again Rustum
bow'd

His head; but this time all the blade,
like glass,

Sprang in a thousand shivers on the
helm,

And in the hand the hilt remain'd alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dread-
ful eyes

Glared, and he shook on high his menac-
ing spear,

And shouted: *Rustum!*—Sohrab heard
that shout,

And shrank amazed; back he recoild
 one step,
 And scann'd with blinking eyes the ad-
 vancing form;
 And then he stood bewilder'd; and he
 dropp'd
 His covering shield, and the spear pierced
 his side.

He reel'd, and staggering back, sank to
 the ground,
 And then the gloom dispersed, and the
 wind fell,
 And the bright sun broke forth, and
 melted all
 The cloud; and the two armies saw the
 pair —

Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
 And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody
 sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum
 began: —

“Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind
 to kill

A Persian lord this day, and strip his
 corpse,

And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
 Or else that the great Rustum would
 come down

Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would
 move

His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
 And then that all the Tartar host would
 praise

Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy
 fame,

To glad thy father in his weak old age.

Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown
 man!

Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
 Than to thy friends, and to thy father
 old.”

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab re-
 plied: —

“Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce
 vaunt is vain.

Thou dost not slay me, proud and boast-
 ful man!

No! Rustum slays me, and this filial
 heart.

For were I match'd with ten such men
 as thee

And I were that which till to-day I was,
 They should be lying here, I standing
 there.

But that belovèd name unnerved my
 arm —

That name, and something, I confess, in
 thee,

Which troubles all my heart, and made
 my shield

Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd
 foe.

And now thou boastest, and insult'st my
 fate.

But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble
 to hear

The mighty Rustum shall avenge my
 death!

My father, whom I seek through all the
 world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish
 thee!”

As when some hunter in the spring
 hath found

A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,

Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,

And pierced her with an arrow as she
 rose,

And follow'd her to find her where she
 fell

Far off; — anon her mate comes winging
 back

From hunting, and a great way off de-
 scribes

His huddling young left sole; at that, he
 checks

His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
 Circles above his eyry, with loud screams

Chiding his mate back to her nest; but
 she

Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
 In some far stony gorge out of his ken,

A heap of fluttering feathers — never
 more

Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
 Never the black and dripping precipices

Echo her stormy scream as she sails by —
 As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his

loss,
 So Rustum knew not his own loss, but

stood
 Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But, with a cold incredulous voice, he
 said: —

“What prate is this of fathers and re-
 venge?

The mighty Rustum never had a son.”

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab re-
 plied: —

“Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
 Surely the news will one day reach his
 ear,

Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries
 long,
 Somewhere, I know not where, but far
 from here
 And pierce him like a stab, and make
 him leap
 To arms, and cry for vengeance upon
 thee.
 Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only
 son!
 What will that grief, what will that
 vengeance be?
 Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen!
 Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
 My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
 With that old king, her father, who grows
 gray
 With age, and rules over the valiant
 Koords.
 Her most I pity, who no more will see
 Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
 With spoils and honor, when the war is
 done.
 But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
 From tribe to tribe, until it reach her
 ear;
 And then will that defenceless woman
 learn
 That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no
 more,
 But that in battle with a nameless foe,
 By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."
 He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept
 aloud,
 Thinking of her he left, and his own
 death.
 He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plunged
 in thought.
 Nor did he yet believe it was his son
 Who spoke although he call'd back names
 he knew;
 For he had had sure tidings that the
 babe,
 Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
 Had been a puny girl, no boy at all —
 So that sad mother sent him word, for
 fear
 Rustum should seek the boy, to train in
 arms;
 And so he deem'd that either Sohrab
 took,
 By a false boast, the style of Rustum's
 son;
 Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
 So deem'd he; yet he listen'd, plunged in
 thought

And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
 Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
 At the full moon; tears gather'd in his
 eyes;
 For he remember'd his own early youth,
 And all its bounding rapture; as, at
 dawn,
 The shepherd from his mountain-lodge
 describes
 A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
 Through many rolling clouds — so Rus-
 tum saw
 His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her
 bloom;
 And that old king, her father, who loved
 well
 His wandering guest, and gave him his
 fair child
 With joy; and all the pleasant life they
 led,
 They three, in that long-distant summer-
 time —
 The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
 And hound, and morn on those delightful
 hills
 In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
 Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
 Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
 Like some rich hyacinth which by the
 scythe
 Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
 Mowing the garden grass-plots near its
 bed,
 And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
 On the mown, dying grass — so Sohrab lay,
 Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
 And Rustum gazed on him with grief,
 and said: —
 "O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
 Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might
 well have loved.
 Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
 Have told thee false — thou art not Rus-
 tum's son.
 For Rustum had no son; one child he
 had —
 But one — a girl; who with her mother
 now
 Plies some light female task, nor dreams
 of us —
 Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor
 war."
 But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath;
 for now
 The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew
 fierce,

And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to
die —

But first he would convince his stubborn
foe;

And, rising sternly on one arm, he said: —
“Man, who art thou who dost deny my
words?”

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far
from mine.

I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother
gave,

That she might prick it on the babe she
bore.”

He spoke; and all the blood left Rus-
tum's cheeks,

And his knees totter'd, and he smote his
hand

Against his breast, his heavy mailed
hand,

That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud;
And to his heart he press'd the other
hand,

And in a hollow voice he spake, and
said: —

“Sohrab, that were a proof which
could not lie!

If thou show this, then art thou Rus-
tum's son.”

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab
loosed

His belt, and near the shoulder bared
his arm,

And show'd a sign in faint vermilion
points

Prick'd; as a cunning workman, in
Pekin,

Pricks with vermilion some clear porce-
lain vase,

An emperor's gift — at early morn he
paints,

And all day long, and, when night comes,
the lamp

Lights up his studious forehead and thin
hands —

So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's

seal.

It was that griffin, which of old rear'd
Zal,

Rustum's great father, whom they left to
die,

A helpless babe, among the mountain-
rocks;

Him that kind creature found, and rear'd,
and loved —

Then Rustum took it for his glorious
sign.

And Sohrab bared that image on his
arm,

And himself scann'd it long with mourn-
ful eyes,

And then he touch'd it with his hand
and said: —

“How say'st thou? Is that sign the
proper sign

Of Rustum's son, or of some other
man's?”

He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and
gazed, and stood

Speechless; and then he utter'd one
sharp cry:

O boy — thy father! — and his voice
choked there.

And then a dark cloud pass'd before his
eyes,

And his head swam, and he sank down to
earth.

But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and
cast

His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his
lips,

And with fond faltering fingers stroked
his cheeks,

Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his

eyes,

And they stood wide with horror; and
he seized

In both his hands the dust which lay
around,

And threw it on his head, and smirch'd
his hair, —

His hair, and face, and beard, and glit-
tering arms;

And strong convulsive groanings shook
his breast,

And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd
his sword,

To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held

his hands,

And with a soothing voice he spake, and
said: —

“Father, forbear! for I but meet to-
day

The doom which at my birth was written
down

In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's un-
conscious hand.

Surely my heart cried out that it was
 thou,
 When first I saw thee; and thy heart
 spoke too,
 I know it! but fate trod those prompt-
 ings down
 Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
 The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's
 spear.

But let us speak no more of this! I find
 My father; let me feel that I have found!
 Come, sit beside me on this sand, and
 take

My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my
 cheeks,

And wash them with thy tears, and say:
My son!

Quick! quick! for number'd are my
 sands of life,

And swift; for like the lightning to this
 field

I came, and like the wind I go away —
 Sudden, and swift, and like a passing
 wind.

But it was writ in Heaven that this should
 be."

So said he, and his voice released the
 heart

Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he
 cast

His arms round his son's neck, and wept
 aloud,

And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both
 the hosts,

When they saw Rustum's grief; and
 Ruksh, the horse,

With his head bowing to the ground and
 mane

Sweeping the dust, came near, and in
 mute woe

First to the one, then to the other moved
 His head, as if inquiring what their grief
 Might mean; and from his dark, com-
 passionate eyes,

The big warm tears roll'd down, and
 caked the sand.

But Rustum chid him with stern voice,
 and said: —

"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O
 Ruksh; thy feet

Should first have rotted on their nimble
 joints,

Or ere they brought thy master to this
 field!"

But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and
 said; —

"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in
 past days,

My mother told me of thee, thou brave
 steed,

My terrible father's terrible horse! and
 said,

That I should one day find thy lord and
 thee.

Come, let me lay my hand upon thy
 mane!

O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
 For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
 And snuff'd the breezes of my father's
 home,

And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
 And seen the River of Helmund, and the
 Lake

Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
 Has often stroked thy neck, and given
 thee food,

Corn in a golden platter soak'd with
 wine,

And said; *O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!*
 — but I

Have never known my grandsire's fur-
 row'd face,

Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
 Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Hel-
 mund stream;

But lodged among my father's foes, and
 seen

Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
 Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
 And the black Toorkmun tents; and
 only drunk

The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
 Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed
 their sheep,

The northern Sir; and this great Oxus
 stream,

The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum
 bewail'd —;

"Oh, that its waves were flowing over
 me!

Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
 Roll tumbling in the current o'er my
 head!"

But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab
 replied: —

"Desire not that, my father! thou must
 live.

For some are born to do great deeds, and
 live,

As some are born to be obscured, and
 die.

Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of
men

Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not
these!

Let me entreat for them; what have
they done?

They follow'd me, my hope, my fame,
my star.

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send
with them,

But carry me with thee to Seistan,

And place me on a bed, and mourn for
me,

Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal; and all
thy friends.

And thou must lay me in that lovely
earth,

And heap a stately mound above my
bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all.

That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and
cry:

*Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!
And I be not forgotten in my grave."*

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum
replied:—

"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab,
my son,

So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence
with me,

And carry thee away to Seistan,

And place thee on a bed, and mourn for
thee,

With the snow-headed Zal, and all my
friends,

And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy
bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all,

And men shall not forget thee in thy
grave.

And I will spare thy host; yea, let them
go!

Let them all cross the Oxus back in
peace!

What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain

Might be once more alive; my bitterest
foes,

And they who were call'd champions in
their time,

And through whose death I won that
fame I have—

And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without re-
nown,

So thou mightest live too, my son, my
son!

Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,

Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of
thine,

Not thou of mine! and I might die, not
thou;

And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;

And Zal might weep above my grave, not
thine;

And say: *O son, I weep thee not too sore,
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine
end!*

But now in blood and battles was my
youth,

And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab
replied:—

"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful
man!

But thou shalt yet have peace; only not
now,

Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that
day,

When thou shalt sail in a high-masted
ship,

Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,

From laying thy dear master in his
grave."

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face,
and said:—

"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that
sea!

Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."
He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him,

and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and

eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the

blood
Came welling from the open gash, and

flow'd with the stream;—all down his
cold white side

The crimson torrent ran, dim now and
soil'd,

Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on the native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with
haste

Indoors from the sun's eye; his head
droop'd low,

His limbs grew slack; motionless, white,
he lay —

White, with eyes closed; only when
heavy gasps,

Deep heavy gasps quivering through all
his frame,

Convulsed him back to life, he open'd
them,

And fix'd them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and
from his limbs,

Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it
left,

And youth, and bloom, and this delightful
world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay
dead;

And the great Rustum drew his horse-
man's cloak

Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead
son.

As those black granite pillars, once high-
rear'd

By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights
of steps

Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain
side —

So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn
waste,

And the two gazing hosts, and that sole
pair,

And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with
night,

Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for
now

Both armies moved to camp, and took
their meal;

The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river
marge;

And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low
land,

Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,

Rejoicing, through the hush'd Choras-
mian waste,

Under the solitary moon; — he flow'd
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then
sands began

To hem his watery march, and dam his
streams,

And split his currents; that for many a
league

The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains
along

Through beds of sand and matted rushy
isles —

Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer — till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and
wide

His luminous home of waters opens,
bright

And tranquil, from whose floor the new-
bathed stars

Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.
1853.

PHILOMELA

HARK! ah, the nightingale —

The tawny-throated!

Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a
burst!

What triumph! hark! — what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken,
old-world pain —

Say, will it never heal?

And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this
English grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian
wild?

Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's
shame?

Dost thou once more assay
 Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
 Poor fugitive, the feathery change
 Once more, and once more seem to make
 resound
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian
 vale?
 Listen, Eugenia —
 How thick the bursts come crowding
 through the leaves!
 Again — thou hearest?
 Eternal passion!
 Eternal pain!

1853.

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the
 hill;
 Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
 No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
 Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their
 throats,
 Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another
 head.
 But when the fields are still,
 And the tired men and dogs all gone to
 rest,
 And only the white sheep are some-
 times seen
 Cross and recross the strips of moon-
 blanch'd green,
 Come, shepherd, and again begin the
 quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of
 late —
 In this high field's dark corner, where he
 leaves
 His coat, his basket, and his earthen
 cruse,
 And in the sun all morning binds the
 sheaves,
 Then here, at noon, comes back his
 stores to use —
 Here will I sit and wait,
 While to my ear from uplands far away
 The bleating of the folded flocks is
 borne.
 With distant cries of reapers in the
 corn —
 All the live murmur of a summer's day.
 Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-
 reap'd field,

And here till sun-down, shepherd! will I
 be.
 Through the thick corn the scarlet
 poppies peep,
 And round green roots and yellowing
 stalks I see
 Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep;
 And air-swept lindens yield
 Their scent, and rustle down their per-
 fumed showers
 Of bloom on the bent grass where I am
 laid,
 And bower me from the August sun
 with shade;
 And the eye travels down to Oxford's
 towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's
 book —
 Come, let me read the oft-read tale
 again!
 The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
 Of pregnant parts and quick inventive
 brain,
 Who, tired of knocking at prefer-
 ment's door,
 One summer-morn forsook
 His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-
 lore,
 And roam'd the world with that wild
 brotherhood,
 And came, as most men deem'd, to little
 good.
 But came to Oxford and his friends no
 more.

But once, years after, in the country-
 lanes,
 Two scholars, whom at college erst he
 knew,
 Met him, and of his way of life en-
 quired;
 Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-
 crew,
 His mates, had arts to rule as they de-
 sired
 The workings of men's brains,
 And they can bind them to what thoughts
 they will,
 "And I," he said, "the secret of their
 art,
 When fully learn'd, will to the world
 impart;
 But it needs heaven-sent moments for
 this skill."

This said, he left them, and return'd no more. —

But rumors hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,

Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,

In hat of antique shape, and cloak of gray,

The same the gipsies wore.

Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;

At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,

On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors

Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.

And I myself seem half to know thy looks,

And put the shepherds, wanderer! on thy trace;

And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks

I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;

Or in my boat I lie

Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,

'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,

And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,

And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!

Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer-nights,

have met

Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,

Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,

As the punt's rope chops round;

And leaning backward in a pensive dream,

And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers

Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,

And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more! —

Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come

To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,

Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,

Or cross a stile into the public way.

Oft thou hast given them store

Of flowers — the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,

Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eyes,

And purple orchises with spotted leaves —

But none hath words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay time's here

In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,

Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass

Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,

To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,

Have often pass'd thee near

Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;

Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,

Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air —

But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,

Where at her open door the housewife dawns,

Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate

To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.

Children, who early range these slopes and late

For cresses from the rills,

Have known thee eying, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;

And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,

Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley
Wood —

Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged
way

Pitch their smoked tents, and every
bush you see

With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds
of gray,

Above the forest-ground called Thes-
saly —

The blackbird, picking food,
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears
at all;

So often has he known thee past him
stray,

Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd
spray, [to fall.
And waiting for the spark from heaven

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-
travellers go,

Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden
bridge,

Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the
snow,

Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its win-
try ridge?

And thou hast climb'd the hill,
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner
range;

Turn'd once to watch, while thick the
snowflakes fall,

The line of festal light in Christ-church
hall —

Then sought thy straw in some seques-
ter'd grange.

But what — I dream! Two hundred
years are flown

Since first thy story ran through Oxford
halls,

And the grave Glanvil did the tale in-
scribe

That thou wert wander'd from the stu-
dious walls

To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-
tribe;

And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard
laid —

Some country-nook, where o'er thy un-
known grave

Tall grasses and white flowering nettles
wave, [shade.

Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's

— No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of
hours!

For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their
being rolls;

'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls
And numb the elastic powers.

Till having used our nerves with bliss
and teen,

And tired upon a thousand schemes
our wit,

To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are — what we
have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou
perish, so?

Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one*
desire;

Else wert thou long since number'd
with the dead!

Else hadst thou spent, like other men,
thy fire!

The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go;

But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age

And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's
page,

Because thou hadst — what we, alas!
have not.

For early didst thou leave the world,
with powers

Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other
things;

Free from the sick fatigue, the languid
doubt,

Which much to have tried, in much
been baffled, brings.

O life unlike to ours!

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for
what he strives,

And each half lives a hundred different
lives;

Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in
hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven!
and we,

Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly
will'd,

Whose insight never has borne fruit in
deeds,

Whose vague resolves never have been
fulfill'd;

For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments
new;

Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won
to-day —

Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?

Yes, we await it! — but it still delays,
And then we suffer! and amongst us one,

Who more has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;

And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;

Tells us his misery's birth and growth
and signs,

And how the dying spark of hope was
fed,

And how the breast was soothed, and
how the head,

And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would
end,

And waive all claim to bliss, and try to
bear;

With close-lipp'd patience for our only
friend,

Sad patience, too near neighbor to
despair —

But none has hope like thine!

Thou through the fields and through the
woods dost stray,

Roaming the country-side, a truant
boy,

Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time
away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and
clear,

And life ran gaily as the sparkling
Thames;

Before the strange disease of modern
life,

With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts,

was rife —

Fly hence, our contact fear!

Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering
wood!

Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in
Hades turn,

Wave us away and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,

With a free onward impulse brushing
through,

By night, the silver'd branches of the
glade —

Far on the forest-skirts, where none
pursue,

On some mild pastoral slope

Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years

With dew, or listen with enchanted
ears,

From the dark dingles, to the nightin-
gales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact
fly!

For strong the infection of our mental
strife,

Which, though it gives no bliss, yet
spoils for rest;

And we should win thee from thy own
fair life,

Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,

Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd
thy powers,

And thy clear aims be cross and shifting
made;

And then thy glad perennial youth
would fade,

Fade and grow old at last, and die like
ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and
smiles!

— As some grave Tyrian trader, from the
sea,

Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,

The fringes of a southward-facing
brow

Among the Ægæan Isles;

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and

Chian wine,

Green, bursting figs, and tunnies
steep'd in brine —

And knew the intruders on his ancient
home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves —

And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail;

And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the Blue Midland waters with the gale,

Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits; and unbent sails

There, where down cloudy cliffs,
through sheets of foam,

Shy traffickers, the dark Ibérians
come;

And on the beach undid his corded bales.
1853.

FROM BALDER DEAD

SECTION III

THE Gods held talk together, group'd in knots,

Round Balder's corpse, which they had thither borne;

And Hermod came down tow'rd's them from the gate.

And Lok, the father of the serpent, first
Beheld him come, and to his neighbor spake: —

"See, here is Hermod, who comes single back

From Hell; and shall I tell thee how he seems?

Like as a farmer, who hath lost his dog,
Some morn, at market, in a crowded town —

Through many streets the poor beast runs in vain,

And follows this man after that, for hours;
And, late at evening, spent and panting, falls

Before a stranger's threshold, not his home,

With flanks a-tremble, and his slender tongue

Hangs quivering out between his dust-smear'd jaws,

And piteously he eyes the passers by;
But home his master comes to his own farm,

Far in the country, wondering where he is —

So Hermod comes to-day unfollow'd home."

And straight his neighbor, moved with wrath, replied: —

"Deceiver! fair in form, but false in heart!

Enemy, mocker, whom, though Gods, we hate —

Peace, lest our father Odin hear thee gibe!

Would I might see him snatch thee in his hand,

And bind thy carcase, like a bale, with cords,

And hurl thee in a lake, to sink or swim!
If clear from plotting Balder's death, to swim;

But deep, if thou devisedst it, to drown,
And perish, against fate, before thy day."

But Odin look'd toward the land, and saw
His messenger; and he stood forth, and cried.

And Hermod came, and leapt from Sleipner down,

And in his father's hand put Sleipner's rein,

And greeted Odin and the Gods, and said: —

"Odin, my father, and ye, Gods of Heaven!

Lo, home, having perform'd your will, I come.

Into the joyless kingdom have I been,
Below, and look'd upon the shadowy tribes

Of ghosts, and communed with their solemn queen;

And to your prayer she sends you this reply:

Show her through all the world the signs of grief!

Fails but one thing to grieve, there Balder stops!

Let Gods, men, brutes, beweeep him; plants and stones:

So shall she know your loss was dear indeed,

And bend her heart and give you Balder back."

He spoke; and all the Gods to Odin look'd:

And straight the Father of the ages said: —

"Ye Gods, these terms may keep another day.

But now, put on your arms, and mount your steeds,

And in procession all come near, and weep

Balder; for that is what the dead desire. When ye enough have wept, then build a pile

Of the heap'd wood, and burn his corpse with fire

Out of our sight; that we may turn from grief,

And lead, as erst, our daily life in Heaven."

He spoke, and the Gods arm'd; and Odin donn'd

His dazzling corslet and his helm of gold, And led the way on Sleipner; and the rest

Follow'd, in tears, their father and their king.

And thrice in arms around the dead they rode,

Weeping; the sands were wetted, and their arms,

With their thick-falling tears — so good a friend

They mourn'd that day, so bright, so loved a God.

And Odin came, and laid his kingly hands

On Balder's breast, and thus began the wail: —

"Farewell, O Balder, bright and loved, my son!

In that great day, the twilight of the Gods,

When Muspel's children shall beleague Heaven,

Then we shall miss thy counsel and thy arm."

Thou camest near the next, O warrior Thor!

Shouldering thy hammer, in thy chariot drawn,

Swaying the long-hair'd goats with silver'd rein;

And over Balder's corpse these words didst say: —

"Brother, thou dwellest in the dark-some land,

And talkest with the feeble tribes of ghosts,

Now, and I know not how they prize thee there —

But here, I know, thou wilt be miss'd and mourn'd

For haughty spirits and high wraths are rife

Among the Gods and Heroes here in Heaven,

As among those whose joy and work is war;

And daily strifes arise, and angry words. But from thy lips, O Balder, night or day,

Heard no one ever an injurious word To God or Hero, but thou keptest back

The others, laboring to compose their brawls.

Be ye then kind, as Balder too was kind! For we lose him, who smoothed all strife in Heaven."

He spake, and all the Gods assenting wail'd.

And Freya next came nigh, with golden tears;

The loveliest Goddess she in Heaven, by all

Most honor'd after Freya, Odin's wife. Her long ago the wandering Oder took

To mate, but left her to roam distant lands;

Since then she seeks him, and weeps tears of gold.

Names hath she many; Vanadis on earth They call her, Freya is her name in Heaven;

She in her hands took Balder's head, and spake: —

"Balder, my brother, thou art gone a road

Unknown and long, and haply on that way My long-lost wandering Oder thou hast met,

For in the paths of Heaven he is not found.

Oh, if it be so, tell him what thou wast To his neglected wife, and what he is,

And wring his heart with shame, to hear thy word!

For he, my husband, left me here to pine, Not long a wife, when his unquiet heart

First drove him from me into distant lands;

Since then I vainly seek him through the world,

And weep from shore to shore my golden tears,

But neither god nor mortal heeds my pain.

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind, To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say:

*Or thou wilt find him in thy faithful search
On some great road, or resting in an inn,
Or at a ford, or sleeping by a tree.*

So Balder said; — but Oder, well I know,
My truant Oder I shall see no more
To the world's end; and Balder now is
gone.

And I am left uncomforted in Heaven."

She spake; and all the Goddesses be-
wail'd.

Last from among the Heroes one came
near,

No God, but of the hero-troop the chief —
Regner, who swept the northern sea with
fleets,

And ruled o'er Denmark and the heathy
isles,

Living; but Ella captured him and
slew; —

A king whose fame then fill'd the vast of
Heaven.

Now time obscures it, and men's later
deeds.

He last approach'd the corpse, and spake,
and said: —

"Balder, there yet are many Scalds in
Heaven

Still left, and that chief Scald, thy
brother Brage,

Whom we may bid to sing, though thou
art gone.

And all these gladly, while we drink, we
hear,

After the feast is done, in Odin's hall;
But they harp ever on one string, and
wake

Remembrance in our soul of wars alone,
Such as on earth we valiantly have waged,

And blood, and ringing blows, and violent
death.

But when thou sangest, Balder, thou didst
strike

Another note, and, like a bird in spring,
Thy voice of joyance minded us, and
youth,

And wife, and children, and our ancient
home.

Yes, and I, too, remember'd then no more
My dungeon, where the serpents stung me
dead,

Nor Ella's victory on the English coast —
But I heard Thora laugh in Gothland
Isle,

And saw my shepherdess Aslauga, tend
Her flock along the white Norwegian
beach.

Tears started to mine eyes with yearning
joy,

Therefore with grateful heart I mourn
thee dead."

So Regner spake, and all the Heroes
groan'd.

But now the sun had pass'd the height of
Heaven,

And soon had all that day been spent in
wail;

But then the Father of the ages said: —
"Ye Gods, there well may be too much
of wail!

Bring now the gather'd wood to Balder's
ship;

Heap on the deck the logs, and build the
pyre."

But when the Gods and Heroes heard,
they brought

The wood to Balder's ship, and built a
pile,

Full the deck's breadth, and lofty; then
the corpse

Of Balder on the highest top they laid,
With Nanna on his right, and on his left

Hoder, his brother, whom his own hand
slew.

And they set jars of wine and oil to lean
Against the bodies, and stuck torches
near,

Splinters of pine-wood, soak'd with tur-
pentine;

And brought his arms and gold, and all his
stuff,

And slew the dogs who at his table fed,
And his horse, Balder's horse, whom
most he loved,

And placed them on the pyre, and Odin
threw

A last choice gift thereon, his golden ring.
The mast they fixed, and hoisted up the
sails,

Then they put fire to the wood; and
Thor

Set his stout shoulder hard against the
stern

To push the ship through the thick sand;
sparks flew

From the deep trench she plough'd, so
strong a God

Furrow'd it; and the water gurgled in.
And the ship floated on the waves, and
rock'd.

But in the hills a strong east-wind arose,
And came down moaning to the sea; first
squalls

Ran black o'er the sea's face, then steady
rush'd

The breeze, and fill'd the sails, and blew
the fire.

And wreathed in smoke the ship stood out
to sea.

Soon with a roaring rose the mighty fire,
And the pile crackled; and between the
logs

Sharp quivering tongues of flame shot out,
and leaped,

Curling and darting, higher, until they
lick'd

The summit of the pile, the dead, the
mast,

And ate the shrivelling sails; but still the
ship

Drove on, ablaze above her hull with
fire.

And the Gods stood upon the beach, and
gazed.

And while they gazed, the sun went
lurid down

Into the smoke-wrapt sea, and night
came on.

Then the wind fell, with night, and there
was calm;

But through the dark they watch'd the
burning ship

Still carried o'er the distant waters on,
Farther and farther, like an eye of fire.

And long, in the far dark, blazed Balder's
pile;

But fainter, as the stars rose high, it
flared,

The bodies were consumed, ash choked
the pile.

And as, in a decaying winter-fire,
A charr'd log, falling, makes a shower
of sparks —

So with a shower of sparks the pile fell in,
Reddening the sea around; and all was
dark.

But the Gods went by starlight up the
shore

To Asgard, and sate down in Odin's hall
At table, and the funeral-feast began.

All night they ate the boar Serimner's
flesh,

And from their horns, with silver rimm'd,
drank mead,

Silent, and waited for the sacred morn.
And morning over all the world was
spread.

Then from their loathèd feasts the Gods
arose,

And took their horses, and set forth to
ride

O'er the bridge Bifrost, where is Heim-
dall's watch,

To the ash Igdrasil, and Ida's plain;
Thor came on foot, the rest on horse-
back rode.

And they found Mimir sitting by his
fount

Of wisdom, which beneath the ashtree
springs;

And saw the Nornies watering the roots
Of that world-shadowing tree with
honey-dew.

There came the Gods, and sate them down
on stones;

And thus the Father of the ages said: —
"Ye Gods, the terms ye know, which
Hermod brought.

Accept them or reject them! both have
grounds.

Accept them, and they bind us, unful-
fill'd,

To leave for ever Balder in the grave,
An unrecover'd prisoner, shade with
shades.

But how, ye say, should the fulfilment
fall? —

Smooth sound the terms, and light to be
fulfill'd;

For dear-beloved was Balder while he
lived

In Heaven and earth, and who would
grudge him tears?

But from the traitorous seed of Lok
they come,

These terms, and I suspect some hidden
fraud.

Bethink ye, Gods, is there no other
way? —

Speak, were not this a way, the way for
Gods?

If I, if Odin, clad in radiant arms,
Mounted on Sleipner, with the warrior
Thor

Drawn in his car beside me, and my sons,
All the strong brood of Heaven, to swell
my train,

Should make irruption into Hela's realm,
And set the fields of gloom ablaze with
light,

And bring in triumph Balder back to
Heaven?"

He spake, and his fierce sons applauded
loud.

But Frea, mother of the Gods, arose,

Daughter and wife of Odin; thus she said:—

“Odin, thou whirlwind, what a threat is this!

Thou threatenest what transcends thy might, even thine.

For of all powers the mightiest far art thou,

Lord over men on earth, and Gods in Heaven;

Yet even from thee thyself hath been withheld

One thing—to undo what thou thyself hast ruled.

For all which hath been fixt, was fixt by thee.

In the beginning, ere the Gods were born, Before the Heavens were builded, thou didst slay

The giant Ymir, whom the abyss brought forth,

Thou and thy brethren fierce, the sons of Bor,

And cast his trunk to choke the abysmal void.

But of his flesh and members thou didst build

The earth and Ocean, and above them Heaven.

And from the flaming world, where Muspel reigns,

Thou sent'st and fetched'st fire, and madest lights,

Sun, moon, and stars, which thou hast hung in Heaven,

Dividing clear the paths of night and day.

And Asgard thou didst build, and Midgard fort;

Then me thou mad'st; of us the Gods were born.

Last, walking by the sea, thou foundest spars

Of wood, and framed'st men, who till the earth,

Or on the sea, the field of pirates, sail.

And all the race of Ymir thou didst drown,

Save one, Bergelmer;—he on shipboard fled

Thy deluge, and from him the giants sprang.

But all that brood thou hast removed far off,

And set by Ocean's utmost marge to dwell;

But Hela into Nifheim thou threw'st, And gav'st her nine unlighted worlds to rule,

A queen, and empire over all the dead. That empire wilt thou now invade, light up

Her darkness, from her grasp a subject tear?—

Try it; but I, for one, will not applaud. Nor do I merit, Odin, thou should'st slight

Me and my words, though thou be first in Heaven;

For I too am a Goddess, born of thee, Thine eldest, and of me the Gods are

sprung;

And all that is to come I know, but lock In mine own breast, and have to none

reveal'd. Come then! since Hela holds by right her

prey, But offers terms for his release to Heaven,

Accept the chance; thou canst no more obtain.

Send through the world thy messengers; entreat

All living and unliving things to weep For Balder; if thou haply thus may'st

melt Hela, and win the loved one back to Heaven.”

She spake, and on her face let fall her veil,

And bow'd her head, and sate with folded hands.

Nor did the all-ruling Odin slight her word;

Straightway he spake, and thus address'd the Gods:

“Go quickly forth through all the world, and pray

All living and unliving things to weep Balder, if haply he may thus be won.”

When the Gods heard, they straight arose, and took

Their horses, and rode forth through all the world;

North, south, east, west, they struck, and roam'd the world

Entreating all things to weep Balder's death.

And all that lived, and all without life, wept.

And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,

At winter's end, before the spring begins,

And a warm west-wind blows, and thaw
sets in —

After an hour a dripping sound is heard
In all the forests, and the soft-strewn
snow

Under the trees is dibbled thick with
holes,

And from the boughs the snowloads
shuffle down;

And, in fields sloping to the south, dark
plots

Of grass peep out amid surrounding
snow,

And widen, and the peasant's heart is
glad —

So through the world was heard a drip-
ping noise

Of all things weeping to bring Balder
back;

And there fell joy upon the Gods to hear.
But Hermod rode with Niord, whom he
took

To show him spits and beaches of the sea
Far off, where some unwarn'd might fail
to weep —

Niord, the God of storms, whom fishers
know;

Not born in Heaven; he was in Vanheim
rear'd,

With men, but lives a hostage with the
Gods;

He knows each frith, and every rocky
creek

Fringed with dark pines, and sands where
seafowl scream —

They two scour'd every coast, and all
things wept.

And they rode home together, through
the wood

Of Jarnvid, which to east of Midgard lies
Bordering the giants, where the trees are
iron;

There in the wood before a cave they
came.

Where sate, in the cave's mouth, a skinny
hag,

Toothless and old; she gibes the passers
by.

Thok is she call'd, but now Lok wore her
shape;

She greeted them the first, and laugh'd,
and said: —

“Ye Gods, good lack, is it so dull in
Heaven,

That ye come pleasuring to Thok's iron
wood?

Lovers of change ye are, fastidious sprites.
Look, as in some boor's yard a sweet-
breath'd cow,

Whose manger is stuff'd full of good fresh
hay,

Snuffs at it daintily, and stoops her head
To chew the straw, her litter, at her
feet —

So ye grow squeamish, Gods, and sniff
at Heaven!”

She spake; but Hermod answer'd her
and said: —

“Thok, not for gibes we come, we come
for tears.

Balder is dead, and Hela holds her prey,
But will restore, if all things give him
tears.

Begrudge not thine! to all was Balder
dear.”

Then, with a louder laugh, the hag
replied: —

“Is Balder dead? and do ye come for
tears?

Thok with dry eyes will weep o'er Balder's
pyre.

Weep him all other things, if weep they
will —

I weep him not! let Hela keep her prey.”
She spake, and to the cavern's depth
she fled,

Mocking; and Hermod knew their toil
was vain.

And as seafaring men, who long have
wrought

In the great deep for gain, at last come
home,

And towards evening see the headlands
rise

Of their dear country, and can plain descry
A fire of wither'd furze which boys have
lit

Upon the cliffs, or smoke of burning
weeds

Out of a till'd field inland; — then the
wind

Catches them, and drives out again to
sea;

And they go long days tossing up and
down

Over the gray sea-ridges, and the glimpse
Of port they had makes bitterer far their
toil —

So the Gods' cross was bitterer for their
joy.

Then, sad at heart, to Niord Hermod
spake: —

"It is the accuser Lok, who flouts us all !
 Ride back, and tell in Heaven this heavy
 news;
 I must again below, to Hela's realm."
 He spoke; and Niord set forth back to
 Heaven.
 But northward Hermod rode, the way
 below,
 The way he knew; and traversed Giall's
 stream,
 And down to Ocean groped, and cross'd
 the ice,
 And came beneath the wall, and found
 the grate
 Still lifted; well was his return fore-
 known.
 And once more Hermod saw around him
 spread
 The joyless plains, and heard the streams
 of Hell.
 But as he enter'd, on the extremest bound
 Of Nifheim, he saw one ghost come
 near,
 Hovering, and stopping oft, as if afraid —
 Hoder, the unhappy, whom his own hand
 slew.
 And Hermod look'd, and knew his
 brother's ghost,
 And call'd him by his name, and sternly
 said : —
 "Hoder, ill-fated, blind in heart and
 eyes !
 Why tarriest thou to plunge thee in the
 gulf
 Of the deep inner gloom, but flittest here,
 In twilight, on the lonely verge of Hell,
 Far from the other ghosts, and Hela's
 throne ?
 Doubtless thou fearest to meet Balder's
 voice,
 Thy brother, whom through folly thou
 didst slay."
 He spoke; but Hoder answer'd him,
 and said : —
 "Hermod the nimble, dost thou still pur-
 sue
 The unhappy with reproach, even in the
 grave ?
 For this I died, and fled beneath the
 gloom,
 Not daily to endure abhorring Gods,
 Nor with a hateful presence cumber
 Heaven;
 And canst thou not, even here pass pity-
 ing by ?
 No less than Balder have I lost the light

Of Heaven, and communion with my kin ;
 I too had once a wife, and once a child,
 And substance, and a golden house in
 Heaven —
 But all I left of my own act, and fled
 Below, and dost thou hate me even here ?
 Balder upbraids me not, nor hates at all,
 Though he has cause, have any cause;
 but he,
 When that with downcast looks I hither
 came,
 Stretch'd forth his hand, and with be-
 nignant voice,
Welcome, he said, if there be welcome here,
Brother and fellow-sport of Lok with me !
 And not to offend thee, Hermod, nor to
 force
 My hated converse on thee, came I up
 From the deep gloom, where I will now
 return;
 But earnestly I long'd to hover near,
 Not too far off, when that thou camest
 by;
 To feel the presence of a brother God,
 And hear the passage of a horse of
 Heaven,
 For the last time — for here thou com'st
 no more."
 He spake, and turn'd to go to the inner
 gloom.
 But Hermod stay'd him with mild words,
 and said : —
 "Thou doest well to chide me, Hoder
 blind !
 Truly thou say'st, the planning guilty
 mind
 Was Lok's; the unwitting hand alone
 was thine.
 But Gods are like the sons of men in
 this —
 When they have woe, they blame the
 nearest cause.
 Howbeit stay, and be appeased ! and
 tell :
 Sits Balder still in pomp by Hela's side,
 Or is he mingled with the unnumber'd
 dead ?"
 And the blind Hoder answer'd him and
 spake : —
 "His place of state remains by Hela's
 side,
 But empty; for his wife, for Nanna came
 Lately below, and join'd him; and the
 pair
 Frequent the still recesses of the realm
 Of Hela, and hold converse undisturb'd.

But they too, doubtless, will have
breathed the balm,
Which floats before a visitant from
Heaven,
And have drawn upward to this verge of
Hell."

He spake; and, as he ceased, a puff
of wind

Roll'd heavily the leaden mist aside
Round where they stood, and they beheld
two forms

Make toward them o'er the stretching
cloudy plain.

And Hermod straight perceived them,
who they were

Balder and Nanna; and to Balder said:—

"Balder, too truly thou foresaw'st a
snare!

Lok triumphs still, and Hela keeps her
prey.

No more to Asgard shalt thou come, nor
lodge

In thy own house, Breidablik, nor enjoy
The love all bear toward thee, nor train
up

Forset, thy son, to be beloved like thee.
Here must thou lie, and wait an endless
age.

Therefore for the last time, O Balder,
hail!"

He spake; and Balder answer'd him,
and said:—

"Hail and farewell! for here thou com'st
no more.

Yet mourn not for me, Hermod, when
thou sitt'st

In Heaven, nor let the other Gods lament,
As wholly to be pitied, quite forlorn.

For Nanna hath rejoin'd me, who, of old,
In Heaven, was seldom parted from my
side;

And still the acceptance follows me,
which crown'd

My former life, and cheers me even here.
The iron frown of Hela is relax'd

When I draw nigh, and the wan tribes of
dead

Love me, and gladly bring for my award
Their ineffectual feuds and feeble hates —
Shadows of hates, but they distress them
still."

And the fleet-footed Hermod made
reply:—

"Thou hast then all the solace death
allows,

Esteem and function; and so far is well.

Yet here thou liest, Balder, underground,
Rusting for ever; and the years roll on,
The generations pass, the ages grow,
And bring us nearer to the final day
When from the south shall march the
fiery band

And cross the bridge of Heaven, with
Lok for guide,

And Fenris at his heel with broken chain;
While from the east the giant Rymer
steers

His ship, and the great serpent makes to
land;

And all are marshall'd in one flaming
square

Against the Gods, upon the plains of
Heaven.

I mourn thee, that thou canst not help
us then."

He spake; but Balder answer'd him,
and said:—

"Mourn not for me! Mourn, Hermod,
for the Gods;

Mourn for the men on earth, the Gods
in Heaven,

Who live, and with their eyes shall see
that day!

The day will come, when fall shall As-
gard's towers,

And Odin, and his sons, the seed of
Heaven;

But what were I, to save them in that
hour?

If strength might save them, could not
Odin save,

My father, and his pride, the warrior
Thor,

Vidar the silent, the impetuous Tyr?

I, what were I, when these can nought
avail?

Yet, doubtless, when the day of battle
comes,

And the two hosts are marshall'd, and in
Heaven

The golden-crested cock shall sound
alarm,

And his black brother-bird from hence
reply,

And bucklers clash, and spears begin to
pour —

Longing will stir within my breast,
though vain.

But not to me so grievous, as, I know,
To other Gods it were, is my enforced
Absence from fields where I could noth-
ing aid;

For I am long since weary of your
 Of carnage, and find, Hermod, in your
 Something too much of war and broils,
 Life one perpetual fight, a bath of blood.
 Mine eyes are dizzy with the arrowy
 Mine ears are stunn'd with blows, and
 sick for calm.

Inactive therefore let me lie, in gloom,
 Unarm'd, inglorious; I attend the course
 Of ages, and my late return to light,
 In times less alien to a spirit mild,
 In new-recover'd seats, the happier day."

He spake; and the fleet Hermod thus
 replied:—

"Brother, what seats are these, what
 happier day?

Tell me, that I may ponder it when
 gone."

And the ray-crowned Baldér answer'd
 him:—

"Far to the south, beyond the blue, there
 spreads

Another Heaven, the boundless — no one
 yet

Hath reach'd it; there hereafter shall
 arise

The second Asgard, with another name.
 Thither, when o'er this present earth
 and Heavens

The tempest of the latter days hath
 swept,

And they from sight have disappear'd,
 and sunk,

Shall a small remnant of the Gods re-
 pair;

Hoder and I shall join them from the
 grave.

There re-assembling we shall see emerge
 From the bright Ocean at our feet an
 earth

More fresh, more verdant than the last,
 with fruits

Self-springing, and a seed of man pre-
 served,

Who then shall live in peace, as now in
 war.

But we in Heaven shall find again with
 joy

The ruin'd palaces of Odin, seats
 Familiar, halls where we have supp'd of
 old;

Re-enter them with wonder, never fill

Our eyes with gazing, and rebuild with
 tears.

And we shall tread once more the well-
 known plain

Of Ida, and among the grass shall find
 The golden dice wherewith we play'd of
 yore;

And that will bring to mind the former
 life

And pastime of the Gods, the wise dis-
 course

Of Odin, the delights of other days.

O Hermod, pray that thou may'st join
 us then!

Such for the future is my hope; mean-
 while,

I rest the thrall of Hela, and endure
 Death, and the gloom which round me
 even now

Thickens, and to its inner gulf recalls.

Farewell, for longer speech is not allow'd!"

He spoke, and waved farewell, and gave
 his hand

To Nanna; and she gave their brother
 blind

Her hand, in turn, for guidance; and
 the three

Departed o'er the cloudy plain, and
 soon

Faded from sight into the interior gloom.
 But Hermod stood beside his drooping

horse,
 Mute, gazing after them in tears; and

fain,
 Fain had he follow'd their receding

steps,
 Though they to death were bound, and

he to Heaven,
 Then; but a power he could not break

withheld.
 And as a stork which idle boys have

trapp'd,
 And tied him in a yard, at autumn sees

Flocks of his kind pass flying o'er his
 head

To warmer lands, and coasts that keep
 the sun; —

He strains to join their flight, and from
 his shed

Follows them with a long complaining
 cry —

So Hermod gazed, and yearn'd to join
 his kin.

At last he sigh'd, and set forth back
 to Heaven.

STANZAS FROM THE GRANDE
CHARTREUSE

THROUGH Alpine meadows soft-suffused
With rain, where thick the crocus blows,
Past the dark forges long disused,
The mule-track from Saint Laurent goes.
The bridge is cross'd, and slow we ride,
Through forest, up the mountain-side.

The autumnal evening darkens round,
The wind is up, and drives the rain;
While, hark! far down, with strangled
sound

Doth the Dead Guier's stream complain,
Where that wet smoke, among the woods,
Over his boiling cauldron broods.

Swift rush the spectral vapors white
Past limestone scars with ragged pines,
Showing — then blotting from our
sight! —

Halt — through the cloud-drift something
shines!

High in the valley, wet and drear,
The huts of Courrierie appear.

Strike leftward! cries our guide; and
higher

Mounts up the stony forest-way.
At last the encircling trees retire;
Look! through the showery twilight
gray

What pointed roofs are these advance? —
A palace of the Kings of France?

Approach, for what we seek is here!
Alight, and sparely sup, and wait
For rest in this outbuilding near;
Then cross the sward and reach that gate,
Knock; pass the wicket! Thou art come
To the Carthusians' world-famed home.

The silent courts, where night and day
Into their stone-carved basins cold
The splashing icy fountains play —
The humid corridors behold!
Where, ghostlike in the deepening night,
Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white.

The chapel, where no organ's peal
Invests the stern and naked prayer —
With penitential cries they kneel
And wrestle; rising then, with bare
And white uplifted faces stand,
Passing the Host from hand to hand;

Each takes, and then his visage wan
Is buried in his cowl once more.
The cells! — the suffering Son of Man
Upon the wall — the knee-worn floor —
And where they sleep, that wooden bed,
Which shall their coffin be, when dead!

The library, where tract and tome
Not to feed priestly pride are there,
To hymn the conquering march of Rome,
Nor yet to amuse, as ours are!
They paint of souls the inner strife,
Their drops of blood, their death in life.

The garden, overgrown — yet mild,
See, fragrant herbs are flowering there!
Strong children of the Alpine wild
Whose culture is the brethren's care;
Of human tasks their only one,
And cheerful works beneath the sun.

Those halls, too, destined to contain
Each its own pilgrim-host of old,
From England, Germany, or Spain —
All are before me! I behold
The House, the Brotherhood austere!
— And what am I, that I am here?

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,
Show'd me the high, white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.
Even now their whispers pierce the
gloom;

What dost thou in this living tomb?

Forgive me, masters of the mind!
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearned, so much resign'd —
I come not here to be your foe!
I seek these anchorites, not in ruth,
To curse and to deny your truth;

Not as their friend, or child, I speak!
But as, on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone —
For both were faiths, and both are gone.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride —
I come to shed them at their side.

Oh, hide me in your gloom profound,
 Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
 Take me, cowl'd forms, and fence me round
 Till I possess my soul again;
 Till free my thoughts before me roll,
 Not chafed by hourly false control!

For the world cries your faith is now
 But a dead time's exploded dream;
 My melancholy, sciolists say,
 Is a pass'd mode, an outworn theme —
 As if the world had ever had
 A faith, or sciolists been sad!

Ah, if it *be* pass'd, take away,
 At least, the restlessness, the pain;
 Be man henceforth no more a prey
 To these out-dated stings again!
 The nobleness of grief is gone —
 Ah, leave us not the fret alone!

But — if you cannot give us ease —
 Last of the race of them who grieve
 Here leave us to die out with these
 Last of the people who believe!
 Silent, while years engrave the brow;
 Silent — the best are silent now.

Achilles ponders in his tent,
 The kings of modern thought are dumb;
 Silent they are, though not content,
 And wait to see the future come.
 They have the grief men had of yore,
 But they contend and cry no more.

Our fathers water'd with their tears
 This sea of time whereon we sail,
 Their voices were in all men's ears
 We pass'd within their puissant hail.
 Still the same ocean round us raves,
 But we stand mute, and watch the waves.

For what avail'd it, all the noise
 And outcry of the former men? —
 Say, have their sons achieved more joys,
 Say, is life lighter now than then;
 The sufferers died, they left their pain —
 The pangs which tortured them remain.

What helps it now, that Byron bore,
 With haughty scorn which mock'd the
 smart,
 Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
 The pageant of his bleeding heart?
 That thousands counted every groan,
 And Europe made his woe her own?

What boots it, Shelley! that the breeze
 Carried thy lovely wail away,
 Musical through Italian trees
 Which fringe thy soft blue Spezzian bay?
 Inheritors of thy distress
 Have restless hearts one throb the less?

Or are we easier, to have read,
 O Obermann! the sad, stern page,
 Which tells us how thou hidd'st thy head
 From the fierce tempest of thine age
 In the lone brakes of Fontainebleau,
 Or chalets near the Alpine snow?

Ye slumber in your silent grave! —
 The world, which for an idle day
 Grace to your mood of sadness gave,
 Long since hath flung her weeds away.
 The eternal trifer breaks your spell;
 But we — we learned your lore too well!

Years hence, perhaps, may dawn an age,
 More fortunate, alas! than we,
 Which without hardness will be sage,
 And gay without frivolity.
 Sons of the world, oh, speed those years;
 But, while we wait, allow our tears!

Allow them! We admire with awe
 The exulting thunder of your race:
 You give the universe your law,
 You triumph over time and space!
 Your pride of life, your tireless powers,
 We laud them, but they are not ours.

We are like children rear'd in shade
 Beneath some old-world abbey wall,
 Forgotten in a forest-glade,
 And secret from the eyes of all.
 Deep, deep the greenwood round them
 waves,
 Their abbey, and its close of graves!

But, where the road runs near the stream,
 Oft through the trees they catch a glance
 Of passing troops in the sun's beam —
 Pennon, and plume, and flashing lance!
 Forth to the world those soldiers fare,
 To life, to cities, and to war!

And through the wood, another way,
 Faint bugle-notes from far are borne,
 Where hunters gather, staghounds bay,
 Round some fair forest-lodge at morn.
 Gay dames are there, in sylvan green;
 Laughter and cries — those notes between!

The banners flashing through the trees
Make their blood dance and chain their
eyes;

That bugle-music on the breeze
Arrests them with a charm'd surprise.
Banner by turns and bugle woo:
Ye shy recluses, follow too!

O children, what do ye reply? —
"Action and pleasure, will ye roam
Through these secluded dells to cry
And call us? — but too late ye come!
Too late for us your call ye blow,
Whose bent was taken long ago.

"Long since we pace this shadow'd nave;
We watch those yellow tapers shine,
Emblems of hope over the grave,
In the high altar's depth divine;
The organ carries to our ear
Its accents of another sphere.

"Fenced early in this cloistral round
Of reverie, of shade, of prayer,
How should we grow in other ground?
How can we flower in foreign air?
— Pass, banners, pass, and bugles, cease;
And leave our desert to its peace!"

1855.¹

FROM SWITZERLAND

ISOLATION. TO MARGUERITE

We were apart; yet, day by day,
I bade my heart more constant be.
I bade it keep the world away,
And grow a home for only thee;
Nor fear'd but thy love likewise grew,
Like mine, each day, more tried, more
true.

The fault was grave! I might have known,
What far too soon, alas! I learn'd —
The heart can bind itself alone,
And faith may oft be unreturn'd.
Self-sway'd our feelings ebb and swell —
Thou lov'st no more; — Farewell! Fare-
well!

Farewell! — and thou, thou lonely heart,
Which never yet without remorse
Even for a moment didst depart
From thy remote and spherèd course

¹ In *Fraser's Magazine*. First included in
Arnold's *Poetical Works* in 1867.

To haunt the place where passions reign —
Back to thy solitude again!

Back! with the conscious thrill of shame
Which Luna felt, that summer-night,
Flash through her pure immortal frame,
When she forsook the starry height
To hang over Endymion's sleep
Upon the pine-grown Latmian steep.

Yet she, chaste queen, had never proved
How vain a thing is mortal love,
Wandering in Heaven, far removed,
But thou hast long had place to prove.
This truth — to prove, and make thine
own:

"Thou hast been, shalt be, art, alone."

Or, if not quite alone, yet they
Which touch thee are unmating things —
Ocean and clouds and night and day;
Lorn autumns and triumphant springs;
And life, and others' joy and pain,
And love, if love, of happier men.

Of happier men — for they, at least,
Have *dream'd* two human hearts might
blend

In one, and were through faith released
From isolation without end
Prolong'd; nor knew, although not less
Alone than thou, their loneliness.

1857.

YES! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour —

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery plain —
Oh, might our margins meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
Who renders vain their deep desires? —
A God, a God their severance ruled!
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

(1852).¹ 1857.

THYRSIS²

A MONODY, to commemorate the author's
friend,

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, who died at
Florence, 1861

How changed is here each spot man
makes or fills!

In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the
same;

The village street its haunted mansion
lacks,

And from the sign is gone Sibylla's
name,

And from the roofs the twisted chim-
ney-stacks —

Are ye too changed, ye hills?

See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men

To-night from Oxford up your path-
way strays!

Here came I often, often, in old
days —

Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis
then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childs-
worth Farm,

Past the high wood, to where the elm-
tree crowns

The hill behind whose ridge the sun-
set flames?

The signal-elm, that looks on the Ilsley
Downs,

The Vale, the three lone weirs, the
youthful Thames? —

This winter-eve is warm,

Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as
spring,

The tender purple spray on copse
and briars!

And that sweet city with her dream-
ing spires,

She needs not June for beauty's height-
ening.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-
night! —

Only, methinks, some loss of habit's
power

Befalls me wandering through this
upland dim.

Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any
hour;

Now seldom come I, since I came
with him.

That single elm-tree bright
Against the west — I miss it! is it
gone?

We prized it dearly; while it stood,
we said,

Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was
not dead;

While the tree lived, he in these fields
lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits
here,

But once I knew each field, each flower,
each stick;

And with the country-folk acquaint-
ance made

By barn in threshing-time, by newbuilt
rick.

Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first
assay'd.

Ah me! this many a year

My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with
heavy heart

Into the world and wave of men de-
part;

But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country
yields,

He loved his mates; but yet he could
not keep,

For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly
sheep.

Some life of men unblest

¹ Standing alone, under the title: "To Marguerite."

² There are in the English language three elegiac poems so great that they eclipse and efface all the elegiac poetry we know; all of Italian, all of Greek. It is only because the latest born is yet new to us that it can seem strange or rash to say so. The *Thyrsis* of Mr. Arnold makes a third with *Lycidas* and *Adonais*. . . . *Thyrsis*, like *Lycidas*, has a quiet and tender undertone which gives it something of sacred. (Swinburne.)

He knew, which made him droop, and
fill'd his head.

He went; his piping took a troubled
sound

Of storms that rage outside our
happy ground;

He could not wait their passing, he is
dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom
is o'er,

Before the roses and the longest
day —

When garden-walks and all the grassy
floor

With blossoms red and white of fallen
May

And chestnut-flowers are strewn —
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting
cry,

From the wet field, through the vext
garden-trees,

Come with the volleying rain and
tossing breeze:

*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom
go I!*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou
go?

Soon will the high Midsummer pomps
come on,

Soon will the musk carnations break
and swell,

Soon shall we have gold-dusted snap-
dragon,

Sweet-William with his homely cot-
tage-smell,

And stocks in fragrant blow;

Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,

And groups under the dreaming
garden trees,

And the full moon, and the white
evening-star.

He harkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will
return,

And we shall have him in the sweet
spring-days,

With whitening hedges, and un-
crumpling fern,

And blue-bells trembling by the
forest-ways,

And scent of hay new-mown.

But Thyrsis never more we swains
shall see;

See him come back, and cut a
smoother reed,

And blow a strain the world at last
shall heed —

For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd
thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now! —

But when Sicilian shepherds lost a
mate,

Some good survivor with his flute
would go,

Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
And cross the unpermitted ferry's
flow,

And relax Pluto's brow,

And make leap up with joy the beaute-
ous head

Of Proserpine, among whose crown'd
hair

Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus,
from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace

When Dorian shepherds sang to Pro-
serpine!

For she herself had trod Sicilian
fields,

She knew the Dorian water's gush
divine,

She knew each lily white which
Enna yields,

Each rose with blushing face;

She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian
strain.

But ah, of our poor Thames she
never heard!

Her foot the Cumner cowslips never
stirr'd;

And we should tease her with our plaint
in vain!

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words
will be,

Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its
hour

In the old haunt, and find our tree-
topp'd hill!

Who, if not I, for questing here hath
power?

I know the wood which hides the
daffodil,

I know the Fyfield tree,

I know what white, what purple fritillaries

The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields.

And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I? —

But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,

With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,

Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried

High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,

Hath since our day put by The coronals of that forgotten time;

Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,

And only in the hidden brookside gleam

Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,

Above the locks, above the boating throng,

Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,

Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among

And darting swallows and light water-gnats,

We track'd the shy Thames shore?

Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell

Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,

Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass? —

They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night

In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.

I see her veil draw soft across the day,

I feel her slowly chilling breath invade

The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with gray;

I feel her finger light

Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train; —

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,

The heart less bounding at emotion new,

And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short

To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;

And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,

The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,

Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare!

Unbreachable the fort Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;

And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,

And near and real the charm of thy repose,

And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss Of quiet! — Look, adown the dusk hill-side,

A troop of Oxford hunters going home,

As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!

From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come,

Quick! let me fly, and cross Into yon further field! — 'Tis done,

and see,

Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify

The orange and pale violet evening-sky,

Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,

The white fog creeps from bush to bush about.

The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,

And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.

I cannot reach the signal-tree to-
 night,
 Yet, happy omen, hail!
 Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-
 vale
 (For there thine earth-forgetting
 eyelids keep
 The morningless and unawakening
 sleep
 Under the flowery oleanders pale),
 Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is
 there! —
 Ah, vain! These English fields, this up-
 land dim,
 These brambles pale with mist en-
 garlanded,
 That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not
 for him;
 To a boon southern country he is
 fled,
 And now in happier air,
 Wandering with the great Mother's
 train divine
 (And purer or more subtle soul than
 thee,
 I trow, the mighty Mother doth not
 see)
 Within a folding of the Apennine,
 Thou hearest the immortal chants of
 old! —
 Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
 In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian
 king,
 For thee the Lityerses-song again
 Young Daphnis with his silver voice
 doth sing;
 Sings his Sicilian fold,
 His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded
 eyes —
 And how a call celestial round him
 rang,
 And heavenward from the fountain-
 brink he sprang,
 And all the marvel of the golden skies.
 There thou art gone, and me thou leavest
 here
 Sole in these fields! yet will I not de-
 spair.
 Despair I will not, while I yet descry
 'Neath the mild canopy of English air
 That lonely tree against the western
 sky.
 Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,

Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving
 thee!
 Fields where soft sheep from cages
 pull the hay,
 Woods with anemones in flower till
 May,
 Know him a wanderer still; then why
 not me?
 A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
 Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
 This does not come with houses or
 with gold,
 With place, with honor, and a flattering
 crew;
 'Tis not in the world's market
 bought and sold —
 But the smooth-slipping weeks
 Drop by, and leave its seeker still un-
 tired;
 Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
 He wends unfollow'd, he must house
 alone;
 Yet on he fares, by his own heart in-
 spired.
 Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast
 bound;
 Thou wanderdest with me for a little
 hour!
 Men gave thee nothing; but this
 happy quest,
 If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee
 power,
 If men procured thee trouble, gave
 thee rest.
 And this rude Cumner ground,
 Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet
 fields,
 Here cam'st thou in thy jocund
 youthful time,
 Here was thine height of strength,
 thy golden prime!
 And still the haunt beloved a virtue
 yields.
 What though the music of thy rustic flute
 Kept not for long its happy, country
 tone;
 Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy
 note
 Of men contention-tost, of men who
 groan,
 Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and
 tired thy throat —
 It fail'd, and thou wast mute!

Yet hadst thou always visions of our
light,
And long with men of care thou
couldst not stay.
And soon thy foot resumed its wan-
dering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till
night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits
here!

'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of
yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my
home.

— Then through the great town's
harsh, heart-wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often
come,

To chase fatigue and fear:
*Why faintest thou! I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shin-
ing still.*

*Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet
crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.*
1866.

YOUTH AND CALM

'Tis death! and peace, indeed, is here,
And ease from shame, and rest from fear.
There's nothing can disarm now
The smoothness of that limpid brow.
But is a calm like this, in truth,
The crowning end of life and youth,
And when this boon rewards the dead,
Are all debts paid, has all been said?
And is the heart of youth so light,
Its step so firm, its eyes so bright,
Because on its hot brow there blows
A wind of promise and repose
From the far grave, to which it goes;
Because it hath the hope to come,
One day, to harbor in the tomb?
Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one
For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
For feeling nerves and living breath —
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep;
It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires.

1867.

AUSTERITY OF POETRY

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sate with his bride to see a public show.
Fair was the bride, and on her front did
glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth
belong —
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation
strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform!
lo,
'Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death,
she lay!
Shuddering, they drew her garments off
— and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth,
white skin.
Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse!
young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden
ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

1867.

WORLDLY PLACE

Even in a palace, life may be led well!
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where, crowded up pell-
mell,
Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's
ken
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen —
Match'd with a palace, is not this a hell?
Even in a palace! On his truth sincere,
Who spoke these words, no shadow ever
came;
And when my ill-school'd spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop, and say: "There were no suc-
cor here!
The aids to noble life are all within."

1867.

EAST LONDON

'TWAS August, and the fierce sun over-
head
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal
Green,
And the pale weaver, through his win-
dows seen

In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.
I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?" —

"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been

Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ,
the living bread."

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou
room —

Not with lost toil thou laborest through
the night!

Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st
indeed thy home. 1867.

WEST LONDON

CROUCH'D on the pavement, close by
Belgrave Square,

A tramp I saw, ill, moody, and tongue-
tied.

A babe was in her arms, and at her side
A girl; their clothes were rags, their feet
were bare.

Some laboring men, whose work lay
somewhere there,

Pass'd opposite; she touch'd her girl, who
hied

Across, and begg'd, and came back satis-
fied.

The rich she had let pass with frozen
stare.

Thought I: "Above her state this spirit
towers;

She will not ask of aliens, but of friends,
Of sharers in a common human fate.

She turns from that cold succor, which
attends

The unknown little from the unknowing
great,

And points us to a better time than ours." 1867.

EAST AND WEST

In the bare midst of Anglesey they show
Two springs which close by one another
play;

And, "Thirteen hundred years ago,"
they say,

"Two saints met often where those
waters flow.

One came from Penmon westward, and a
glow

Whiten'd his face from the sun's fronting
ray;

Eastward the other, from the dying day,
And he with unsunn'd face did always
go."

Seiriol the Bright, Kybi the Dark! men
said.

The seër from the East was then in light,
The seër from the West was then in shade.

Ah! now 'tis changed. In conquering
sunshine bright

The man of the bold West now comes
array'd;

He of the mystic East is touch'd with
night. 1867.

THE BETTER PART

LONG fed on boundless hopes, O race of
man,

How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler
fare!

"Christ," some one says, "was human as
we are;

No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin
to scan;

We live no more, when we have done our
span."

"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest,
"who can care?

From sin, which Heaven records not, why
forbear?

Live we like brutes our life without a
plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather
say:

"Hath man no second life? — *Pitch this
one high!*

Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to
see? —

More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah! let us try*

If we then, too, can be such men as he!" 1867.

IMMORTALITY

FOIL'D by our fellow-men, depress'd, out-
worn,

We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, *Patience! in another life*, we say,

*The world shall be thrust down, and we up-
borne.*

And will not, then, the immortal armies
 scorn
 The world's poor, routed leavings? or
 will they,
 Who fail'd under the heat of this life's
 day,
 Support the fervors of the heavenly
 morn?
 No, no! the energy of life may be
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
 And he who flagg'd not in the earthly
 strife,
 From strength to strength advancing —
 only he,
 His soul well-knit, and all his battles
 won,
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.
 1867.

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night,
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits; — on the French coast
 the light
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England
 stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil
 bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night-
 air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd
 land,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back,
 and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by the distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round
 earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath

Of the night-wind, down the vast edges
 drear
 And naked shingles of the world.
 Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which
 seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor
 light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for
 pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle
 and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.
 1867.

GROWING OLD

WHAT is it to grow old?
 Is it to lose the glory of the form,
 The lustre of the eye?
 Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
 — Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength —
 Not our bloom only, but our strength —
 decay?
 Is it to feel each limb
 Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
 Each nerve more loosely strung?

Yes, this, and more; but not
 Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dream'd
 'twould be!
 'Tis not to have our life
 Mellow'd and soften'd as with sunset-
 glow,
 A golden day's decline.

'Tis not to see the world
 As from a height, with rapt prophetic
 eyes,
 And heart profoundly stirr'd;
 And weep, and feel the fulness of the
 past,
 The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days
 And not once feel that we were ever
 young;
 It is to add, immured
 In the hot prison of the present, month
 To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we
feel.

Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion — none.

It is — last stage of all —
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow
ghost
Which blamed the living man. 1867.

PIS-ALLER

“MAN is blind because of sin,
Revelation makes him sure;
Without that, who looks within,
Looks in vain, for all's obscure.”

Nay, look closer into man!
Tell me, can you find indeed
Nothing sure, no moral plan
Clear prescribed, without your creed?

“No, I nothing can perceive!
Without that, all's dark for men.
That, or nothing, I believe.” —
For God's sake, believe it then!
1867.

THE LAST WORD

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore
thee?

Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged — and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall! 1867.

BACCHANALIA

OR

THE NEW AGE

I

THE evening comes, the fields are still.
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
Unheard all day, ascends again;
Deserted is the half-mown plain,
Silent the swaths! the ringing wain,
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms!
The business of the day is done,
The last-left haymaker is gone.
And from the thyme upon the height,
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The perfume which the day forgoes.
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill!
The evening comes, the fields are still.

Loitering and leaping,
With saunter, with bounds —
Flickering and circling
In files and in rounds —
Gaily their pine-staff green
Tossing in air,
Loose o'er their shoulders white
Showering their hair —
See! the wild Mænads
Break from the wood,
Youth and Iacchus
Maddening their blood.
See! through the quiet land
Rioting they pass —
Fling the fresh heaps about,
Trample the grass.
Tear from the rifled hedge
Garlands, their prize;
Fill with their sports the field,
Fill with their cries.

Shepherd, what ails thee, then?
Shepherd, why mute?
Forth with thy joyous song!
Forth with thy flute!
Tempts not the revel blithe?
Lure not their cries?
Glow not their shoulders smooth?
Melt not their eyes?

Is not, on cheeks like those,
Lovely the flush?
— *Ah, so the quiet was!*
So was the hush!

II

The epoch ends, the world is still.
The age has talk'd and work'd its fill —
The famous orators have shone,
The famous poets sung and gone,
The famous men of war have fought,
The famous speculators thought,
The famous players, sculptors, wrought,
The famous painters fill'd their wall,
The famous critics judged it all.
The combatants are parted now —
Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
The puissant crown'd, the weak laid low.
And in the after-silence sweet,
Now strifes are hush'd, our ears doth
meet,

Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
Of this or that down-trodden name,
Delicate spirits, push'd away
In the hot press of the noon-day.
And o'er the plain, where the dead age
Did its now silent warfare wage —
O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
Where many a splendor finds its tomb,
Many spent fames and fallen might —
The one or two immortal lights
Rise slowly up into the sky
To shine there everlastingly,
Like stars over the bounding hill.
The epoch ends, the world is still.

Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves —
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves —
See! on the cumber'd plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age.
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules.
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries.

Poet, what ails thee, then?
Say, why so mute?
Forth with thy praising voice!

Forth with thy flute!
Loiterer! why sittest thou
Sunk in thy dream?
Tempt not the bright new age?
Shines not its stream?
Look, ah, what genius,
Art, science, wit!
Soldiers like Cæsar,
Statesmen like Pitt!
Sculptors like Phidias,
Raphaels in shoals,
Poets like Shakespeare —
Beautiful souls!
See, on their glowing cheeks
Heavenly the flush!
— *Ah, so the silence was!*
So was the hush!

The world but feels the present's spell
The poet feels the past as well;
Whatever men have done, might do,
Whatever thought. might think it too.
1867.

PALLADIUM

SET where the upper streams of Simois
flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and
wood;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not — but there it
stood!

It stood, and sun and moonshine rain'd
their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall,
Backward and forward roll'd the waves of
fight
Round Troy — but while this stood, Troy
could not fall.

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it and sweet virgin
air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare!

We shall renew the battle in the plain
To-morrow; red with blood will Xanthus
be;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the wall to see.

Then we shall rust in shade, or shine in
strife,

And fluctuate 'twixt blind hopes and
blind despairs,
And fancy that we put forth all our life,
And never know how with the soul it
fares.

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness
high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send.
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die;
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.
1867.

A WISH

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favor'd sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears.
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than
tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The Freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom —
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things —
That undiscover'd mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing
wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread —
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind — instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath —
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!
1867.

RUGBY CHAPEL

NOVEMBER 1857

COLDLY, sadly descends
The autumn-evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent; — hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows; — but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah!
That word, *gloom*, to my mind
Brings thee back, in the light
Of thy radiant vigor, again;
In the gloom of November we pass'd
Days not dark at thy side;
Seasons impair'd not the ray
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast! and I stand
In the autumn evening and think
Of bygone autumns with thee,

Fifteen years have gone round
 Since thou arosest to tread,
 In the summer-morning, the road
 Of death, at a call unforeseen,
 Sudden. For fifteen years,
 We who till then in thy shade
 Rested as under the boughs
 Of a mighty oak, have endured
 Sunshine and rain as we might,
 Bare, unshaded, alone,
 Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
 Tarriest thou now? For that force,
 Surely, has not been left vain!
 Somewhere, surely, afar,
 In the sounding labor-house vast
 Of being, is practised that strength,
 Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
 Conscious or not of the past,
 Still thou performest the word
 Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live —
 Prompt, unwearied, as here!
 Still thou upraiest with zeal
 The humble good from the ground,
 Sternly represses the bad!
 Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
 Those who with half-open eyes
 Tread the border-land dim
 Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
 Succorest! — this was thy work;
 This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
 Of mortal men on the earth? —
 Most men eddy about
 Here and there — eat and drink,
 Chatter and love and hate,
 Gather and squander, are raised
 Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
 Striving blindly, achieving
 Nothing; and then they die —
 Perish; — and no one asks
 Who or what they have been,
 More than he asks what waves,
 In the moonlit solitudes mild
 Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
 Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
 Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
 Not with the crowd to be spent,
 Not without aim to go round
 In an eddy of purposeless dust,

Effort unmeaning and vain.
 Ah yes! some of us strive
 Not without action to die
 Fruitless; but something to snatch
 From dull oblivion, nor all
 Glut the devouring grave!
 We, we have chosen our path —
 Path to a clear-purposed goal,
 Path of advance! — but it leads
 A long, steep journey, through sunk
 Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
 Cheerful, with friends, we set forth —
 Then on the height, comes the storm.
 Thunder crashes from rock
 To rock, the cataracts reply,
 Lightnings dazzle our eyes.
 Roaring torrents have breach'd
 The track, the stream-bed descends
 In the place where the wayfarer once
 Planted his footstep — the spray
 Boils o'er its borders! aloft
 The unseen snow-beds dislodge
 Their hanging ruin; alas,
 Havoc is made in our train!
 Friends who set forth at our side,
 Falter, are lost in the storm.
 We, we only are left!
 With frowning foreheads, with lips
 Sternly compress'd, we strain on,
 On — and at nightfall at last
 Come to the end of our way,
 To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
 Where the gaunt and taciturn host
 Stands on the threshold, the wind
 Shaking his thin white hairs —
 Holds his lantern to scan
 Our storm-beat figures, and asks:
 Whom in our party we bring?
 Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring
 Only ourselves! we lost
 Sight of the rest in the storm.
 Hardly ourselves we fought through,
 Stripp'd, without friends, as we are.
 Friends, companions, and train,
 The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not *alone*
 Be saved, my father! *alone*
 Conquer and come to thy goal,
 Leaving the rest in the wild.
 We were weary, and we
 Fearful, and we in our march
 Fain to drop down and to die.
 Still thou turn'dst, and still

Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.

If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing — to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.
And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honor'd and blest
By former ages, who else —
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see —
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God! — or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost —
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

See! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending? — A God
Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.
Ah, but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild!
Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe;
Faction divide them, their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.
— Ah, keep, keep them combined
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive;

Sole they shall stray; in the rocks
Stagger for ever in vain.
Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardor divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow,
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return;
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

1867.

HEINE

(FROM HEINE'S GRAVE)

THE Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men —
Their vaunts, their feats — let a sardonic
smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his
lips.
That smile was Heine! — for its earthly
hour
The strange guest sparkled: now 'tis
pass'd away.

That was Heine! and we,
Myriads who live, who have lived,
What are we all, but a mood,
A single mood, of the life
Of the Spirit in whom we exist,
Who alone is all things in one?
Spirit, who fillest us all!
Spirit, who utterest in each
New-coming son of mankind
Such of thy thoughts as thou wilt!
O thou, one of whose moods,
Bitter and strange, was the life
Of Heine — his strange, alas,
His bitter life! — may a life
Other and milder be mine!

May'st thou a mood more serene,
Happier, have utter'd in mine!
May'st thou the rapture of peace
Deep have embreathed at its core;
Made it a ray of thy thought,
Made it a beat of thy joy! 1867.

OBERMANN ONCE MORE

Savez-vous quelque bien qui console du regret d'un monde?
OBERMANN.

GLION? — Ah, twenty years, it cuts!
All meaning from a name!
White houses prank where once were huts.
Glion, but not the same!

And yet I know not! All unchanged
The turf, the pines, the sky!
The hills in their old order ranged;
The lake, with Chillon by!

And, 'neath those chestnut-trees, where
stiff
And stony mounts the way,
The crackling husk-heaps burn, as if
I left them yesterday!

Across the valley, on that slope,
The huts of Avant shine!
Its pines, under their branches, ope
Ways for the pasturing kine.

Full-foaming milk-pails, Alpine fare,
Sweet heaps of fresh-cut grass,
Invite to rest the traveller there
Before he climb the pass —

The gentian-flower'd pass, its crown
With yellow spires aflame;
Whence drops the path to Allière down,
And walls where Byron came.²

By their green river, who doth change
His birth-name just below;
Orchard, and croft, and full-stored grange
Nursed by his pastoral flow.

¹ Probably all who know the Vevey end of the Lake of Geneva, will recollect Glion, the mountain-village above the castle of Chillon. Glion now has hotels, *pensions*, and villas; but twenty years ago it was hardly more than the huts of Avant opposite to it, — huts through which goes that beautiful path over the Col de Jaman, followed by so many foot-travellers on their way from Vevey to the Simmenthal and Thun. (*Arnold*.)

² Montbovon. See Byron's *Journal*, in his *Works*, vol. iii. p. 258. The river Saane becomes the Sarine below Montbovon. (*Arnold*.)

But stop! — to fetch back thoughts that
stray
Beyond this gracious bound,
The cone of Jaman, pale and gray,
See, in the blue profound!

Ah, Jaman! delicately tall
Above his sun-warm'd firs —
What thoughts to me his rocks recall,
What memories he stirs!

And who but thou must be, in truth,
Obermann! with me here?
Thou master of my wandering youth,
But left this many a year!

Yes, I forget the world's work wrought,
Its warfare waged with pain;
An eremite with thee, in thought
Once more I slip my chain,

And to thy mountain-chalet come,
And lie beside its door,
And hear the wild bee's Alpine hum,
And thy sad, tranquil lore!

Again I feel the words inspire
Their mournful calm; serene,
Yet tinged with infinite desire
For all that *might* have been —

The harmony from which man swerved
Made his life's rule once more!
The universal order served,
Earth happier than before!

— While thus I mused, night gently
ran
Down over hill and wood.
Then, still and sudden, Obermann
On the grass near me stood.

Those pensive features well I knew,
On my mind, years before,
Imaged so oft! imaged so true!
— A shepherd's garb he wore,

A mountain-flower was in his hand,
A book was in his breast.
Bent on my face, with gaze which scan'd
My soul, his eyes did rest.

"And is it thou," he cried, "so long
Held by the world which we
Loved not, who turnest from the throng
Back to thy youth and me?"

"And from thy world, with heart oppress,
Choosest thou *now* to turn? —
Ah me! we anchorites read things best,
Clearest their course discern!

"Thou fledst me when the ungenial earth,
Man's work-place, lay in gloom.
Return'st thou in her hour of birth,
Of hopes and hearts in bloom?

"Perceiv'st thou not the change of day?
Ah! Carry back thy ken,
What, some two thousand years! Survey
The world as it was then!

"Like ours it look'd in outward air.
Its head was clear and true,
Sumptuous its clothing, rich its fare,
No pause its action knew;

"Stout was its arm, each thew and bone
Seem'd puissant and alive —
But, ah! its heart, its heart was stone,
And so it could not thrive!

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell.
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

"In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian way.

"He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers —
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours.

"The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

"The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

"So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit gray;
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And fill'd her life with day.

"'Poor world,' she cried, 'so deep accurst,
That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst —
Go, seek it in thy soul!'

"She heard it, the victorious West,
In crown and sword array'd!
She felt the void which mined her breast,
She shiver'd and obey'd.

"She veil'd her eagles, snapp'd her sword,
And laid her sceptre down;
Her stately purple she abhor'd,
And her imperial crown.

"She broke her flutes, she stopp'd her
sports,
Her artists could not please;
She tore her books, she shut her courts,
She fled her palaces;

"Lust of the eye and pride of life
She left it all behind,
And hurried, torn with inward strife,
The wilderness to find.

"Tears wash'd the trouble from her face!
She changed into a child!
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood — a
place
Of ruin — but she smiled!

"Oh, had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Fill'd earth and heaven, and caught away
My ravish'd spirit too!

"No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

"No cloister-floor of humid stone
Had been too cold for me,
For me no Eastern desert lone
Had been too far to flee.

"No lonely life had pass'd too slow,
When I could hourly scan
Upon his Cross, with head sunk low,
That nail'd, thorn-crowned Man!

"Could see the Mother with her Child
Whose tender winning arts
Have to his little arms beguiled
So many wounded hearts!

"And centuries came and ran their course,
And unspent all that time
Still, still went forth that Child's dear
force,
And still was at its prime.

"Ay, ages long endured his span
Of life — 'tis true received —
That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd
Man!
— He lived while we believed.

"While we believed, on earth he went,
And open stood his grave.
Men call'd from chamber, church, and
tent;
And Christ was by to save.

"Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

"In vain men still, with hoping new,
Regard his death-place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come.

"Ah, o'er that silent sacred land,
Of sun, and arid stone,
And crumbling wall, and sultry sand,
Sounds now one word alone!

*"Unduped of fancy, henceforth man
Must labor! — must resign
His all too human creeds and scan
Simply the way divine!"*

"But slow that tide of common thought,
Which bathed our life, retired;
Slow, slow the old world wore to nought,
And pulse by pulse expired.

"Its frame yet stood without a breach
When blood and warmth were fled;
And still it spake its wonted speech —
But every word was dead.

"And oh, we cried, that on this corse
Might fall a freshening storm!
Rive its dry bones, and with new force
A new-sprung world inform!

"— Down came the storm! O'er France
it pass'd
In sheets of scathing fire;
All Europe felt that fiery blast,
And shook as it rush'd by her.

"Down came the storm! In ruins fell
The worn-out world we knew.
— It pass'd, that elemental swell!
Again appear'd the blue;

"The sun shone in the new-wash'd sky,
And what from heaven saw he?
Blocks of the past, like icebergs high,
Float on a rolling sea!

"Upon them plies the race of man
All it before endeavor'd;
'Ye live,' I cried, 'ye work and plan,
And know not ye are sever'd!

"Poor fragments of a broken world
Whereon men pitch their tent!
Why were ye too to death not hurl'd
When your world's day was spent?"

"That glow of central fire is done
Which with its fusing flame
Knit all your parts, and kept you
one —
But ye, ye are the same!

"The past, its mask of union on,
Had ceased to live and thrive.
The past, its mask of union gone,
Say, is it more alive?

"Your creeds are dead, your rites are
dead,
Your social order too!
Where tarries he, the Power who said:
See, I make all things new?

"The millions suffer still, and grieve,
And what can helpers heal
With old-world cures men half believe
For woes they wholly feel?

"And yet men have such need of joy!
But joy whose grounds are true;
And joy that should all hearts employ
As when the past was new.

"Ah, not the emotion of that past,
Its common hope, were vain!
Some new such hope must dawn at last,
Or man must toss in pain.

"But now the old is out of date,
The new is not yet born,
And who can be *alone* elate,
While the world lies forlorn?"

"Then to the wilderness I fled. —
There among Alpine snows
And pastoral huts I hid my head,
And sought and found repose.

"It was not yet the appointed hour.
Sad, patient, and resign'd,
I watch'd the crocus fade and flower,
I felt the sun and wind.

"The day I lived in was not mine,
Man gets no second day.
In dreams I saw the future shine —
But ah! I could not stay!

"Action I had not, followers, fame;
I pass'd obscure, alone.
The after-world forgets my name,
Nor do I wish it known.

"Composed to bear, I lived and died,
And knew my life was vain,
With fate I murmur not, nor chide.
At Sèvres by the Seine

"(If Paris that brief flight allow)
My humble tomb explore!
It bears: *Eternity, be thou*
My refuge! and no more.

"But thou, whom fellowship of mood
Did make from haunts of strife
Come to my mountain-solitude,
And learn my frustrate life;

"O thou, who, ere thy flying span
Was past of cheerful youth,
Didst find the solitary man
And love his cheerless truth —

"Despair not thou as I despair'd,
Nor be cold gloom thy prison!
Forward the gracious hours have fared,
And see! the sun is risen!

"He breaks the winter of the past;
A green, new earth appears.
Millions, whose life in ice lay fast,
Have thoughts, and smiles, and tears.

"What though there still need effort,
strife?
Though much be still unwon?
Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life!
Death's frozen hour is done!

"The world's great order dawns in
sheen,
After long darkness rude,
Divinelier image, clearer seen,
With happier zeal pursued.

"With hope extinct and brow composed
I mark'd the present die;
Its term of life was nearly closed,
Yet it had more than I.

"But thou, though to the world's new
hour
Thou come with aspect marr'd,
Shorn of the joy, the bloom, the power
Which best befits its bard —

"Though more than half thy years be
past,
And spent thy youthful prime;
Though, round thy firmer manhood
cast
Hang weeds of our sad time

"Whereof thy youth felt all the spell,
And traversed all the shade —
Though late, though dimm'd, though
weak, yet tell
Hope to a world new-made!

"Help it to fill that deep desire,
The want which rack'd our brain,
Consumed our heart with thirst like
fire,
Immedicable pain;

"Which to the wilderness drove out
Our life, to Alpine snow,
And palsied all our word with doubt,
And all our work with woe —

"What still of strength is left, employ,
This end to help attain:
One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again!"

— The vision ended. I awoke
As out of sleep, and no
Voice moved; — only the torrent broke
The silence, far below.

Soft darkness on the turf did lie.
Solemn, o'er hut and wood,
In the yet star-sown nightly sky,
The peak of Jaman stood.

Still in my soul the voice I heard
Of Obermann! — away
I turn'd; by some vague impulse stirr'd,
Along the rocks of Naye

Past Sonchaud's piny flanks I gaze
And the blanch'd summit bare
Of Malatrait, to where in haze
The Valais opens fair,

And the domed Velan, with his snows,
Behind the upcrowding hills,
Doth all the heavenly opening close
Which the Rhone's murmur fills; —

And glorious there, without a sound,
Across the glimmering lake,
High in the Valais-depth profound,
I saw the morning break. 1867.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

COLLECTED WORKS, 2 volumes, with preface and notes by W. M. Rossetti, London, Ellis and Elvey, Boston, Roberts Bros., 1886. — POEMS, 7 volumes, edited by W. M. Rossetti, Ellis and Elvey, 1900-1 (Siddal Edition). — POEMS, 2 volumes, edited by W. M. Rossetti, Ellis and Elvey, 1904. — POETICAL WORKS, 1 volume, edited by W. M. Rossetti, Crowell, 1904 (Gladstone Edition). — THE HOUSE OF LIFE, edited by P. F. Baum, Harvard University Press, 1928. — FAMILY LETTERS, edited with memoir by W. M. Rossetti, Little, Brown, 1895. — LETTERS to William Allingham, 1854-1870, edited by G. B. Hill, Stokes, 1897. — *See also*: other Letters, etc., below.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

*ROSSETTI (W. M.), Rossetti as Designer and Writer, 1889; Rossetti, Letters and Memoir, 2 volumes, 1895; Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism, 1899; Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters, 1900; Rossetti Papers, 1862-1870, a Compilation, 1903; Some Reminiscences, 2 volumes, 1906. — CAINE (Hall), Recollections of Rossetti, 1882; My Story, 1908. — SHARP (W.), Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a Record and Study, 1882. — *KNIGHT (J.), Rossetti, 1887 (Great Writers Series). — WOOD (Esther), Dante Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, 1894. — MARILLIER (H. C.), Dante G. Rossetti, an Illustrated Memorial of His Art and Life, 1899. — CARY (E. L.), The Rossettis, 1900. — BENSON (A. C.), Rossetti, 1904 (English Men of Letters Series). — DUNN (H. T.), Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and His Circle, 1904. — CAINE (Sir Hall), Recollections of Rossetti, 1928. — COURTEN (G. de), Les Rossetti, 1928. — MATHER (F. J.), The Rossettis (in Bookman, April, 1919). — SYMONS (A.), Rossetti on the Cornish Coast (in Bookman, August, 1923). — *WAUGH (E.), Rossetti, His Life and Works, 1928. — SMITH (Harry B.), Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1928 (in Century Magazine, December, 1928). — *See also*: Percy H. Bate's The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters, 1899; F. M. Hueffer's Ford Madox Brown, 1896; Malcolm Bell's Sir Edward Burne-Jones, 1892; W. B. Scott's Autobiographical Notes, 1892; J. W. Mackail's Life of Morris, 1899; J. E. Millais's Life and Letters, edited by his Son, 1902; J. H. Ingram's Life of Oliver Madox Brown; James Douglas' Theodore Watts-Dunton; Holman Hunt's Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, 1905; *Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones's Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones, 1904; F. M. Hueffer's Memories and Impressions, illustrated, 1911; and Family Letters of Christina Rossetti, 1908.

CRITICISM, ETC.

BROOKE (S. A.), Four Victorian Poets, 1908. — DAWSON (W. J.), Makers of English Poetry, 1890, 1906. — *MABIE (H. W.), Essays in Literary Interpretation, 1892. — *MYERS (F. W. H.), Essays Modern: Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty, 1883. — **PATER (W.), Appreciations, 1889 (essay of 1883). — PAYNE (W. M.), The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, 1907. — RICKETTS (A.), Personal Forces in

Modern Literature, 1906. — ROD (Édouard), *Études sur le dix-neuvième siècle*, 1888. — ROSSETTI (W. M.), *Bibliography of the Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, 1905. — *STEDMAN (E. C.), *Victorian Poets*, 1875, 1887. — **SWINBURNE (A. C.), *Essays and Studies*, 1875.

BATEMAN (A. B.), Rossetti, the Pre-Raphaelites, and a Moral (in *Quarterly Review*, April, 1928). — BOAS (Mrs. F. S.), Rossetti and His Poetry, 1914. — CHIMINELLI (P.), *La Fortuna di Dante nella cristianità*, 1921. — COLVIN (Sir S.), *Memories and Notes of Persons and Places*, 1921. — GOSSE (E.), Rossetti (in *Living Age*, July, 1928). — MÉGROS (R. L.), Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Man and his Poetry (in *London Bookman*, April, 1928). — MONROE (Harriet), Rossetti (in *Poetry*, August, 1928). — PATER (W.), *Appreciations*, 1889. — SHANKS (E.), Dante Gabriel Rossetti (in *London Mercury*, May, 1928). — SHINE (H.), The Influence of Keats upon Rossetti (in *Englische Studien*, 1927). — SMITH (G.), Dante Gabriel Rossetti (in *Contemporary Review*, May, 1928). — SYMONS (A.), A Note on Rossetti (in *North American Review*, July, 1916); *Dramatis Personae*, 1923. — TROMLEY (A. E.), Rossetti Studies (in *South Atlantic Quarterly*, July, 1919, January, 1920, January, 1921, reprinted by University of Texas). — TURNER (A. M.), Rossetti's Reading and His Critical Opinions (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1927). — WALLERSTEIN (Ruth C.), Personal Experience in Rossetti's House of Life (in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1927). — WATTS-DUNTON (T.), Glimpses of Rossetti and Morris at Kelmscott (in *English Review*, January, 1909); article on Rossetti in *Encyclopædia Britannica*. — WAUGH (E.), Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a Centenary Criticism (in *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1928). — WEST (G.), Revaluations (in *London Outlook*, May 12, 1928).

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

MY SISTER'S SLEEP

SHE fell asleep on Christmas Eve :
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin ;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle
sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and
blank ;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it
drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwind-
ling years
Heard in each hour, crept off ; and
then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat :
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled : no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly Born !"
So, as said angels, she did say ;
Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead — should
they
Have broken her long watched-for rest !

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned ;
But suddenly turned back again ;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and
yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word :
There was none spoken ; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept :
And both my arms fell, and I said,
"God knows I knew that she was
dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly born !"
1847. 1850.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
 Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on;
 By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is Space begun;
 So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
 Beneath the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
 Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their heart-remembered names;
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm;
 Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm
 And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
 Time like a pulse shake fierce
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze still
 strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
 Its path; and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres,

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
 Was like a little feather
 Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
 She spoke through the still weather.
 Her voice was like the voice the stars
 Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
 Strove not her accents there,
 Fain to be harkened? When those bells
 Possessed the mid-day air,
 Strove not her steps to reach my side
 Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come," she said.
 "Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on
 earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
 And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
 I'll take his hand and go with him
 To the deep wells of light;
 As unto a stream we will step down,
 And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
 Whose lamps are stirred continually
 With prayer sent up to God;
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt
 Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
 That living mystic tree
 Within whose secret growth the Dove
 Is sometimes felt to be,
 While every leaf that His plumes touch
 Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
 I myself, lying so,
 The songs I sing here; which his voice
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow.
 And find some knowledge at each pause,
 Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old. But shall God lift
 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul
 Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me: —
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now,
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

1847. 1850.

AUTUMN SONG

KNOW'ST thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the heart feels a languid grief
Laid on it for a covering;
And how sleep seems a goodly thing
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

And how the swift beat of the brain
Falters because it is in vain,
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf
Knowest thou not? and how the chief
Of joys seems — not to suffer pain?

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Bound up at length for harvesting,
And how death seems a comely thing
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

1884.¹

THE PORTRAIT

THIS is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir, —
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet
heart: —
And yet the earth is over her.

Alas! even such the thin-drawn ray
That makes the prison-depths more
rude, —
The drip of water night and day
Giving a tongue to solitude.
Yet only this, of love's whole prize,
Remains; save what in mournful guise
Takes counsel with my soul alone, —
Save what is secret and unknown,
Below the earth, above the skies.

In painting her I shrined her face
'Mid mystic trees, where light falls in
Hardly at all; a covert place
Where you might think to find a din
Of doubtful talk, and a live flame
Wandering, and many a shape whose
name
Not itself knoweth, and old dew,
And your own footsteps meeting you,
And all things going as they came.

A deep dim wood; and there she stands
As in that wood that day: for so
Was the still movement of her hands
And such the pure line's gracious flow.

¹ W. M. Rossetti classes this among the earliest poems, in date of writing. It was published as a song in 1884, and in the *Poetical Works*, 1886.

And passing fair the type must seem,
Unknown the presence and the dream.
'Tis she: though of herself, alas!
Less than her shadow on the grass
Or than her image in the stream.

That day we met there, I and she
One with the other all alone;
And we were blithe; yet memory
Saddens those hours, as when the
moon
Looks upon daylight. And with her
I stooped to drink the spring-water,
Athirst where other waters sprang;
And where the echo is, she sang, —
My soul another echo there,

But when that hour my soul won strength
For words whose silence wastes and
kills,
Dull raindrops smote us, and at length
Thundered the heat within the hills.
That eve I spoke those words again
Beside the pelted window-pane;
And there she harkened what I said,
With under-glances that surveyed
The empty pastures blind with rain.

Next day the memories of these things,
Like leaves through which a bird has
flown,
Still vibrated with Love's warm wings;
Till I must make them all my own
And paint this picture. So; 'twixt ease
Of talk and sweet long silences,
She stood among the plants in bloom
At windows of a summer room,
To feign the shadow of the trees.

And as I wrought, while all above
And all around was fragrant air,
In the sick burthen of my love
It seemed each sun-thrilled blossom
there
Beat like a heart among the leaves.
O heart that never beats nor heaves,
In that one darkness lying still,
What now to thee my love's great will,
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves?

For now doth daylight disavow
Those days, — nought left to see or
hear.
Only in solemn whispers now
At night-time these things reach mine
ear,

When the leaf-shadows at a breath
Shrink in the road, and all the heath,
Forest and water, far and wide,
In limpid starlight glorified,
Lie like the mystery of death.

Last night at last I could have slept,
And yet delayed my sleep till dawn,
Still wandering. Then it was I wept:
For unawares I came upon
Those glades where once she walked
with me:
And as I stood there suddenly,
All wan with traversing the night,
Upon the desolate verge of light
Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea.

Even so, where Heaven holds breath and
hears
The beating heart of Love's own
breast, —
Where round the secret of all spheres
All wan with traversing the night,
How shall my soul stand rapt and
awed,
When, by the new birth borne abroad
Throughout the music of the suns,
It enters in her soul at once
And knows the silence there for God!

Here with her face doth memory sit
Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
Till other eyes shall look from it,
Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,
Even than the old gaze tenderer:
While hopes and aims long lost with
her;
Stand round her image side by side,
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.

1847. 1870.

THE CARD-DEALER

COULD you not drink her gaze like wine?
Yet though its splendor swoon
Into the silence languidly
As a tune into a tune,
Those eyes unravel the coiled night
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,
In truth rich prize it were;
And rich the dreams that wreathe her
brows

With magic stillness there;
And he were rich who should unwind
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
Now breathes its eager heat;
And not more lightly or more true
Fall there the dancers' feet
Than fall her cards on the bright board
As 'twere an heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,
Smooth polished silent things;
And each one as it falls reflects
In swift light-shadowings,
Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee, who
lov'st
Those gems upon her hand;
With me, who search her secret brows;
With all men, bless'd or bann'd.
We play together, she and we.
Within a vain strange land:

A land without any order, —
Day even as night, (one saith,) —
Where who lieth down ariseth not
Nor the sleeper awakeneth;
A land of darkness as darkness itself
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask? Even
these: —
The heart, that doth but crave
More, having fed; the diamond,
Skilled to make base seem brave;
The club, for smiting in the dark;
The spade, to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays?
With me 'tis lost or won;
With thee it is playing still; with him
It is not well begun;
But 'tis a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun.

Thou seest the card that falls, she knows
The card that followeth:
Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
As ebbs thy daily breath:
When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her
tongue
And know she calls it Death. 1870.

AT THE SUNRISE IN 1848

GOD said, Let there be light! and there
was light.
Then heard we sounds as though the
Earth did sing
And the Earth's angel cried upon the
wing:
We saw priests fall together and turn
white:
And covered in the dust from the sun's
sight,
A king was spied, and yet another king.
We said: "The round world keeps its
balancing;
On this globe, they and we are opposite, —
If it is day with us, with them 'tis night.
Still, Man, in thy just pride, remember
this:
Thou hadst not made that thy sons'
sons shall ask
What the word *king* may mean in their
day's task,
But for the light that led: and if light is,
It is because God said, Let there be
light." 1848. 1886.

ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN
NATIONS

Not that the earth is changing, O my
God!
Nor that the seasons totter in their
walk, —
Not that the virulent ill of act and
talk
Seethes ever as a winepress ever trod, —
Not therefore are we certain that the
rod
Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world;
though now
Beneath thine hand so many nations
bow,
So many kings: — not therefore, O my
God! —
But because Man is parcelled out in
men
To-day; because, for any wrongful blow,
No man not stricken asks, "I would be
told
Why thou dost thus;" but his heart
whispers then,
"He is he, I am I." By this we know.
That the earth falls asunder, being old.
1848 or 1849. 1870.

MARY'S GIRLHOOD

(For a Picture)

I

THIS is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
 God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and
 she
 Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
 Unto God's will she brought devout
 respect,
 Profound simplicity of intellect,
 And supreme patience. From her
 mother's knee
 Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
 Strong in grave peace; in pity circum-
 spect.
 So held she through her girlhood; as it
 were
 An angel-watered lily, that near God
 Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at
 home
 She woke in her white bed, and had no
 fear
 At all, — yet wept till sunshine, and felt
 awed:
 Because the fulness of the time was come.

II

THESE are the symbols. On that cloth of
 red
 I' the centre is the Tripoint: perfect
 each,
 Except the second of its points, to
 teach
 That Christ is not yet born. The books
 — whose head
 Is golden Charity, as Paul hath said —
 Those virtues are wherein the soul is
 rich:
 Therefore on them the lily standeth,
 which
 Is Innocence, being interpreted.
 The seven-thorn'd briar and the palm
 seven-leaved
 Are her great sorrow and her great re-
 ward.
 Until the end be full, the Holy One
 Abides without. She soon shall have
 achieved
 Her perfect purity: yea, God to the
 Lord
 Shall soon vouchsafe His Son to be her
 Son.

1848, 1850. 1849, 1870.

FOR A VENETIAN PASTORAL

BY GIORGIONE

(In the Louvre)

WATER, for anguish of the solstice: —
 nay,
 But dip the vessel, slowly, — nay, but
 lean
 And hark how at its verge the wave sighs
 in
 Reluctant. Hush! Beyond all depth
 away
 The heat lies silent at the brink of day:
 Now the hand trails upon the viol-string
 That sobs, and the brown faces cease to
 sing,
 Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither
 stray
 Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim
 pipes creep
 And leave it pouting, while the shadowed
 grass
 Is cool against her naked side? Let
 be: —
 Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,
 Nor name this ever. Be it as it was, —
 Life touching lips with Immortality.

1850.

THE SEA-LIMITS

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:
 Time's self it is, made audible, —
 The murmur of the earth's own shell.
 Secret continuance sublime
 Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
 No furlong further. Since time was,
 This sound hath told the lapse of time.
 No quiet, which is death's, — it hath
 The mournfulness of ancient life,
 Enduring always at dull strife.
 As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
 Its painful pulse is in the sands.
 Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
 Gray and not known, along its path.
 Listen alone beside the sea,
 Listen alone among the woods;
 Those voices of twin solitudes
 Shall have one sound alike to thee:
 Hark where the murmurs of thronged
 men
 Surge and sink back and surge again, —
 Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
 And listen at its lips: they sigh
 The same desire and mystery,
 The echo of the whole sea's speech.
 And all mankind is thus at heart
 Not anything but what thou art:
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.
 1850.

SISTER HELEN

"WHY did you melt your waxen man,
 Sister Helen?
 To-day is the third since you began."
 "The time was long, yet the time ran,
 Little brother."
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Three days to-day, between Hell and
 Heaven!)*

"But if you have done your work aright,
 Sister Helen,
 You'll let me play, for you said I might."
 "Be very still in your play to-night,
 Little brother."
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Third night, to-night, between Hell and
 Heaven!)*

"You said it must melt ere vesper-bell,
 Sister Helen;
 If now it be molten, all is well."
 "Even so, — nay, peace! you cannot tell,
 Little brother."
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 O what is this, between Hell and Heaven?)*

"Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
 Sister Helen;
 How like dead folk he has dropped
 away!"
 "Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
 Little brother?"
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 What of the dead, between Hell and
 Heaven?)*

"See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
 Sister Helen,
 Shines through the thinned wax red as
 blood!"
 "Nay now, when looked you yet on
 blood,
 Little brother?"
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven!)*

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick
 and sore,
 Sister Helen,
 And I'll play without the gallery door."
 "Aye, let me rest, — I'll lie on the floor,
 Little brother."
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 What rest to-night, between Hell and
 Heaven?)*

"Here high up in the balcony,
 Sister Helen,
 The moon flies face to face with me."
 "Aye, look and say whatever you see,
 Little brother."
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 What sight to-night, between Hell and
 Heaven?)*

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
 Sister Helen;
 In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
 "Hush, heard you a horse tread as you
 spake,
 Little brother?"
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 What sound to-night, between Hell and
 Heaven?)*

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
 Sister Helen,
 Three horsemen that ride terribly."
 "Little brother, whence come the three,
 Little brother?"
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Whence should they come, between Hell and
 Heaven?)*

"They come by the hill-verge from
 Boyne Bar,
 Sister Helen,
 And one draws nigh, but two are afar."
 "Look, look, do you know them who
 they are,
 Little brother?"
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Who should they be, between Hell and
 Heaven?)*

"Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
 Sister Helen,
 For I know the white mane on the blast."
 "The hour has come, has come at last,
 Little brother!"
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven!)*

"Hate, born of Love, is blind as he,
 Little brother!"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Love turned to hate, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"Oh it's Keith of Keith now that rides
 fast,

 Sister Helen,
 For I know the white hair on the blast."
 "The short, short hour will soon be past,
 Little brother!"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Will soon be past, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"He looks at me and he tries to speak,
 Sister Helen,
 But oh! his voice is sad and weak!"
 "What here should the mighty Baron
 seek,

 Little brother?"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh his son still cries, if you forgive,
 Sister Helen,
 The body dies, but the soul shall live."
 "Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
 Little brother!"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
As she forgives, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"Oh he prays you, as his heart would
 rive,

 Sister Helen,
 To save his dear son's soul alive."
 "Fire cannot slay it, it shall thrive,
 Little brother!"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Alas, alas, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He cries to you, kneeling in the road,
 Sister Helen,

To go with him for the love of God!"
 "The way is long to his son's abode,
 Little brother."
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The way is long, between Hell and Heaven!)

"A lady's here, by a dark steed brought,
 Sister Helen,
 So darkly clad, I saw her not."
 "See her now or never see aught,
 Little brother!"

 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What more to see, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"Her hood falls back, and the moon
 shines fair,

 Sister Helen,
 On the Lady of Ewern's golden hair."
 "Blest hour of my power and her despair,
 Little brother!"

 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Hour blest and bann'd, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"Pale, pale her cheeks, that in pride did
 glow,

 Sister Helen,
 'Neath the bridal-wreath three days ago."
 "One morn for pride and three days for
 woe.

 Little brother!"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Three days, three nights, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"Her clasped hands stretch from her
 bending head,

 Sister Helen;
 With the loud wind's wail her sobs are
 wed."

"What wedding-strains hath her bridal-
 bed,

 Little brother?"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What strain but death's, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"She may not speak, she sinks in a swoon,
 Sister Helen,

She lifts her lips and gasps on the moon."
 "Oh! might I but hear her soul's blithe
 tune,

 Little brother!"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Her woe's dumb cry, between Hell and
Heaven!)

"They've caught her to Westholm's
 saddle-bow,

 Sister Helen,
 And her moonlit hair gleams white in its
 flow."

"Let it turn whiter than winter snow,
 Little brother!"
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Woe-withered gold, between Hell and
Heaven!)

On London stones our sun anew
 The beast's recovered shadow threw.
 (No shade that plague of darkness knew,
 No light, no shade, while older grew
 By ages the old earth and sea.)
 Lo thou! could all thy priests have shown
 Such proof to make thy godhead known?
 From their dead Past thou liv'st alone
 And still thy shadow is thine own
 Even as of yore in Nineveh.

That day whereof we keep record,
 When near thy city-gates the Lord
 Sheltered his Jonah with a gourd,
 This sun, (I said) here present, pour'd
 Even thus this shadow that I see.
 This shadow has been shed the same
 From sun and moon, — from lamps which
 came

For prayer, — from fifteen days of flame,
 The last, while smouldered to a name
 Sardanapalus' Nineveh.

Within thy shadow, haply, once
 Sennacherib has knelt, whose sons
 Smote him between the altar-stones:
 Or pale Semiramis her zones

Of gold, her incense brought to thee,
 In love for grace, in war for aid: . . .
 Ay, and who else? . . . till 'neath thy
 shade

Within his trenches newly made
 Last year the Christian knelt and
 pray'd —

Not to thy strength — in Nineveh.

Now, thou poor god, within this hall
 Where the blank windows blind the wall
 From pedestal to pedestal,
 The kind of light shall on thee fall

Which London takes the day to be:
 While school-foundations in the act
 Of holiday, three files compact,
 Shall learn to view thee as a fact
 Connected with that zealous tract:
 "Rome, — Babylon and Nineveh."

Deemed they of this, those worshippers,
 When, in some mythic chain of verse
 Which man shall not again rehearse,
 The faces of thy ministers

Yearned pale with bitter ecstasy?
 Greece, Egypt, Rome, — did any god
 Before whose feet men knelt unshod
 Deem that in this unblest abode
 Another scarce more unknown god
 Should house with him, from Nineveh?

Ah! in what quarries lay the stone
 From which this pygmy pile has grown,
 Unto man's need how long unknown,
 Since thy vast temples, court and cone,
 Rose far in desert history?

Ah! what is here that does not lie
 All strange to thine awakened eye?
 Ah! what is here can testify
 (Save that dumb presence of the sky)
 Unto thy day and Nineveh?

Why, of those mummies in the room
 Above, there might indeed have come
 One out of Egypt to thy home,
 An alien. Nay, but were not some
 Of these thine own "antiquity"?
 And now, — they and their gods and
 thou

All relics here together, — now
 Whose profit? whether bull or cow,
 Isis or Ibis, who or how,
 Whether of Thebes or Nineveh?

The consecrated metals found,
 And ivory tablets, underground,
 Winged teraphim and creatures crown'd
 When air and daylight filled the mound,
 Fell into dust immediately.

And even as these, the images
 Of awe and worship, — even as these, —
 So, smitten with the sun's increase,
 Her glory mouldered and did cease
 From immemorial Nineveh.

The day her builders made their halt,
 Those cities of the lake of salt
 Stood firmly 'stablished without fault,
 Made proud with pillars of basalt,
 With sardonyx and porphyry.

The day that Jonah bore abroad
 To Nineveh the voice of God,
 A brackish lake lay in his road,
 Where erst Pride fixed her sure abode,
 As then in royal Nineveh.

The day when he, Pride's lord and
 Man's,

Showed all the kingdoms at a glance
 To Him before whose countenance
 The years recede, the years advance,
 And said, Fall down and worship me: —
 'Mid all the pomp beneath that look,
 Then stirred there, haply, some rebuke,
 Where to the wind the salt pools shook,
 And in those tracts, of life forsook,
 That knew thee not, O Nineveh!

Delicate harlot! On thy throne
 Thou with a world beneath thee prone
 In state for ages sat'st alone;
 And needs were years and lustres flown
 Ere strength of man could vanquish
 thee:

Whom even thy victor foes must bring,
 Still royal, among maids that sing
 As with doves' voices, taboring
 Upon their breasts, unto the King,—
 A kingly conquest, Nineveh!

. . . Here woke my thought. The wind's
 slow sway

Had waxed; and like the human play
 Of scorn that smiling spreads away,
 The sunshine shivered off the day;

The callous wind, it seemed to me,
 Swept up the shadow from the ground:
 And pale as whom the Fates astound,
 The god forlorn stood winged and
 crown'd;

Within I knew the cry lay bound
 Of the dumb soul of Nineveh.

And as I turned, my sense half shut
 Still saw the crowds of kerb and rut
 Go past as marshalled to the strut
 Of ranks in gypsum quaintly cut.

It seemed in one same pageantry
 They followed forms which had been erst;
 To pass, till on my sight should burst
 That future of the best or worst
 When some may question which was
 first,

Of London or of Nineveh.

For as that Bull-god once did stand
 And watched the burial-clouds of sand,
 Till these at last without a hand
 Rose o'er his eye, another land,

And blinded him with destiny:—
 So may he stand again; till now,
 In ships of unknown sail and prow,
 Some tribe of the Australian plough
 Bear him afar,—a relic now

Of London, not of Nineveh!

Or it may chance indeed that when
 Man's age is hoary among men,—
 His centuries threescore and ten,—
 His furthest childhood shall seem then

More clear than later times may be:
 Who, finding in this desert place
 This form, shall hold us for some race

That walked not in Christ's lowly ways,
 But bowed its pride and vowed its praise
 Unto the god of Nineveh.

The smile rose first,—anon drew nigh
 The thought: . . . Those heavy wings
 spread high

So sure of flight, which do not fly;
 That set gaze never on the sky;
 Those scripted flanks it cannot see;
 Its crown, a brow-contracting load;
 Its planted feet which trust the sod: . . .
 (So grew the image as I trod:)
 O Nineveh, was this thy God,—

Thine also, mighty Nineveh? 1856.

MARY MAGDALENE

AT THE DOOR OF SIMON THE PHARISEE

(For a Drawing ¹)

"WHY wilt thou cast the roses from thine
 hair?

Nay, be thou all a rose,—wreath, lips,
 and cheek.

Nay, not this house,—that banquet-
 house we seek;

See how they kiss and enter; come thou
 there.

This delicate day of love we two will
 share

Till at our ear love's whispering night
 shall speak.

What, sweet one,—hold'st thou still the
 foolish freak?

Nay, when I kiss thy feet they'll leave
 the stair."

"Oh loose me! See'st thou not my
 Bridegroom's face

That draws me to Him? For His feet
 my kiss,

My hair, my tears He craves to-day:—
 and oh!

What words can tell what other day and
 place

Shall see me clasp those blood-stained
 feet of His?

He needs me, calls me, loves me: let me
 go!" 1856-1857. 1870.

¹ In the drawing Mary has left a festal procession, and is ascending by a sudden impulse the steps of the house where she sees Christ. Her lover has followed her and is trying to turn her back.

ASPECTA MEDUSA

(For a Drawing)

ANDROMEDA, by Perseus saved and wed,
 Hankered each day to see the Gorgon's
 head :

Till o'er a fount he held it, bade her lean,
 And mirrored in the wave was safely seen
 That death she lived by.

Let not thine eyes know
 Any forbidden thing itself, although
 It once should save as well as kill : but be
 Its shadow upon life enough for thee.

1870.

LOVE'S NOCTURN

MASTER of the murmuring courts
 Where the shapes of sleep convene ! —

Lo ! my spirit here exhorts
 All the powers of thy demesne
 For their aid to woo my queen.

What reports

Yield thy jealous courts unseen ?

Vaporous, unaccountable,
 Dreamland lies forlorn of light,
 Hollow like a breathing shell.
 Ah ! that from all dreams I might
 Choose one dream and guide its flight !
 I know well

What her sleep should tell to-night.

There the dreams are multitudes :
 Some that will not wait for sleep,
 Deep within the August woods ;
 Some that hum while rest may steep
 Weary labor laid a-heap ;
 Interludes,
 Some, of grievous moods that weep.

Poets' fancies all are there :
 There the elf-girls flood with wings
 Valleys full of plaintive air ;
 There breathe perfumes ; there in rings
 Whirl the foam-bewildered springs.
 Siren there
 Winds her dizzy hair and sings.

Thence the one dream mutually
 Dreamed in bridal unison,
 Less than waking ecstasy ;
 Half-formed visions that make moan
 In the house of birth alone ;
 And what we,
 At death's wicket, see, unknown.

But for mine own sleep, it lies
 In one gracious form's control,
 Fair with honorable eyes,
 Lamps of a translucent soul ;
 O their glance is loftiest dole,
 Sweet and wise,
 Wherein Love descries his goal.

Reft of her, my dreams are all
 Clammy trance that fears the sky :
 Changing footpaths shift and fall ;
 From polluted coverts nigh,
 Miserable phantoms sigh :
 Quakes the pall,
 And the funeral goes by.

Master, is it soothly said
 That, as echoes of man's speech
 Far in secret clefts are made,
 So do all men's bodies reach
 Shadows o'er thy sunken beach, —
 Shape or shade
 In those halls portrayed of each ?

Ah ! might I, by thy good grace
 Groping in the windy stair,
 (Darkness and the breath of space
 Like loud waters everywhere),
 Meeting mine own image there
 Face to face,
 Send it from that place to her !

Nay, not I ; but oh ! do thou,
 Master, from thy shadow kind
 Call my body's phantom now :
 Bid it bear its face declin'd
 Till its flight her slumbers find,
 And her brow
 Feel its presence bow like wind.

Where in groves the gracile Spring
 Trembles, with mute orison
 Confidently strengthening,
 Water's voice and wind's as one
 Shed an echo in the sun.
 Soft as Spring,
 Master, bid it sing and moan.

Song shall tell how glad and strong
 Is the night she soothes away ;
 Moan shall grieve with that parched
 tongue
 Of the brazen hours of day :
 Sounds as of the springtide they,
 Moan and song,
 While the chill months long for May.

Not the prayers which with all leave
 The world's fluent woes prefer, —
 Not the praise the world doth give,
 Dulcet fulsome whisperer; —
 Let it yield my love to her,
 And achieve
 Strength that shall not grieve or err.

Wheresoe'er my dreams befall,
 Both at night-watch (let it say),
 And where round the sun-dial
 The reluctant hours of day,
 Heartless, hopeless of their way,
 Rest and call;
 There her glance doth fall and stay.

Suddenly her face is there;
 So do mounting vapors wreath
 Subtle-scented transports where
 The black fir-wood sets its teeth.
 Part the boughs and look beneath, —
 Lilies share
 Secret waters there, and breathe.

Master, bid my shadow bend
 Whispering thus till birth of light,
 Lest new shapes that sleep may send
 Scatter all its work to flight; —
 Master, master of the night,
 Bid it spend
 Speech, song, prayer, and end aright.

Yet, ah me! if at her head
 There another phantom lean
 Murmuring o'er the fragrant bed, —
 Ah! and if my spirit's queen
 Smile those alien words between, —
 Ah! poor shade!
 Shall it strive, or fade unseen?

How should love's own messenger
 Strive with love and be love's foe?
 Master, nay! If thus, in her,
 Sleep a wedded heart should show, —
 Silent let mine image go,
 Its old share
 Of thy spell-bound air to know.

Like a vapor wan and mute,
 Like a flame, so let it pass;
 One low sigh across her lute,
 One dull breath against her glass;
 And to my sad soul, alas!
 One salute
 Cold as when death's foot shall pass.

Then, too, let all hopes of mine,
 All vain hopes by night and day,
 Slowly at thy summoning sign
 Rise up pallid and obey.
 Dreams, if this is thus, were they: —
 Be they thine,
 And to dreamworld pine away.

Yet from old time, life, not death,
 Master, in thy rule is rife:
 Lo! through thee, with mingling breath,
 Adam woke beside his wife.
 O Love bring me so, for strife,
 Force and faith,
 Bring me so not death but life!

Yea, to Love himself is pour'd
 This frail song of hope and fear.
 Thou art Love, of one accord
 With kind Sleep to bring her near,
 Still-eyed, deep-eyed, ah how dear!
 Master, Lord,
 In her name implor'd, O hear! 1870.

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED

PEACE in her chamber, wheresoe'er
 It be, a holy place:
 The thought still brings my soul such
 grace
 As morning meadows wear.

Whether it still be small and light,
 A maid's who dreams alone,
 As from her orchard-gate the moon
 Its ceiling showed at night:

Or whether, in a shadow dense
 As nuptial hymns invoke,
 Innocent maidenhood awoke
 To married innocence:

There still the thanks unheard await
 The unconscious gift bequeathed;
 For there my soul this hour has
 breathed
 An air inviolate. 1870.

THE WOODSPURGE

THE wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
 Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
 I had walked on at the wind's will, —
 I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, —
 My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
 My hair was over in the grass,
 My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
 Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
 Among those few, out of the sun,
 The woodspurge flowered, three cups in
 one.

From perfect grief there need not be
 Wisdom or even memory:
 One thing then learnt remains to me, —
 The woodspurge has a cup of three.

1870.

TROY TOWN

HEAVENBORN HELEN, Sparta's queen,
 (O Troy Town!)

Had two breasts of heavenly sheen,
 The sun and moon of the heart's desire:
 All Love's lordship lay between.
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Helen knelt at Venus' shrine,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Saying "A little gift is mine,
 A little gift for a heart's desire.
 Hear me speak and make me a sign!
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"Look, I bring thee a carven cup;
 (O Troy Town!)
 See it here as I hold it up, —
 Shaped it is to the heart's desire,
 Fit to fill when the gods would sup.
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"It was moulded like my breast;
 (O Troy Town!)
 He that sees it may not rest,
 Rest at all for his heart's desire.
 O give ear to my heart's behest!
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"See my breast, how like it is;
 (O Troy Town!)
 See it bare for the air to kiss!
 Is the cup to thy heart's desire?
 O for the breast, O make it his!
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"Yea, for my bosom here I sue:
 (O Troy Town!)
 Thou must give it where 'tis due,
 Give it there to the heart's desire.
 Whom do I give my bosom to?
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"Each twin breast is an apple sweet!
 (O Troy Town!)
 Once an apple stirred the beat
 Of thy heart with the heart's desire:
 Say, who brought it then to thy feet?
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"They that claimed it then were three:
 (O Troy Town!)
 For thy sake two hearts did he
 Make forlorn of the heart's desire.
 Do for him as he did for thee!
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"Mine are apples grown to the south,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Grown to taste in the days of drouth,
 Taste and waste to the heart's desire:
 Mine are apples meet for his mouth!"
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Venus looked on Helen's gift,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Looked and smiled with subtle drift,
 Saw the work of her heart's desire: —
 "There thou kneel'st for Love to lift!"
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Venus looked in Helen's face,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Knew far off an hour and place,
 And fire lit from the heart's desire;
 Laughed and said, "Thy gift hath grace!"
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Cupid looked on Helen's breast,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Saw the heart within its nest,
 Saw the flame of the heart's desire, —
 Marked his arrow's burning crest.
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Cupid took another dart,
 (*O Troy Town!*)
 Fledged it for another heart,
 Winged the shaft with the heart's desire,
 Drew the string and said, "Depart!"
 (*O Troy's down,*
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Paris turned upon his bed,
 (*O Troy Town!*)
 Turned upon his bed and said,
 Dead at heart with the heart's desire, —
 "O to clasp her golden head!"
 (*O Troy's down,*
 Tall Troy's on fire!)
 1870.

LOVE-LILY

BETWEEN the hands, between the brows,
 Between the lips of Love-Lily,
 A spirit is born whose birth endows
 My blood with fire to burn through me;
 Who breathes upon my gazing eyes,

Who laughs and murmurs in mine ear,
 At whose least touch my color flies,
 And whom my life grows faint to hear.

Within the voice, within the heart,
 Within the mind of Love-Lily,
 A spirit is born who lifts apart
 His tremulous wings and looks at me;
 Who on my mouth his finger lays,
 And shows, while whispering lutes
 confer,
 That Eden of Love's watered ways
 Whose winds and spirits worship her.

Brows, hands, and lips, heart, mind, and
 voice,
 Kisses and words of Love-Lily, —
 Oh! bid me with your joy rejoice
 Till riotous longing rest in me!
 Ah! let not hope be still distraught,
 But find in her its gracious goal,
 Whose speech Truth knows not from her
 thought
 Nor Love her body from her soul.
 1870.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE

THE SONNET

*A Sonnet is a moment's monument, —
 Memorial from the Soul's eternity
 To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
 Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
 Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
 Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
 As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
 Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
 A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
 The Soul, — its converse, to what Power
 'tis due: —
 Whether for tribute to the august appeals
 Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
 It serve; or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous
 breath,
 In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.*

PART I: YOUTH AND CHANGE

I. LOVE ENTHRONED

I MARKED all kindred Powers the heart
 finds fair: —
 Truth, with awed lips; and Hope, with
 eyes upcast;

And Fame, whose loud wings fan the
 ashen Past
 To signal-fires, Oblivion's flight to scare;
 And Youth, with still some single golden
 hair
 Unto his shoulder clinging, since the last
 Embrace wherein two sweet arms held
 him fast;
 And Life, still wreathing flowers for Death
 to wear.
 Love's throne was not with these; but
 far above
 All passionate wind of welcome and
 farewell
 He sat in breathless bowers they dream
 not of;
 Though Truth foreknow Love's heart,
 and Hope foretell,
 And Fame be for Love's sake desirable,
 And Youth be dear, and Life be sweet
 to Love.

II. BRIDAL BIRTH

As when desire, long darkling, dawns,
 and first
 The mother looks upon the new-born child,

Even so my Lady stood at gaze and smiled
When her soul knew at length the Love it
nurs'd.

Born with her life, creature of poignant
thirst

And exquisite hunger, at her heart Love
lay

Quickening in darkness, till a voice that
day

Cried on him, and the bonds of birth
were burst.

Now, shadowed by his wings, our faces
yearn

Together, as his fullgrown feet now range
The grove, and his warm hands our
couch prepare :

Till to his song our bodiless souls in turn
Be born his children, when Death's nup-
tial change

Leaves us for light the halo of his hair.

III. LOVE'S TESTAMENT

O THOU who at Love's hour ecstatically
Unto my heart dost ever more present,
Clothed with his fire, thy heart his tes-
tament;

Whom I have neared and felt thy breath
to be

The inmost incense of his sanctuary;
Who without speech hast owned him,
and, intent

Upon his will, thy life with mine hast
blent,

And murmured, "I am thine, thou'rt
one with me!"

O what from thee the grace, to me the
prize,

And what to Love the glory, — when the
whole

Of the deep stair thou tread'st to the
dim shoal

And weary water of the place of sighs,
And there dost work deliverance, as
thine eyes

Draw up my prisoned spirit to thy soul!

IV. LOVESIGHT

WHEN do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee
made known?

Or when in the dusk hours, (we two
alone,)

Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage
lies,

And my soul only sees thy soul its own?
O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of
thee,

Nor image of thine eyes in any spring, —
How then should sound upon Life's
darkening slope

The ground-whirl of the perished leaves
of Hope,

The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

V. HEART'S HOPE

By what word's power, the key of paths
untrod,

Shall I the difficult deeps of Love explore,
Till parted waves of Song yield up the
shore

Even as that sea which Israel crossed
dryshod?

For lo! in some poor rhythmic period,
Lady, I fain would tell how evermore
Thy soul I know not from thy body,
nor

Thee from myself, neither our love from
God.

Yea, in God's name, and Love's, and
thine, would I

Draw from one loving heart such evidence
As to all hearts all things shall signify;
Tender as dawn's first hill-fire, and in-
tense

As instantaneous penetrating sense,
In Spring's birth-hour, of other Springs
gone by.

VIII. LOVE'S LOVERS

SOME ladies love the jewels in Love's
zone

And gold-tipped darts he hath for pain-
less play

In idle scornful hours he flings away;
And some that listen to his lute's soft
tone

Do love to vaunt the silver praise their
own;

Some prize his blindfold sight; and
there be they

Who kissed his wings which brought
him yesterday

And thank his wings to-day that he is
flown.

My lady only loves the heart of Love :
 Therefore Love's heart, my lady, hath
 for thee
 His bower of unimagined flower and tree :
 There kneels he now, and all-anhungered
 of
 Thine eyes gray-lit in shadowing hair
 above,
 Seals with thy mouth his immortality.

IX. PASSION AND WORSHIP

ONE flame-winged brought a white-
 winged harp-player
 Even where my lady and I lay all alone ;
 Saying : "Behold, this minstrel is un-
 known ;
 Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here :
 Only my strains are to Love's dear ones
 dear."
 Then said I : "Through thine hautboy's
 rapturous tone
 Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
 And still she deems the cadence deep and
 clear."
 Then said my lady : "Thou art Passion of
 Love,
 And this Love's Worship : both he plights
 to me.
 Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea :
 But where wan water trembles in the
 grove
 And the wan moon is all the light there-
 of,
 This harp still makes my name its vol-
 untary."

X. THE PORTRAIT

O LORD of all compassionate control,
 O Love ! let this my lady's picture glow
 Under my hand to praise her name, and
 show
 Even of her inner self the perfect whole :
 That he who seeks her beauty's furthest
 goal,
 Beyond the light that the sweet glances
 throw
 And reflowing wave of the sweet smile,
 may know
 The very sky and sea-line of her soul.
 Lo ! it is done. Above the enthroning
 throat
 The mouth's mould testifies of voice and
 kiss,
 The shadowed eyes remember and fore-
 see.

Her face is made her shrine. Let all men
 note
 That in all years (O Love, thy gift is
 this !)
 They that would look on her must come
 to me.

XI. THE LOVE-LETTER

WARMED by her hand and shadowed by
 her hair
 As close she leaned and poured her heart
 through thee,
 Whereof the articulate throbs accompany
 The smooth black stream that makes thy
 whiteness fair,—
 Sweet fluttering sheet, even of her breath
 aware,—
 Oh let thy silent song disclose to me
 That soul wherewith her lips and eyes
 agree
 Like married music in Love's answering
 air.
 Fain had I watched her when, at some
 fond thought,
 Her bosom to the writing closelier press'd
 And her breast's secrets peered into her
 breast ;
 When, through eyes raised an instant,
 her soul sought
 My soul, and from the sudden confluence
 caught
 The words that made her love the love-
 liest.

XII. THE LOVERS' WALK

SWEET twining hedgeflowers wind-stirred
 in no wise
 On this June day ; and hand that clings
 in hand :—
 Still glades ; and meeting faces scarcely
 fann'd :
 An osier-odored stream that draws the
 skies
 Deep to its heart ; and mirrored eyes in
 eyes :—
 Fresh hourly wonder o'er the Summer
 land
 Of light and cloud ; and two souls softly
 spann'd
 With one o'erarching heaven of smiles
 and sighs :—
 Even such their path, whose bodies lean
 unto
 Each other's visible sweetness amo-
 rously,—

Whose passionate hearts lean by Love's
 high decree
 Together on his heart for ever true,
 As the cloud-foaming firmamental blue
 Rests on the blue line of a foamless sea.

XIII. YOUTH'S ANTIPHONY

"I LOVE you, sweet: how can you ever
 learn
 How much I love you?" "You I love
 even so,
 And so I learn it." "Sweet, you can-
 not know
 How fair you are." "If fair enough to
 earn
 Your love, so much is all my love's con-
 cern."
 "My love grows hourly, sweet." "Mine
 too doth grow,
 Yet love seemed full so many hours ago!"
 Thus lovers speak, till kisses claim their
 turn.
 Ah! happy they to whom such words as
 these
 In youth have served for speech the whole
 day long,
 Hour after hour, remote from the world's
 throng,
 Work, contest, fame, all life's confederate
 pleas, —
 What while Love breathed in sighs and
 silences
 Through two blent souls one rapturous
 undersong.

XIV. YOUTH'S SPRING-TRIBUTE

ON this sweet bank your head thrice
 sweet and dear
 I lay, and spread your hair on either
 side,
 And see the newborn woodflowers bash-
 ful-eyed
 Look through the golden tresses here and
 there.
 On these debatable borders of the year
 Spring's foot half falters; scarce she yet
 may know
 The leafless blackthorn-blossom from
 the snow;
 And through her bowers the wind's way
 still is clear.
 But April's sun strikes down the glades
 to-day;
 So shut your eyes upturned, and feel my
 kiss

Creep, as the Spring now thrills through
 every spray,
 Up your warm throat to your warm lips;
 for this
 Is even the hour of Love's sworn suit-
 service,
 With whom cold hearts are counted
 castaway.

XV. THE BIRTH-BOND

HAVE you not noted, in some family
 Where two were born of a first marriage-
 bed,
 How still they own their gracious bond,
 though fed
 And nursed on the forgotten breast and
 knee? —
 How to their father's children they shall
 be
 In act and thought of one goodwill; but
 each
 Shall for the other have, in silence speech,
 And in a word complete community?
 Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it,
 love,
 That among souls allied to mine was
 yet
 One nearer kindred than life hinted of.
 O born with me somewhere that men
 forget,
 And though in years of sight and sound
 unmet,
 Known for my soul's birth-partner well
 enough!

XVII. BEAUTY'S PAGEANT

WHAT dawn-pulse at the heart of heaven,
 or last
 Incarnate flower of culminating day, —
 What marshalled marvels on the skirts
 of May,
 Or song full-quired, sweet June's enco-
 miast;
 What glory of change by nature's hand
 amass'd
 Can vie with all those moods of varying
 grace
 Which o'er one loveliest woman's form
 and face
 Within this hour, within this room, have
 pass'd?
 Love's very vesture and elect disguise
 Was each fine movement, — wonder new-
 begot
 Of lily or swan or swan-stemmed galiot;

Joy to his sight who now the sadlier
sighs,
Parted again, and sorrow yet for eyes
Unborn, that read these words and saw
her not.

XVIII. GENIUS IN BEAUTY

BEAUTY like hers is genius. Not the call
Of Homer's or of Dante's heart sub-
lime, —
Not Michael's hand furrowing the zones
of time, —
Is more with compassed mysteries musi-
cal;
Nay, not in Spring's or Summer's sweet
footfall
More gathered gifts exuberant Life be-
queathes
Than doth this sovereign face, whose love-
spell breathes
Even from its shadowed contour on the
wall.
As many men are poets in their youth,
But for one sweet-strung soul the wires
prolong
Even through all change the indomitable
song;
So in like wise the envenomed years,
whose tooth
Rends shallower grace with ruin void of
ruth,
Upon this beauty's power shall wreak no
wrong.

XIX. SILENT NOON

YOUR hands lie open in the long, fresh
grass, —
The finger-points look through like rosy
blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture
gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and
amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can
pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver
edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the haw-
thorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.
Deep in the sun-searched growths the
dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from
the sky, —

So this wing'd hour is dropped to us from
above.

Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for death-
less dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

XXI. LOVE-SWEETNESS

SWEET dimness of her loosened hair's
downfall
About thy face; her sweet hands round
thy head
In gracious fostering union garlanded;
Her tremulous smiles; her glances' sweet
recall
Of love; her murmuring sighs memorial;
Her mouth's culled sweetness by thy
kisses shed
On cheeks and neck and eyelids, and so led
Back to her mouth, which answers there
for all: —
What sweeter than these things, except
the thing
In lacking which all these would lose
their sweet: —
The confident heart's still fervor: the
swift beat
And soft subsidence of the spirit's wing,
Then when it feels, in cloud-girt way-
faring,
The breath of kindred plumes against its
feet?

XXIV. PRIDE OF YOUTH

EVEN as a child, of sorrow that we give
The dead, but little in his heart can find,
Since without need of thought to his
clear mind
Their turn it is to die and his to live: —
Even so the winged New Love smiles to
receive
Along his eddying plumes the auroral
wind,
Nor, forward glorying, casts one look
behind
Where night-rack shrouds the Old Love
fugitive.
There is a change in every hour's recall,
And the last cowslip in the fields we see
On the same day with the first corn-poppy.
Alas for hourly change! Alas for all
The loves that from his hand proud
Youth lets fall,
Even as the beads of a told rosary!

XXVI. MID-RAPTURE

THOU lovely and beloved, thou my love;
 Whose kiss seems still the first; whose
 summoning eyes,
 Even now, as for our love-world's new
 sunrise,
 Shed very dawn; whose voice, attuned
 above
 All modulation of the deep-bowered dove,
 Is like a hand laid softly on the soul;
 Whose hand is like a sweet voice to control
 Those worn tired brows it hath the keeping of:—
 What word can answer to thy word—
 what gaze
 To thine, which now absorbs within its
 sphere
 My worshipping face, till I am mirrored
 there
 Light-circled in a heaven of deep-drawn
 rays?
 What clasp, what kiss mine inmost heart
 can prove,
 O lovely and beloved, O my love?

XXVII. HEART'S COMPASS

SOMETIMES thou seem'st not as thyself
 alone,
 But as the meaning of all things that
 are;
 A breathless wonder, shadowing forth
 afar
 Some heavenly solstice hushed and hal-
 cyon;
 Whose unstirred lips are music's visible
 tone:
 Whose eyes the sun-gate of the soul
 unbar,
 Being of its furthest fires oracular—
 The evident heart of all life sown and
 mown.
 Even such love is; and is not thy name
 Love?
 Yea, by thy hand the Love-god rends
 apart
 All gathering clouds of Night's ambigu-
 ous art;
 Flings them far down, and sets thine eyes
 above;
 And simply, as some gage of flower or
 glove,
 Stakes with a smile the world against
 thy heart.

XXXI. HER GIFTS

HIGH grace, the dower of queens; and
 therewithal
 Some wood-born wonder's sweet sim-
 plicity;
 A glance like water brimming with the sky
 Or hyacinth-light where forest-shadows
 fall;
 Such thrilling pallor of cheek as doth
 enthral
 The heart; a mouth whose passionate
 forms imply
 All music and all silence held thereby;
 Deep golden locks, her sovereign coronal;
 A round reared neck, meet column of
 Love's shrine
 To cling to when the heart takes sanc-
 tuary;
 Hands which for ever at Love's bidding
 be,
 And soft-stirred feet still answering to
 his sign:—
 These are her gifts, as tongue may tell
 them o'er.
 Breathe low her name, my soul; for that
 means more.

XXXII. EQUAL TROTH

NOR by one measure mayst thou mete
 our love;
 For how should I be loved as I love
 thee?—
 I, graceless, joyless, lacking absolutely
 All gifts that with thy queenship best
 behave;—
 Thou, throned in every heart's elect al-
 cove,
 And crowned with garlands culled from
 every tree,
 Which for no head but thine, by Love's
 decree,
 All beauties and all mysteries interwove.
 But here thine eyes and lips yield soft
 rebuke:—
 "Then only," (say'st thou) "could I
 love thee less,
 When thou couldst doubt my love's
 equality."
 Peace, sweet! If not to sum but worth
 we look,
 Thy heart's transcendence, not my heart's
 excess,—
 Then more a thousandfold thou lov'st
 than I.

XXXIII. VENUS VICTRIX

COULD Juno's self more sovereign pres-
 ence wear
 Than thou, 'mid other ladies throned
 in grace? —
 Or Pallas, when thou bend'st with soul-
 stilled face
 O'er poet's page gold-shadowed in thy
 hair?
 Dost thou than Venus seem less heavenly
 fair
 When o'er the sea of love's tumultuous
 trance
 Hovers thy smile, and mingles with thy
 glance
 That sweet voice like the last wave mur-
 muring there?
 Before such triune loveliness divine
 Awestruck I ask, which goddess here most
 claims
 The prize that, howsoe'er adjudged, is
 thine?
 Then Love breathes low the sweetest of
 thy names;
 And Venus Victrix to my heart doth
 bring
 Herself, the Helen of her guerdoning.

XXXIV. THE DARK GLASS

NOT I myself know all my love for
 thee:
 How should I reach so far, who cannot
 weigh
 To-morrow's dower by gage of yester-
 day?
 Shall birth and death, and all dark names
 that be
 As doors and windows bared to some
 loud sea,
 Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face
 with spray;
 And shall my sense pierce love, — the last
 relay
 And ultimate outpost of eternity?
 Lo! what am I to Love, the lord of
 all?
 One murmuring shell he gathers from the
 sand,
 One little heart-flame sheltered in his
 hand.
 Yet through thine eyes he grants me
 clearest call
 And veriest touch of powers primordial
 That any hour-girt life may understand.

XL. SEVERED SELVES

Two separate divided silences,
 Which, brought together, would find
 loving voice;
 Two glances which together would re-
 joice
 In love, now lost like stars beyond dark
 trees;
 Two hands apart whose touch alone gives
 ease;
 Two bosoms which, heart-shrined with
 mutual flame,
 Would, meeting in one clasp, be made
 the same;
 Two souls, the shores wave-mocked of
 sundering seas: —
 Such are we now. Ah! may our hope
 forecast
 Indeed one hour again, when on this
 stream
 Of darkened love once more the light
 shall gleam? —
 An hour how slow to come, how quickly
 past, —
 Which blooms and fades, and only leaves
 at last,
 Faint as shed flowers, the attenuated
 dream.

XLI. THROUGH DEATH TO LOVE

LIKE labor-laden moonclouds faint to
 flee
 From winds that sweep the winter-
 bitten wold, —
 Like multiform circumfluence manifold
 Of night's flood-tide, — like terrors that
 agree
 Of hoarse-tongued fire and inarticulate
 sea, —
 Even such, within some glass dimmed
 by our breath,
 Our hearts discern wild images of Death,
 Shadows and shoals that edge eternity.
 Howbeit athwart Death's imminent
 shade doth soar
 One Power, than flow of stream or flight
 of dove
 Sweeter to glide around, to brood above.
 Tell me, my heart, — what angel-greeted
 door
 Or threshold of wing-winnowed thresh-
 ing-floor
 Hath guest fire-fledged as thine, whose
 lord is Love?

XLVIII. DEATH-IN-LOVE

THERE came an image in Life's retinue
 That had Love's wings and bore his
 gonfalon:
 Fair was the web, and nobly wrought
 thereon,
 O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!
 Bewildering sounds, such as Spring
 wakens to,
 Shook in its folds; and through my
 heart its power
 Sped trackless as the immemorable hour
 When birth's dark portal groaned and
 all was new.
 But a veiled woman followed, and she
 caught
 The banner round its staff, to furl and
 cling,—
 Then plucked a feather from the bearer's
 wing,
 And held it to his lips that stirred it not,
 And said to me, "Behold, there is no
 breath:
 I and this Love are one, and I am Death."

XLIX. WILLOWWOOD — I

I SAT with Love upon a woodside well,
 Leaning across the water, I and he;
 Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me,
 But touched his lute wherein was audible
 The certain secret thing he had to tell:
 Only our mirrored eyes met silently
 In the low wave; and that sound came
 to be
 The passionate voice I knew; and my
 tears fell.
 And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew
 hers;
 And with his foot and with his wing-
 feathers
 He swept the spring that watered my
 heart's drouth.
 Then the dark ripples spread to waving
 hair,
 And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
 Bubbled with brimming kisses at my
 mouth.

L. WILLOWWOOD — II

AND now Love sang: but his was such
 a song,
 So meshed with half-remembrance hard
 to free,
 As souls disused in death's sterility

May sing when the new birthday tarries
 long.
 And I was made aware of a dumb throng
 That stood aloof, one form by every tree,
 All mournful forms, for each was I or she,
 The shades of those our days that had
 no tongue.
 They looked on us, and knew us and
 were known;
 While fast together, alive from the abyss,
 Clung the soul-wrung implacable close
 kiss;
 And pity of self through all made broken
 moan
 Which said, "For once, for once, for
 once alone!"
 And still Love sang, and what he sang
 was this:—

LI. WILLOWWOOD — III

"O YE, all ye that walk in Willowwood,
 That walk with hollow faces burning
 white;
 What fathom-depth of soul-struck widow-
 hood,
 What long, what longer hours, one life-
 long night,
 Ere ye again, who so in vain have wooed
 Your last hope lost, who so in vain invite
 Your lips to that their unforgetten food,
 Ere ye, ere ye again shall see the light!
 Alas! the bitter banks in Willowwood,
 With tear-spurge wan, with blood-wort
 burning red:
 Alas! if ever such a pillow could
 Steep deep the soul in sleep till she were
 dead,—
 Better all life forget her than this thing,
 That Willowwood should hold her wan-
 dering!"

LII. WILLOWWOOD — IV

So sang he: and as meeting rose and rose
 Together cling through the wind's well-
 away
 Nor change at once, yet near the end of
 day
 The leaves drop loosened where the heart-
 stain glows,—
 So when the song died did the kiss un-
 close;
 And her face fell back drowned, and was
 as gray
 As its gray eyes; and if it ever may

Meet mine again I know not if Love
 knows.
 Only I know that I leaned low and drank
 A long draught from the water where
 she sank.
 Her breath and all her tears and all her
 soul:
 And as I leaned, I know I felt Love's
 face
 Pressed on my neck with moan of pity and
 grace,
 Till both our heads were in his aureole.

LIII. WITHOUT HER

WHAT of her glass without her! The
 blank gray
 There where the pool is blind of the
 moon's face.
 Her dress without her? The tossed
 empty space
 Of cloud-rack whence the moon has
 passed away.
 Her paths without her? Day's appointed
 sway
 Usurped by desolate night. Her pil-
 lowed place
 Without her? Tears, ah me! for love's
 good grace,
 And cold forgetfulness of night or day.
 What of the heart without her? Nay,
 poor heart,
 Of thee what word remains ere speech
 be still?
 A wayfarer by barren ways and chill,
 Steep ways and weary, without her thou
 art,
 Where the long cloud, the long wood's
 counterpart,
 Sheds doubled darkness up the laboring
 hill.

LV. STILLBORN LOVE

THE hour which might have been yet
 might not be,
 Which man's and woman's heart con-
 ceived and bore
 Yet whereof life was barren, — on what
 shore
 Bides it the breaking of Time's weary
 sea?
 Bondchild of all consummate joys set
 free,
 It somewhere sighs and serves, and mute
 before

The house of Love, hears through the
 echoing door
 His hours elect in choral consonancy.
 But lo! what wedded souls now hand in
 hand
 Together tread at last the immortal
 strand
 With eyes where burning memory lights
 love home?
 Lo! how the little outcast hour has
 turned
 And leaped to them and in their faces
 yearned:—
 "I am your child: O parents, ye have
 come!"

LVI. TRUE WOMAN — I. HERSELF

To be a sweetness more desired than
 Spring;
 A bodily beauty more acceptable
 Than the wild rose-tree's arch that
 crowns the fell;
 To be an essence more environing
 Than wine's drained juice; a music
 ravishing
 More than the passionate pulse of Phil-
 omel;—
 To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's
 swell
 That is the flower of life: — how strange
 a thing!
 How strange a thing to be what Man
 can know
 But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own
 screen
 Hides her soul's purest depth and loveli-
 est glow;
 Closely withheld, as all things most un-
 seen, —
 The wave-bowered pearl, — the heart-
 shaped seal of green
 That flecks the snowdrop underneath the
 snow.

LVII. TRUE WOMAN — II. HER LOVE

SHE loves him; for her infinite soul is
 Love,
 And he her lodestar. Passion in her is
 A glass facing his fire, where the bright
 bliss
 Is mirrored, and the heat returned. Yet
 move
 That glass, a stranger's amorous flame to
 prove,

And it shall turn, by instant contraries,
Ice to the moon; while her pure fire to his
For whom it burns, clings close i' the
heart's alcove.

Lo! they are one. With wifely breast
to breast

And circling arms, she welcomes all
command

Of love,—her soul to answering ardors
fann'd:

Yet as morn springs or twilight sinks to
rest,

Ah! who shall say she deems not love-
liest

The hour of sisterly sweet hand-in-hand?

LVIII. TRUE WOMAN — III. HER HEAVEN

If to grow old in Heaven is to grow young,
(As the Seer saw and said,) then blest
were he

With youth for evermore, whose heaven
should be

True Woman, she whom these weak
notes have sung,

Here and hereafter,—choir-strains of
her tongue,—

Sky-spaces of her eyes,—sweet signs
that flee

About her soul's immediate sanctuary,—
Were Paradise all uttermost worlds
among.

The sunrise blooms and withers on the
hill

Like any hillflower; and the noblest troth
Dies here to dust. Yet shall Heaven's
promise clothe

Even yet those lovers who have cherished
still

This test for love;—in every kiss sealed
fast

To feel the first kiss and forbode the last.

LIX. LOVE'S LAST GIFT

LOVE to his singer held a glistening leaf,
And said: "The rose-tree and the apple-
tree

Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure
the bee;

And golden shafts are in the feathered
sheaf

Of the great harvest-marshal, the year's
chief,

Victorious Summer; aye, and 'neath
warm sea

Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef.
All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms
of love

To thee I gave while Spring and Summer
sang;

But Autumn stops to listen, with some
pang

From those worse things the wind is
moaning of.

Only this laurel dreads no winter days:
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung
my praise."

PART II. CHANGE AND FATE

LX. TRANSFIGURED LIFE

As growth of form or momentary glance
In a child's features will recall to mind

The father's with the mother's face com-
bin'd,—

Sweet interchange that memories still
enhance:

And yet, as childhood's years and youth's
advance,

The gradual mouldings leave one stamp
behind,

Till in the blended likeness now we find
A separate man's or woman's counte-
nance:—

So in the Song, the singer's Joy and Pain,
Its very parents, evermore expand

To bid the passion's fullgrown birth re-
main,

By Art's transfiguring essence subtly
spann'd;

And from that song-cloud shaped as a
man's hand

There comes the sound as of abundant
rain.

LXI. THE SONG-THROE

By thine own tears thy song must tears
beget,

O Singer! Magic mirror thou hast none
Except thy manifest heart; and save
thine own

Anguish or ardor, else no amulet.

Cisterned in Pride, verse is the feathery
jet

Of soulless air-flung fountains; nay,
more dry

Than the Dead Sea for throats that thirst
and sigh,

That song o'er which no singer's lids
grew wet.
The Song-god — He the Sun-god — is no
slave
Of thine: thy Hunter he, who for thy soul
Fledges his shaft: to no august control
Of thy skilled hand his quivered store he
gave:
But if thy lips' loud cry leap to his smart,
The inspir'd recoil shall pierce thy
brother's heart.

LXV. KNOWN IN VAIN

As two whose love, first foolish, widen-
ing scope,
Knows suddenly, to music high and soft,
The Holy of holies; who because they
scoff'd
Are now amazed with shame, nor dare
to cope
With the whole truth aloud, lest heaven
should ope;
Yet, at their meetings, laugh not as they
laugh'd
In speech; nor speak, at length; but
sitting oft
Together, within hopeless sight of hope
For hours are silent: — So it happeneth
When Work and Will awake too late, to
gaze
After their life sailed by, and hold their
breath.
Ah! who shall dare to search through what
sad maze
Thenceforth their incommunicable ways
Follow the desultory feet of Death?

LXVI. THE HEART OF THE NIGHT

FROM child to youth; from youth to
arduous man;
From lethargy to fever of the heart;
From faithful life to dream-dowered days
apart;
From trust to doubt; from doubt to
brink of ban; —
Thus much of change in one swift cycle
ran
Till now. Alas, the soul! — how soon
must she
Accept her primal immortality, —
The flesh resume its dust whence it be-
gan?
O Lord of work and peace! O Lord of
life!

O Lord, the awful Lord of will! though
late,
Even yet renew this soul with duteous
breath:
That when the peace is garnered in from
strife,
The work retrieved, the will regenerate,
This soul may see thy face, O Lord of
death!

LXVII. THE LANDMARK

Was *that* the landmark? What — the
foolish well
Whose wave, low down, I did not stoop
to drink,
But sat and flung the pebbles from its
brink
In sport to send its imaged skies pell-
mell,
(And mine own image, had I noted
well!) —
Was that my point of turning? — I had
thought
The stations of my course should rise un-
sought,
As altar-stone or ensigned citadel.
But lo! the path is missed, I must go
back,
And thirst to drink when next I reach
the spring
Which once I stained, which since may
have grown black.
Yet though no light be left nor bird now
sing
As here I turn, I'll thank God, hasten-
ing,
That the same goal is still on the same
track.

LXX. THE HILL SUMMIT

THIS feast-day of the sun, his altar there
In the broad west has blazed for vesper-
song;
And I have loitered in the vale too long
And gaze now a belated worshipper.
Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
So journeying, of his face at intervals
Transfigured where the fringed horizon
falls, —
A fiery bush with coruscating hair.
And now that I have climbed and won
this height,
I must tread downward through the
sloping shade

And travel the bewildered tracks till
 night.
 Yet for this hour I still may here be
 stayed
 And see the gold air and the silver fade
 And the last bird fly into the last light.

LXXI. THE CHOICE — I

EAT thou and drink; to-morrow thou
 shalt die.
 Surely the earth, that's wise being very
 old,
 Needs not our help. Then loose me,
 love, and hold
 Thy sultry hair up from my face; that I
 May pour for thee this golden wine,
 brim-high,
 Till round the glass thy fingers glow like
 gold.
 We'll drown all hours: thy song, while
 hours are toll'd,
 Shall leap, as fountains veil the chang-
 ing sky.
 Now kiss, and think that there are really
 those,
 My own high-bosomed beauty, who
 increase
 Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might
 choose our way!
 Through many years they toil; then on
 a day
 They die not, — for their life was death,
 — but cease;
 And round their narrow lips the mould
 falls close.

LXXII. THE CHOICE — II

WATCH thou and fear; to-morrow thou
 shalt die.
 Or art thou sure thou shalt have time
 for death?
 Is not the day which God's word promis-
 eth
 To come man knows not when? In
 yonder sky,
 Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth:
 can I
 Or thou assure him of his goal? God's
 breath
 Even at this moment haply quickeneth
 The air to a flame; till spirits, always
 nigh
 Though screened and hid, shall walk
 the daylight here.

And dost thou prate of all that man
 shall do?
 Canst thou, who hast but plagues, pro-
 sume to be
 Glad in his gladness that comes after thee?
 Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell?
 Go to:
 Cover thy countenance, and watch, and
 fear.

LXXIII. THE CHOICE — III

THINK thou and act; to-morrow thou
 shalt die.
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon
 the shore,
 Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is
 all gone o'er:
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain
 and sigh,
 Man clomb until he touched the truth;
 and I,
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
 How should this be? Art thou then so
 much more
 Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst
 reap thereby?
 Nay, come up hither. From this wave-
 washed mound
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with
 me;
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be
 drown'd.
 Miles and miles distant though the last
 line be,
 And though thy soul sail leagues and
 leagues beyond, —
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there
 is more sea.

LXXIV. OLD AND NEW ART — I

ST. LUKE THE PAINTER

GIVE honor unto Luke Evangelist;
 For he it was (the aged legends say)
 Who first taught Art to fold her hands
 and pray.
 Scarcely at once she dared to rend the
 mist
 Of devious symbols; but soon having
 wist
 How sky-breadth and field-silence and
 this day
 Are symbols also in some deeper way,
 She looked through these to God and
 was God's priest.

And if, past noon, her toil began to irk,
 And she sought talismans, and turned in
 vain
 To soulless self-reflections of man's
 skill, —
 Yet now, in this the twilight, she might
 still
 Kneel in the latter grass to pray again,
 Ere the night cometh and she may not
 work.

LXXV. OLD AND NEW ART — II

NOT AS THESE

"I AM not as these are," the poet saith
 In youth's pride, and the painter, among
 men
 At bay, where never pencil comes nor pen,
 And shut about with his own frozen
 breath.
 To others, for whom only rhyme wins
 faith
 As poets, — only paint as painters, —
 then
 He turns in the cold silence; and again
 Shrinking, "I am not as these are," he
 saith.
 And say that this is so, what follows it?
 For were thine eyes set backwards in
 thine head,
 Such words were well; but they see on,
 and far.
 Unto the lights of the great Past, new-lit
 Fair for the Future's track, look thou
 instead, —
 Say thou instead, "I am not as *these*
 are."

LXXVI. OLD AND NEW ART — III

THE HUSBANDMAN

THOUGH God, as one that is an house-
 holder,
 Called these to labor in his vineyard first,
 Before the husk of darkness was well
 burst
 Bidding them grope their way out and
 bestir,
 (Who, questioned of their wages, an-
 swered, "Sir,
 Unto each man a penny:") though the
 worst
 Burthen of heat was theirs and the dry
 thirst:
 Though God hath since found none such
 as these were

To do their work like them: — Because
 of this
 Stand not ye idle in the market-place.
 Which of ye knoweth *he* is not that last
 Who may be first by faith and will? —
 yea, his
 The hand which after the appointed
 days
 And hours shall give a Future to their
 Past?

LXXVII. SOUL'S BEAUTY

(Sibylla Palmifera)

UNDER the arch of Life, where love and
 death,
 Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I
 saw
 Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze
 struck awe,
 I drew it in as simply as my breath.
 Hers are the eyes which, over and
 beneath,
 The sky and sea bend on thee, — which
 can draw,
 By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
 The allotted bondman of her palm and
 wreath.
 This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
 Thy voice and hand shake still; — long
 known to thee
 By flying hair and fluttering hem, — the
 beat
 Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
 How passionately and irretrievably,
 In what fond flight, how many ways and
 days!

LXXVIII. BODY'S BEAUTY

(Lilith)

OF Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told
 (The witch he loved before the gift of
 Eve.)
 That, ere the snake's, her sweet tongue
 could deceive,
 And her enchanted hair was the first gold.
 And still she sits, young while the earth
 is old,
 And, subtly of herself contemplative,
 Draws men to watch the bright web she
 can weave,
 Till heart and body and life are in its
 hold.
 The rose and poppy are her flowers; for
 where

Is he not found, O Lilith, whom shed
scent
And soft-shed kisses and soft sleep shall
snare?
Lo! as that youth's eyes burned at
thine, so went
Thy spell through him, and left his
straight neck bent
And round his heart one strangling
golden hair.

LXXXI. MEMORIAL THRESHOLDS

WHAT place so strange, — though unre-
vealed snow
With unimaginable fires arise
At the earth's end, — what passion of
surprise
Like frost-bound fire-girt scenes of long
ago?
Lo! this is none but I this hour; and lo!
This is the very place which to mine
eyes
Those mortal hours in vain immortalize,
'Mid hurrying crowds, with what alone
I know.
City, of thine a single simple door,
By some new Power reduplicate, must be
Even yet my life-porch in eternity,
Even with one presence filled, as once of
yore:
Or mocking winds whirl round a chaff-
strown floor
Thee and thy years and these my words
and me.

LXXXII. HOARDED JOY

I SAID: "Nay, pluck not, — let the first
fruit be;
Even as thou sayest, it is sweet and red,
But let it ripen still. The tree's bent
head
Sees in the stream its own fecundity
And bides the day of fulness. Shall
not we
At the sun's hour that day possess the
shade,
And claim our fruit before its ripeness
fade,
And eat it from the branch and praise the
tree?"
I say: "Alas! our fruit hath wooed the
sun
Too long, — 'tis fallen and floats adown
the stream.

Lo, the last clusters! Pluck them every
one,
And let us sup with summer; ere the
gleam
Of autumn set the year's pent sorrow
free,
And the woods wail like echoes from the
sea."

LXXXIII. BARREN SPRING

ONCE more the changed year's turning
wheel returns:
And as a girl sails balanced in the wind,
And now before and now again behind
Stoops as it swoops, with cheek that
laughs and burns, —
So Spring comes merry towards me here,
but earns
No answering smile from me, whose life
is twin'd
With the dead boughs that winter still
must bind,
And whom to-day the Spring no more
concerns.
Behold, this crocus is a withering flame;
This snowdrop, snow; this apple-blos-
som's part
To breed the fruit that breeds the ser-
pent's art.
Nay, for these Spring-flowers, turn thy
face from them,
Nor stay till on the year's last lily-stem
The white cup shrivels round the golden
heart.

LXXXIV. FAREWELL TO THE GLEN

SWEET stream-fed glen, why say "fare-
well" to thee
Who far'st so well and find'st for ever
smooth
The brow of Time where man may read
no ruth?
Nay, do thou rather say "farewell" to
me,
Who now fare forth in bitterer fantasy
Than erst was mine where other shade
might soothe
By other streams, what while in fragrant
youth
The bliss of being sad made melancholy.
And yet, farewell! For better shalt thou
fare
When children bathe sweet faces in thy
flow

And happy lovers blend sweet shadows
 there
 In hours to come, than when an hour ago
 Thine echoes had but one man's sighs to
 bear
 And thy trees whispered what he feared
 to know.

LXXXVI. LOST DAYS

THE lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on
 the street
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of
 wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
 Or golden coins squandered and still to
 pay?
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty
 feet?
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must
 cheat
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst
 alway?
 I do not see them here; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murdered self, with low
 last breath.
 "I am thyself, — what hast thou done
 to me?"
 "And I — and I — thyself," (lo! each one
 saith,)
 "And thou thyself to all eternity!"

LXXXIX. THE TREES OF THE GARDEN

YE who have passed Death's haggard
 hills; and ye
 Whom trees that knew your sires shall
 cease to know
 And still stand silent: — is it all a show, —
 A wisp that laughs upon the wall? —
 decree
 Of some inexorable supremacy
 Which ever, as man strains his blind
 surmise
 From depth to ominous depth, looks
 past his eyes,
 Sphinx-faced with unabashed augury?
 Nay, rather question the Earth's self.
 Invoke
 The storm-felled forest-trees moss-grown
 to-day
 Whose roots are hillocks where the
 children play;
 Or ask the silver sapling 'neath what yoke

Those stars, his spray-crown's clustering
 gems, shall wage
 Their journey still when his boughs
 shrink with age.

XC. "RETRO ME, SATHANA!"

GET thee behind me. Even as, heavy-
 curled,
 Stooping against the wind, a charioteer
 Is snatched from out his chariot by the
 hair,
 So shall Time be; and as the void car,
 hurled
 Abroad by reinless steeds, even so the
 world:
 Yea, even as chariot-dust upon the air,
 It shall be sought and not found any-
 where.
 Get thee behind me, Satan. Oft unfurled,
 Thy perilous wings can beat and break
 like lath
 Much mightiness of men to win thee
 praise.
 Leave these weak feet to tread in narrow
 ways.
 Thou still, upon the broad vine-sheltered
 path,
 Mayst wait the turning of the phials of
 wrath
 For certain years, for certain months
 and days.

XCI. LOST ON BOTH SIDES

As when two men have loved a woman
 well,
 Each hating each, through Love's and
 Death's deceit;
 Since not for either this stark marriage-
 sheet
 And the long pauses of this wedding-bell;
 Yet o'er her grave the night and day
 dispel
 At last their feud forlorn, with cold and
 heat
 Nor other than dear friends to death may
 fleet
 The two lives left that most of her can
 tell: —
 So separate hopes, which in a soul had
 wooed
 The one same Peace, strove with each
 other long,
 And Peace before their faces perished
 since:

So through that soul, in restless brother-
hood,
They roam together now, and wind
among
Its bye-streets, knocking at the dusty
inns.

XCIV. MICHELANGELO'S KISS

GREAT Michelangelo, with age grown
bleak
And uttermost labors, having once o'er-
said
All grievous memories on his long life
shed,
This worst regret to one true heart could
speak : —
That when, with sorrowing love and rever-
ence meek,
He stooped o'er sweet Colonna's dying
bed,
His Muse and dominant Lady, spirit-
wed, —
Her hand he kissed, but not her brow or
cheek.
O Buonarrotti, — good at Art's fire-
wheels
To urge her chariot! — even thus the
Soul,
Touching at length some sorely-chastened
goal,
Earns oftenest but a little : her appeals
Were deep and mute, — lowly her claim.
Let be :
What holds for her Death's garner?
And for thee?

XCVI. LIFE THE BELOVED

As thy friend's face, with shadow of soul
o'erspread,
Somewhere unto thy sight perchance hath
been
Ghastly and strange, yet never so is
seen
In thought, but to all fortunate favor wed ;
As thy love's death-bound features never
dead
To memory's glass return, but con-
travene
Frail fugitive days, and alway keep, I
ween,
Than all new life a livelier loveliness : —
So Life herself, thy spirit's friend and love,
Even still as Spring's authentic harbinger
Glows with fresh hours for hope to glorify ;

Though pale she lay when in the winter
grove
Her funeral flowers were snow-flakes shed
on her
And the red wings of frost-fire rent the
sky.

XCVII. A SUPERScription

LOOK in my face ; my name is Might-
have-been ;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Fare-
well ;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet be-
tween ;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is
seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but
by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail
screen.
Mark me, how still I am ! But should
there dart
One moment through thy soul the soft
surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the
breath of sighs, —
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn
apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

XCIX. NEWBORN DEATH — I

TO-DAY Death seems to me an infant child
Which her worn mother Life upon my knee
Has set to grow my friend and play with
me ;
If haply so my heart might be beguil'd
To find no terrors in a face so mild, —
If haply so my weary heart might be
Unto the newborn milky eyes of thee,
O Death, before resentment reconcil'd.
How long, O Death ? And shall thy feet
depart
Still a young child's with mine, or wilt
thou stand
Fullgrown the helpful daughter of my
heart,
What time with thee indeed I reach the
strand
Of the pale wave which knows thee what
thou art,
And drink it in the hollow of thy hand ?

C. NEWBORN DEATH — II

AND thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss,
 With whom, when our first heart beat
 full and fast,
 I wandered till the haunts of men were
 pass'd,
 And in fair places found all bowers amiss
 Till only woods and waves might hear
 our kiss,
 While to the winds all thought of Death
 we cast : —
 Ah, Life! and must I have from thee at
 last
 No smile to greet me and no babe but
 this?
 Lo! Love, the child once ours; and
 Song, whose hair
 Blew like a flame and blossomed like a
 wreath;
 And Art, whose eyes were worlds by God
 found fair;
 These o'er the book of Nature mixed their
 breath
 With neck-twined arms, as oft we watched
 them there :
 And did these die that thou mightst bear
 me Death?

CI. THE ONE HOPE

WHEN vain desire at last and vain regret
 Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
 What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
 And teach the unforgetful to forget?
 Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long
 unmet, —
 Or may the soul at once in a green plain
 Stoop through the spray of some sweet
 life-fountain
 And cull the dew-drenched flowering
 amulet?
 Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air
 Between the scripted petals softly
 blown
 Peers breathless for the gift of grace
 unknown,
 Ah! let none other alien spell soe'er
 But only the one Hope's one name be
 there, —
 Not less nor more, but even that word
 alone. 1869, 1870, 1881.¹

¹ Sixteen Sonnets, Numbers 25, 39, 47, 49-52, 63, 65, 67, 86, 91, 95, 97, 99, 100, were published in the *Fortnightly Review*, 1869. Fifty Sonnets (for the exact list see W. M. Rossetti's edition of the *Collected Works*, I, 517) were published, with eleven

THREE SHADOWS

I looked and saw your eyes
 In the shadow of your hair,
 As a traveller sees the stream
 In the shadow of the wood;
 And I said, "My faint heart sighs,
 Ah me! to linger there,
 To drink deep and to dream
 In that sweet solitude."

I looked and saw your heart
 In the shadow of your eyes,
 As a seeker sees the gold
 In the shadow of the stream;
 And I said, "Ah me? what art
 Should win the immortal prize,
 Whose want must make life cold
 And Heaven a hollow dream?"

I looked and saw your love
 In the shadow of your heart,
 As a diver sees the pearl
 In the shadow of the sea;
 And I murmured, not above
 My breath, but all apart, —
 "Ah! you can love, true girl,
 And is your love for me?" 1881.

INSOMNIA

THIN are the night-skirts left behind
 By daybreak hours that onward creep,
 And thin, alas! the shred of sleep
 That wavers with the spirit's wind:
 But in half-dreams that shift and roll
 And still remember and forget,
 My soul this hour has drawn your soul
 A little nearer yet.

Our lives, most dear, are never near,
 Our thoughts are never far apart,
 Though all that draws us heart to heart
 Seems fainter now and now more clear.
 To-night Love claims his full control,
 And with desire and with regret
 My soul this hour has drawn your soul
 A little nearer yet.

Is there a home where heavy earth
 Melts to bright air that breathes no
 pain,

lyrics, as "Sonnets and Songs towards a work to be entitled *The House of Life*," in the *Poems*, 1870. *The House of Life*, as it now stands, consisting of sonnets only, was published in *Ballads and Sonnets*, 1881.

Where water leaves no thirst again
 And springing fire is Love's new birth?
 If faith long bound to one true goal
 May there at length its hope beget,
 My soul that hour shall draw your soul
 For ever nearer yet. 1881.

SOOTHSAY

LET no man ask thee of anything
 Not yearborn between Spring and Spring.
 More of all worlds than he can know,
 Each day the single sun doth show.
 A trustier gloss than thou canst give
 From all wise scrolls demonstrative,
 The sea doth sigh and the wind sing.

Let no man awe thee on any height
 Of earthly kingship's mouldering might.
 The dust his heel holds meet for thy brow
 Hath all of it been what both are now;
 And thou and he may plague together
 A beggar's eyes in some dusty weather
 When none that is now knows sound or
 sight.

Crave thou no dower of earthly things
 Unworthy Hope's imaginings.
 To have brought true birth of Song to be
 And to have won hearts to Poesy,
 Or anywhere in the sun or rain
 To have loved and been beloved again,
 Is loftiest reach of Hope's bright wings.

The wild waifs cast up by the sea
 Are diverse ever seasonably.
 Even so the soul-tides still may land
 A different drift upon the sand.
 But one the sea is evermore:
 And one be still, 'twixt shore and shore,
 As the sea's life, thy soul in thee.

Say, hast thou pride? How then may fit
 Thy mood with flatterer's silk-spun wit?
 Haply the sweet voice lifts thy crest,
 A breeze of fame made manifest.
 Nay, but then chaf'st at flattery? Pause:
 Be sure thy wrath is not because
 It makes thee feel thou lovest it.

Let thy soul strive that still the same
 Be early friendship's sacred flame.
 The affinities have strongest part
 In youth, and draw men heart to heart:
 As life wears on and finds no rest,
 The individual in each breast
 Is tyrannous to sunder them.

In the life-drama's stern cue-call,
 A friend's a part well-prized by all:
 And if thou meet an enemy,
 What art thou that none such should be?
 Even so: but if the two parts run
 Into each other and grow one,
 Then comes the curtain's cue to fall.

Whate'er by other's need is claimed
 More than by thine, — to him unblamed
 Resign it: and if he should hold
 What more than he thou lack'st, bread,
 gold,
 Or any good whereby we live, —
 To thee such substance let him give
 Freely: nor he nor thou be shamed.

Strive that thy works prove equal: lest
 That work which thou hast done the best
 Should come to be to thee at length
 (Even as to envy seems the strength
 Of others) hateful and abhorrd, —
 Thine own above thyself made lord, —
 Of self-rebuke the bitterest.

Unto the man of yearning thought
 And aspiration, to do nought
 Is in itself almost an act, —
 Being chasm-fire and cataract
 Of the soul's utter depths unseal'd.
 Yet woe to thee if once thou yield
 Unto the act of doing nought!

How callous seems beyond revoke
 The clock with its last listless stroke!
 How much too late at length! — to trace
 The hour on its forewarning face,
 The thing thou hast not dared to do! . . .
 Behold, this *may* be thus! Ere true
 It prove, arise and bear thy yoke.

Let lore of all Theology
 Be to thy soul what it *can* be:
 But know, — the Power that fashions man
 Measured not out thy little span
 For thee to take the meting-rod
 In turn, and so approve on God
 Thy science of Theometry.

To God at best, to Chance at worst,
 Give thanks for good things, last as first.
 But windstrorn blossom is that good
 Whose apple is not gratitude.
 Even if no prayer uplift thy face,
 Let the sweet right to render grace
 As thy soul's cherished child be nurs'd.

Didst ever say, "Lo, I forget?"
 Such thought was to remember yet.
 As in a gravegarth, count to see
 The monuments of memory.
 Be this thy soul's appointed scope: —
 Gaze onward without claim to hope,
 Nor, gazing backward, court regret.
 1881.

ON BURNS

IN whomsoe'er, since Poesy began,
 A Poet most of all men we may scan,
 Burns of all poets is the most a Man.
 1886.

FIVE ENGLISH POETS

I. THOMAS CHATTERTON

WITH Shakespeare's manhood at a boy's
 wild heart, —
 Through Hamlet's doubt to Shakespeare
 near allied,
 And kin to Milton through his Satan's
 pride, —
 At Death's sole door he stooped, and
 craved a dart;
 And to the dear new bower of England's
 art, —
 Even to that shrine Time else had deified,
 The unuttered heart that soared against
 his side, —
 Drove the fell point, and smote life's
 seals apart.
 Thy nested home-loves, noble Chatter-
 ton;
 The angel-trodden stair thy soul could
 trace
 Up Redcliffe's spire; and in the world's
 armed space
 Thy gallant sword-play: — these to many
 an one
 Are sweet for ever; as thy grave unknown
 And love-dream of thine unrecorded face.

II. WILLIAM BLAKE

(TO FREDERICK SHIELDS, ON HIS SKETCH OF
 BLAKE'S WORK-ROOM AND DEATH-ROOM,
 3 FOUNTAIN COURT, STRAND.)

THIS is the place. Even here the daunt-
 less soul,
 The unflinching hand, wrought on; till
 in that nook,
 As on that very bed, his life partook

New birth, and passed. Yon river's
 dusky shoal,
 Whereto the close-built coiling lanes un-
 roll,
 Faced his work-window, whence his eyes
 would stare,
 Thought-wandering, unto nought that
 met them there,
 But to the unfettered irreversible goal.
 This cupboard, Holy of Holies, held the
 cloud
 Of his soul writ and limned; this other one,
 His true wife's charge, full oft to their
 abode
 Yielded for daily bread the martyr's stone,
 Ere yet their food might be that Bread
 alone,
 The words now home-speech of the
 mouth of God.

III. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

HIS Soul fared forth (as from the deep
 home-grove
 The father-songster plies the hour-long
 quest,)
 To feed his soul-brood hungering in the
 nest;
 But his warm Heart, the mother-bird,
 above
 Their callow fledgling progeny still hove
 With tented roof of wings and fostering
 breast
 Till the Soul fed the soul-brood. Richly
 blest
 From Heaven their growth, whose food
 was Human Love.
 Yet ah! Like desert pools that show
 the stars
 Once in long leagues, — even such the
 scarce-snatched hours
 Which deepening pain left to his lord-
 liest powers: —
 Heaven lost through spider-trammelled
 prison-bars.
 Six years, from sixty saved! Yet kin-
 dling skies
 Own them, a beacon to our centuries.

IV. JOHN KEATS

THE weltering London ways where chil-
 dren weep
 And girls whom none call maidens laugh,
 — strange road
 Miring his outward steps, who inly trode

The bright Castalian brink and Latmos'
steep:—

Even such his life's cross-paths; till
deathly deep

He toiled through sands of Lethe; and
long pain,

Weary with labor spurned and love found
vain,

In dead Rome's sheltering shadow
wrapped his sleep.

O pang-dowered Poet, whose reverber-
ant lips

And heart-strung lyre awoke the Moon's
eclipse,—

Thou whom the daisies glory in grow-
ing o'er,—

Their fragrance clings around thy name,
not writ

But rumor'd in water, while the fame
of it

Along Time's flood goes echoing ever-
more.

V. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(INSCRIPTION FOR THE COUCH, STILL PRESERVED,
ON WHICH HE PASSED THE LAST NIGHT OF HIS
LIFE.)

'TWIXT those twin worlds, — the world of
Sleep, which gave

No dream to warn, — the tidal world of
Death,

Which the earth's sea, as the earth, re-
plenisheth,—

Shelley, Song's orient sun, to breast the
wave,

Rose from this couch that morn. Ah!
did he brave

Only the sea? — or did man's deed of
hell

Engulf his bark 'mid mists impene-
trable? . . .

No eye discerned, nor any power might
save.

When that mist cleared, O Shelley!
what dread veil

Was rent for thee, to whom far-darkling
Truth

Reigned sovereign guide through thy
brief ageless youth?

Was the Truth *thy* Truth, Shelley? —
Hush! All-Hail,

Past doubt, thou gav'st it; and in Truth's
bright sphere

Art first of praiser, being most praised
here.

1881.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY

JAMES I OF SCOTS. — 20TH FEBRUARY,
1437.

I CATHERINE am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shone most white and fair;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing-bed,
And the bar to a King's chambère.

Aye, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.

Through all the days of his gallant youth
The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes,
In long imprisonment.

For the elder Prince, the kingdom's heir,
By treason's murderous brood
Was slain; and the father quaked for the
child
With the royal mortal blood.

I' the Bass Rock fort, by his father's care,
Was his childhood's life assured;
And Henry the subtle Bolingbroke,
Proud England's King, 'neath the south-
ron yoke
His youth for long years immured.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man
Himself did he approve;
And the nightingale through his prison-
wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him
close

To the opened window-pane,
In her bowers beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's
 note,
 He framed a sweeter Song,
 More sweet than ever a poet's heart
 Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of royal blood;
 And when, past sorrow and teen,
 He stood where still through his crown-
 less years
 His Scottish realm had been,
 At Scone were the happy lovers crowned,
 A heart-wed King and Queen.

But the bird may fall from the bough of
 youth,
 And song be turned to moan,
 And Love's storm-cloud be the shadow
 of Hate,
 When the tempest-waves of a troubled
 State
 Are beating against a throne.

Yet well they loved; and the god of
 Love,
 Whom well the King had sung,
 Might find on the earth no truer hearts
 His lowliest swains among.

From the days when first she rode abroad
 With Scottish maids in her train,
 I Catherine Douglas won the trust
 Of my mistress, sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, "To be born a King!"
 And oft along the way
 When she saw the homely lovers pass
 She has said, "Alack the day!"

Years waned,—the loving and toiling
 years:
 Till England's wrong renewed
 Drove James, by outrage cast on his
 crown,
 To the open field of feud.

'Twas when the King and his host were
 met
 At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold,
 The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp
 With a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ
 That spoke of treasonous strife,
 And how a band of his noblest lords
 Were sworn to take his life.

"And it may be here or it may be there,
 In the camp or the court," she said:
 "But for my sake come to your people's
 arms
 And guard your royal head."

Quoth he, "'Tis the fifteenth day of the
 siege,
 And the castle's nigh to yield."
 "O face your foes on your throne," she
 cried,
 "And show the power you wield;
 And under your Scottish people's love
 You shall sit as under your shield."

At the fair Queen's side I stood that
 day
 When he bade them raise the siege,
 And back to his Court he sped to know
 How the lords would meet their Liege.

But when he summoned his Parliament,
 The louring brows hung round,
 Like clouds that circle the mountain-
 head
 Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
 And curbed their power and pride,
 And reached out an arm to right the
 poor
 Through Scotland far and wide;
 And many a lordly wrong-doer
 By the headsman's axe had died.

'Twas then upspoke Sir Robert Græme,
 The bold o'ermastering man:—
 "O King, in the name of your Three Es-
 tates
 I set you under their ban!

"For, as your lords made oath to you
 Of service and fealty,
 Even in likewise you pledged your oath
 Their faithful sire to be:—

"Yet all we here that are nobly sprung
 Have mourned dear kith and kin
 Since first for the Scottish Barons' curse
 Did your bloody rule begin."

With that he laid his hands on his King:—
 "Is this not so, my lords?"
 But of all who had sworn to league with
 him
 Not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King:—"Thou speak'st but
for one Estate,
Nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!"
The Græme fired dark with rage:—
"Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage!"

But soon from the dungeon where he lay
He won by privy plots,
And forth he fled with a price on his head
To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert
Græme
To the King at Edinbro':—
"No Lige of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee
God's creature, my mortal foe.

"Through thee are my wife and children
lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands."

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his
throne
Did we reach the Scottish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose
high;

And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave
with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea-wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the
rack
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her
eyes:—
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scottish
Sea
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the
shroud
That clung high up thy breasts.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet hath passed thy
breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth,—
Except thou turn again on this shore,—
The winding-sheet shall have moved
once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"O King, whom poor men bless for their
King,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message
take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!"

While the woman spoke, the King's
horse reared

As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard
on the gale

The voice die dolorously.

When the Woman ceased, the steed was
still,

But the King gazed on her yet,
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said:—"God's ways are His
own;

Man is but shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by His altar-stone;
To-night I wend to the feast of His Son;
And in Him I set my trust.

"I have held my people in sacred charge,
And have not feared the sting
Of proud men's hate,—to His will resign'd
Who has but one same death for a hind
And one same death for a King.

"And if God in His wisdom have brought
close

The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie.

"What man can say but the Fiend hath
set

Thy sorcery on my path,
My heart with the fear of death to fill,
And turn me against God's very will
To sink in His burning wrath?"

The woman stood as the train rode past,
And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her
there

Still standing against the sky:

As the ship made way, the moon once
more

Sank slow in her rising pall;
And I thought of the shrouded wraith
of the King,
And I said, "The Heavens know all."

And now, ye lasses, must ye hear
How my name is Kate Barlass:—
But a little thing, when all the tale

Is told of the weary mass
Of crime and woe which in Scotland's
realm
God's will let come to pass.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the King and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being
done,
For solace and disport.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement-pane
The branches smote like summoning
hands
And muttered the driving rain.

And when the wind swooped over the
lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the housetop down.

And the Queen was there, more stately
fair

Than a lily in garden set;
And the king was loth to stir from her
side;
For as on the day when she was his
bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false
friend,

Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

Yet the traitor Christopher Chaumber
there

Would fain have told him all,
And vainly four times that night he strove
To reach the King through the hall.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's
brim

Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree
Within whose shade may the adder be
That shall turn thy life to death.

There was a knight of the King's fast
friends

Whom he called the King of Love;
And to such bright cheer and courtesy
That name might best behave.

And the King and Queen both loved him
 well
 For his gentle knightliness;
 And with him the King, as that eve
 wore on,
 Was playing at the chess.

And the King said, (for he thought to
 jest
 And soothe the Queen thereby;) —
 "In a book 'tis writ that this same year
 A King shall in Scotland die.

"And I have pondered the matter o'er,
 And this have I found, Sir Hugh, —
 There are but two Kings on Scottish
 ground,
 And those Kings are I and you.

"And I have a wife and a newborn heir,
 And you are yourself alone;
 So stand you stark at my side with me
 To guard our double throne.

"For here sit I and my wife and child,
 As well your heart shall approve,
 In full surrender and soothfastness,
 Beneath your Kingdom of Love."

And the Knight laughed, and the Queen
 too smiled;
 But I knew her heavy thought,
 And I strove to find in the good King's
 jest
 What cheer might thence be wrought.

And I said, "My Liege, for the Queen's
 dear love
 Now sing the song that of old
 You made, when a captive Prince you lay,
 And the nightingale sang sweet on the
 spray,
 In Windsor's castle-hold."

Then he smiled the smile I knew so well
 When he thought to please the Queen;
 The smile which under all bitter frowns
 Of hate that rose between,
 For ever dwelt at the poet's heart
 Like the bird of love unseen.

And he kissed her hand and took his
 harp,
 And the music sweetly rang;
 And when the song burst forth, it seemed
 'Twas the nightingale that sang.

*"Worship, ye lovers, on this May:
 Of bliss your kalends are begun:
 Sing with us, Away, Winter, away!
 Come, Summer, the sweet season and sun!
 Awake for shame, — your heaven is
 won, —
 And amorously your heads lift all:
 Thank Love, that you to his grace doth
 call!"*

But when he bent to the Queen, and
 sang
 The speech whose praise was hers,
 It seemed his voice was the voice of the
 Spring
 And the voice of the bygone years.

*"The fairest and the freshest flower
 That ever I saw before that hour,
 The which o' the sudden made to start
 The blood of my body to my heart.*

* * * * *

*Ah sweet, are ye a worldly creature
 Or heavenly thing in form of nature?"*

And the song was long, and richly stored
 With wonder and beauteous things;
 And the harp was tuned to every change
 Of minstrel ministerings;
 But when he spoke of the Queen at the
 last,
 Its strings were his own heart-strings.

*"Unworthy but only of her grace,
 Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure,
 In guerdon of all my love's space
 She took me her humble créature.
 Thus fell my blissful aventure
 In youth of love that from day to day
 Flowereth aye new, and further I say.*

*"To reckon all the circumstance
 As it happed when lessen gan my sore,
 Of my rancor and woful chance,
 It were too long, — I have done therefor.
 And of this flower I say no more
 But unto my help her heart hath tended
 And even from death her man defended."*

"Aye, even from death," to myself I
 said;
 For I thought of the day when she
 Had borne him the news, at Roxbro'
 siege,
 Of the fell confederacy.

But Death even then took aim as he
sang
With an arrow deadly bright;
And the grinning skull lurked grimly
aloof,
And the wings were spread far over the
roof
More dark than the winter night.

Yet truly along the am rous song
Of Love's high pomp and state,
There were words of Fortune's trackless
doom
And the dreadful face of Fate.

And oft have I heard again in dreams
The voice of dire appeal
In which the King then sang of the pit
That is under Fortune's wheel.

*"And under the wheel beheld I there
An ugly Pit as deep as hell,
That to behold I quaked for fear:
And this I heard, that who therein fell
Came no more up, tidings to tell:
Whereat, astound of the fearful sight,
I wist not what to do for fright."*

And oft has my thought called up again
These words of the changeful song:—
*"Wist thou thy pain and thy travail
To come, well might'st thou weep and wail!"*
And our wail, O God! is long.

But the song's end was all of his love;
And well his heart was grac'd
With her smiling lips and her tear-bright
eyes
As his arm went round her waist.

And on the swell of her long fair throat
Close clung the necklet-chain
As he bent her pearl-tir'd head aside,
And in the warmth of his love and pride
He kissed her lips full fain.

And her true face was a rosy red,
The very red of the rose
That, couched on the happy garden-bed,
In the summer sunlight glows.

And all the wondrous things of love
That sang so sweet through the song
Were in the look that met in their eyes,
And the look was deep and long.

'Twas then a knock came at the outer
gate,
And the usher sought the King.
"The woman you met by the Scottish
Sea,
My Liege, would tell you a thing;
And she says that her present need for
speech
Will bear no gainsaying."

And the King said:—"The hour is late;
To-morrow will serve, I ween."
Then he charged the usher strictly, and
said:
"No word of this to the Queen."

But the usher came again to the King,
"Shall I call her back?" quoth he:
"For as she went on her way, she cried,
'Woe! Woe! then the thing must
be!'"

And the King paused, but he did not
speak.
Then he called for the Voidee-cup:
And as we heard the twelfth hour strike,
There by true lips and false lips alike
Was the draught of trust drained up.

So with reverence meet to King and
Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave of the courtly
train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber-door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from
afar,
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower-
maids
Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains
close
Against the winter wind.

And now that all was still through the
hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamored ever against the glass
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle-nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arras'd wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and
tall
Like spectres sprung from the ground.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove;
And as he stood by the fire
The king was still in talk with the Queen
While he doffed his goodly attire.

And the song had brought the image
back
Of many a bygone year;
And many a loving word they said
With hand in hand and head laid to
head;
And none of us went anear.

But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain;
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He waited for his own shafts close in the
sheath
That never should fly again.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
And the King reared straight, but the
Queen fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scottish Sea.

"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O King, in a death-light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn
broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my
soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then have I journeyed fast and
fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's
will:
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O
King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow-plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew-
tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!"

That room was built far out from the
house;
And none but we in the room
Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight-glare,
And a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Græme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous
league
Three hundred armèd men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a King did he stand;
But there was no armor in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast:
But the bolts were gone and the bars
were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale queen in his
arms
As the iron footsteps fell, —
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
"Our bliss was our farewell!"

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a
prayer,

And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
Even so with folded arms he stood, —
The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer:
"Catherine, help!" she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.

"Oh! even a King, for his people's sake,
From treasonous death must hide!"

"For *her* sake most!" I cried, and I
marked

The pang that my words would wring.
And the iron tongs from the chimney-nook
I snatched and held to the King: —

"Wrench up the plank! and the vault
beneath

Shall yield safe harboring."

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand
The heavy heft did he take;

And the plank at his feet he wrenched
and tore;

And as he frowned through the open floor,
Again I said, "For her sake!"

Then he cried to the Queen, "God's will
be done!"

For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had
ripp'd

And toiled to smoothe it fair.

(Alas! in that vault a gap once was

Wherethro' the King might have fled;
But three days since close-walled had it
been

By his will; for the ball would roll therein
When without at the palm he play'd.)

Then the queen cried, "Catherine, keep
the door,

And I to this will suffice!"

At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew,

And the tramp of men in mail;
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed on a ship at sea
In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard
We strove with sinews knit
To force the table against the door;
But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall
To the place of the hearthstone-sill;
And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And "God, what help?" was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion-hold,
And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through

The staple I made it pass: —

Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the
door,

But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fall'n and lay,

Yet my sense was wildly aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast

Where the King leaped down to the
pit;

And lo! the plank was smooth in its
place,

And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all

The traitors sought for the King, and
pierced

The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped
and stormed

Like lions loose in the lair,

And scarce could trust to their very
eyes, —

For behold! no King was there.

Then one of them seized the Queen, and
cried, —

"Now tell us, where is thy lord?"

And he held the sharp point over her
heart:
She drooped not her eyes nor did she start,
But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true
true breast:

But it was the Græme's own son
Cried, "This is a woman, — we seek a
man!"

And away from her girdle-zone
He struck the point of the murderous
steel;

And that foul deed was not done.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea,
And 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded
Queen

As I lay behind the door.

And I said: "Dear Lady, leave me here,
For I cannot help you now;
But fly while you may, and none shall reck
Of my place here lying low."

And she said, "My Catherine, God help
thee!"

Then she looked to the distant floor,
And clasping her hands, "Oh God help
him,"

She sobbed, "for we can no more!"

But God He knows what help may mean,
If it mean to live or to die;

And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
On earth it may cost ere yet a throne
Be filled in His house on high.

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And through the open door

The night-wind wailed round the empty
room

And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark re-
cess

Whence the arras was rent away;
And the firelight still shone over the space
Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moon-
beams lit

The window high in the wall, —
Bright beams that on the plank that I
knew

Through the painted pane did fall
And gleamed with the splendor of Scot-
land's crown
And shield armorial.

But then a great wind swept up the skies,
And the climbing moon fell back;
And the royal blazon fled from the floor,
And nought remained on its track;
And high in the darkened window-pane
The shield and the crown were black.

And what I say next I partly saw
And partly I heard in sooth,
And partly since from the murderers' lips
The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armèd tread
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less; and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And over the space the Græme strode dark
With his mantle round him flung;
And in his eye was a flaming light
But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with
their swords;
And O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap,
All smoking and smouldering;
And through the vapor and fire, beneath
In the dark crypt's narrow ring,
With a shout that pealed to the room's
high roof
They saw their naked King.

Half naked he stood, but stood as one
Who yet could do and dare;
With the crown, the King was stript
away, —

The Knight was reft of his battle-array, —
But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain
forth, —

Sir John Hall was his name;
With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the
vault
Beneath the torchlight-flame.

Of his person and stature was the King
 A man right manly strong,
 And mightily by the shoulder-blades
 His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas
 Hall,

Sprang down to work his worst;
 And the King caught the second man
 by the neck
 And flung him above the first.

And he smote and trampled them under
 him;

And a long month thence they bare
 All black their throats with the grip of his
 hands

When the hangman's hand came there.

And sore he strove to have had their
 knives,

But the sharp blades gashed his hands.
 Oh James! so armed, thou hadst battled
 there

Till help had come of thy bands;
 And oh! once more thou hadst held our
 throne

And ruled thy Scottish lands!

But while the King o'er his foes still
 raged

With a heart that nought could tame,
 Another man sprang down to the crypt;
 And with his sword in his hand hard-
 gripp'd

There stood Sir Robert Græme.

(Now shame on the recreant traitor's
 heart

Who durst not face his King
 Till the body unarmed was wearied out
 With two-fold combating!

Ah! well might the people sing and say,
 As oft ye have heard aright:—

*"O Robert Græme, O Robert Græme,
 Who slew our King, God give thee shame!"*
 For he slew him not as a knight.)

And the naked King turned round at
 bay,

But his strength had passed the goal,
 And he could but gasp:—"Mine hour is
 come;

But oh! to succor thine own soul's doom,
 Let a priest now shrive my soul!"

And the traitor looked on the King's
 spent strength,

And said:—"Have I kept my word?—
 Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave?
 No black friar's shrift thy soul shall save,
 But the shrift of this red sword!"

With that he smote his King through the
 breast;

And all they three in that pen
 Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him
 there

Like merciless murderous men.

Yet seemed it now that Sir Robert
 Græme,

Ere the King's last breath was o'er,
 Turned sick at heart with the deadly sight
 And would have done no more.

But a cry came from the troop above:

"If him thou do not slay,
 The price of his life that thou dost spare
 Thy forfeit life shall pay!"

O God! what more did I hear or see,
 Or how should I tell the rest?

But there at length our King lay slain
 With sixteen wounds in his breast.

O God! and now did a bell boom forth,
 And the murderers turned and fled;—
 Too late, too late, O God, did it sound!—
 And I heard the true men mustering round,
 And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came to the black death-gap

Somewise did I creep and steal;
 And lo! or ever I swooned away,
 Through the dusk I saw where the white
 face lay

In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel.

And now, ye Scottish maids who have
 heard

Dread things of the days grown old,—
 Even at the last, of true Queen Jane
 May somewhat yet be told,
 And how she dealt for her dear lord's sake
 Dire vengeance manifold.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,

In the fair-lit Death-chapelle,
 That the slain King's corpse on bier was
 lain

With chant and requiem-knell.

And all with royal wealth of balm
 Was the body purified :
 And none could trace on the brow and lips
 The death that he had died.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
 With orb and sceptre in hand ;
 And by the crown he wore on his throne
 Was his kingly forehead spann'd.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
 How the curling golden hair,
 As in the day of the poet's youth,
 From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
 That throbb'd beneath those curls,
 Then Scots had said in the days to come
 That this their soil was a different home
 And a different Scotland, girls !

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
 And oft she knelt in prayer,
 All wan and pale in the widow's veil
 That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt :
 And only to me some sign
 She made ; and save the priests that were
 there
 No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace ;
 And now fresh couriers fared
 Still from the country of the Wild Scots
 With news of the traitors snared.

And still as I told her day by day,
 Her pallor changed to sight,
 And the frost grew to a furnace-flame
 That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word,
 She bent to her dead King James,
 And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
 She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Graeme
 Was the one she had to give,
 I ran to hold her up from the floor ;
 For the froth was on her lips, and sore
 I feared that she could not live.

And the month of March wore nigh to its
 end,
 And still was the death-pall spread ;
 For she would not bury her slaughtered
 lord
 Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings
 came,
 And of torments fierce and dire ;
 And nought she spake, — she had ceased
 to speak, —
 But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
 Of the stern and just award,
 She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three
 times
 She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said, — "My King, they are
 dead !"
 And she knelt on the chapel-floor,
 And whispered low with a strange proud
 smile, —
 "James, James, they suffered more !"

Last she stood up to her queenly height
 But she shook like an autumn leaf,
 As though the fire wherein she burned
 Then left her body, and all were turned
 To winter of life-long grief.

And "O James !" she said, — "My
 James !" she said, —
 "Alas for the woful thing,
 That a poet true and a friend of man,
 In desperate days of bale and ban,
 Should needs be born a King !"

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

***POETICAL WORKS**, edited by W. M. Rossetti, Macmillan, 1911.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

***THE FAMILY LETTERS** of Christina Rossetti, edited by W. M. Rossetti, 1908. — CARY (Elizabeth), *The Rossettis*, 1900. — BELL (H. T. M.), *Christina Rossetti, a Biographical and Critical Study*, 1898. — COURTEN (G. de), *Les Rossetti*, 1928. — HUEFFER (F. M.), *Character of Christina Rossetti* (in *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1911). — **REMINISCENCES** by K. T. Hinkson (in *Bookman*, Vol. I, p. 28). — KENYON (J. B.), *Dante Gabriel Rossetti and His Sister Christina* (in *Methodist Review*, Vol. LVI, p. 743). — MATHER (F. J.), *The Rossettis* (in *Bookman*, April, 1919). — TYNAN (K.), *Santa Christina* (in *Living Age*, February 17, 1912).

CRITICISM

BENSON (A. C.), in *Living Age*, Vol. CCIV, p. 620. — CHAMBERS (E. K.), *The Poetry of Christina Rossetti* (in *London Academy*, Vol. XLV, p. 162). — DE WILDE (J. F.), *Christina Rossetti, Poet and Woman* (Amsterdam doctor's thesis), 1923. — GOSSE (E.), *Critical Kit-Kats*, 1913. — HUEFFER (F. M.), *Review of Christina Rossetti's Poetical Works* (in *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. LXXXI, p. 393). — MORE (P. E.), *The Poetry of Christina Rossetti* (in *Shelburne Essays*, third series). — LAW (Alice), in *Westminster Review*, Vol. CLXIII, p. 444. — MEYNELL (Alice), in *New Review*, Vol. XII, p. 201. — SHARP (W.), in *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. LXXV, p. 736. — SYMONS (A.), *Studies in Two Literatures*, 1897. — WESTCOTT (B. F.), *An Appreciation of the Late Christina G. Rossetti*, 1899.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

BATES (Katherine Lee), *The Passing of Christina Rossetti* (in *Chicago Dial*, Vol. XVIII, p. 135). — WATSON (William), *To Christina Rossetti*.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

ELEANOR

CHERRY-RED her mouth was,
Morning-blue her eye,
Lady-slim her little waist
Rounded prettily;
And her sweet smile of gladness
Made every heart rejoice:
But sweeter even than her smile
The tones were of her voice.

Sometimes she spoke, sometimes she sang;
And evermore the sound
Floated, a dreamy melody,
Upon the air around;
As though a wind were singing
Far up beside the sun,
Till sound and warmth and glory
Were blended all in one.

Her hair was long and golden,
And clustered unconfined
Over a forehead high and white
That spoke a noble mind.
Her little hand, her little foot,
Were ready evermore
To hurry forth to meet a friend;
She smiling at the door.

But if she sang or if she spoke,
'Twas music soft and grand,
As though a distant singing sea
Broke on a tuneful strand;
As though a blessed Angel
Were singing a glad song,
Halfway between the earth and heaven
Joyfully borne along.

1847.

HEART'S CHILL BETWEEN

I did not chide him, though I knew
That he was false to me.
Chide the exhaling of the dew,
The ebbing of the sea,
The fading of a rosy hue —
But not inconstancy.

Why strive for love when love is o'er —
Why bind a restive heart?
He never knew the pain I bore
In saying — "We must part,
Let us be friends and nothing more":
O woman's shallow art!

But it is over, it is done:
I hardly heed it now:
So many weary years have run
Since then I think not how
Things might have been — but greet
each one
With an unruffled brow.

What time I am where others be
My heart seems very calm —
Stone-calm: but, if all go from me,
There comes a vague alarm,
A shrinking in the memory
From some forgotten harm.

And often through the long long night,
Waking when none are near,
I feel my heart beat fast with fright,
Yet know not what I fear:
Oh how I long to see the light,
And the sweet birds to hear!

To have the sun upon my face,
To look up through the trees,
To walk forth in the open space
And listen to the breeze, —
And not to dream the burial-place
Is clogging my weak knees.

Sometimes I can nor weep nor pray,
But am half stupefied;
And then all those who see me say
Mine eyes are opened wide
And that my wits seem gone astray: —
Ah would that I had died!

Would I could die and be at peace —
Or living could forget!
My grief nor grows nor doth decrease,
But ever is. And yet
Methinks now that all this shall cease
Before the sun shall set. 1847.

SONG

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

1848.

SONG

OH roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.

Oh violets for the grave of youth,
And bay for those dead in their prime;
Give me the withered leaves I chose
Before in the old time.

1849.

REMEMBER

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the
hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you
plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not
grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption
leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I
had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and
be sad.

1849.

SOUND SLEEP

SOME are laughing, some are weeping;
She is sleeping, only sleeping.
Round her rest wild flowers are creeping;
There the wind is heaping, heaping
Sweetest sweets of Summer's keeping,
By the corn-fields ripe for reaping.

There are lilies, and there blushes
The deep rose, and there the thrushes
Sing till latest sunlight flushes
In the west; a fresh wind brushes
Through the leaves while evening hushes.

There by day the lark is singing
And the grass and weeds are springing;
There by night the bat is winging;
There for ever winds are bringing
Far-off chimes of church-bells ringing.

Night and morning, noon and even,
Their sound fills her dreams with Heaven:
The long strife at length is striven:
Till her grave-bands shall be riven,
Such is the good portion given
To her soul at rest and shriven.

1849.

QUEEN ROSE

THE jessamine shows like a star;
The lilies sway like sceptres slim;
Fair clematis from near and far
Sets forth its wayward tangled whim;
Curved meadowsweet blooms rich and
dim;—
But yet a rose is fairer far.

The jessamine is odorous; so
Maid-lilies are, and clematis;
And where tall meadowsweet-flowers
grow
A rare and subtle perfume is;—
What can there be more choice than
these?—
A rose when it doth bud and blow.

Let others choose sweet jessamine,
Or weave their lily-crown aright,
And let who love it pluck and twine
Loose clematis, or draw delight
From meadowsweets' cluster downy
white—
The rose, the perfect rose, be mine.

1849.

A SUMMER WISH

LIVE all thy sweet life through,
 Sweet Rose, dew-sprout,
 Drop down thine evening dew
 To gather it anew
 When day is bright :
 I fancy thou wast meant
 Chiefly to give delight.

Sing in the silent sky,
 Glad soaring bird ;
 Sing out thy notes on high
 To sunbeam straying by
 Or passing cloud ;
 Heedless if thou art heard,
 Sing thy full song aloud.

Oh that it were with me
 As with the flower !
 Blooming on its own tree
 For butterfly and bee
 That I might bloom mine hour,
 A rose in spite of thorns.

O that my work were done
 As birds' that soar
 Rejoicing in the sun :
 That when my time is run
 And daylight too,
 I so might rest once more
 Cool with refreshing dew.

1851.

HOLY INNOCENTS

SLEEP, little Baby, sleep ;
 The holy Angels love thee,
 And guard thy bed, and keep
 A blessed watch above thee.
 No spirit can come near
 Nor evil beast to harm thee :
 Sleep, Sweet, devoid of fear
 Where nothing need alarm thee.

The Love which doth not sleep,
 The eternal Arms surround thee :
 The Shepherd of the sheep
 In perfect love hath found thee.
 Sleep through the holy night,
 Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,
 Until thou wake to light
 And love and warmth to-morrow.

1853.

A WISH

I WISH I were a little bird
 That out of sight doth soar ;
 I wish I were a song once heard
 But often pondered o'er,
 Or shadow of a lily stirred
 By wind upon the floor,
 Or echo of a loving word
 Worth all that went before,
 Or memory of a hope deferred
 That springs again no more.

1853.

A SOUL

SHE stands as pale as Parian statues
 stand ;
 Like Cleopatra when she turned at bay,
 And felt her strength above the Roman
 sway,
 And felt the aspic writhing in her hand.
 Her face is steadfast toward the shadowy
 land,
 For dim beyond it looms the land of
 day :
 Her feet are steadfast, all the arduous
 way
 That foot-track doth not waver on the
 sand.
 She stands there like a beacon through
 the night,
 A pale clear beacon where the storm-
 drift is —
 She stands alone, a wonder deathly-white :
 She stands there patient nerved with inner
 might,
 Indomitable in her feebleness,
 Her face and will athirst against the
 light.

1854.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY

I WONDER if the sap is stirring yet,
 If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
 If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
 And crocus fires are kindling one by one :
 Sing, robin, sing ;
 I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.
 I wonder if the Springtide of this year
 Will bring another Spring both lost and
 dear ;
 If heart and spirit will find out their
 Spring,

Or if the world alone will bud and sing :
 Sing, hope, to me ;
 Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for
 memory.

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
 The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate ;
 So Spring must dawn again with warmth
 and bloom,

Or in this world or in the world to
 come :

 Sing, voice of Spring,
 Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing.
1855.

MAY

I CANNOT tell you how it was ;
 But this I know : it came to pass ---
 Upon a bright and breezy day
 When May was young, ah pleasant
 May !

As yet the poppies were not born
 Between the blades of tender corn ;
 The last eggs had not hatched as yet,
 Nor any bird forgone its mate.

I cannot tell you what it was ;
 But this I know : it did but pass.
 It passed away with sunny May,
 With all sweet things it passed away,
 And left me old, and cold, and grey.
1855.

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot :
 My heart is like an apple-tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thickset
 fruit ;

My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys ;
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love is come to me.

1857.

YET A LITTLE WHILE

THESE days are long before I die :
 To sit alone upon a thorn
 Is what the nightingale forlorn
 Does night by night continually :
 She swells her heart to ecstasy
 Until it bursts and she can die.

These days are long that wane and wax :
 Waxeth and wanes the ghostly moon,
 Achill and pale in cordial June :
 What is it that she wandering lacks ?
 She seems as one that aches and aches,
 Most sick to wane, most sick to wax.

Of all the sad sights in the world
 The downfall of an Autumn leaf
 Is grievous and suggesteth grief :
 Who thought when Spring was fresh un-
 furled
 Of this ? when Spring-twigs gleamed
 impearled
 Who thought of frost that nips the world ?

There are a hundred subtle stings
 To prick us in our daily walk :
 A young fruit cankered on its stalk,
 A strong bird snared for all his wings,
 A nest that sang but never sings :
 Yea sight and sound and silence stings.

There is a lack in solitude,
 There is a load in throng of life :
 One with another genders strife,
 To be alone yet is not good :
 I know but of one neighbourhood
 A peace and full — death's solitude.

Sleep soundly, dears, who lulled at last
 Forget the bird and all her pains,
 Forget the moon that waxes, wanes,
 The leaf, the sting, the frostful blast :
 Forget the troublous years that, past
 In strife or ache, did end at last.

We have clear call of daily bells,
 A dimness where the anthems are,
 A chancel vault of sky and star,
 A thunder if the organ swells :
 Alas our daily life — what else ? —
 Is not in tune with daily bells.

You have deep pause betwixt the chimes
 Of earth and heaven, a patient pause
 Yet glad with rest by certain laws :

You look and long: while oftentimes
Precursive flush of morning climbs,
And air vibrates with coming chimes.
1858.

SPRING

FROST-LOCKED all the winter,
Seeds, and roots, and stones of fruits,
What shall make their sap ascend
That they may put forth shoots?
Tips of tender green,
Leaf, or blade, or sheath;
Telling of the hidden life
That breaks forth underneath,
Life nursed in its grave by Death.

Blows the thaw-wind pleasantly,
Drips the soaking rain,
By fits looks down the waking sun:
Young grass springs on the plain;
Young leaves clothe early hedgerow
trees;

Seeds, and roots, and stones of fruits,
Sworn with sap put forth their shoots;
Curled-headed ferns sprout in the lane;
Birds sing and pair again.

There is no time like Spring,
When life's alive in everything,
Before new nestlings sing,
Before cleft swallows speed their journey
back

Along the trackless track —
God guides their wing,
He spreads their table that they nothing
lack, —

Before the daisy grows a common flower,
Before the sun has power
To scorch the world up in his noontide
hour.

There is no time like Spring,
Like Spring that passes by;
There is no life like Spring-life born to
die, —

Piercing the sod,
Clothing the uncouth clod,
Hatched in the nest,
Fledged on the windy bough,
Strong on the wing:
There is no time like Spring that passes
by,

Now newly born, and now
Hastening to die.

1859.

SUMMER

WINTER is cold-hearted,
Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weathercock
Blown every way.
Summer days for me
When every leaf is on its tree;

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat-fields wide,
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side;

And blue-black beetles transact business,
And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why one day in the country
Is worth a month in town;
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere.

1864.

BIRD OR BEAST?

DID any bird come flying
After Adam and Eve,
When the door was shut against them
And they sat down to grieve?

I think not Eve's peacock
Splendid to see,
And I think not Adam's eagle;
But a dove may be.

Did any beast come pushing
Through the thorny hedge
Into the thorny thistly world,
Out from Eden's edge?

I think not a lion,
Though his strength is such;
But an innocent loving lamb
May have done as much.

If the dove preached from her bough,
 And the lamb from his sod,
 The lamb and the dove
 Were preachers sent from God.
 1864.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE

A FOOL I was to sleep at noon,
 And wake when night is chilly
 Beneath the comfortless cold moon;
 A fool to pluck my rose too soon,
 A fool to snap my lily.

My garden-plot I have not kept;
 Faded and all-forsaken,
 I weep as I have never wept:
 Oh it was summer when I slept,
 It's winter now I waken.

Talk what you please of future Spring
 And sun-warmed sweet tomorrow:—
 Stripped bare of hope and everything,
 No more to laugh, no more to sing,
 I sit alone with sorrow.

1865.

Who has seen the wind?
 Neither I nor you:
 But when the leaves hang trembling
 The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?
 Neither you nor I:
 But when the trees bow down their heads
 The wind is passing by.

1872.

THE lily has a smooth stalk,
 Will never hurt your hand;
 But the rose upon her briar
 Is lady of the land.

There's sweetness in an apple tree,
 And profit in the corn;
 But lady of all beauty
 Is a rose upon a thorn.

When with moss and honey
 She tips her bending briar,
 And half unfolds her glowing heart,
 She sets the world on fire.

1872.

COR MIO

STILL sometimes in my secret heart of
 hearts

I say "Cor mio" when I remember you,
 And thus I yield us both one tender
 due,

Welding one whole of two divided parts.
 Ah Friend, too wise or unwise for such
 arts,

Ah noble Friend, silent and strong and
 true,

Would you have given me roses for the
 rue

For which I bartered roses in love's
 marts?

So late in autumn one forgets the spring,
 Forgets the summer with its opulence,
 The callow birds that long have found a
 wing,

The swallows that more lately got them
 hence:

Will anything like spring, will anything
 Like summer, rouse one day the slum-
 bering sense?

About 1875.

CONFLUENTS

As rivers seek the sea,
 Much more deep than they,
 So my soul seeks thee
 Far away;
 As running rivers moan
 On their course alone,
 So I moan
 Left alone.

As the delicate rose
 To the sun's sweet strength
 Doth herself unclose,
 Breadth and length;
 So spreads my heart to thee
 Unveiled utterly,
 I to thee
 Utterly.

As morning dew exhales
 Sunwards pure and free
 So my spirit fails
 After thee.
 As dew leaves not a trace
 On the green earth's face;
 I, no trace
 On thy face.

Its goal the river knows,
Dewdrops find a way,
Sunlight cheers the rose
In her day :
Shall I, lone sorrow past,
Find thee at the last?
Sorrow past,
Thee at last?

Before 1876.

DE PROFUNDIS

Oh why is heaven built so far,
Oh why is earth set so remote?
I cannot reach the nearest star
That hangs afloat.

I would not care to reach the moon,
One round monotonous of change;
Yet even she repeats her tune
Beyond my range.

I never watch the scattered fire
Of stars, or sun's far-trailing train,
But all my heart is one desire,
And all in vain :

For I am bound with fleshly bands,
Joy, beauty, lie beyond my scope ;
I strain my heart, I stretch my hands,
And catch at hope.

Before 1882.

MORRIS

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

***POETICAL WORKS**, 11 volumes, Longmans, Green, 1896-8. — **THE EARTHLY PARADISE**, 1 volume, Reeves & Turner, 1890. — **THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE**, Kelmscott Press, 1892. — **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON**, Kelmscott Press, 1895. — **THE EARTHLY PARADISE**, 4 volumes, Longmans, Green, 1896-7. — **POEMS BY THE WAY**, Kelmscott Press, 1891. — ***COLLECTED WORKS**, 24 volumes, Longmans, Green, 1911, ff.

BIOGRAPHY

***MACKAIL (J. W.)**, *Life of William Morris*, 2 volumes, 1899 (the standard biography). — **VALLANCE (Aymer)**, *The Late William Morris*, 1896; ***William Morris, His Art, His Writings, and His Public Life, a Record**, 1897. — **CARY (E. L.)**, *William Morris: Poet, Craftsman, Socialist*, 1902. — **CLARKE (William)**, *William Morris, A Sketch of the Man* (in F. W. Lee's *William Morris*). — ***NOYES (Alfred)**, *Morris*, 1908 (*English Men of Letters*). — **CLUTTON-BROCK (A.)**, *William Morris, his Work and Influence*, 1914. — **COMPTON-RICKETT (A.)**, *William Morris*, 1913. — **DRINKWATER (J.)**, *William Morris*, 1913. — **WATTS-DUNTON (T.)**, *Glimpses of Rossetti and William Morris at Kelmscott* (in *English Review*, January, 1909). — *See also*: S. C. Cockerell's *History of the Kelmscott Press*; Percy H. Bate's *History of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement*; and the other biographical references under Rossetti.

CRITICISM

CAZALIS (H.), ("Jean Lahor"), *William Morris et le mouvement nouveau de l'art décoratif*. — **CHESTERTON (G. K.)**, *Twelve Types: William Morris and His School*, 1902. — **CRANE (Walter)**, *William Morris* (in *Scribner's*, July 1897). — **DOWDEN (E.)**, *Transcripts and Studies: Victorian Literature*. — **FORMAN (H. B.)**, *Our Living Poets*, 1871. — **HEWLETT (M.)**, *William Morris* (in *National Review*, August, 1891). — ***HUBBARD (E.)**, *The Philistine*, Vol. IX, No. 4; *Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors*, 1903. — **LANG (A.)**, *The Poetry of William Morris* (in *Contemporary Review*, August, 1882); *William Morris's Poems* (in *Longman's Magazine*, October, 1896). — **LOVETT (R. M.)**, *William Morris* (in *Harvard Monthly*, 1891). — **MACKAIL (J. W.)**, *William Morris*, an address, 1910. — **MYERS (F. W. H.)**, *William Morris and the Meaning of Life* (in *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893). — **MORE (Paul E.)**, *Shelburne Essays*, sixth series: *William Morris*, 1909. — **NORTON (C. E.)**, *The Life and Death of Jason* (in *New York Nation*, August 22, 1867). — **PAYNE (W. M.)**, *Editorial Echoes*, 1902; *Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — ***SAINTSBURY (G.)**, *Corrected Impressions*, 1911. — ***SHARP (W.)**, *William Morris, the Man and His Work* (in *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1896). — **SHAW (G. B.)**, *Morris as Actor and Dramatist* (in *Saturday Review*, October 10, 1896); *William Morris as a Socialist* (in *Daily Chronicle*, October 6, 1896). — **STEDMAN (E. C.)**, *Victorian Poets*, 1903. — ****SWINBURNE (A. C.)**, *Essays and Studies: Morris's Life and Death of Jason*. —

SYMONS (Arthur), *Studies in Two Literatures*, 1897. — WATTS-DUNTON (T.), William Morris (in *Athenæum*, October 10, 1896). — WYZEWA (T. de), *Écrivains étrangers*, 1896. — YEATS (W. B.), *Ideas of Good and Evil: The Happiest of the Poets*, 1903.

BENSON (A. C.), *At Large: Kelmscott and William Morris*, 1908. — BROOKE (S. A.), *Four Victorian Poets*, 1908. — JACKSON (H.), *William Morris, Craftsman-Socialist*, 1909. — OLIPHANT (Margaret), *The Victorian Age*, 1911. — RIEGEL (Julius), *Die Quellen von William Morris's Dichtung, "The Earthly Paradise"* (*Erlanger Beiträge zur englischen Philologie*). — SCUDDER (Vida D.), *Life of the Spirit in Modern English Poetry*, 1904. — SPARGO (J.), *The Socialism of Morris*, 1909.

BURNS (C. D.), *Principles of Revolution: William Morris and Industry*, 1920. — COCKERELL (T. D. A.), *William Morris and the World Today* (in *Dial*, December 9, 1915). — CRANE (W.), *William Morris to Whistler*, 1911. — DRINKWATER (J.), *Prose Papers: William Morris and the State*, 1918. — GLASIER (J. B.), *William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement*, 1921. — GUYOT (E.), *Le Socialisme et l'évolution de l'Angleterre contemporaine: le socialisme de William Morris*, 1913. — HERFORD (C. H.), *Norse Myth in English Poetry*, 1919. — HUTCHINSON (H. G.), *Portraits of the Eighties*, 1920. — KNICKERBOCKER (W. S.), *Creative Oxford: Afterglow*, 1925. — McDOWELL (G. T.), *The Treatment of the Volsunga Saga by William Morris* (in *Scandinavian Studies and Notes*, 1923). — MARKS (J.), *Beautiful for the People* (in *South Atlantic Quarterly*, April, 1908). — MAVOR (J.), *My Windows on the Street of the World*, 1923. — SCOTT (D.), *Men of Letters: The First Morris*, 1917. — SPARLING (H. H.), *The Kelmscott Press and William Morris, Master-craftsman*, 1925. — TAYLOR (G. R. S.), *Leaders of Socialism, Past and Present*, 1910. — THOMAS (E.), *A Literary Pilgrim in England: William Morris*, 1917. — THOMPSON (A. H.), *William Morris* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII). — WILSON (S. P.), *William Morris and France* (in *South Atlantic Quarterly*, 1925).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

*SCOTT (Temple), *A Bibliography of the Works of William Morris*. — *FORMAN (H. B.), *The Books of William Morris*.

MORRIS

WINTER WEATHER

We rode together
In the winter weather
To the broad mead under the hill;
Though the skies did shiver
With the cold, the river
Ran, and was never still.

No cloud did darken
The night; we did harken
The hound's bark far away.
It was solemn midnight
In that dread, dread night,
In the years that have pass'd for aye.

Two rode beside me,
My banner did hide me,
As it drooped adown from my lance;
With its deep blue trapping,
The mail over-lapping,
My gallant horse did prance.

So ever together
In the sparkling weather
Moved my banner and lance;
And its laurel trapping,
The steel over-lapping,
The stars saw quiver and dance.

We met together
In the winter weather
By the town-walls under the hill;
His mail rings came clinking,
They broke on my thinking,
For the night was hush'd and still.

Two rode beside him,
His banner did hide him,
As it drooped down straight from his
lance;
With its blood-red trapping,
The mail over-lapping.
His mighty horse did prance.

And ever together
In the solemn weather
Moved his banner and lance;
And the holly trapping,
The steel over-lapping,
Did shimmer and shiver, and dance.

Back reined the squires
Till they saw the spires
Over the city wall;
Ten fathoms between us,
No dames could have seen us
Tilt from the city wall.

There we sat upright
Till the full midnight
Should be told from the city's chimes;
Sharp from the towers
Leaped forth the showers
Of the many clanging rhymes.

'Twas the midnight hour,
Deep from the tower
Boom'd the following bell;
Down go our lances,
Shout for the lances!
The last toll was his knell.

There he lay, dying;
He had, for his lying,
A spear in his traitorous mouth;
A false tale made he
Of my true, true lady;
But the spear went through his mouth.

In the winter weather
We rode back together
From the broad mead under the hill;
And the cock sung his warning
As it grew toward morning,
But the far-off hound was still.

Black grew his tower
As we rode down lower,

Black from the barren hill;
And our horses strode
Up the winding road
To the gateway dim and still.

At the gate of his tower,
In the quiet hour,
We laid his body there;
But his helmet broken,
We took as a token;
Shout for my lady fair!

We rode back together
In the wintry weather
From the broad mead under the hill;
No cloud did darken
The night; we did harken
How the hound bay'd from the hill.
January, 1856.¹

RIDING TOGETHER

For many, many days together
The wind blew steady from the East;
For many days hot grew the weather,
About the time of our Lady's Feast.

For many days we rode together,
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the East wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright
weather,
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-bank'd
stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
And saw the bubble-making bream.

And in the night lay down together,
And hung above our heads the rood,
Or watch'd night-long in the dewy
weather,
The while the moon did watch the
wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick to-
gether,
Straight out the banners stream'd
behind,
As we gallop'd on in the sunny weather,
With faces turn'd towards the wind.

Down sank our threescore spears to-
gether,
As thick we saw the pagans ride;
His eager face in the clear fresh weather,
Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dash'd
together,
It rock'd to the crash of the meeting
spears,
Down rain'd the buds of the dear spring
weather,
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we roll'd and writhed together,
I threw my arms above my head,
For close by my side, in the lovely
weather,
I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together,
He waited the death-stroke there in his
place,
With thoughts of death, in the lovely
weather,
Gapingly mazed at my madden'd face.

Madly I fought as we fought together;
In vain: the little Christian band
The pagans drown'd, as in stormy
weather,
The river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stain'd hands to-
gether,
They bound his corpse to nod by my
side:
Then on we rode, in the bright March
weather,
With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together;
My prison-bars are thick and strong,
I take no heed of any weather,
The sweet Saints grant I live not
long.

May, 1856.

¹ The dates for Morris's poems have been compiled with the help of Mr. Temple Scott's excellent *Bibliography of the Works of William Morris*, and Mr. Forman's *The Books of William Morris*.

THE CHAPEL IN LYONESS

SIR OZANA LE CURE HARDY. SIR GALAHAD. SIR BORS DE GANYS

Sir Ozana. All day long and every day,
From Christmas-Eve to Whit-Sunday,
Within that Chapel-aisle I lay,
And no man came a-near.

Naked to the waist was I,
And deep within my breast did lie,
Though no man any blood could spy,
The truncheon of a spear.

No meat did ever pass my lips
Those days. Alas! the sunlight slips
From off the gilded parclose, dips,
And night comes on apace.

My arms lay back behind my head;
Over my raised-up knees was spread
A samite cloth of white and red;
A rose lay on my face.

Many a time I tried to shout;
But as in dream of battle-rout,
My frozen speech would not well out;
I could not even weep.

With inward sigh I see the sun
Fade off the pillars one by one,
My heart faints when the day is done,
Because I cannot sleep.

Sometimes strange thoughts pass through
my head;
Not like a tomb is this my bed,
Yet oft I think that I am dead;
That round my tomb is writ,

"Ozana of the hardy heart,
Knight of the Table Round,
Pray for his soul, lords, of your part;
A true knight he was found."

Ah! me, I cannot fathom it. [*He sleeps.*]

Sir Galahad. All day long and every day,
Till his madness pass'd away,
I watch'd Ozana as he lay
Within the gilded screen.

All my singing moved him not;
As I sung my heart grew hot,
With the thought of Launcelot
Far away, I ween.

So I went a little space
From out the chapel, bathed my face
In the stream that runs apace
By the churchyard wall.

There I pluck'd a faint wild rose,
Hard by where the linden grows,
Sighing over silver rows
Of the lilies tall.

I laid the flower across his mouth;
The sparkling drops seem'd good for
drouth;
He smiled, turn'd round towards the
south,
Held up a golden tress.

The light smote on it from the west;
He drew the covering from his breast,
Against his heart that hair he pressed;
Death him soon will bless.

Sir Bors. I enter'd by the western door;
I saw a knight's helm lying there;
I raised my eyes from off the floor,
And caught the gleaming of his hair.

I stept full softly up to him;
I laid my chin upon his head;
I felt him smile; my eyes did swim,
I was so glad he was not dead.

I heard Ozana murmur low.
"There comes no sleep nor any love."
But Galahad stoop'd and kiss'd his brow:
He shiver'd; I saw his pale lips move.

Sir Ozana. There comes no sleep nor
any love;
Ah me! I shiver with delight.
I am so weak I cannot move;
God move me to thee, dear, to-night!
Christ help! I have but little wit:
My life went wrong; I see it writ,

"Ozana of the hardy heart,
Knight of the Table Round,
Pray for his soul, lords, on your part;
A good knight he was found."

Now I begin to fathom it. [*He dies.*]

Sir Bors. Galahad sits dreamily:
What strange things may his eyes see,
Great blue eyes fix'd full on me?
On his soul, Lord, have mercy.

Sir Galahad. Ozana, shall I pray for thee?

Her cheek is laid to thine;
No long time hence, also I see
Thy wasted fingers twine

Within the tresses of her hair
That shineth gloriously,
'Thinly outspread in the clear air
Against the jasper sea.

September, 1856.

SUMMER DAWN

PRAY but one prayer for me 'twixt thy
closed lips;

Think but one thought of me up in the
stars.

The summer night waneth, the morning
light slips,

Faint and gray 'twixt the leaves of the
aspen, betwixt the cloud-bars,
That are patiently waiting there for the
dawn:

Patient and colorless, though Heaven's
gold

Waits to float through them along with
the sun.

Far out in the meadows, above the young
corn,

The heavy elms wait, and restless and
cold

The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;
They pray the long gloom through for
daylight new born,

Round the lone house in the midst of the
corn.

Speak but one word to me over the
corn,

Over the tender, bow'd locks of the
corn. October, 1856.

HANDS

'TWIXT the sunlight and the shade
Float up memories of my maid:
God, remember Guendolen!

Gold or gems she did not wear,
But her yellow rippled hair,
Like a veil, hid Guendolen.

'Twixt the sunlight and the shade,
My rough hands so strangely made,
Folded Golden Guendolen.

Hands used to grip the sword-hilt hard,
Framed her face, while on the sword
Tears fell down from Guendolen.

Guendolen now speaks no word,
Hands fold round about the sword:
Now no more of Guendolen.

Only 'twixt the light and shade
Floating memories of my maid
Make me pray for Guendolen.
1856.

GOLD HAIR

Is it not true that every day
She climbeth up the same strange way,
Her scarlet cloak spread broad and gay,
Over my golden hair?

When I undo the knotted mass,
Fathoms below the shadows pass
Over my hair along the grass.
O my golden hair!

See on the marble parapet,
I lean my brow, strive to forget
That fathoms below my hair grows wet
With the dew, my golden hair.

See on the marble parapet,
The faint red stains with tears are wet;
The long years pass, no help comes yet
To free my golden hair.

And yet: but I am growing old,
For want of love my heart is cold;
Years pass, the while I loose and fold
The fathoms of my hair.

1858.¹

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE

BUT, knowing now that they would have
her speak,
She threw her wet hair backward from her
brow,
Her hand close to her mouth touching her
cheek,

¹ The preceding poem, *Hands*, published under that title in the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, 1856, and the lyric stanzas to which I have here given the title *Gold Hair*, both form part of *Rapunzel* in the *Guenevere* volume, 1858. (Morris' note.)

As though she had had there a shameful
 blow,
 And feeling it shameful to feel aught but
 shame
 All through her heart, yet felt her cheek
 burned so,

She must a little touch it; like one lame
 She walked away from Gauwaine, with
 her head
 Still lifted up; and on her cheek of flame

The tears dried quick; she stopped at last
 and said:
 "O knights and lords, it seems but little
 skill
 To talk of well-known things past now
 and dead.

"God wot I ought to say, I have done ill,
 And pray you all forgiveness heartily!
 Because you must be right, such great
 lords; still

"Listen, suppose your time were come to
 die,
 And you were quite alone and very weak.
 Yea, laid a dying while very mightily

"The wind was ruffling up the narrow
 streak
 Of river through your broad lands running
 well:
 Suppose a hush should come, then some
 one speak:

"One of these cloths is heaven, and one
 is hell,
 Now choose one cloth for ever; which
 they be,
 I will not tell you, you must somehow
 tell

"Of your own strength and mightiness;
 here, see!
 Yea, yea, my lord, and you to ope your
 eyes,
 At foot of your familiar bed to see

"A great God's angel standing, with such
 dyes,
 Not known on earth, on his great wings,
 and hands,
 Held out two ways, light from the inner
 skies

"Showing him well, and making his
 commands
 Seem to be God's commands, moreover,
 too,
 Holding within his hands the cloths on
 wands;

"And one of these strange choosing cloths
 was blue,
 Wavy and long, and one cut short and
 red;
 No man could tell the better of the two.

"After a shivering half-hour you said:
 'God help! heaven's color, the blue;'
 and he said, 'hell.'
 Perhaps you would then roll upon your
 bed,

"And cry to all good men that loved you
 well,
 'Ah Christ! if only I had known, known,
 known;'
 Launcelot went away, then I could tell,

"Like wisest man how all things would be,
 moan,
 And roll and hurt myself, and long to
 die,
 And yet fear much to die for what was
 sown.

"Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
 Whatever may have happened through
 these years,
 God knows I speak truth, saying that
 you lie."

Her voice was low at first, being full of
 tears,
 But as it cleared, it grew full loud and
 shrill,
 Growing a windy shriek in all men's ears,

A ringing in their startled brains, until
 She said that Gauwaine lied, then her
 voice sunk,
 And her great eyes began again to fill,

Though still she stood right up, and never
 shrunk,
 But spoke on bravely, glorious lady
 fair!
 Whatever tears her full lips may have
 drunk,

She stood, and seemed to think, and
 wrung her hair,
 Spoke out at last with no more trace of
 shame,
 With passionate twisting of her body
 there :

"It chanced upon a day that Launcelot
 came
 To dwell at Arthur's court : at Christmas-
 time
 This happened; when the heralds sung
 his name,

"Son of King Ban of Benwick seemed
 to chime
 Along with all the bells that rang that day,
 O'er the white roofs, with little change of
 rhyme.

"Christmas and whitened winter passed
 away,
 And over me the April sunshine came,
 Made very awful with black hail-clouds,
 yea

"And in the Summer I grew white with
 flame,
 And bowed my head down : Autumn, and
 the sick
 Sure knowledge things would never be the
 same,

"However often Spring might be most
 thick
 Of blossoms and buds, smote on me, and
 I grew
 Careless of most things, let the clock
 tick, tick,

"To my unhappy pulse, that beat right
 through
 My eager body ; while I laughed out loud,
 And let my lips curl up at false or true,

"Seemed cold and shallow without any
 cloud.
 Behold, my judges, then the cloths were
 brought;
 While I was dizzied thus, old thoughts
 would crowd,

"Belonging to the time ere I was bought
 By Arthur's great name and his little
 love;
 Must I give up for ever then, I thought,

"That which I deemed would ever round
 me move
 Glorifying all things ; for a little word,
 Scarce ever meant at all, must I now
 prove

"Stone-cold for ever? Pray you, does
 the Lord
 Will that all folks should be quite happy
 and good?
 I love God now a little, if this cord

"Were broken, once for all what striving
 could
 Make me love anything in earth or
 heaven?
 So day by day it grew, as if one should

"Slip slowly down some path worn
 smooth and even,
 Down to a cool sea on a summer day ;
 Yet still in slipping there was some small
 leaven

"Of stretched hands catching small
 stones by the way,
 Until one surely reached the sea at
 last,
 And felt strange new joy as the worn
 head lay

"Back, with the hair like sea-weed, yea
 all past
 Sweat of the forehead, dryness of the lips,
 Washed utterly out by the dear waves
 o'ercast,

"In the lone sea, far off from any ships!
 Do I not know now of a day in Spring?
 No minute of that wild day ever slips

"From out my memory ; I hear thrushes
 sing,
 And wheresoever I may be, straightway
 Thoughts of it all come up with most
 fresh sting :

"I was half mad with beauty on that day,
 And went without my ladies all alone.
 In a quiet garden walled round every
 way ;

"I was right joyful of that wall of stone,
 That shut the flowers and trees up with
 the sky,
 And trebled all the beauty : to the bone,

"Yea right through to my heart, grown
 very shy
 With wary thoughts, it pierced, and made
 me glad;
 Exceedingly glad, and I knew verily,

"A little thing just then had made me
 mad;
 I dared not think, as I was wont to do,
 Sometimes, upon my beauty; if I had

"Held out my long hand up against the
 blue,
 And, looking on the tenderly darken'd
 fingers,
 Thought that by rights one ought to see
 quite through,

"There, see you, where the soft still light
 yet lingers,
 Round by the edges; what should I have
 done,
 If this had joined with yellow spotted
 singers,

"And startling green drawn upward by
 the sun?
 But shouting, loosed out, see now! all
 my hair,
 And trancedly stood watching the west
 wind run

"With faintest half-heard breathing
 sound: why there
 I lose my head e'en now in doing this;
 But shortly listen: in that garden fair

"Came Launcelot walking; this is true,
 the kiss
 Wherewith we kissed in meeting that
 spring day,
 I scarce dare talk of the remember'd bliss

"When both our mouths went wandering
 in one way,
 And aching sorely, met among the leaves;
 Our hands being left behind strained far
 away.

"Never within a yard of my bright
 sleeves
 Had Launcelot come before: and now so
 nigh!
 After that day why is it Guenevere
 grieves?

"Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
 Whatever happened on through all those
 years,
 God knows I speak truth, saying that
 you lie.

"Being such a lady could I weep these
 tears
 If this were true? A great queen such as I
 Having sinn'd this way, straight her
 conscience sears;

"And afterwards she liveth hatefully,
 Slaying and poisoning, certes never
 weeps:
 Gauwaine, be friends now, speak me
 lovingly.

"Do I not see how God's dear pity
 creeps
 All through your frame, and trembles in
 your mouth?
 Remember in what grave your mother
 sleeps,

"Buried in some place far down in the
 south
 Men are forgetting as I speak to you;
 By her head sever'd in that awful drouth

"Of pity that drew Agravine's fell blow,
 I pray your pity! let me not scream out
 Forever after, when the shrill winds blow

"Through half your castle-locks! let me
 not shout
 For ever after in the winter night
 When you ride out alone! in battle-rout

"Let not my rusting tears make your
 sword light!
 Ah! God of mercy, how he turns away!
 So, ever must I dress me to the fight,

"So: let God's justice work! Gauwaine,
 I say,
 See me hew down your proofs: yea, all
 men know
 Even as you said how Mellyagraunce one
 day,

"One bitter day in *la Fausse Garde*, for so
 All good knights held it after, saw:
 Yea, sirs, by cursed unknighly outrage:
 though

"You, Gauwaine, held his word without
a flaw.

.

Not so, fair lords, even if the world should
end

"This very day, and you were judges here
Instead of God. Did you see Melly-
graunce
When Launcelot stood by him? what
white fear

"Curdled his blood, and how his teeth did
dance,
His side sink in? as my knight cried and
said :

'Slayer of unarm'd men, here is a chance !

"'Setter of traps, I pray you guard your
head,
By God I am so glad to fight with you,
Stripper of ladies, that my hand feels
lead

"'For driving weight; hurrah now! draw
and do,
For all my wounds are moving in my
breast,
And I am getting mad with waiting so.'

"He struck his hands together o'er the
beast,
Who fell down flat, and grovell'd at his
feet,
And groan'd at being slain so young:
'At least,'

"My knight said, 'Rise you, sir, who are
so fleet
At catching ladies, half-arm'd will I
fight,
My left side all uncovered !' then I weet,

"Up sprang Sir Mellyagraunce with great
delight
Upon his knave's face; not until just
then
Did I quite hate him, as I saw my knight

"Along the lists look to my stake and
pen
With such a joyous smile, it made me
sigh
From agony beneath my waist-chain,
when

"The fight began, and to me they drew
nigh;
Ever Sir Launcelot kept him on the right,
And traversed warily, and ever high

"And fast leapt caitiff's sword, until my
knight
Sudden threw up his sword to his left
hand,
Caught it and swung it; that was all the
fight;

"Except a spout of blood on the hot land;
For it was hottest summer; and I know
I wonder'd how the fire, while I should
stand,

"And burn, against the heat, would
quiver so,
Yards above my head; thus these matters
went;
Which things were only warning of the woe

"That fell on me. Yet Mellyagraunce
was shent,
For Mellyagraunce had fought against
the Lord;
Therefore, my lords, take heed lest you
be blent

"With all his wickedness; say no rash
word
Against me, being so beautiful; my eyes
Wept all away to gray, may bring some
sword

"To drown you in your blood; see my
breast rise,
Like waves of purple sea, as here I stand;
And how my arms are moved in wonderful
wise,

"Yea also at my full heart's strong com-
mand,
See through my long throat how the words
go up
In ripples to my mouth; how in my hand

"The shadow lies like wine within a cup
Of marvellously color'd gold; yea now
This little wind is rising, look you up,

"And wonder how the light is falling so
Within my moving tresses: will you dare
When you have looked a little on my
brow,

"To say this thing is vile? or will you
care
For any plausible lies of cunning woof,
When you can see my face with no lie
there

"For ever? am I not a gracious proof? —
'But in your chamber. Launcelot was
found' —
Is there a good knight then would stand
aloof,

"When a queen says with gentle queenly
sound:
'O true as steel, come out and talk with
me,
I love to see your step upon the ground

"Unwavering, also well I love to see
That gracious smile light up your face,
and hear
Your wonderful words, that all mean
verily

"The thing they seem to mean: good
friend, so dear
To me in everything, come here to-
night,
Or else the hours will pass most dull and
drear;

"If you come not, I fear this time I
might
Get thinking over much of times gone by,
When I was young, and green hope was
in sight:

"For no man cares now to know why I
sigh;
And no man comes to sing me pleasant
songs,
Nor any brings me the sweet flowers that
lie

"So thick in the gardens; therefore one
so longs
To see you, Launcelot; that we may be
Like children once again, free from all
wrongs

"Just for one night.' Did he not come
to me?
What thing could keep true Launcelot
away
If I said, 'Come?' there was one less
than three

"In my quiet room that night, and we
were gay;
Till sudden I rose up, weak, pale, and
sick,
Because a bawling broke our dream up,
yea

"I looked at Launcelot's face and could
not speak,
For he looked helpless too, for a little
while;
Then I remember how I tried to shriek,

"And could not, but fell down; from tile
to tile
The stones they threw up rattled o'er
my head
And made me dizzier; till within a while

"My maids were all about me, and my
head
On Launcelot's breast was being soothed
away
From its white chattering, until Launcelot
said: . . .

"By God! I will not tell you more to-day,
Judge any way you will: what matters
it?
You know quite well the story of that
fray,

"How Launcelot still'd their bawling, the
mad fit
That caught up Gauwaine, all, all, verily,
But just that which would save me; these
things flit.

"Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever may have happen'd these long
years,
God knows I speak truth, saying that
you lie!

"All I have said is truth, by Christ's dear
tears."
She would not speak another word, but
stood
Turn'd sideways; listening, like a man
who hears

His brother's trumpet sounding through
the wood
Of his foes' lances. She leaned eagerly,
And gave a slight spring sometimes, as
she could

At last hear something really; joyfully
 Her cheek grew crimson, as the headlong
 speed
 Of the roan charger drew all men to
 see,
 The knight who came was Launcelot at
 good need. 1858.

THE GILLIFLOWER OF GOLD

A GOLDEN gilliflower to-day
 I wore upon my helm alway,
 And won the prize of this tourney.
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

However well Sir Giles might sit,
 His sun was weak to wither it,
 Lord Miles's blood was dew on it:
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Although my spear in splinters flew,
 From John's steel-coat, my eye was true;
 I wheel'd about, and cried for you.
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Yea, do not doubt my heart was good,
 Though my sword flew like rotten wood,
 To shout, although I scarcely stood,
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

My hand was steady too, to take
 My axe from round my neck, and break
 John's steel-coat up for my love's sake.
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

When I stood in my tent again,
 Arming afresh, I felt a pain
 Take hold of me, I was so fain —
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée —

To hear: *Honneur aux fils des preux!*
 Right in my ears again, and shew
 The gilliflower blossom'd new.
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

The Sieur Guillaume against me came,
 His tabard bore three points of flame
 From a red heart; with little blame, —
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée, —

Our tough spears crackled up like straw;
 He was the first to turn and draw
 His sword, that had nor speck nor flaw;
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

But I felt weaker than a maid,
 And my brain, dizzied and afraid,
 Within my helm a fierce tune play'd,
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée,

Until I thought of your dear head,
 Bow'd to the gilliflower bed,
 The yellow flowers stain'd with red;
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Crash! how the swords met: *giroflée!*
 The fierce tune in my helm would play,
La belle! la belle! jaune giroflée!
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Once more the great swords met again:
 "La belle! la belle!" but who fell then?
 Le Sieur Guillaume, who struck down
 ten;
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

And as with mazed and unarm'd face,
 Toward my own crown and the Queen's
 place,
 They led me at a gentle pace, —
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée, —

I almost saw your quiet head
 Bow'd o'er the gilliflower bed,
 The yellow flowers stain'd with red.
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.
 1858.

SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed;
 The mass-priest knelt at the side,
 I and his mother stood at the head,
 Over his feet lay the bride;
 We were quite sure that he was dead,
 Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
 He did not die in the day,
 But in the morning twilight
 His spirit pass'd away,
 When neither sun nor moon was bright,
 And the trees were merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,
 Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
 Yet spoke he never a word
 After he came in here;
 I cut away the cord
 From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
 For the recreants came behind,
 In a place where the hornbeams grow,
 A path right hard to find,
 For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
 That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
 When his arms were pinion'd fast,
 Sir John the knight of the Fen,
 Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
 With knights threescore and ten,
 Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
 And my hair is all turn'd gray,
 But I met Sir John of the Fen
 Long ago on a summer day,
 And am glad to think of the moment
 when
 I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
 And my strength is mostly pass'd,
 But long ago I and my men,
 When the sky was overcast,
 And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the
 fen,
 Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
 I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
 A good knight and a true,
 And for Alice, his wife, pray too.
 1858.

THE EVE OF CRECY

GOLD on her head, and gold on her
 feet,
 And gold where the hems of her kirtle
 meet,
 And a golden girdle round my sweet;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Margaret's maids are fair to see,
 Freshly dress'd and pleasantly;
 Margaret's hair falls down to her knee;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

If I were rich I would kiss her feet;
 I would kiss the place where the gold hems
 meet,
 And the golden kirtle round my sweet:
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Ah me! I have never touch'd her hand;
 When the arrière-ban goes through the
 land,
 Six basnets under my pennon stand;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

And many an one grins under his hood:
 Sir Lambert du Bois, with all his men
 good,
 Has neither food nor firewood;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
 And the golden girdle of my sweet,
 And thereabouts where the gold hems
 meet;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Yet even now it is good to think,
 While my poor varlets grumble and drink
 In my desolate hall, where the fires
 sink, —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite, —

Of Margaret sitting glorious there,
 In glory of gold and glory of hair,
 And glory of glorious face most fair;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Likewise to-night I make good cheer,
 Because this battle draweth near:
 For what have I to lose or fear?
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

For, look you, my horse is good to prance
 A right fair measure in this war-dance
 Before the eyes of Philip of France;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

And sometime it may hap, perdie,
 While my new towers stand up three
 and three,
 And my hall gets painted fair to see —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite. —

That folks may say: Times change, by
 the rood,
 For Lambert, banneret of the wood,
 Has heaps of food and firewood;
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

And wonderful eyes, too, under the hood
 Of a damsel of right noble blood.
 St. Ives, for Lambert of the Wood!
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite
 1858.

THE SAILING OF THE SWORD

ACROSS the empty garden-beds,
When the Sword went out to sea,
 I scarcely saw my sisters' heads
 Bowed each beside a tree.
 I could not see the castle leads,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Alicia wore a scarlet gown,
When the Sword went out to sea,
 But Ursula's was russet brown :
 For the mist we could not see
 The scarlet roofs of the good town,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Green holly in Alicia's hand,
When the Sword went out to sea ;
 With sere oak-leaves did Ursula stand ;
 Oh ! yet alas for me !
 I did but bear a peel'd white wand,
When the Sword went out to sea.

O, russet brown and scarlet bright,
When the Sword went out to sea,
 My sisters wore ; I wore but white :
 Red, brown, and white, are three ;
 Three damozels ; each had a knight,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Sir Robert shouted loud, and said ;
When the Sword went out to sea,
 "Alicia, while I see thy head,
 What shall I bring for thee ?"
 "O, my sweet Lord, a ruby red :"
The Sword went out to sea.

Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,
When the Sword went out to sea,
 "O, Ursula ! while I see the town,
 What shall I bring for thee ?"
 "Dear knight, bring back a falcon
 brown :"
The Sword went out to sea.

But my Roland, no word he said
When the Sword went out to sea,
 But only turn'd away his head ;
 A quick shriek came from me :
 "Come back, dear lord, to your white
 maid !"
The Sword went out to sea.

The hot sun bit the garden-beds
When the Sword came back from sea ;

Beneath an apple-tree our heads
 Stretched out toward the sea ;
 Gray gleamed the thirsty castle-leads,
When the Sword came back from sea.

Lord Robert brought a ruby red,
When the Sword came back from sea ;
 He kissed Alicia on the head :
 "I am come back to thee ;
 'Tis time, sweet love, that we were wed,
Now the Sword is back from sea !"

Sir Miles he bore a falcon brown,
When the Sword came back from sea ;
 His arms went round tall Ursula's gown :
 "What joy, O love, but thee ?
 Let us be wed in the good town,
Now the Sword is back from sea !"

My heart grew sick, no more afraid,
When the Sword came back from sea ;
 Upon the deck a tall white maid
 Sat on Lord Roland's knee ;
 His chin was press'd upon her head,
When the Sword came back from sea !
 1858.

THE BLUE CLOSET

THE DAMOZELS

LADY ALICE, lady Louise,
 Between the wash of the tumbling seas
 We are ready to sing, if so ye please :
 So lay your long hands on the keys ;
 "Sing, *Laudate pueri.*"

*And ever the great bell overhead
 Boom'd in the wind a knell for the dead,
 Though no one toll'd it, a knell for the dead.*

LADY LOUISE

Sister, let the measure swell
 Not too loud ; for you sing not well
 If you drown the faint boom of the bell ;
 He is weary, so am I.

*And ever the chevron overhead
 Flapp'd on the banner of the dead ;
 (Was he asleep, or was he dead ?)*

LADY ALICE

Alice the Queen, and Louise the Queen,
 Two damozels wearing purple and green,
 Four lone ladies dwelling here
 From day to day and year to year ;

And there is none to let us go;
 To break the locks of the doors below,
 Or shovel away the heaped-up snow;
 And when we die no man will know
 That we are dead; but they give us leave,
 Once every year on Christmas-eve,
 To sing in the Closet Blue one song;
 And we should be so long, so long,
 If we dared, in singing; for dream on
 dream,
 They float on in a happy stream;
 Float from the gold strings, float from
 the keys,
 Float from the open'd lips of Louise;
 But, alas! the sea-salt oozes through
 The chinks of the tiles of the Closet Blue;

*And ever the great bell overhead
 Booms in the wind a knell for the dead,
 The wind plays on it a knell for the dead.*

THEY SING ALL TOGETHER

How long ago was it, how long ago,
 He came to this tower with hands full of
 snow?

"Kneel down, O love Louise, kneel
 down!" he said,
 And sprinkled the dusty snow over my
 head.

He watch'd the snow melting, it ran
 through my hair,
 Ran over my shoulders, white shoulders
 and bare.

"I cannot weep for thee, poor love Louise,
 For my tears are all hidden deep under
 the seas;

"In a gold and blue casket she keeps all
 my tears,
 But my eyes are no longer blue, as in old
 years;

"Yea, they grow gray with time, grow
 small and dry,
 I am so feeble now, would I might die."

*And in truth the great bell overhead
 Left off his pealing for the dead,
 Perchance, because the wind was dead.*

Will he come back again, or is he dead?
 O! is he sleeping, my scarf round his head?

Or did they strangle him as he lay there,
 With the long scarlet scarf I used to
 wear?

Only I pray thee, Lord, let him come
 here!
 Both his soul and his body to me are
 most dear.

Dear Lord, that loves me, I wait to re-
 ceive
 Either body or spirit this wild Christmas-
 eve,

*Through the floor shot up a lily red,
 With a patch of earth from the land of the
 dead,
 For he was strong in the land of the dead.*

What matter that his cheeks were pale,
 His kind kiss'd lips all gray?
 "O, love Louise, have you waited long?"
 "O, my lord Arthur, yea."

What if his hair that brushed her cheek
 Was stiff with frozen rime?
 His eyes were grown quite blue again,
 As in the happy time.

"O, love Louise, this is the key
 Of the happy golden land!
 O, sister, across the bridge with me,
 My eyes are full of sand.
 What matter that I cannot see,
 If ye take me by the hand?"

*And ever the great bell overhead,
 And the tumbling seas mourn'd for the dead;
 For their song ceased, and they were dead!*
 1858.

THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS

HAD she come all the way for this,
 To part at last without a kiss?
 Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
 That her own eyes might see him slain
 Beside the haystack in the floods?

Along the dripping leafless woods,
 The stirrup touching either shoe,
 She rode astride as troopers do;
 With kirtle kilted to her knee,
 To which the mud splash'd wretchedly;
 And the wet dripp'd from every tree

Upon her head and heavy hair,
And on her eyelids broad and fair;
The tears and rain ran down her face.

By fits and starts they rode apace,
And very often was his place
Far off from her; he had to ride
Ahead, to see what might betide
When the roads cross'd; and sometimes,
when

There rose a murmuring from his men,
Had to turn back with promises.
Ah me! she had but little ease;
And often for pure doubt and dread
She sobb'd, made giddy in the head
By the swift riding; while, for cold,
Her slender fingers scarce could hold
The wet reins; yea, and scarcely, too,
She felt the foot within her shoe
Against the stirrup: all for this,
To part at last without a kiss
Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they near'd that old soak'd
hay,

They saw across the only way
That Judas, Godmar, and the three
Red running lions dismally
Grinn'd from his pennon, under which
In one straight line along the ditch,
They counted thirty heads.

So then

While Robert turn'd round to his men,
She saw at once the wretched end,
And, stooping down, tried hard to rend
Her coil the wrong way from her head,
And hid her eyes; while Robert said:
"Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one;
At Poitiers where we made them run
So fast — why, sweet my love, good
cheer,

The Gascon frontier is so near,
Nought after us."

But: "O!" she said,

"My God! my God! I have to tread
The long way back without you; then
The court at Paris; those six men;
The gratings of the Chatelet;
The swift Seine on some rainy day
Like this, and people standing by,
And laughing, while my weak hands try
To recollect how strong men swim.
All this, or else a life with him,
For which I should be damned at last,
Would God that this next hour were
past!"

He answer'd not, but cried his cry,
"St. George for Marny!" cheerily;
And laid his hand upon her rein.
Alas! no man of all his train
Gave back that cheery cry again;
And, while for rage his thumb beat fast
Upon his sword-hilt, some one cast
About his neck a kerchief long,
And bound him.

Then they went along

To Godmar; who said: "Now, Jehane,
Your lover's life is on the wane
So fast, that, if this very hour
You yield not as my paramour,
He will not see the rain leave off:
Nay, keep your tongue from gibe and
scoff

Sir Robert, or I slay you now."

She laid her hand upon her brow,
Then gazed upon the palm, as though
She thought her forehead bled, and:
"No!"

She said, and turn'd her head away,
As there was nothing else to say,
And everything was settled; red
Grew Godmar's face from chin to head:
"Jehane, on yonder hill there stands
My castle, guarding well my lands;
What hinders me from taking you,
And doing that I list to do
To your fair wilful body, while
Your knight lies dead?"

A wicked smile

Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
A long way out she thrust her chin:
"You know that I should strangle you
While you were sleeping; or bite through
Your throat, by God's help: ah!" she
said,

"Lord Jesus, pity your poor maid!
For in such wise they hem me in,
I cannot choose but sin and sin,
Whatever happens: yet I think
They could not make me eat or drink,
And so should I just reach my rest."
"Nay, if you do not my behest,
O Jehane! though I love you well,"
Said Godmar, "would I fail to tell
All that I know?" "Foul lies," she
said.

"Eh? lies, my Jehane? by God's head,
At Paris folks would deem them true!
Do you know, Jehane, they cry for you:
'Jehane the brown! Jehane the brown!
Give us Jehane to burn or drown!'

Eh! — gag me Robert! — sweet my friend,

This were indeed a piteous end
For those long fingers, and long feet,
And long neck, and smooth shoulders
sweet;

An end that few men would forget
That saw it. So, an hour yet:
Consider, Jehane, which to take
Of life or death!"

So, scarce awake,

Dismounting, did she leave that place,
And totter some yards: with her face
Turn'd upward to the sky she lay,
Her head on a wet heap of hay,
And fell asleep: and while she slept,
And did not dream, the minutes crept
Round to the twelve again; but she,
Being waked at last, sigh'd quietly,
And strangely childlike came, and said:
"I will not." Straightway Godmar's
head,

As though it hung on strong wires, turn'd
Most sharply round, and his face burn'd.

For Robert, both his eyes were dry,
He could not weep, but gloomily
He seem'd to watch the rain; yea, too,
His lips were firm; he tried once more
To touch her lips; she reach'd out, sore
And vain desire so tortured them,
The poor gray lips, and now the hem
Of his sleeve brush'd them.

With a start

Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart;
From Robert's throat he loosed the bands
Of silk and mail; with empty hands
Held out, she stood and gazed, and saw,
The long bright blade without a flaw
Glide out from Godmar's sheath, his
hand

In Robert's hair; she saw him bend
Back Robert's head; she saw him send
The thin steel down; the blow told
well,

Right backward the knight Robert fell,
And moaned as dogs do, being half dead,
Unwitting, as I deem: so then
Godmar turn'd grinning to his men,
Who ran, some five or six, and beat
His head to pieces at their feet.

Then Godmar turn'd again and said:

"So, Jehane, the first fitte is read!
Take note, my lady, that your way
Lies backward to the Chatelet!"

She shook her head and gazed awhile
At her cold hands with a rueful smile,
As though this thing had made her mad.

This was the parting that they had
Beside the haystack in the floods.

1858.

TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE MOON

THERE was a lady lived in a hall,
Large of her eyes and slim and tall;
And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

There was a knight came riding by
In early spring, when the roads were dry;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Yet none the more he stopp'd at all,
But he rode a-gallop past the hall;
And left that lady singing at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Because, forsooth, the battle was set,
And the scarlet and blue had got to be
met,
He rode on the spur till the next warm
noon:
Two red roses across the moon.

But the battle was scatter'd from hill to
hill,
From the windmill to the watermill;
And he said to himself, as it near'd the
noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

You scarce could see for the scarlet and
blue,
A golden helm or a golden shoe:
So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the
noon,
Two red roses across the moon!

Verily then the gold bore through
The huddled spears of the scarlet and
blue;
And they cried, as they cut them down
at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon!

I trow he stopp'd when ye rode again
 By the hall, though draggled sore with
 the rain;
 And his lips were pinch'd to kiss at the
 noon
Two red roses across the moon.

Under the may she stoop'd to the crown,
 All was gold, there was nothing of brown,
 And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,
Two red roses across the moon. 1858.

SIR GILES' WAR-SONG¹

*Ho! is there any will ride with me,
 Sir Giles, le bon des barrières?*

The clink of arms is good to hear,
 The flap of pennons fair to see;
*Ho! is there any will ride with me,
 Sir Giles, le bon des barrières?*

The leopards and lilies are fair to see;
 St. George Guienne! right good to hear:
*Ho! is there any will ride with me;
 Sir Giles, le bon des barrières?*

I stood by the barrier,
 My coat being blazon'd fair to see;
*Ho! is there any will ride with me,
 Sir Giles, le bon des barrières?*

Clisson put out his head to see,
 And lifted his basnet up to hear;
 I pull'd him through the bars to ME,
Sir Giles, le bon des barrières. 1858.

NEAR AVALON

A SHIP with shields before the sun,
 Six maidens round the mast,
 A red-gold crown on every one,
 A green gown on the last.

The fluttering green banners there
 Are wrought with ladies' heads most fair,
 And a portraiture of Guenevere
 The middle of each sail doth bear.

¹ Browning wrote to Morris, on the appearance of the *Earthly Paradise*: "It is a double delight to me to read such poetry, and know you, of all the world, wrote it, — you whose songs I used to sing while galloping by Fiesole in old days, — 'Ho, is there any will ride with me?'" (J. W. Mackail's *Life of William Morris*, I, 133.)

A ship which sails before the wind,
 And round the helm six knights,
 Their heaumes are on, whereby, half
 blind
 They pass by many sights.

The tatter'd scarlet banners there,
 Right soon will leave the spear-heads
 bare,
 Those six knights sorrowfully bear,
 In all their heaumes some yellow hair.
 1858.

IN PRISON

WEARILY, drearily,
 Half the day long,
 Flap the great banners
 High over the stone;
 Strangely and eerily
 Sounds the wind's song,
 Bending the banner-poles.

While, all alone,
 Watching the loophole's spark,
 Lie I, with life all dark,
 Feet tether'd, hands fetter'd
 Fast to the stone,
 The grim wall, square letter'd
 With prison'd men's groan.

Still strain the banner-poles
 Through the wind's song,
 Westward the banner rolls
 Over my wrong. 1858.

FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
JASON

TO THE SEA

O BITTER sea, tumultuous sea,
 Full many an ill is wrought by thee! —
 Unto the wasters of the land
 Thou holdest out thy wrinkled hand;
 And when they leave the conquered
 town,
 Whose black smoke makes thy surges
 brown,
 Driven betwixt thee and the sun,
 As the long day of blood is done,
 From many a league of glittering waves
 Thou smilest on them and their slaves.

The thin bright-eyed Phœnician
 Thou drawest to thy waters wan,

With ruddy eve and golden morn
Thou temptest him, until, forlorn,
Unburied, under alien skies,
Cast up ashore his body lies.

Yea, whoso sees thee from his door,
Must ever long for more and more;
Nor will the beechen bowl suffice,
Or homespun robe of little price,
Or hood well-woven from the fleece
Undyed, or unsiced wine of Greece;
So sore his heart is set upon
Purple, and gold, and cinnamon;
For as thou cravest, so he craves,
Until he rolls beneath thy waves,
Nor in some landlocked, unknown bay,
Can satiate thee for one day.

Now, therefore, O thou bitter sea,
With no long words we pray to thee,
But ask thee, hast thou felt before
Such strokes of the long ashen oar?
And hast thou yet seen such a prow
Thy rich and niggard waters plough?

Nor yet, O sea, shalt thou be cursed,
If at thy hands we gain the worst,
And, wrapt in water, roll about
Blind-eyed, unheeding song or shout,
Within thine eddies far from shore,
Warmed by no sunlight any more.

Therefore, indeed, we joy in thee,
And praise thy greatness, and will we
Take at thy hands both good and ill,
Yea, what thou wilt, and praise thee
still,

Enduring not to sit at home,
And wait until the last days come,
When we no more may care to hold
White bosoms under crowns of gold,
And our dulled hearts no longer are
Stirred by the clangorous noise of war,
And hope within our souls is dead,
And no joy is remembered.

So, if thou hast a mind to slay,
Fair prize thou hast of us to-day;
And if thou hast a mind to save,
Great praise and honor shalt thou have;
But whatso thou wilt do with us,
Our end shall not be piteous,
Because our memories shall live
When folk forget the way to drive
The black keel through the heaped-up
sea,

And half dried up thy waters be.

1867.

THE NYMPH'S SONG TO HYLAS ¹

I KNOW a little garden close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy dawn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the place two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea;
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,
The shore no ship has ever seen,
Still beaten by the billows green,²
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
That maketh me both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea. 1867.

ORPHEUS' SONG OF TRIUMPH

O DEATH, that makest life so sweet,
O fear, with mirth before thy feet,
What have ye yet in store for us,
The conquerors, the glorious?

Men say: "For fear that thou shouldst
die

To-morrow, let to-day pass by
Flower-crowned and singing," yet have
we

Passed our to-day upon the sea,
Or in a poisonous unknown land,
With fear and death on either hand,

¹ This song reappears under the title "A Garden by the Sea" in *Poems by the Way*, 1891, with slight variations in the text, the most important of which is noted below.

² In "A Garden by the Sea," these three lines read:
Dark hills whose heath-bloom feeds no bee,
Dark shore no ship has ever seen,
Tormented by the billows green.

And listless when the day was done
 Have scarcely hoped to see the sun
 Dawn on the morrow of the earth,
 Nor in our hearts have thought of mirth.
 And while the world lasts, scarce again
 Shall any sons of men bear pain
 Like we have borne, yet be alive.

So surely not in vain we strive
 Like other men for our reward;
 Sweet peace and deep, the checkered
 sword

Beneath the ancient mulberry trees,
 The smooth-paved gilded palaces,
 Where the shy thin-clad damsels sweet
 Make music with their gold-ringed feet.
 The fountain court amidst of it,
 Where the short-haired slave-maidens
 sit,

While on the veined pavement lie
 The honied things and spicery
 Their arms have borne from out the
 town.

The dancsers on the thymy down
 In summer twilight, when the earth
 Is still of all things but their mirth,
 And echoes borne upon the wind
 Of others in like way entwined.

The merchant-town's fair market-place,
 Where over many a changing face
 The pigeons of the temple flit,
 And still the outland merchants sit
 Like kings above their merchandise,
 Lying to foolish men and wise.

Ah! if they heard that we were come
 Into the bay, and bringing home
 That which all men have talked about,
 Some men with rage, and some with
 doubt,

Some with desire, and some with praise;
 Then would the people throng the ways,
 Nor heed the outland merchandise,
 Nor any talk, from fools or wise,
 But tales of our accomplished quest.

What soul within the house shall rest
 When we come home? The wily king
 Shall leave his throne to see the thing;
 No man shall keep the landward gate,
 The hurried traveller shall wait
 Until our bulwarks graze the quay;
 Unslain the milk-white bull shall be
 Beside the quivering altar-flame;
 Scarce shall the maiden clasp for shame
 Over her breast the raiment thin
 The morn that Argo cometh in.

Then cometh happy life again
 That payeth well our toil and pain

In that sweet hour, when all our woe
 But as a pensive tale we know,
 Nor yet remember deadly fear;
 For surely now if death be near,
 Unthought-of is it, and unseen
 What sweet is, that hath bitter been.
 1867.

SONGS OF ORPHEUS AND THE SIRENS

Sirens

O HAPPY seafarers are ye,
 And surely all your ills are past,
 And toil upon the land and sea,
 Since ye are brought to us at last.
 To you the fashion of the world,
 Wide lands laid waste, fair cities
 burned,
 And plagues, and kings from kingdoms
 hurled,
 Are nought, since hither ye have
 turned.

For as upon this beach we stand,
 And o'er our heads the sea-fowl flit,
 Our eyes behold a glorious land,
 And soon shall ye be kings of it.

Orpheus

A little more, a little more,
 O carriers of the Golden Fleece,
 A little labor with the oar,
 Before we reach the land of Greece.

E'en now perchance faint rumors reach
 Men's ears of this our victory,
 And draw them down unto the beach
 To gaze across the empty sea.

But since the longed-for day is nigh,
 And scarce a God could stay us now,
 Why do ye hang your heads and sigh,
 Hindering for nought our eager prow?

Sirens

Ah, had ye chanced to reach the home
 On which your fond desires were set,
 Into what troubles had ye come?
 Short love and joy, and long regret.

But now, but now, when ye have lain
 Asleep with us a little while
 Beneath the washing of the main,
 How calm shall be your waking smile!

For ye shall smile to think of life
 That knows no troublous change or
 fear,
 No unavailing bitter strife,
 That ere its time brings trouble near.

Orpheus

Is there some murmur in your ears,
 That all that we have done is nought,
 And nothing ends our cares or fears,
 Till the last fear is on us brought?

Sirens

Alas! and will ye stop your ears,
 In vain desire to do aught,
 And wish to live 'mid cares and fears,
 Until the last fear makes you nought?

Orpheus

Is not the May-time now on earth,
 When close against the city wall
 The folks are singing in their mirth,
 While on their heads the May-flowers
 fall?

Sirens

Yes, May is come, and its sweet breath
 Shall well-nigh make you weep to-day,
 And pensive with swift-coming death,
 Shall ye be satiate of the May.

Orpheus

Shall not July bring fresh delight,
 As underneath green trees ye sit,
 And o'er some damsel's body white
 The noontide shadows change and
 flit?

Sirens

No new delight July shall bring
 But ancient fear and fresh desire,
 And spite of every lovely thing,
 Of July surely shall you tire.

Orpheus

And now, when August comes on thee,
 And 'mid the golden sea of corn
 The merry reapers thou mayst see,
 Wilt thou still think the earth forlorn?

Sirens

Set flowers upon thy short-lived head,
 And in thine heart forgetfulness
 Of man's hard toil, and scanty bread,
 And weary of those days no less.

Orpheus

Or wilt thou climb the sunny hill,
 In the October afternoon,
 To watch the purple earth's blood fill
 The gray vat to the maiden's tune?

Sirens

When thou beginnest to grow old,
 Bring back remembrance of thy bliss
 With that the shining cup doth hold,
 And weary helplessly of this.

Orpheus

Or pleasureless shall we pass by
 The long cold night and leaden day,
 That song, and tale, and minstrelsy,
 Shall make as merry as the May?

Sirens

List then, to-night, to some old tale
 Until the tears o'erflow thine eyes;
 But what shall all these things avail,
 When sad to-morrow comes and dies?

Orpheus

And when the world is born again,
 And with some fair love, side by side,
 Thou wanderest 'twixt the sun and rain,
 In that fresh love-begetting tide;

Then, when the world is born again,
 And the sweet world before thee lies,
 Shall thy heart think of coming pain,
 Or vex itself with memories?

Sirens

Ah! then the world is born again
 With burning love unsatisfied,
 And new desires fond and vain,
 And weary days from tide to tide.

Ah! when the world is born again,
 A little day is soon gone by,
 When thou, unmoved by sun or rain,
 Within a cold straight house shalt lie.

Ah, will ye go, and whither then
 Will ye go from us, soon to die,
 To fill your three-score years and ten,
 With many an unnamed misery?

And this the wretchedest of all,
 That when upon your lonely eyes
 The last faint heaviness shall fall
 Ye shall bethink you of our cries.

Come back, nor grown old, seek in vain
 To hear us sing across the sea.
 Come back, come back, come back again,
 Come back, O fearful Minyae!

Orpheus

Ah, once again, ah, once again,
 The black prow plunges through the
 sea,
 Nor yet shall all your toil be vain,
 Nor yet forgot, O Minyae. 1867.

INVOCATION TO CHAUCER

FROM THE LAST BOOK OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
 JASON

So ends the winning of the Golden
 Fleece —
 So ends the tale of that sweet rest and
 peace
 That unto Jason and his love befell;
 Another story now my tongue must tell,
 And tremble in the telling. Would
 that I
 Had but some portion of that mastery
 That from the rose-hung lanes of woody
 Kent
 Through these five hundred years such
 songs have sent
 To us, who meshed within this smoky
 net
 Of unrejoicing labor, love them yet.
 And thou, O Master! — Yea, my Master
 still,
 Whatever feet have scaled Parnassus'
 hill,
 Since like thy measures, clear and sweet
 and strong,
 Thames' stream scarce fettered drave the
 dace along
 Unto the bastioned bridge, his only
 chain. —
 O Master, pardon me, if yet in vain
 Thou art my Master, and I fail to bring;
 Before men's eyes the image of the thing
 My heart is filled with: thou whose
 dreamy eyes
 Beheld the flush to Cressid's cheeks arise,
 When Troilus rode up the praising street,
 As clearly as they saw thy townsmen
 meet
 Those who in vineyards of Poictou with-
 stood
 The glittering horror of the steel-topped
 wood. 1867.

AN APOLOGY

PROLOGUE OF THE EARTHLY PARADISE

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to
 sing,
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
 Or make quick-coming death a little
 thing,
 Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your
 tears,
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
 And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,
 Made the more mindful that the sweet
 days die —
 — Remember me a little then I pray,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
 That weighs us down who live and earn
 our bread,
 These idle verses have no power to bear;
 So let me sing of names remembered,
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be
 dead,
 Or long time take their memory quite
 away
 From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due
 time,
 Why should I strive to set the crooked
 straight?
 Let it suffice me that my murmuring
 rhyme
 Beats with light wing against the ivory
 gate,
 Telling a tale not too importunate
 To those who in the sleepy region stay,
 Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
 At Christmas-tide such wondrous things
 did show,
 That through one window men beheld
 the spring,
 And through another saw the summer
 glow,
 And through a third the fruited vines
 a-row,

While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December
day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss

Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men
must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men
shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.
1868.

ATALANTA'S RACE

ARGUMENT

Atalanta, daughter of King Schoeneus, not willing to lose her virgin's estate, made it a law to all suitors that they should run a race with her in the public place, and if they failed to overcome her should die unrevenged; and thus many brave men perished. At last came Milanion, the son of Amphidamas, who, outrunning her with the help of Venus, gained the virgin and wedded her.

THROUGH thick Arcadian woods a hunter
went,
Following the beasts upon a fresh spring
day;
But since his horn-tipped bow but seldom
bent,
Now at the noontide nought had happed
to slay,
Within a vale he called his hounds away,
Harkening the echoes of his lone voice
cling
About the cliffs and through the beech-
trees ring.

But when they ended, still awhile he stood,
And but the sweet familiar thrush could
hear,
And all the day-long noises of the wood,
And o'er the dry leaves of the vanished
year
His hounds' feet pattering as they drew
anear,
And heavy breathing from their heads
low hung,
To see the mighty cornel bow unstrung.

Then smiling did he turn to leave the
place,
But with his first step some new fleeting
thought
A shadow cast across his sun-burnt face;
I think the golden net that April brought
From some warm world his wavering soul
had caught;
For, sunk in vague sweet longing, did he
go
Betwixt the trees with doubtful steps and
slow.

Yet howsoever slow he went, at last
The trees grew sparser, and the wood
was done;
Whereon one farewell backward look he
cast,
Then, turning round to see what place
was won,
With shaded eyes looked underneath the
sun,
And o'er green meads and new-turned
furrows brown
Beheld the gleaming of King Schoeneus'
town.

So thitherward he turned, and on each
side
The folk were busy on the teeming land,
And man and maid from the brown fur-
rows cried,
Or midst the newly blossomed vines did
stand,
And as the rustic weapon pressed the hand
Thought of the nodding of the well-filled
ear,
Or how the knife the heavy bunch should
shear.

Merry it was: about him sung the birds,
The spring flowers bloomed along the firm
dry road,
The sleek-skinned mothers of the sharp-
horned herds
Now for the barefoot milking-maidens
lowed;
While from the freshness of his blue abode,
Glad his death-bearing arrows to forget,
The broad sun blazed, nor scattered
plagues as yet.

Through such fair things unto the gates
 he came,
 And found them open, as though peace
 were there;
 Wherethrough, unquestioned of his race
 or name,
 He entered, and along the streets 'gan fare,
 Which at the first of folk were well-nigh
 bare;
 But pressing on, and going more hastily,
 Men hurrying too he 'gan at last to see.

Following the last of these he still pressed
 on,
 Until an open space he came unto,
 Where wreaths of fame had oft been lost
 and won,
 For feats of strength folks there were
 wont to do.
 And now our hunter looked for some-
 thing new,
 Because the whole wide space was bare,
 and stilled
 The high seats were, with eager people
 filled.

There with the others to a seat he gat,
 Whence he beheld a broidered canopy,
 'Neath which in fair array King Schœneus
 sat
 Upon his throne with councillors thereby;
 And underneath his well-wrought seat
 and high,
 He saw a golden image of the sun,
 A silver image of the Fleet-foot One.

A brazen altar stood beneath their feet
 Whereon a thin flame flicker'd in the wind;
 Nigh this a herald clad in raiment meet
 Made ready even now his horn to wind,
 By whom a huge man held a sword,
 entwin'd
 With yellow flowers; these stood a little
 space
 From off the altar, nigh the starting place.

And there two runners did the sign abide,
 Foot set to foot, — a young man slim and
 fair,
 Crisp-hair'd, well knit, with firm limbs
 often tried
 In places where no man his strength may
 spare:
 Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
 A golden circlet of renown he wore,
 And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he con-
 tend?
 A maid stood by him like Diana clad
 When in the woods she lists her bow to
 bend,
 Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
 Who scarcely yet has thirty summers
 had,
 If he must still behold her from afar;
 Too fair to let the world live free from
 war.

She seem'd all earthly matters to forget;
 Of all tormenting lines her face was clear;
 Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set
 Calm and unmov'd as though no soul were
 near.
 But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
 Nor from her loveliness one moment
 turn'd
 His anxious face with fierce desire that
 burn'd.

Now through the hush there broke the
 trumpet's clang
 Just as the setting sun made eventide.
 Then from light feet a spurt of dust there
 sprang,
 And swiftly were they running side by
 side;
 But silent did the thronging folk abide
 Until the turning-post was reach'd at
 last,
 And round about it still abreast they
 passed.

But when the people saw how close they
 ran,
 When half-way to the starting-point they
 were,
 A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the
 man
 Headed the white-foot runner, and drew
 near
 Unto the very end of all his fear;
 And scarce his straining feet the ground
 could feel,
 And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart 'gan
 steal.

But 'midst the loud victorious shouts he
 heard
 Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the
 sound
 Of fluttering raiment, and thereat
 afear'd

His flush'd and eager face he turn'd
 around,
 And even then he felt her past him
 bound
 Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her
 there
 Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair,

There stood she breathing like a little
 child
 Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
 For no victorious joy her red lips smil'd,
 Her cheek its wonted freshness did but
 keep;
 No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and
 deep,
 Though some divine thought soften'd all
 her face
 As once more rang the trumpet through
 the place.

But her late foe stopp'd short amidst his
 course,
 One moment gaz'd upon her piteously,
 Then with a groan his lingering feet did
 force
 To leave the spot whence he her eyes
 could see;
 And, changed like one who knows his
 time must be
 But short and bitter, without any word
 He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly
 blade
 Bar'd of its flowers, and through the
 crowded place
 Was silence now, and midst of it the
 maid
 Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
 And he to hers upturn'd his sad white
 face;
 Nor did his eyes behold another sight
 Ere on his soul there fell eternal light.

So was the pageant ended, and all folk
 Talking of this and that familiar thing
 In little groups from that sad concourse
 broke,
 For now the shrill bats were upon the
 wing,
 And soon dark night would slay the
 evening,
 And in dark gardens sang the nightingale
 Her little-headed, oft-repeated tale.

And with the last of all the hunter went,
 Who, wondering at the strange sight he
 had seen,
 Prayed an old man to tell him what it
 meant,
 Both why the vanquished man so slain
 had been,
 And if the maiden were an earthly queen,
 Or rather what much more she seemed to
 be,
 No sharer in this world's mortality.

"Stranger," said he, "I pray she soon
 may die
 Whose lovely youth has slain so many
 an one!
 King Schoeneus' daughter is she verily,
 Who when her eyes first looked upon the
 sun
 Was fain to end her life but new begun,
 For he had vowed to leave but men
 alone
 Sprung from his loins when he from earth
 was gone.

"Therefore he bade one leave her in the
 wood,
 And let wild things deal with her as they
 might,
 But this being done, some cruel god
 thought good
 To save her beauty in the world's despite;
 Folk say that her, so delicate and white
 As now she is, a rough root-grubbing
 bear
 Amidst her shapeless cubs at first did rear.

"In course of time the woodfolk slew
 her nurse,
 And to their rude abode the youngling
 brought,
 And reared her up to be a kingdom's
 curse;
 Who grown a woman, of no kingdom
 thought,
 But armed and swift, 'mid beasts destruc-
 tion wrought,
 Nor spared two shaggy centaur kings to
 slay
 To whom her body seemed an easy prey.

"So to this city, led by fate, she came
 Whom known by signs, whereof I cannot
 tell,
 King Schoeneus for his child at last did
 claim.

Nor elsewhere since that day doth she
dwell

Sending too many a noble soul to hell—
What! thine eyes glisten! what then,
thinkest thou

Her shining head unto the yoke to bow?

“Listen, my son, and love some other
maid,

For she the saffron gown will never wear,
And on no flower-strewn couch shall she
be laid,

Nor shall her voice make glad a lover's
ear:

Yet if of Death thou hast not any fear,
Yea, rather, if thou lov'st him utterly,
Thou still may'st woo her ere thou com'st
to die,

“Like him that on this day thou sawest
lie dead;

For, fearing as I deem the sea-born one,
The maid has vowed e'en such a man to
wed

As in the course her swift feet can out-
run,

But whoso fails herein, his days are
done:

He came the nighest that was slain to-day,
Although with him I deem she did but
play.

“Behold, such mercy Atalanta gives
To those that long to win her loveliness;
Be wise! be sure that many a maid there
lives

Gentler than she, of beauty little less,
Whose swimming eyes thy loving words
shall bless,

When in some garden, knee set close to
knee,

Thou sing'st the song that love may teach
to thee.”

So to the hunter spake that ancient man,
And left him for his own home presently:
But he turned round, and through the
moonlight wan

Reached the thick wood, and there 'twixt
tree and tree

Distraught he passed the long night
feverishly,

'Twixt sleep and waking, and at dawn
arose

To wage hot war against his speechless
foes.

There to the hart's flank seemed his shaft
to grow,

As panting down the broad green glades
he flew,

There by his horn the Dryads well might
know

His thrust against the bear's heart had
been true,

And there Adonis' bane his javelin slew,
But still in vain through rough and
smooth he went,

For none the more his restlessness was
spent.

So wandering, he to Argive cities came,
And in the lists with valiant men he stood,
And by great deeds he won him praise
and fame,

And heaps of wealth for little-valued
blood.

But none of all these things, or life,
seemed good

Unto his heart, where still unsatisfied
A ravenous longing warred with fear
and pride.

Therefore it happed when but a month
had gone

Since he had left King Schœneus' city old,
In hunting-gear again, again alone
The forest-bordered meads did he behold,
Where still mid thoughts of August's
quivering gold

Folk hoed the wheat, and clipped the
vine in trust

Of faint October's purple-foaming must.

And once again he passed the peaceful
gate,

While to his beating heart his lips did lie,
That owning not victorious love and fate,
Said, half aloud, “And here too must I
try,

To win of alien men the mastery,
And gather for my head fresh meed of
fame

And cast new glory on my father's name.”

In spite of that, how beat his heart,
when first

Folk said to him, “And art thou come
to see

That which still makes our city's name
accurst

Among all mothers for its cruelty?
Then know indeed that fate is good to thee

Because to-morrow a new luckless one
Against the whitefoot maid is pledged to
run."

So on the morrow with no curious eyes
As once he did, that piteous sight he saw,
Nor did that wonder in his heart arise
As toward the goal the conquering maid
'gan draw,

Nor did he gaze upon her eyes with awe,
Too long the pain of longing filled his
heart

For fear or wonder there to have a part.

But O, how long the night was ere it
went!

How long it was before the dawn begun
Showed to the wakening birds the sun's
intent

That not in darkness should the world
be done!

And then, and then, how long before the
sun

Bade silently the toilers of the earth
Get forth to fruitless cares or empty
mirth!

And long it seemed that in the market-
place

He stood and saw the chaffering folk go
by,

Ere from the ivory throne King Schœ-
neus' face

Looked down upon the murmur royally,
But then came trembling that the time
was nigh

When he midst pitying looks his love
must claim,

And jeering voices must salute his name.

But as the throng he pierced to gain the
throne,

His alien face distraught and anxious told
What hopeless errand he was bound
upon,

And, each to each, folk whispered to
behold

His godlike limbs; nay, and one woman
old

As he went by must pluck him by the
sleeve

And pray him yet that wretched love to
leave.

For sidling up she said, "Canst thou live
twice,

Fair son? canst thou have joyful youth
again,

That thus thou goest to the sacrifice
Thyself the victim? nay then, all in vain
Thy mother bore her longing and her pain,
And one more maiden on the earth must
dwell

Hopeless of joy, nor fearing death and
hell.

"O, fool, thou knowest not the compact
then

That with the three-formed goddess she
has made

To keep her from the loving lips of men,
And in no saffron gown to be arrayed,
And therewithal with glory to be paid,
And love of her the moonlit river sees
White 'gainst the shadow of the formless
trees.

"Come back, and I myself will pray for
thee

Unto the sea-born framer of delights,
To give thee her who on the earth may be
The fairest stirrer up to death and fights,
To quench with hopeful days and joyous
nights

The flame that doth thy youthful heart
consume:

Come back, nor give thy beauty to the
tomb."

How should he listen to her earnest
speech?

Words, such as he not once or twice had
said

Unto himself, whose meaning scarce could
reach

The firm abode of that sad hardihead—
He turned about, and through the market
stead

Swiftly he passed, until before the throne
In the cleared space he stood at last
alone.

Then said the King, "Stranger, what
dost thou here?

Have any of my folk done ill to thee?
Or art thou of the forest men in fear?

Or art thou of the sad fraternity
Who still will strive my daughter's mates
to be,

Staking their lives to win an earthly
bliss,

The lonely maid, the friend of Artemis?"

"O King," he said "thou sayest the word indeed ;

Nor will I quit the strife till I have won
My sweet delight, or death to end my need.

And know that I am called Milanion,
Of King Amphidamas the well-loved son :
So fear not that to thy old name, O King,
Much loss or shame my victory will bring."

"Nay, Prince," said Schœneus, "welcome to this land

Thou wert indeed, if thou wert here to try
Thy strength 'gainst some one mighty of his hand ;

Nor would we grudge thee well-won mastery.

But now, why wilt thou come to me to die,

And at my door lay down thy luckless head,

Swelling the band of the unhappy dead,

"Whose curses even now my heart doth fear?

Lo, I am old, and know what life can be,
And what a bitter thing is death anear.
O, Son! be wise, and harken unto me,
And if no other can be dear to thee,
At least as now, yet is the world full wide,
And bliss in seeming hopeless hearts may hide :

"But if thou lovest life, then all is lost."

"Nay, King," Milanion said, "thy words are vain.

Doubt not that I have counted well the cost.

But say, on what day wilt thou that I gain

Fulfilled delight, or death to end my pain.
Right glad were I if it could be to-day,
And all my doubts at rest for ever lay."

"Nay," said King Schœneus, "thus it shall not be,

But rather shalt thou let a month go by,
And weary with thy prayers for victory
What god thou know'st the kindest and most nigh.

So doing, still perchance thou shalt not die :

And with my goodwill wouldst thou have the maid,

For of the equal gods I grow afraid.

"And until then, O Prince, be thou my guest,

And all these troublous things awhile forget."

"Nay," said he, "couldst thou give my soul good rest,

And on mine head a sleepy garland set,
Then had I 'scaped the meshes of the net,

Nor shouldst thou hear from me another word ;

But now, make sharp thy fearful head-ing-sword.

"Yet will I do what son of man may do,
And promise all the gods may most desire,

That to myself I may at least be true ;
And on that day my heart and limbs so tire,

With utmost strain and measureless desire,
That, at the worst, I may but fall asleep

When in the sunlight round that sword shall sweep."

He went therewith, nor anywhere would bide,

But unto Argos restlessly did wend ;
And there, as one who lays all hope aside,
Because the leech has said his life must end,

Silent farewell he bade to foe and friend,
And took his way unto the restless sea,
For there he deemed his rest and help might be.

UPON the shore of Argolis there stands
A temple to the goddess that he sought,
That, turned unto the lion-bearing lands,
Fenced from the east, of cold winds hath no thought,

Though to no homestead there the sheaves are brought,

No groaning press torments the close-clipped murk,

Lonely the fane stands, far from all men's work.

Pass through a close, set thick with myrtle-trees,

Through the brass doors that guard the holy place,

And entering, hear the washing of the seas

That twice a day rise high above the base,

And with the south-west urging them,
 embrace
 The marble feet of her that standeth
 there
 That shrink not, naked though they be
 and fair.

Small is the fane through which the sea-
 wind sings
 About Queen Venus' well-wrought image
 white,
 But hung around are many precious
 things,
 The gifts of those who, longing for de-
 light,
 Have hung them there within the goddess'
 sight,
 And in return have taken at her hands
 The living treasures of the Grecian lands.

And thither now has come Milanion,
 And showed unto the priests' wide open
 eyes
 Gifts fairer than all those that there have
 shone,
 Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fan-
 tasies,
 And bowls inscribed with sayings of the
 wise
 Above the deeds of foolish living things;
 And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings.

And now before the Sea-born One he
 stands,
 By the sweet veiling smoke made dim
 and soft,
 And while the incense trickles from his
 hands,
 And while the odorous smoke-wreaths
 hang aloft,
 Thus doth he pray to her: "O Thou,
 who oft
 Has holpen man and maid in their dis-
 tress
 Despise me not for this my wretchedness!

"O goddess, among us who dwell below,
 Kings and great men, great for a little
 while,
 Have pity on the lowly heads that bow,
 Nor hate the hearts that love them with-
 out guile;
 Wilt thou be worse than these, and is
 thy smile
 A vain device of him who set thee here,
 An empty dream of some artificer?

"O great one, some men love, and are
 ashamed;
 Some men are weary of the bonds of love;
 Yea, and by some men lightly art thou
 blamed,
 That from thy toils their lives they can-
 not move,
 And 'mid the ranks of men their manhood
 prove.

Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me,
 What new immortal can I serve but thee?

"Think then, will it bring honor to thy
 head
 If folk say, 'Everything aside he cast
 And to all fame and honor was he dead,
 And to his one hope now is dead at last,
 Since all unholpen he is gone and past:
 Ah, the gods love not man, for certainly,
 He to his helper did not cease to cry.'

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died
 before
 Not single-hearted as I deem came here,
 Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts
 before
 Thy stainless feet, still shivering with
 their fear,
 Lest in their eyes their true thought
 might appear,
 Who sought to be the lords of that fair
 town,
 Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for
 this:
 O set us down together in some place
 Where not a voice can break our heaven
 of bliss,
 Where nought but rocks and I can see
 her face,
 Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
 Where not a foot our vanished steps can
 track —
 The golden age, the golden age come
 back!

"O fairest, hear me now who do thy will,
 Plead for thy rebel that he be not slain,
 But live and love and be thy servant
 still;
 Ah, give her joy and take away my pain,
 And thus two long-enduring servants gain.
 An easy thing this is to do for me,
 What need of my vain words to weary
 thee.

"But none the less, this place will I not
 leave
 Until I needs must go my death to meet,
 Or at thy hands some happy sign receive
 That in great joy we twain may one day
 greet
 Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet,
 Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all
 words,
 Victorious o'er our servants and our
 lords."

Then from the altar back a space he drew,
 But from the Queen turned not his face
 away,
 But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
 That arched the sky, at ending of the day,
 Was turned to ruddy gold and changing
 gray,
 And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed wind-
 less sea
 In the still evening murmured cease-
 lessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was
 down,
 Nor had he moved, when the dim golden
 light,
 Like the far lustre of a godlike town,
 Had left the world to seeming hopeless
 night,
 Nor would he move the more when wan
 moonlight
 Streamed through the pillars for a little
 while,
 And lighted up the white Queen's change-
 less smile.

Nought noted he the shallow-flowing sea
 As step by step it set the wrack a-swim;
 The yellow torchlight nothing noted he
 Wherein with fluttering gown and half-
 bared limb
 The temple damsels sung their midnight
 hymn;
 And nought the doubled stillness of the
 fane
 When they were gone and all was hushed
 again.

But when the waves had touched the
 marble base,
 And steps the fish swim over twice a-day,
 The dawn beheld him sunken in his place
 Upon the floor; and sleeping there he lay,
 Not heeding aught the little jets of spray

The roughened sea brought nigh, across
 him cast,
 For as one dead all thought from him
 had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his
 head,
 Long ere the varied hangings on the wall
 Had gained once more their blue and
 green and red,
 He rose as one some well-known sign
 doth call
 When war upon the city's gates doth fall,
 And scarce like one fresh risen out of
 sleep,
 He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round; not for the sea-
 gull's cry
 That wheeled above the temple in his
 flight,
 Not for the fresh south wind that lov-
 ingly
 Breathed on the new-born day and dying
 night,
 But some strange hope 'twixt fear and
 great delight
 Drew round his face, now flushed, now
 pale and wan,
 And still constrained his eyes the sea to
 scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern sky
 Not sun or moon, for all the world was
 gray,
 But this a bright cloud seemed, that
 drew anigh,
 Lighting the dull waves that beneath it
 lay
 As toward the temple still it took its way,
 And still grew greater, till Milanion
 Saw nought for dazzling light that round
 him shone.

But as he staggered with his arms out-
 spread,
 Delicious unnamed odors breathed
 around,
 For languid happiness he bowed his head,
 And with wet eyes sank down upon the
 ground,
 Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he
 found
 To give him reason for that happiness,
 Or make him ask more knowledge of his
 bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he
 could see
 Through happy tears the goddess face to
 face
 With that faint image of Divinity,
 Whose well-wrought smile and dainty
 changeless grace
 Until that morn so gladdened all the place;
 Then he, unwitting cried aloud her name
 And covered up his eyes for fear and
 shame.

But through the stillness he her voice
 could hear
 Piercing his heart with joy scarce bear-
 able,
 That said, "Milanion, wherefore dost
 thou fear,
 I am not hard to those who love me well;
 List to what I a second time will tell,
 And thou mayest hear perchance, and
 live to save
 The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

"See, by my feet three golden apples lie —
 Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
 Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully
 Store up within the best loved of my walls,
 Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
 Above my unseen head, and faint and
 light
 The rose-leaves flutter round me in the
 night.

"And note, that these are not alone most
 fair
 With heavenly gold, but longing strange
 they bring
 Unto the hearts of men, who will not care
 Beholding these, for any once-loved thing
 Till round the shining sides their fingers
 cling.
 And thou shalt see thy well-girt swift-foot
 maid
 By sight of these amidst her glory stayed.

"For bearing these within a scrip with
 thee,
 When first she heads thee from the
 starting-place
 Cast down the first one for her eyes to see,
 And when she turns aside make on
 apace,
 And if again she heads thee in the race
 Spare not the other two to cast aside
 If she not long enough behind will bide.

"Farewell, and when has come the happy
 time
 That she Diana's raiment must unbind
 And all the world seems blessed with
 Saturn's clime,
 And thou with eager arms about her
 twined
 Beholdest first her gray eyes growing
 kind,
 Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely
 then
 Forget the Helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last word
 For now so soft and kind she seemed to be
 No longer of her Godhead was he feared;
 Too late he looked; for nothing could he
 see
 But the white image glimmering doubt-
 fully
 In the departing twilight cold and gray,
 And those three apples on the step that
 lay.

These then he caught up quivering with
 delight,
 Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream;
 And though aweary with the watchful
 night,
 And sleepless nights of longing, still did
 deem
 He could not sleep; but yet the first
 sunbeam
 That smote the fane across the heaving
 deep
 Shone on him laid in calm, untroubled
 sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise,
 And why he felt so happy scarce could
 tell
 Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.
 Then leaving the fair place where this
 befell
 Oft he looked back as one who loved it
 well,
 Then homeward to the haunts of men,
 'gan wend
 To bring all things unto a happy end.

Now has the lingering month at last
 gone by,
 Again are all folk round the running
 place,
 Nor other seems the dismal pageantry

Than heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for
the race,

For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has look'd
upon.

But yet — what change is this that holds
the maid?

Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing
blade,

Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seem'd to say, "We come to
die;

Look down upon us for a little while,
That, dead, we may bethink us of thy
smile."

But he — what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? why were his lips so red;
Why was his face so flush'd with happi-
ness?

So looks not one who deems himself but
dead,

E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleas'd to find
Some earthly damsel fashion'd to his
mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were
heard,

Some lover's song, some answering
maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, with-
out a name,

And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of
fame,

This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute
more and more?

Why does she tremble as the time grows
near,

And weak defeat and woeful victory fear?

But while she seem'd to hear her beating
heart,

Above their heads the trumpet blast rang
out

And forth they sprang, and she must
play her part;

Then flew her white feet, knowing not a
doubt,

Though, slackening once, she turn'd her
head about,

But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed
him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his
hand,

And thence what seemed a ray of light
there flew

And past the maid rolled on along the
sand;

Then trembling she her feet together drew
And in her heart a strong desire there
grew

To have the toy; some god she thought
had given

That gift to her, to make of earth a
heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps
she ran,

And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.
But when she turned again, the great-
limbed man,

Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pur-
suit,

Though with one hand she touched the
golden fruit.

Note too, the bow that she was wont to
bear

She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had well-nigh
won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it
White fingers underneath his own were
laid,

And white limbs from his dazzled eyes
did flit,

Then he the second fruit cast by the maid
She ran awhile, and then as one afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and
made no stay,

Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast
around,

Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she
wound

To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had
she

To win the day, though now but scanty
space

Was left betwixt him and the winning
place.

Short was the way unto such winged
feet,

Quickly she gained upon him till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet
And from his hand the third fair apple
cast.

She wavered not, but turned and ran so
fast

After the prize that should her bliss fulfil.
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more, an unblest woeful victory —
And yet — and yet — why does her
breath begin

To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?

Why fails she now to see if far or nigh

The goal is? why do her gray eyes grow
dim?

Why do these tremors run through every
limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to
find

Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth
this,

A strong man's arms about her body
twined.

Nor may she shudder now to feel his
kiss,

So wrapped she is in new unbroken bliss:
Made happy that the foe the prize hath
won,

She weeps glad tears for all her glory
done.

SHATTER the trumpet, hew adown the
posts!

Upon the brazen altar break the sword,
And scatter incense to appease the ghosts
Of those who died here by their own
award.

Bring forth the image of the mighty
Lord,

And her who unseen o'er the runners
hung,

And did a deed for ever to be sung.

Here are the gathered folk; make no
delay,

Open King Schœneus' well-filled treasury,
Bring out the gifts long hid from light
of day,

The golden bowls o'erwrought with
imagery,

Gold chains, and unguents brought from
over sea,

The saffron gown the old Phœnician
brought,

Within the temple of the Goddess
wrought.

O ye, O damsels, who shall never see

Her, that Love's servant bringeth now
to you,

Returning from another victory,
In some cool bower do all that now is due!

Since she in token of her service new

Shall give to Venus offerings rich enow,
Her maiden zone, her arrows and her
bow. 1868.

SONG FROM THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

O PENSIVE, tender maid, downcast and
shy,

Who turnest pale e'en at the name of
love,

And with flushed face must pass the elm-
tree by,

Ashamed to hear the passionate gray
dove

Moan to his mate, thee too the god shall
move,

Thee too the maidens shall ungird one
day,

And with thy girdle put thy shame away.

What, then, and shall white winter
ne'er be done

Because the glittering frosty morn is
fair?

Because against the early-setting sun

Bright show the gilded boughs, though
waste and bare?

Because the robin singeth free from care?

Ah! these are memories of a better day
When on earth's face the lips of summer
lay.

Come, then, beloved one, for such as
thee
Love loveth, and their hearts he knoweth
well,
Who hoard their moments of felicity,
As misers hoard the medals that they
tell,
Lest on the earth but paupers they should
dwell:

"We hide our love to bless another
day;
The world is hard, youth passes quick,"
they say.

Ah, little ones, but if ye could forget
Amidst your outpoured love that you
must die,
Then ye, my servants, were death's con-
querors yet,
And love to you should be eternity,
How quick soever might the days go by:
Yes, ye are made immortal on the day
Ye cease the dusty grains of time to
weigh.

Thou harkenest, love? O make no
semblance then
That thou art loved, but as thy custom is
Turn thy gray eyes away from eyes of
men.
With hands down-dropped, that tremble
with thy bliss,
With hidden eyes, take thy first lover's
kiss;
Call this eternity which is to-day,
Nor dream that this our love can pass
away. 1868.

JUNE

O JUNE, O June, that we desired so,
Wilt thou not make us happy on this
day?

Across the river thy soft breezes blow
Sweet with the scent of beanfields far
away,

Above our heads rustle the aspens gray,
Calm is the sky with harmless clouds
beset,

No thought of storm the morning vexes
yet.

See, we have left our hopes and fears be-
hind

To give our very hearts up unto thee;
What better place than this then could
we find

By this sweet stream that knows not of
the sea,

That guesses not the city's misery,
This little stream whose hamlets scarce
have names,

This far-off, lonely mother of the
Thames?

Here then, O June, thy kindness will
we take;

And if indeed but pensive men we seem,
What should we do? thou wouldst not
have us wake

From out the arms of this rare happy
dream

And wish to leave the murmur of the
stream,

The rustling boughs, the twitter of the
birds,

And all thy thousand peaceful happy
words. 1868.

AUGUST

ACROSS the gap made by our English
hinds,

Amidst the Roman's handiwork, behold
Far off the long-roofed church; the
shepherd binds

The withy round the hurdles of his fold,
Down in the foss the river fed of old,
That through long lapse of time has
grown to be

The little grassy valley that you see.

Rest here awhile, not yet the eve is still,
The bees are wandering yet, and you
may hear

The barley mowers on the trenchèd hill,
The sheep-bells, and the restless changing
weir,

All little sounds made musical and clear
Beneath the sky that burning August
gives,

While yet the thought of glorious Summer
lives.

Ah, love! such happy days, such days as
these,

Must we still waste them, craving for
the best,

Like lovers o'er the painted images
Of those who once their yearning hearts
have blessed?

Have we been happy on our day of rest?
Thine eyes say "yes," — but if it came
again,

Perchance its ending would not seem so
vain. 1868.

SONG FROM OGIER THE DANE

HÆC

IN the white-flowered hawthorn brake,
Love, be merry for my sake;
Twine the blossoms in my hair,
Kiss me where I am most fair —
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

ILLE

Nay, the garlanded gold hair
Hides thee where thou art most fair;
Hides the rose-tinged hills of snow —
Ah, sweet love, I have thee now!
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

HÆC

Shall we weep for a dead day,
Or set Sorrow in our way?
Hidden by my golden hair,
Wilt thou weep that sweet days wear?
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

ILLE

Weep, O Love, the days that flit,
Now, while I can feel thy breath;
Then may I remember it
Sad and old, and near my death.
Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death? 1868.

SONG FROM THE STORY OF ACON- TIUS AND CYDIPPE

FAIR is the night and fair the day,
Now April is forgot of May,
Now into June May falls away;
Fair day, fair night, O give me back
The tide that all fair things did lack
Except my love, except my sweet!

Blow back, O wind! thou art not kind,
Though thou art sweet; thou hast no
mind

Her hair about my sweet to wind;
O flowery sward, though thou art bright,
I praise thee not for thy delight,
Thou hast not kissed her silver feet.

Thou know'st her not, O rustling tree,
What dost thou then to shadow me,
Whose shade her breast did never see?
O flowers, in vain ye bow adown!
Ye have not felt her odorous gown
Brush past your heads my lips to meet.

Flow on, great river — thou mayst deem
That far away, a summer stream,
Thou sawest her limbs amidst thee gleam
And kissed her foot, and kissed her knee,
Yet get thee swift unto the sea!
With nought of true thou wilt me greet.

And thou that men call by my name,
O helpless one, hast thou no shame
That thou must even look the same,
As while ago, as while ago,
When thou and she were left alone,
And hands, and lips, and tears did meet?

Grow weak and pine, lie down to die,
O body in thy misery,
Because short time and sweet goes by;
O foolish heart, how weak thou art!
Break, break, because thou needs must
part
From thine own love, from thine own
sweet! 1870.

L'ENVOI

THE EARTHLY PARADISE

HERE are we for the last time face to face,
Thou and I, Book, before I bid thee speed
Upon thy perilous journey to that place
For which I have done on thee pilgrim's
weed,
Striving to get thee all things for thy
need —
— I love thee, whatso time or men may
say
Of the poor singer of an empty day.

Good reason why I love thee, e'en if thou
Be mocked or clean forgot as time wears
on;

For ever as thy fashioning did grow,
 Kind word and praise because of thee I won
 From those without whom were my
 world all gone,
 My hope fallen dead, my singing cast
 away,
 And I set soothly in an empty day.

I love thee; yet this last time must it be
 That thou must hold thy peace and I must
 speak,
 Lest if thou babble I begin to see
 Thy gear too thin, thy limbs and heart
 too weak,
 To find the land thou goest forth to seek —
 — Though what harm if thou die upon the
 way,
 Thou idle singer of an empty day?

But though this land desired thou never
 reach,
 Yet folk who know it mayst thou meet,
 or death;
 Therefore a word unto thee would I teach
 To answer these, who, noting thy weak
 breath,
 Thy wandering eyes, thy heart of little
 faith,
 May make thy fond desire a sport and
 play
 Mocking the singer of an empty day.

That land's name, say'st thou? and the
 road thereto?
 Nay, Book, thou mockest, saying thou
 know'st it not;
 Surely no book of verse I ever knew
 But ever was the heart within him hot
 To gain the Land of Matters Unforgot —
 — There, now we both laugh — as the
 whole world may,
 At us poor singers of an empty day.

Nay, let it pass, and harken! Hast thou
 heard
 That therein I believe I have a friend,
 Of whom for love I may not be afeared?
 It is to him indeed I bid thee wend;
 Yea, he perchance may meet thee ere
 thou end,
 Dying so far off from the hedge of bay,
 Thou idle singer of an empty day!

Well, think of him, I bid thee, on the
 road,
 And if it hap that midst of thy defeat,

Fainting beneath thy follies' heavy load,
 My Master, GEOFFREY CHAUCER, thou
 do meet,
 Then shalt thou win a space of rest full
 sweet;
 Then be thou bold, and speak the words
 I say,
 The idle singer of an empty day!

"O Master, O thou great of heart and
 tongue,
 Thou well mayst ask me why I wander
 here,
 In raiment rent of stories oft besung!
 But of thy gentleness draw thou anear,
 And then the heart of one who held thee
 dear
 Mayst thou behold! So near as that I lay
 Unto the singer of an empty day.

"For this he ever said, who sent me
 forth
 To seek a place amid thy company;
 That howsoever little was my worth,
 Yet was he worth e'en just so much as I;
 He said that rhyme hath little skill to
 lie;
 Nor feigned to cast his worsen part away;
 In idle singing for an empty day.

"I have beheld him tremble oft enough
 At things he could not choose but trust
 to me,
 Although he knew the world was wise
 and rough;
 And never did he fail to let me see
 His love, — his folly and faithlessness,
 maybe;
 And still in turn I gave him voice to pray
 Such prayers as cling about an empty
 day.

"Thou, keen-eyed, reading me, mayst
 read him through,
 For surely little is there left behind;
 No power great deeds unnameable to do;
 No knowledge for which words he may
 not find,
 No love of things as vague as autumn
 wind —
 — Earth of the earth lies hidden by my
 clay,
 The idle singer of an empty day!

"Children we twain are, saith he, late
 made wise

In love, but in all else most childish still,
 And seeking still the pleasure of our eyes,
 And what our ears with sweetest sounds
 may fill;
 Not fearing Love, lest these things he
 should kill;
 Howe'er his pain by pleasure doth he lay,
 Making a strange tale of an empty day.

"Death have we hated, knowing not
 what it meant;
 Life have we loved, through green leaf
 and through sere,
 Though still the less we knew of its intent;
 The Earth and Heaven through countless
 year on year,
 Slow changing, were to us but curtains
 fair,
 Hung round about a little room, where
 play
 Weeping and laughter of man's empty
 day.

"O Master, if thine heart could love us
 yet,
 Spite of things left undone, and wrongly
 done,
 Some place in loving hearts then should
 we get,
 For thou, sweet-souled, didst never
 stand alone,
 But knew'st the joy and woe of many an
 one —
 — By lovers dead, who live through thee,
 we pray,
 Help thou us singers of an empty day!"

Fearest thou, Book, what answer thou
 mayst gain
 Lest he should scorn thee, and thereof
 thou die?
 Nay, it shall not be. — Thou mayst toil in
 vain,
 And never draw the House of Fame
 anigh;
 Yet he and his shall know whereof we
 cry,
 Shall call it not ill done to strive to lay
 The ghosts that crowd about life's empty
 day.

Then let the others go! and if indeed
 In some old garden thou and I have
 wrought,
 And made fresh flowers spring up from
 hoarded seed,

And fragrance of old days and deeds have
 brought
 Back to folk weary; all was not for
 nought.
 — No little part it was for me to play —
 The idle singer of an empty day. 1870.

THE SEASONS

Spring. Spring am I, too soft of heart
 Much to speak ere I depart:
 Ask the Summer-tide to prove
 The abundance of my love.

Summer. Summer looked for long am I;
 Much shall change or e'er I die
 Prithee take it not amiss
 Though I weary thee with bliss.

Autumn. Laden Autumn here I stand
 Worn of heart, and weak of hand:
 Nought but rest seems good to me,
 Speak the word that sets me free.

Winter. I am Winter, that do keep
 Longing safe amidst of sleep:
 Who shall say if I were dead
 What should be remembered?

1871.

ERROR AND LOSS¹

UPON an eve I sat me down and wept,
 Because the world to me seemed nowise
 good;
 Still autumn was it, and the meadows
 slept,
 The misty hills dreamed, and the silent
 wood
 Seemed listening to the sorrow of my
 mood:
 I knew not if the earth with me did
 grieve,
 Or if it mock'd my grief that bitter eve.

Then 'twixt my tears a maiden did I see
 Who drew anigh me on the leaf-strewn
 grass,
 Then stood and gazed upon me pitifully
 With grief-worn eyes, until my woe did
 pass
 From me to her, and tearless now I was,
 And she mid tears was asking me of one
 She long had sought unaided and alone.

¹ Originally with the title "The Dark Wood."

I knew not of him, and she turned away
 Into the dark wood, and my own great
 pain
 Still held me there, till dark had slain the
 day,
 And perished at the gray dawn's hand
 again;
 Then from the wood a voice cried: "Ah,
 in vain,
 In vain I seek thee, O thou bitter-sweet!
 In what lone land are set thy longed-for
 feet?"

Then I looked up, and lo, a man there
 came
 From midst the trees, and stood regarding
 me
 Until my tears were dried for very shame;
 Then he cried out: "O mourner, where is
 she
 Whom I have sought o'er every land and
 sea?
 I love her and she loveth me, and still
 We meet no more than green hill meeteth
 hill."

With that he passed on sadly, and I knew
 That these had met and missed in the
 dark night,
 Blinded by blindness of the world untrue,
 That hideth love and maketh wrong of
 right.
 Then midst my pity for their lost delight,
 Yet more with barren longing I grew weak,
 Yet more I mourned that I had none to
 seek. 1871.

THE DAY OF LOVE

FROM LOVE IS ENOUGH

DAWN talks to Day
 Over dew-gleaming flowers,
 Night flies away
 Till the resting of hours:
 Fresh are thy feet
 And with dreams thine eyes glis-
 tening,
 Thy still lips are sweet
 Though the world is a-listening.
 O Love, set a word in my mouth for our
 meeting,
 Cast thine arms round about me to stay
 my heart's beating!
 O fresh day, O fair day, O long day
 made ours!

Morn shall meet noon
 While the flower-stems yet move,
 Though the wind dieth soon
 And the clouds fade above.
 Loved lips are thine
 As I tremble and harken;
 Bright thine eyes shine,
 Though the leaves thy brow darken.
 O Love, kiss me into silence, lest no word
 avail me,
 Stay my head with thy bosom lest breath
 and life fail me!
 O sweet day, O rich day, made long for
 our love!

Late day shall greet eve,
 And the full blossoms shake,
 For the wind will not leave
 The tall trees while they wake.
 Eyes soft with bliss,
 Come nigher and nigher!
 Sweet mouth I kiss,
 Tell me all thy desire!
 Let us speak, love, together some words
 of our story,
 That our lips as they part may remember
 the glory!
 O soft day, O calm day, made clear for
 our sake!

Eve shall kiss night,
 And the leaves stir like rain
 As the wind stealeth light
 O'er the grass of the plain.
 Unseen are thine eyes
 Mid the dreamy night's sleeping,
 And on my mouth there lies
 The dear rain of thy weeping.
 Hold, silence, love, speak not of the sweet
 day departed,
 Cling close to me, love, lest I waken sad-
 hearted!
 O kind day, O dear day, short day,
 come again! 1873.

FINAL CHORUS

FROM LOVE IS ENOUGH

LOVE is enough: ho ye who seek saving,
 Go no further; come hither; there
 have been who have found it,
 And these know the House of Fulfilment
 of Craving;
 These know the Cup with the roses
 around it,

These know the World's Wound and
the balm that hath bound it:
Cry out, the World heedeth not, "Love,
lead us home!"

He leadeth, He harkeneth, He cometh to
you-ward;

Set your faces as steel to the fears that
assemble

Round his goad for the faint, and his
scourge for the froward:

To his lips, how with tales of last kisses
they tremble!

To his eyes of all sorrow that may not
dissemble!

Cry out, for he heedeth, "O Love, lead us
home!"

O harken the words of his voice of com-
passion:

"Come cling round about me, ye faith-
ful who sicken

Of the weary unrest and the world's pass-
ing fashion!

As the rain in mid-morning your
troubles shall thicken,

But surely within you some Godhead
doth quicken,

As ye cry to me heeding, and leading
you home.

"Come — pain ye shall have, and be blind
to the ending!

Come — fear ye shall have, mid the
sky's overcasting!

Come — change ye shall have, for far
are ye wending!

Come — no crown ye shall have for
your thirst and your fasting,

But the kissed lips of Love and fair life
everlasting!

Cry out, for one heedeth, who leadeth you
home!"

Is he gone? was he with us? — ho ye
who seek saving,

Go no further; come hither; for have
we not found it?

Here is the House of Fulfilment of Crav-
ing;

Here is the Cup with the roses around
it;

The World's Wound well healed, and
the balm that hath bound it:

Cry out! for he heedeth, fair Love that
led home.

1873.

THE VOICE OF TOIL

I HEARD men saying, Leave hope and
praying,

All days shall be as all have been;

To-day and to-morrow bring fear and
sorrow,

The never ending toil between.

When Earth was younger mid toil and
hunger,

In hope we strove, and our hands were
strong;

Then great men led us, with words they
fed us,

And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;

Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,

The thing we made, for ever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleas-
ure

For other hopes and other lives.

Where home is a hovel and dull we
grovel,

Forgetting that the world is fair;

Where no babe we cherish, lest its very
soul perish;

Where mirth is crime, and love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall
heed us

As we lie in the hell our hands have
won?

For us are no rulers but fools and be-
foolers,

The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

I heard men saying, Leave tears and
praying,

The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;
Are we not stronger than the rich and the
wronger,

When day breaks over dreams and sleep!

Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere the world
grows older!

Help lies in nought but thee and me;

Hope is before us, the long years that bore
us

Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and
marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of
mirth,

While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere earth
grows older!

The cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

1884.

NO MASTER

SAITH man to man, We've heard and
known

That we no master need
To live upon this earth our own,
In fair and manly deed.

The grief of slaves long passed away
For us hath forged the chain,
Till now each worker's patient day
Builds up the House of Pain.

And we, shall we too, crouch and quail,
Ashamed, afraid of strife,
And lest our lives untimely fail
Embrace the Death in Life?
Nay, cry aloud, and have no fear,
We few against the world;
Awake, arise! the hope we bear
Against the curse is hurled.

It grows and grows — are we the same,
The feeble band, the few?

Or what are these with eyes aflame,
And hands to deal and do?

This is the host that bears the word,
"NO MASTER HIGH OR LOW" —

A lightning flame, a shearing sword,
A storm to overthrow. 1884.

THE DAY IS COMING

COME hither, lads, and harken, for a tale
there is to tell,

Of the wonderful days a-coming, when
all shall be better than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country, a
land in the midst of the sea,

And folk shall call it England in the days
that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand in the
days that are yet to come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow,
some joy of the ancient home.

For then, laugh not, but listen to this
strange tale of mine,

All folk that are in England shall be
better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him,
and rejoice in the deeds of his
hand,

Nor yet come home in the even too faint
and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming shall work and
have no fear

For to-morrow's lack of earning and the
hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder, that no man
then shall be glad

Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch
at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth shall
then be his indeed,

Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by
him that sowed no seed.

O strange new wonderful justice! But
for whom shall we gather the
gain?

For ourselves and for each of our fellows,
and no hand shall labor in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
and no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing but to
fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us
when none shall gather gold

To buy his friend in the market, and
pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city, and the
little house on the hill,

And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories, the
tombs of the mighty dead;

And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder; and
the marvelous fiddle-bow,
And that banded choirs of music: all
those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's;
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living in the
days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are days that shall be! But
what are the deeds of to-day,
In the days of the years we dwell in, that
wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting?
There are three words to speak;
WE WILL IT, and what is the foeman but
the dream-strong wakened and
weak?

O why and for what are we waiting?
while our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of the heavens a
wasted life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us where
crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-
crushed, hungry hell?

Through squalid life they labored, in
sordid grief they died,
Those sons, of a mighty mother, those
props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo
it, nor save our souls from the
curse;

But many a million cometh, and shall
they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten, and
open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror, and
the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
and their unlearned discontent,
We must give it voice and wisdom till
the waiting-tide be spent.

Come, then, since all things call us, the
living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle a glimmer-
ing light is shed.

Come, then, let us cast off fooling, and
put by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy till the
good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle wherein no
man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth, yet his
deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling, for this,
at least, we know:
That the Dawn and the Day is coming
and forth the Banners go. 1885.

THE DAYS THAT WERE

(MOTTO OF THE HOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS)

WHILES in the early winter eve
We pass amid the gathering night
Some homestead that we had to leave
Years past; and see its candles bright
Shine in the room beside the door
Where we were merry years ago,
But now must never enter more,
As still the dark road drives us on.
E'en so the world of men may turn
At even of some hurried day
And see the ancient glimmer burn
Across the waste that hath no way;
Then, with that faint light in its eyes,
And awhile I bid it linger near
And nurse in waving memories
The bitter sweet of days that were.
1889.

THE DAY OF DAYS

EACH eve earth falleth down the dark,
As though its hope were o'er;
Yet lurks the sun when day is done
Behind to-morrow's door.

Gray grows the dawn while men-folk
sleep,
Unseen spreads on the light,
Till the thrush sings to the colored things,
And earth forgets the night.

No otherwise wends on our Hope:
E'en as a tale that's told
Are fair lives lost, and all the cost
Of wise and true and bold.

We've toiled and failed; we spake the
word;
None harkened; dumb we lie;
Our Hope is dead, the seed we spread
Fell o'er the earth to die.

What's this? For joy our hearts stand
still,
And life is loved and dear,
The lost and found the Cause hath
crowned,
The Day of Days is here. 1890.

THE BURGHERS' BATTLE

THICK rise the spear-shafts o'er the land
That erst the harvest bore;
The sword is heavy in the hand,
And we return no more.
The light wind waves the Ruddy Fox,
Our banner of the war,
And ripples in the Running Ox,
And we return no more.
Across our stubble acres now
The teams go four and four;
But out-worn elders guide the plough,
And we return no more.
And now the women heavy-eyed
Turn through the open door
From gazing down the highway wide,
Where we return no more.
The shadows of the fruited close
Dapple the feast-hall floor;
There lie our dogs and dream and doze,
And we return no more.
Down from the minster tower to-day
Fall the soft chimes of yore
Amidst the chattering jackdaws' play:
And we return no more.
But underneath the streets are still;
Noon, and the market's o'er!
Back go the goodwives o'er the hill;
For we return no more.
What merchant to our gates shall come?
What wise man bring us lore?
What abbot ride away to Rome,
Now we return no more?
What mayor shall rule the hall we built?
Whose scarlet sweep the floor?
What judge shall doom the robber's guilt,
Now we return no more?
New houses in the streets shall rise
Where builded we before,
Of other stone wrought otherwise;
For we return no more.

And crops shall cover field and hill
Unlike what once they bore,
And all be done without our will,
Now we return no more.
Look up! the arrows streak the sky,
The horns of battle roar;
The long spears lower and draw nigh,
And we return no more.
Remember how beside the wain,
We spoke the word of war,
And sowed this harvest of the plain,
And we return no more.
Lay spears about the Ruddy Fox!
The days of old are o'er;
Heave sword about the Running Ox!
For we return no more. 1891.

AGNES AND THE HILL-MAN

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH

AGNES went through the meadows a-weep-
ing,
Fowl are a-singing.

There stood the hill-man heed thereof
keeping.

Agnes, fair Agnes!

"Come to the hill, fair Agnes, with me,
The reddest of gold will I give unto thee!"

Twice went Agnes the hill round about,
Then wended within, left the fair world
without.

In the hillside bode Agnes, three years
thrice told o'er,

For the green earth sithence fell she long-
ing full sore.

There she sat, and lullaby sang in her
singing,

And she heard how the bells of England
were ringing.

Agnes before her true-love did stand:

"May I wend to the church of the English
Land?"

"To England's Church well mayst thou
be gone,

So that no hand thou lay the red gold
upon.

"So that when thou art come the church-
yard anear

Thou cast not abroad thy golden hair.

"So that when thou standest the church
within
To thy mother on bench thou never win.

"So that when thou hearest the high
God's name,
No knee unto earth thou bow to the
same."

Hand she laid on all gold that was there,
And cast abroad her golden hair.

And when the church she stood within
To her mother on bench straight did she
win.

And when she heard the high God's name,
Knee unto earth she bowed to the same.

When all the mass was sung to its end
Home with her mother dead did she wend.

"Come, Agnes, into the hillside to me,
For thy seven small sons greet sorely for
thee!"

"Let them greet, let them greet, as they
will have to do;
For never again will I hearken thereto!"

Weird laid he on her, sore sickness he
wrought,

Fowl are a-singing.

That self-same hour to death was she
brought.

Agnes, fair Agnes. 1891.

ICELAND FIRST SEEN

Lo from our loitering ship a new land at
last to be seen;

Toothed rocks down the side of the firth
on the east guard a weary wide lea,
And black slope the hill-sides above,
striped adown with their desolate
green:

And a peak rises up on the west from the
meeting of cloud and of sea,
Foursquare from base unto point like the
building of Gods that have been,
The last of that waste of the mountains all
cloud-wreathed and snow-flecked and
gray;

And bright with the dawn that began just
now at the ending of day.

Ah! what came forth for to see that our
hearts are so hot with desire?

Is it enough for our rest the sight of this
desolate strand,

And the mountain-waste voiceless as
death but for winds that may sleep not
nor tire?

Why do we long to wend forth through the
length and breadth of a land,
Dreadful with grinding of ice, and record
of scarce hidden fire,

But that there 'mid the gray grassy dales
sore scarred by the ruining streams
Lives the tale of the Northland of old and
the undying glory of dreams?

O land, as some cave by the sea where the
treasures of old have been laid,
The sword it may be of a king whose
name was the turning of fight;
Or the staff of some wise of the world that
many things made and unmade.

Or the ring of a woman maybe whose
woe is grown wealth and delight.

No wheat and no wine grows above it, no
orchard for blossom and shade;

The few ships that sail by its blackness
but deem it the mouth of a grave;

Yet sure when the world shall awaken,
this too shall be mighty to save.

O rather, O land, if a marvel it seemeth
that men ever sought

Thy wastes for a field and a garden ful-
filled of all wonder and doubt,

And feasted amidst of the winter when
the fight of the year had been fought,
Whose plunder all gathered together was
little to babble about:

Cry aloud from thy wastes, O thou land,
"Not for this nor for that was I
wrought

Amid waning of realms and of riches and
death of things worshipped and sure,
I abide here the spouse of a God, and I
made and I make and endure."

O Queen of the grief without knowledge,
of the courage that may not avail,

Of the longing that may not attain, of the
love that shall never forget,

More joy than the gladness of laughter
thy voice hath amidst of its wail:

More hope than of pleasure fulfilled
amidst of thy blindness is set;

More glorious than gaining of all, thine
unfaltering hand that shall fail:
For what is the mark on thy brow but
the brand that thy Brynhild doth bear?
Lone once, and loved and undone by a
love that no ages outwear.

Ah! when thy Balder comes back, and
bears from the heart of the Sun,
Peace and the healing of pain, and the
wisdom that waiteth no more;
And the lilies are laid on thy brow 'mid the
crown of the deeds thou hast done;
And the roses spring up by thy feet that
the rocks of the wilderness wore.
Ah! when thy Balder comes back and we
gather the gains he hath won,
Shall we not linger a little to talk of thy
sweetness of old,
Yea, turn back awhile to thy travail
whence the gods stood aloof to behold?
1891.

TO THE MUSE OF THE NORTH

O MUSE that swayest the sad Northern
Song,
Thy right hand full of smiting and of
wrong,
Thy left hand holding pity; and thy
breast
Heaving with hope of that so certain rest:
Thou, with the gray eyes kind and un-
afraid,
The soft lips trembling not, though they
have said
The doom of the World and those that
dwell therein.
The lips that smile not though thy chil-
dren win

The fated Love that draws the fated
Death.
O, borne adown the fresh stream of thy
breath,
Let some word reach my ears and touch
my heart,
That, if it may be, I may have a part
In that great sorrow of thy children dead
That vexed the brow, and bowed adown
the head,
Whitened the hair, made life a wondrous
dream,
And death the murmur of a restful stream,
But left no stain upon those souls of thine
Whose greatness through the tangled
world doth shine.
O Mother, and Love and Sister all in one,
Come thou; for sure I am enough alone
That thou thine arms about my heart
shouldst throw,
And wrap me in the grief of long ago.
1891.

DRAWING NEAR THE LIGHT

Lo, when we wade the tangled wood,
In haste and hurry to be there,
Nought seem its leaves and blossoms good,
For all that they be fashioned fair.
But looking up, at last we see
The glimmer of the open light,
From o'er the place where we would be;
Then grow the very brambles bright.
So now, amidst our day of strife,
With many a matter glad we play,
When once we see the light of life
Gleam through the tangle of to-day.
1891.

SWINBURNE

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

***POEMS**, 6 volumes, London, Chatto and Windus, New York, Harper, 1904. — ***TRAGEDIES**, 5 volumes, Chatto and Windus, Harper, 1905-6. — **THE DUKE OF GANDIA**, 1 volume, Harper, 1908. — ***SELECTED POEMS**, 1 volume, edited by W. M. Payne, 1905 (Belles Lettres Series). — ***DRAMAS**, selected and edited by Arthur Beatty, Crowell, 1909. — **POSTHUMOUS POEMS**, edited by Edmund Gosse, Heinemann, 1918. — **SELECTIONS**, edited by Edmund Gosse, Heinemann, 1920. — ***LETTERS**, edited by Edmund Gosse, Heinemann, 1919. — **LETTERS**, edited by Thomas Hake and A. C. Rickett, Murray, 1918.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

Article on Swinburne in *New International Encyclopædia*, 1903. — **FRISWELL (L. H.)**, *In the Sixties and Seventies: Impressions of Literary People and Others*, 1906. — **TAYLOR (Mrs. Bayard)**, *On Two Continents*, 1905. — **WRATISLAW (T.)**, *Algernon Charles Swinburne, a Study*, 1900. — **GOSSE (E.)**, *Personal Recollections of Swinburne* (in *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1909). — **BEERBOHM (M.)**, *And Even Now: No. 2, The Pines, Reminiscences of Swinburne*, 1920. — ***GOSSE (E.)**, *The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, 1917. — **KERNAHAN (C.)**, *Swinburne as I Knew Him*, 1919. — **LEITH (Mrs. D.)**, *The Boyhood of Swinburne*, 1917. — **MURDOCH (W. G. B.)**, *Memories of Swinburne*, 1910. — ***NICOLSON (H.)**, *Swinburne*, 1926 (*English Men of Letters*). — **WATTS-DUNTON (C.)**, *Home Life of Swinburne*, 1922. — *See also*: all the biographical references under Rossetti and Morris.

CRITICISM

BOYNTON (H. W.), in *Critic*, July, 1905. — **BUCHANAN (Robert)**, *The Fleshly School of Poetry*, 1872 (from *Contemporary Review*, October, 1871). — **CARMAN (Bliss)**, *The Poetry of Life*, 1906. — ***GOSSE (E.)**, in *Century Magazine*, May, 1902. — **LOWELL (J. R.)**, *Prose Works*, Vol. II: *Swinburne's Tragedies* (essay of 1866). — **MACKAIL (J. W.)**, *Swinburne*, 1909. — **MEYNELL (Alice)**, *Swinburne's Lyrical Poetry* (in *Dublin Review*, July, 1909). — ***MORE (Paul E.)**, *Shelburne Essays*, third series, 1906. — **NICOLL (W. R.)**, *Swinburne* (in *Contemporary Review*, May, 1909). — **PATMORE (Coventry)**, *Principle in Art*. — ***PAYNE (W. M.)**, introduction to his *Selected Poems of Swinburne*, 1905; *The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, 1907. — **PECK (H. T.)**, *Swinburne and the Swinburnians* (in *Bookman*, June, 1909). — **RHYS (E.)**, *Tribute to Swinburne* (in *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1909). — **ROSSETTI (W. M.)**, *Swinburne's Poems and Ballads, a Criticism*, 1866. — **SAINTSBURY (G.)**, *Corrected Impressions*, 1895. — **SHARP (W.)**, in *Pall Mall Magazine*, December, 1901. — ***STEDMAN (E. C.)**, *Victorian Poets*, 1875, 1887. — **SWINBURNE**, *Notes on Poems and Reviews* (a reply to the early criticisms of Poems and Ballads, First Series), 1866; *Under the Microscope* (a reply to Buchanan), 1872. — **WOLLAEGER**, *Studien über Swinburnes poetischen Stil*. — ***WOODBERRY (G. E.)**, *Swinburne*, 1905 (*Contemporary Men of Letters Series*). — **WALKER (Hugh)**, *Literature of the Victorian Era*, 1910.

ARVIN (N.), Swinburne as a Critic (in *Sewanee Review*, 1925). — CLUTTON-BROCK (A.), *Essays on Books*, 1920. — DRINKWATER (J.), *Victorian Poetry*, 1924; Swinburne, an Estimate, 1913. — ELTON (O.), *Modern Studies*, 1907. — FREEMAN (A. E.), *Psychological Basis of Swinburne's Convictions* (in *Poet-Lore*, December, 1927). — GILLET (L.), *Les Lettres de Swinburne* (in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 15, 1920). — *GOSSE (E.), *Portraits and Sketches*, 1912. — GRIERSON (H. J. C.), *Lord Byron, Arnold, and Swinburne*, 1920. — HARRIS (F.), *Contemporary Portraits*, 1915. — HEARN (Lafcadio), *Interpretations of Literature: Swinburne's Hertha*, 1915. — KADO (Maria), *Swinburnes Verskunst*, 1911. — LAFOURCADE (G.), *Swinburne's Hyperion, and Other Poems, with an Essay on Swinburne and Keats*, 1928. — LE GALLIENNE (R.), *The Romantic Nineties*, 1926. — MARKS (J. A.), *Genius and Disaster: Stigmata*, 1925. — NOYES (A.), *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry: Swinburne's Tragedies*, 1924; *Swinburne and Continental Criticism* (in *London Bookman*, January, 1925). — PRICE (W. J.), *Last of the Great Poets* (in *Sewanee Review*, October, 1909). — QUILLER-ROUCH (Sir A. T.), *Studies in Literature*, 1918. — *REUL (Paul de), *L'Œuvre de Swinburne*, 1922. — RHYS (E.), *Lyric Poetry: Swinburne*, 1913. — SYMONS (A.), *Algernon Charles Swinburne, with Some Unpublished Letters* (in *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1917). — *THOMAS (E.), *A. C. Swinburne, a Critical Study*, 1912. — THOMPSON (A. H.), *Swinburne* (in *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XIII). — WAUGH (A.), *Swinburne's Letters and Our Debt to the Victorian Era* (in *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1918). — WELBY (T. E.), *A Study of Swinburne*, 1926. — WOODBERRY (G. E.), *Literary Essays*, 1920.

TRIBUTE IN VERSE

HELSTON (J.), *To Algernon Charles Swinburne* (in *Literary Digest*, April 26, 1913).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

NICOLL and WISE, in *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*. — *SHEPHERD (R. H.), *The Bibliography of Swinburne*, 1887. — *WISE (T.), *A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, 1919-1920.

SWINBURNE

A SONG IN TIME OF ORDER

1852

PUSH hard across the sand,
For the salt wind gathers breath;
Shoulder and wrist and hand,
Push hard as the push of death.

The wind is as iron that rings,
The foam-heads loosen and flee;
It swells and welters and swings,
The pause of the tide of the sea.

And up on the yellow cliff
The long corn flickers and shakes;
Push, for the wind holds stiff,
And the gunwale dips and rakes.

Good hap to the fresh fierce weather,
The quiver and beat of the sea!
While three men hold together
The kingdoms are less by three.

Out to the sea with her there,
Out with her over the sand,
Let the kings keep the earth for their
share!
We have done with the sharers of
land.

They have tied the world in a tether,
They have bought over God with a
fee;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

We have done with the kisses that sting,
The thief's mouth red from the feast,
The blood on the hands of the king,
And the lie at the lips of the priest.

Will they tie the winds in a tether,
Put a bit in the jaws of the sea?
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

Let our flag run out straight in the wind!
The old red shall be floated again
When the ranks that are thin shall be
thinned,
When the names that were twenty
are ten;

When the devil's riddle i mastered
And the galley-bench creaks with a
Pope,
We shall see Buonaparte the bastard
Kick heels with his throat in a rope.

While the shepherd sets wolves on his sheep
And the emperor halts his kine,
While Shame is a watchman asleep
And Faith is a keeper of swine.

Let the wind shake our flag like a feather,
Like the plumes of the foam of the sea!
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

All the world has its burdens to bear,
From Cayenne to the Austrian whips;
Forth, with the rain in our hair
And the salt sweet foam in our lips:

In the teeth of the hard glad weather,
In the blown wet face of the sea;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.
1862.

CHORUSES FROM ATALANTA IN CALYDON

THE YOUTH OF THE YEAR

WHEN the hounds of spring are on
winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or
plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;

And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign
faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying
of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with
might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west
shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet
of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we
sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and
cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could
spring her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that
spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto
her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling
to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-
wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that
wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year
flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut
root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with de-
light
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in
sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its
leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that litter, the feet that
scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that
flies.

THE LIFE OF MAN

BEFORE the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a
span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south

They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein,
 A time for labor and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travailleth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap;
 His life is a watch or a vision.
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

LOVE AND LOVE'S MATES

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair;
 thou art goodly, O Love;
 Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
 Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
 Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
 Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
 Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
 And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
 Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
 As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
 But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

NATURE

O THAT I now, I too were
 By deep wells and water-floods,
 Streams of ancient hills, and where
 All the wan green places bear
 Blossoms cleaving to the sod,
 Fruitless fruit, and grasses fair,
 Or such darkest ivy-buds
 As divide thy yellow hair,
 Bacchus, and their leaves that nod

Round thy fawnskin brush the bare
 Snow-soft shoulders of a god;
 There the year is sweet, and there
 Earth is full of secret springs,
 And the fervent rose-cheeked hours,
 Those that marry dawn and noon,
 There are sunless, there look pale
 In dim leaves and hidden air,
 Pale as grass or latter flowers,
 Or the wild vine's wan wet rings
 Full of dew beneath the moon,
 And all day the nightingale
 Sleeps, and all night sings;
 There in cold remote recesses
 That nor alien eyes assail,
 Feet, nor imminence of wings,
 Nor a wind nor any tune,
 Thou, O queen and holiest,
 Flower the whitest of all things,
 With reluctant lengthening tresses
 And with sudden splendid breast
 Save of maidens unbeholden,
 There art wont to enter, there
 Thy divine swift limbs and golden
 Maiden growth of unbound hair,
 Bathed in waters white,
 Shine, and many a maid's by thee
 In moist woodland or the hilly
 Flowerless brakes where wells abound
 Out of all men's sight;
 Or in lower pools that see
 All their margins clothed all round
 With the innumerable lily,
 Whence the golden-girdled bee
 Flits through flowering rush to fret
 White or duskier violet,
 Fair as those that in far years
 With their buds left luminous
 And their little leaves made wet
 From the warmer dew of tears,
 Mother's tears in extreme need,
 Hid the limbs of Iamus,
 Of thy brother's seed;
 For his heart was piteous
 Toward him, even as thine heart now
 Pitiful toward us;
 Thine, O goddess, turning hither
 O benignant blameless brow;
 Seeing enough of evil done
 And lives withered as leaves wither
 In the blasting of the sun;
 Seeing enough of hunters dead,
 Ruin enough of all our year,
 Herds and harvest slain and shed,
 Herdsmen stricken many an one,
 Fruits and flocks consumed together,

And great length of deadly days.
 Yet with reverent lips and fear
 Turn we toward thee, turn and praise
 For this lightening of clear weather
 And prosperities begun.
 For not seldom, when all air
 As bright water without breath
 Shines, and when men fear not, fate
 Without thunder unaware
 Breaks, and brings down death.
 Joy with grief ye great gods give,
 Good with bad, and overhear
 All the pride of us that live,
 All the high estate,
 As ye long since overbore,
 As in old time long before,
 Many a strong man and a great,
 All that were.
 But do thou, sweet, otherwise,
 Having heed of all our prayer,
 Taking note of all our sighs;
 We beseech thee by thy light,
 By thy bow, and thy sweet eyes,
 And the kingdom of the night,
 Be thou favorable and fair;
 By thine arrows and thy might
 And Orion overthrown;
 By the maiden thy delight,
 By the indissoluble zone
 And the sacred hair.

FATE

Nor as with sundering of the earth
 Nor as with cleaving of the sea
 Nor fierce foreshadowings of a birth
 Nor flying dreams of death to be,
 Nor loosening of a large world's girth
 And quickening of the body of night,
 And sound of thunder in men's ears
 And fire of lightning in men's sight,
 Fate, mother of desires and fears,
 Bore unto men the law of tears;
 But sudden, an unfathered flame,
 And broken out of night, she shone,
 She, without body, without name,
 In days forgotten and foregone;
 And heaven rang round her as she came
 Like smitten cymbals, and lay bare;
 Clouds and great stars, thunders and
 snows,
 The blue sad fields and folds of air,
 The life that breathes, the life that
 grows,
 All wind, all fire, that burns or blows,
 Even all these knew her: for she is great;

The daughter of doom, the mother of
 death,
 The sister of sorrow; a lifelong weight
 That no man's finger lighteneth,
 Nor any god can lighten fate;
 A landmark seen across the way
 Where one race treads as the other trod;
 An evil sceptre, an evil stay,
 Wrought for a staff, wrought for a rod,
 The bitter jealousy of God.

For death is deep as the sea,
 And fate as the waves thereof.
 Shall the waves take pity on thee
 Or the south-wind offer thee love?
 Wilt thou take the night for thy day
 Or the darkness for light on thy way
 Till thou say in thine heart, Enough?

Behold, thou art over fair, thou art over
 wise;
 The sweetness of spring in thine hair,
 and the light in thine eyes.
 The light of the spring in thine eyes,
 and the sound in thine ears;
 Yet thine heart shall wax heavy with
 sighs and thine eyelids with tears.
 Wilt thou cover thine hair with gold;
 and with silver thy feet?
 Hast thou taken the purple to fold thee,
 and made thy mouth sweet?
 Behold, when thy face is made bare, he
 that loved thee shall hate;
 Thy face shall be no more fair at the
 fall of thy fate.
 For thy life shall fall as a leaf and be
 shed as the rain;
 And the veil of thine head shall be grief;
 and the crown shall be pain.

THE DEATH OF MELEAGER

Meleager. Let your hands meet
 Round the weight of my head,
 Lift ye my feet
 As the feet of the dead;
 For the flesh of my body is molten, the
 limbs of it molten as lead.

Chorus. O thy luminous face,
 Thine imperious eyes!
 O the grief, O the grace,
 As of day when it dies!
 Who is this bending over thee, lord, with
 tears and suppression of sighs!

Meleager. Is a bride so fair?
Is a maid so meek?
With unchapleted hair,
With unfiled cheek,
Atalanta, the pure among women, whose
name is as blessing to speak.

Atalanta. I would that with feet,
Unsandalled, unshod,
Overbold, overfleet,
I had swum not nor trod
From *Arcadia* to *Calydon*, northward, a
blast of the envy of God.

Meleager. Unto each man his fate;
Unto each as he saith
In whose fingers the weight
Of the world is as breath;
Yet I would that in clamor of battle mine
hands had laid hold upon death.

Chorus. Not with cleaving of shields
And their clash in thine ear,
When the lord of fought fields
Breaketh spearshaft from spear,
Thou art broken, our lord, thou art
broken, with travail and labor and
fear.

Meleager. Would God he had found me
Beneath fresh boughs!
Would God he had bound me
Unawares in mine house,
With light in mine eyes, and songs in my
lips, and a crown on my brows!

Chorus. Whence art thou sent from us?
Whither thy goal?
How art thou rent from us,
Thou that wert whole,
As with severing of eyelids and eyes, as
with sundering of body and soul!

Meleager. My heart is within me
As an ash in the fire;
Whosoever hath seen me,
Without lute, without lyre,
Shall sing of me grievous things, even
things that were ill to desire.

Chorus. Who shall raise thee
From the house of the dead?
Or what man praise thee
That thy praise may be said?
Alas thy beauty! alas thy body! alas
thine head!

Meleager. But thou, O mother,
That dreamer of dreams,
Wilt thou bring forth another
To feel the sun's beams
When I move among shadows a shadow,
and wail by impassable streams?

Æneus. What thing wilt thou leave me
Now this thing is done?
A man wilt thou give me,
A son for my son,
For the light of mine eyes, the desire of
my life, the desirable one?

Chorus. Thou wert glad above others,
Yea, fair beyond word;
Thou wert glad among mothers;
For each man that heard
Of thee, praise there was added unto thee,
as wings to the feet of a bird.

Æneus. Who shall give back
Thy face of old years,
With travail made black,
Grown gray among fears,
Mother of sorrow, mother of cursing,
mother of tears?

Meleager. Though thou art as fire
Fed with fuel in vain,
My delight, my desire,
Is more chaste than the rain,
More pure than the dewfall, more holy
than stars are that live without
stain.

Atalanta. I would that as water
My life's blood had thawn,
Or as winter's wan daughter
Leaves lowland and lawn
Spring-stricken, or ever mine eyes had
beheld thee made dark in thy
dawn.

Chorus. When thou dravest the men
Of the chosen of Thrace,
None turned him again
Nor endured he thy face
Clothed round with the blush of the
battle, with light from a terrible
place.

Æneus. Thou shouldst die as he dies
For whom none sheddeth tears;
Filling thine eyes
And fulfilling thine ears,

With the brilliance of battle, the bloom
and the beauty, the splendor of
spears.

Chorus. In the ears of the world
It is sung, it is told,
And the light thereof hurled
And the noise thereof rolled
From the Acroceraunian snow to the
ford of the fleece of gold.

Meleager. Would God ye could carry me
Forth of all these;
Heap sand and bury me
By the Chersonese,
Where the thundering Bosphorus answers
the thunder of Pontic seas.

Cæneus. Dost thou mock at our praise
And the singing begun
And the men of strange days
Praising my son
In the folds of the hills of home, high
places of Calydon?

Meleager. For the dead man no home is;
Ah, better to be
What the flower of the foam is
In fields of the sea,
That the sea-waves might be as my rai-
ment, the gulf-stream a garment
for me.

Chorus. Who shall seek thee and bring
And restore thee thy day,
When the dove dipped her wing,
And the oars won their way
Where the narrowing Symplegades
whitened the straits of Propontis
with spray?

Meleager. Will ye crown me my tomb
Or exalt me my name,
Now my spirits consume,
Now my flesh is a flame?
Let the sea slake it once, and men speak
of me sleeping to praise me or
shame.

Chorus. Turn back now, turn thee,
As who turns him to wake;
Though the life in thee burn thee,
Couldst thou bathe it and slake
Where the sea-ridge of Helle hangs
heavier, and east upon west waters
break?

Meleager. Would the winds blow me
back
Or the waves hurl me home?
Ah, to touch in the track
Where the pine learnt to roam
Cold girdles and crowns of the sea-
gods, cool blossoms of water and
foam!

Chorus. The gods may release
That they made fast;
Thy soul shall have ease
In thy limbs at the last;
But what shall they give thee for life,
sweet life that is overpast?

Meleager. Not the life of men's veins,
Not of flesh that conceives;
But the grace that remains,
The fair beauty that cleaves
To the life of the rains in the grasses, the
life of the dew on the leaves.

Chorus. Thou wert helmsman and chief;
Wilt thou turn in an hour,
Thy limbs to the leaf,
Thy face to the flower,
Thy blood to the water, thy soul to the
gods who divide and devour?

Meleager. The years are hungry,
They wail all their days;
The gods wax angry
And weary of praise;
And who shall bridle their lips? and who
shall straighten their ways?

Chorus. The gods guard over us
With sword and with rod;
Weaving shadow to cover us,
Heaping the sod,
That law may fulfil herself wholly, to
darken man's face before God.

FINAL CHORUS

WHO shall contend with his lords
Or cross them or do them wrong?
Who shall bind them as with cords?
Who shall tame them as with song?
Who shall smite them as with swords?
For the hands of their kingdom are
strong.

SONGS FROM CHASTELARD

MARY BEATON'S SONG ¹

Le navire
Est à l'eau ;
Entends rire
Ce gros flot
Que fait luire
Et bruire
Le vieux sire
Aquilo.

Dans l'espace
Du grand air
Le vent passe
Comme un fer ;
Siffle et sonne,
Tombe et tonne ;
Prend et donne
A la mer.

Vois, la brise
Tourne au nord,
Et la bise
Souffle et mord
Sur ta pure
Chevelure
Qui murmure
Et se tord.

Le navire
Passe et luit,
Puis chavire
A grand bruit ;
Et sur l'onde
La plus blonde
Tête au monde
Flotte et fuit.

Moi, je rame,
Et l'amour,
C'est ma flamme,
Mon grand jour,
Ma chandelle
Blanche et belle,
Ma chapelle
De séjour.

¹ Probably no excuse is needed for including here some examples of Swinburne's French verse, both for its own light and exquisite beauty, and because it so characteristically represents him. One of his chief distinctions is that of being perhaps the only Englishman who ever really understood and appreciated French poetry.

Toi, mon âme
Et ma foi,
Sois ma dame
Et ma loi ;
Sois ma mie,
Sois Marie,
Sois ma vie,
Toute à moi !

LOVE AT EBB

Between the sunset and the sea
My love laid hands and lips on me ;
Of sweet came sour, of day came night,
Of long desire came brief delight :
Ah love, and what thing came of thee
Between the sea-downs and the sea ?

Between the sea-mark and the sea
Joy grew to grief, grief grew to me ;
Love turned to tears, and tears to fire,
And dead delight to new desire ;
Love's talk, love's touch there seemed to
be

Between the sea-sand and the sea.

Between the sundown and the sea
Love watched one hour of love with me ;
Then down the all-golden water-ways
His feet flew after yesterday's ;
I saw them come and saw them flee
Between the sea-foam and the sea.

Between the sea-strand and the sea
Love fell on sleep, sleep fell on me ;
The first star saw twain turn to one
Between the moonrise and the sun ;
The next, that saw not love, saw me
Between the sea-banks and the sea.

THE QUEEN'S SONG

J'ai vu faner bien des choses,
Mainte feuille aller au vent.
En songeant aux vieilles roses,
J'ai pleuré souvent.

Vois-tu dans les roses mortes
Amour qui sourit caché ?
O mon amant, à nos portes
L'as-tu vu couché ?

As-tu vu jamais au monde
Vénus chasser et courir ?
Fille de l'onde, avec l'onde
Doit-elle mourir ?

Aux jours de neige et de givre
L'amour s'effeuille et s'endort;
Avec mai doit-il revivre,
Ou bien est-il mort?

Qui sait où s'en vont les roses?
Qui sait où s'en va le vent?
En songeant à telles choses,
J'ai pleuré souvent. 1865.

HYMN TO PROSERPINE

(AFTER THE PROCLAMATION IN ROME OF
THE CHRISTIAN FAITH)

Vicisti, Galilæe

I HAVE lived long enough, having seen
one thing, that love hath an end;
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near
me now and befriend.
Thou art more than the day or the mor-
row, the seasons that laugh or that
weep;
For these give joy and sorrow; but thou,
Proserpina, sleep.
Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet
the feet of the dove;
But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of
the grapes or love.
Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and
harpstring of gold,
A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to
behold?
I am sick of singing; the bays burn deep
and chafe: I am fain
To rest a little from praise and grievous
pleasure and pain.
For the Gods we know not of, who give
us our daily breath,
We know they are cruel as love or life,
and lovely as death.
O Gods dethroned and deceased, cast
forth, wiped out in a day!
From your wrath is the world released, re-
deemed from your chains, men say.
New Gods are crowned in the city, their
flowers have broken your rods;
They are merciful, clothed with pity, the
young compassionate Gods.
But for me their new device is barren, the
days are bare;
Things long past over suffice, and men
forgotten that were.
Time and the Gods are at strife: ye
dwell in the midst thereof,

Draining a little life from the barren
breasts of love.
I say to you, cease, take rest; yea, I say
to you all, be at peace,
Till the bitter milk of her breast and the
barren bosom shall cease.
Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but
these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms and the pæan, the
breast of the nymphs in the brake;
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that
tremble with tenderer breath;
And all the wings of the Loves, and all
the joy before death;
All the feet of the hours that sound as a
single lyre,
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with
strings that flicker like fire.
More than these wilt thou give, things
fairer than all these things?
Nay, for a little we live, and life hath
mutable wings.
A little while and we die; shall life not
thrive as it may?
For no man under the sky lives twice,
outliving his day.
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man
hath enough of his tears:
Why should he labor, and bring fresh
grief to blacken his years?
Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean;
the world has grown gray from
thy breath:
We have drunken of things Lethean,
and fed on the fulness of death.
Laurel is green for a season, and love is
sweet for a day;
But love grows bitter with treason, and
laurel outlives not May.
Sleep, shall we sleep after all? for the
world is not sweet in the end;
For the old faiths loosen and fall, the
new years ruin and rend.
Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul
is a rock that abides;
But her ears are vexed with the roar and
her face with the foam of the
tides.
O lips that the live blood faints in, the
leavings of racks and rods!
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of
gibbeted Gods!
Though all men abase them before you
in spirit, and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but stand-
ing, look to the end.

All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits
 and sorrows are cast
 Far out with the foam of the present that
 sweeps to the surf of the past :
 Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and
 between the remote sea-gates,
 Waste water washes, and tall ships
 foundered, and deep death waits :
 Where, mighty with deepening sides,
 clad about with the seas as with
 wings,
 And impelled of invisible tides, and full-
 filled of unspeakable things,
 White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-
 toothed and serpentine-curved,
 Rolls, under the whitening wind of the
 future, the wave of the world.
 The depths stand naked in sunder behind
 it, the storms flee away ;
 In the hollow before it the thunder is
 taken and snared as a prey ;
 In its sides is the north-wind bound ; and
 its salt is of all men's tears ;
 With light of ruin, and sound of changes,
 and pulse of years :
 With travail of day after day, and with
 trouble of hour upon hour ;
 And bitter as blood is the spray ; and the
 crests are as fangs that devour :
 And its vapor and storm of its steam as
 the sighing of spirits to be ;
 And its noise as the noise in a dream ;
 and its depth as the roots of the
 sea :
 And the height of its heads as the height
 of the utmost stars of the air :
 And the ends of the earth at the might
 thereof tremble, and time is made
 bare.
 Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will
 ye chasten the high sea with rods ?
 Will ye take her to chain her with chains,
 who is older than all ye Gods ?
 All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall
 ye pass and be past ;
 Ye are Gods, and behold ye shall die, and
 the waves be upon you at last.
 In the darkness of time, in the deeps of
 the years, in the changes of things,
 Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and
 the world shall forget you for kings.
 Though the feet of thine high priests
 tread where thy lords and our fore-
 fathers trod,
 Though these that were Gods are dead,
 and thou being dead art a God,

Though before thee the throned Cytherean
 be fallen, and hidden her head,
 Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy
 dead shall go down to thee dead.
 Of the maiden thy mother, men sing as a
 goddess with grace clad around ;
 Thou art throned where another was
 king ; where another was queen
 she is crowned.
 Yea, once we had sight of another : but
 now she is queen, say these.
 Not as thine, not as thine was our
 mother, a blossom of flowering
 seas,
 Clothed round with the world's desire as
 with raiment, and fair as the foam,
 And fleeter than kindled fire, and a god-
 dess and mother of Rome.
 For thine came pale and a maiden, and
 sister to sorrow ; but ours,
 Her deep hair heavily laden with odor
 and color of flowers,
 White rose of the rose-white water, a
 silver splendor, a flame,
 Bent down unto us that besought her,
 and earth grew sweet with her
 name.
 For thine came weeping, a slave among
 slaves, and rejected ; but she
 Came flushed from the full-flushed wave,
 and imperial, her foot on the sea,
 And the wonderful waters knew her, the
 winds and the viewless ways,
 And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the
 sea-blue stream of the bays.
 Ye are fallen, our lords by what token ?
 we wist that ye should not fall.
 Ye were all so fair that are broken ; and
 one more fair than ye all.
 But I turn to her still, having seen she
 shall surely abide in the end ;
 Goddess and maiden and queen, be near
 me now and befriend.
 O daughter of earth, of my mother, her
 crown and blossom of birth,
 I am also, I also, thy brother ; I go as I
 came unto earth.
 In the night where thine eyes are as moons
 are in heaven, the night where
 thou art,
 Where the silence is more than all tunes,
 where sleep overflows from the
 heart,
 Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in
 our world, and the red rose is
 white,

And the wind falls faint as it blows with
the fume of the flowers of the
night,
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in
the shadow of Gods from afar
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the
deep dim soul of a star,
In the sweet low light of thy face, under
heavens untrod by the sun,
Let my soul with their souls find place,
and forget what is done and un-
done.
Thou art more than the Gods who num-
ber the days of our temporal
breath;
For these give labor and slumber; but
thou, Proserpina, death.
Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a
season in silence. I know
I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep
as they sleep; even so.
For the glass of the year is brittle wherein
we gaze for a span;
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse
which is man.¹
So long I endure, no longer; and laugh
not again, neither weep.
For there is no God found stronger than
death; and death is a sleep.

1866.

A MATCH

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,

We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath.
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain. 1866.

A BALLAD OF BURDENS

THE burden of fair women. Vain delight,
And love self-slain in some sweet
shameful way,
And sorrowful old age that comes by
night
As a thief comes that has no heart by
day,
And change that finds fair cheeks and
leaves them gray,
And weariness that keeps awake for
hire,
And grief that says what pleasure used
to say;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bought kisses. This is
sore,
A burden without fruit in child-bear-
ing;

¹ ψυχάριον εἰ βαστάζον νεκρόν. — EPIC-
TETUS.

Between the nightfall and the dawn three-
score,
Threescore between the dawn and
evening.
The shuddering in thy lips, the shud-
dering
In thy sad eyelids tremulous like fire,
Makes love seem shameful and a
wretched thing.
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sweet speeches. Nay,
kneel down,
Cover thy head, and weep; for verily
These market-men that buy thy white
and brown
In the last days shall take no thought
for thee.
In the last days like earth thy face
shall be,
Yea, like sea-marsh made thick with brine
and mire,
Sad with sick leavings of the sterile
sea.
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long living. Thou shalt
fear
Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy
bed;
And say at night, "Would God the day
were here,"
And say at dawn "Would God the day
were dead."
With weary days thou shalt be clothed
and fed,
And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,
Pain for thy girdle and sorrow upon
thine head;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bright colors. Thou shalt
see
Gold tarnished, and the gray above the
green;
And as the thing thou seest thy face shall
be,
And no more as the thing beforetime
seen.
And thou shalt say of mercy "It hath
been,"
And living, watch the old lips and loves
expire,
And talking, tears shall take thy breath
between.
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sad sayings. In that day
Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours,
and tell
Thy times and ways and words of love,
and say
How one was dear and one desirable,
And sweet was life to hear and sweet to
smell,
But now with lights reverse the old hours
retire
And the last hour is shod with fire from
hell.
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of four seasons. Rain in
spring,
White rain and wind among the tender
trees;
A summer of green sorrows gathering,
Rank autumn in a mist of miseries,
With sad face set towards the year, that
sees
The charred ash drop out of the dropping
pyre,
And winter wan with many maladies;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of dead faces. Out of sight
And out of love, beyond the reach of
hands,
Changed in the changing of the dark and
light,
They walk and weep about the barren
lands
Where no seed is nor any garner stands,
Where in short breaths the doubtful days
respire,
And time's turned glass lets through
the sighing sands;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much gladness. Life and
lust
Forsake thee, and the face of thy de-
light;
And underfoot the heavy hour strews
dust;
And overhead strange weathers burn
and bite;
And where the red was, lo, the blood-
less white,
And where truth was, the likeness of a
liar,
And where day was, the likeness of the
night;
This is the end of every man's desire.

ENVOI

Princes, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
 Heed well this rhyme before your
 pleasure tire;
 For life is sweet, but after life is death.
 This is the end of every man's desire.
 1866.

RONDEL

KISSING her hair I sat against her feet,
 Wove and unwove it, wound and found it
 sweet;
 Made fast therewith her hands, drew
 down her eyes,
 Deep as deep flowers and dreamy like
 dim skies;
 With her own tresses bound and found
 her fair,
 Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold
 sea;
 What pain could get between my face
 and hers?
 What new sweet thing would love not
 relish worse?
 Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed
 me there,
 Kissing her hair?
 1866.

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE
 LANDOR

BACK to the flower-town, side by side,
 The bright months bring,
 New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
 Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
 Filled full of sun;
 All things come back to her, being free, —
 All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot
 Flowers that were dead
 Live, and old suns revive; but not
 That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
 Far north, I hear
 One face shall never turn to me
 As once this year;

Shall never smile and turn and rest
 On mine as there,
 Nor one most sacred hand be pressed
 Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
 Half run before;
 The youngest to the oldest singer
 That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
 Till all grief end,
 In holiest age our mightiest mind,
 Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,
 If hope there be,
 O spirit that man's life left pure,
 Man's death set free,

Not with disdain of days that were
 Look earthward now:
 Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
 The imperial brow;

Come back in sleep, for in the life
 Where thou art not
 We find none like thee. Time and strife
 And the world's lot

Move thee no more; but love at least,
 And reverent heart,
 May move thee, royal and released
 Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
 Receive and keep,
 Keep safe his dedicated dust,
 His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
 Mix with thy name
 As morning-star with evening-star
 His faultless fame. 1866.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet,
 Here, where all trouble seems
 Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
 In doubtful dreams of dreams;
 I watch the green field growing
 For reaping folk and sowing,
 For harvest time and mowing,
 A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
 And men that laugh and weep
 Of what may come hereafter
 For men that sow to reap :
 I am weary of days and hours,
 Blown buds of barren flowers,
 Desires and dreams and powers
 And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
 And far from eye or ear
 Wan waves and wet winds labor,
 Weak ships and spirits steer ;
 They drive adrift, and whither
 They wot not who make thither ;
 But no such winds blow hither,
 And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
 No heather-flower or vine,
 But bloomless buds of poppies,
 Green grapes of Proserpine,
 Pale beds of blowing rushes
 Where no leaf blooms or blushes,
 Save this whereout she crushes
 For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
 In fruitless fields of corn,
 They bow themselves and slumber
 All night till light is born ;
 And like a soul belated,
 In hell and heaven unmated,
 By cloud and mist abated
 Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
 He too with death shall dwell,
 Nor wake with wings in heaven,
 Nor weep for pains in hell ;
 Though one were fair as roses,
 His beauty clouds and closes ;
 And well though love reposes,
 In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
 Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
 Who gathers all things mortal
 With cold immortal hands ;
 Her languid lips are sweeter
 Than love's who fears to greet her
 To men that mix and meet her
 From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
 She waits for all men born ;
 Forgets the earth her mother,
 The life of fruits and corn ;

And spring and seed and swallow
 Take wing for her and follow
 Where summer song rings hollow
 And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
 The old loves with wearier wings ;
 And all dead years draw thither,
 And all disastrous things ;
 Dead dreams of days forsaken,
 Blind buds that snows have shaken,
 Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
 And joy was never sure ;
 To-day will die to-morrow
 Time stoops to no man's lure ;
 And love, grown faint and fretful
 With lips but half regretful
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be
 That no life lives for ever ;
 That dead men rise up never ;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light :
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight :
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal ;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

r866.

LOVE AT SEA

WE are in love's land to-day ;
 Where shall we go ?
 Love, shall we start or stay,
 Or sail or row ?
 There's many a wind and way,
 And never a May but May ;
 We are in love's hand to-day ;
 Where shall we go ?

Our landwind is the breath
 Of sorrows kissed to death
 And joys that were :

Our ballast is a rose;
Our way lies where God knows
And love knows where.
We are in love's hand to-day —

Our seamen are fledged Loves,
Our masts are bills of doves,
Our decks fine gold;
Our ropes are dead maids' hair,
Our stores are love-shafts fair
And manifold.
We are in love's hand to-day —

Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet,
Or fields near home?
Or where the fire-flowers blow,
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam?
We are in love's hand to-day —

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand.
— A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.

Imitated from Théophile Gautier.
1866.

SAPPHICS

ALL the night sleep came not upon my
eyelids,
Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed a
feather,
Yet with lips shut close and with eyes of
iron
Stood and beheld me.

Then to me so lying awake a vision
Came without sleep over the seas and
touched me,
Softly touched mine eyelids and lips;
and I too,
Full of the vision,

Saw the white implacable Aphrodite,
Saw the hair unbound, and the feet un-
sandalled
Shine as fire of sunset on western waters;
Saw the reluctant

Feet, the straining plumes of the doves
that drew her,

Looking always, looking with necks re-
verted,
Back to Lesbos, back to the hills where-
under
Shone Mitylene;

Heard the flying feet of the Loves behind
her
Make a sudden thunder upon the waters,
As the thunder flung from the strong
unclosing
Wings of a great wind.

So the goddess fled from her place, with
awful
Sound of feet and thunder of wings
around her;
While behind a clamor of singing women
Severed the twilight.

Ah the singing, ah the delight, the passion!
All the Loves wept, listening; sick with
anguish,
Stood the crowned nine Muses about
Apollo;
Fear was upon them,

While the tenth sang wonderful things
they knew not.
Ah, the tenth, the Lesbian! the nine
were silent,
None endured the sound of her song for
weeping;
Laurel by laurel,

Faded all their crowns; but about her
forehead,
Round her woven tresses and ashen
temples
White as dead snow, paler than grass in
summer,
Ravaged with kisses,

Shone a light of fire as a crown for ever.
Yea, almost the implacable Aphrodite
Paused, and almost wept; such a song
was that song;
Yea, by her name too

Called her, saying, "Turn to me, O my
Sappho;"
Yet she turned her face from the Loves,
she saw not
Tears or laughter darken immortal eye-
lids,
Heard not about her

Fearful fitful wings of the doves departing,
 Saw not how the bosom of Aphrodite
 Shook with weeping, saw not her shaken
 raiment,
 Saw not her hands wrung;

Saw the Lesbians kissing across their
 smitten
 Lutes with lips more sweet than the sound
 of lute-strings,
 Mouth to mouth and hand upon hand,
 her chosen,
 Fairer than all men;

Only saw the beautiful lips and fingers,
 Full of songs and kisses and little whispers,
 Full of music; only beheld among them
 Soar, as a bird soars

Newly fledged, her visible song, a marvel,
 Made of perfect sound and exceeding
 passion,
 Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,
 Clothed with the wind's wings.

Then rejoiced she, laughing with love, and
 scattered
 Roses, awful roses of holy blossom;
 Then the Loves thronged sadly with hid-
 den faces
 Round Aphrodite,

Then the Muses, stricken at heart, were
 silent;
 Yea, the gods waxed pale; such a song
 was that song.
 All reluctant, all with a fresh repulsion,
 Fled from before her.

All withdrew long since, and the land was
 barren,
 Full of fruitless women and music only.
 Now perchance, when winds are assuaged
 at sunset,
 Lulled at the dewfall,

By the gray sea-side, unassuaged, un-
 heard of,
 Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of twilight,
 Ghosts of outcast women return lament-
 ing,
 Purged not in Lethe,
 Clothed about with flame and with tears,
 and singing

Songs that move the heart of the shaken
 heaven,
 Songs that break the heart of the earth
 with pity,
 Hearing, to hear them. 1866.

DEDICATION

POEMS AND BALLADS, FIRST SERIES

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,
 The earth gives her streams to the sea;
 There are many, but my gift is single,
 My verses, the first-fruits of me.
 Let the wind take the green and the gray
 leaf
 Cast forth without fruit upon air;
 Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf
 Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in
 legions,
 Dawn drives them before her like
 dreams;
 Time sheds them like snows on strange
 regions,
 Swept shoreward on infinite streams;
 Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
 Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
 Some stained as with wine and made
 bloody,
 And some as with tears.

Some scattered in seven years' traces,
 As they fell from the boy that was then;
 Long left among idle green places;
 Or gathered but now among men;
 On seas full of wonder and peril,
 Blown white round the capes of the
 north;
 Or in islands where myrtles are sterile
 And loves bring not forth.

O daughters of dreams and of stories
 That life is not wearied of yet,
 Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
 Félise and Yolande and Juliette,
 Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
 When sleep, that is true or that seems,
 Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,
 O daughters of dreams?

They are past as a slumber that passes,
 As the dew of a dawn of old time;
 More frail than the shadows on glasses,
 More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.

As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,
 When their hollows are full of the night,
 So the birds that flew singing to meward
 Recede out of sight.

The songs of dead seasons, that wander
 On wings of articulate words;
 Lost leaves that the shore-wind may
 squander,

Light flocks of untameable birds;
 Some sang to me dreaming in class time
 And truant in hand as in tongue;
 For the youngest were born of boy's pas-
 time,
 The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,
 Is there hearing for songs that recede,
 Tunes touched from a harp with men's
 fingers,

Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed?
 Is there place in the land of your labor,
 Is there room in your world of delight,
 Where change has not sorrow for neighbor
 And day has not night?

In their wings though the sea-wind yet
 quivers,

Will you spare not a space for them there
 Made green with the running of rivers
 And gracious with temperate air;
 In the fields and the turreted cities
 That cover from sunshine and rain
 Fair passions and bountiful pities
 And loves without stain?

In a land of clear colors and stories,
 In a region of shadowless hours,
 Where earth has a garment of glories
 And a murmur of musical flowers;
 In woods where the spring half uncovers
 The flush of her amorous face,
 By the waters that listen for lovers,
 For these is there place?

For the song-birds of sorrow, that muffle
 Their music as clouds do their fire:
 For the storm-birds of passion, that ruffle
 Wild wings in a wind of desire;

In the stream of the storm as it settles
 Blown seaward, borne far from the sun,
 Shaken loose on the darkness like petals
 Dropped one after one?

Though the world of your hands be more
 gracious
 And lovelier in lordship of things

Clothed round by sweet art with the
 spacious

Warm heaven of her imminent wings,
 Let them enter, unfledged and nigh faint-
 ing,

For the love of old loves and lost times;
 And receive in your palace of painting
 This revel of rhymes.

Though the seasons of man full of losses
 Make empty the years full of youth,
 If but one thing be constant in crosses,
 Change lays not her hand upon truth;
 Hopes die, and their tombs are for token
 That the grief as the joy of them ends
 Ere time that breaks all men has broken
 The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one
 light,

There is help if the heaven has one;
 Though the skies be discrowned of the
 sunlight

And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
 They have moonlight and sleep for re-
 payment,

When, refreshed as a bride and set free,
 With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
 Night sinks on the sea. 1866.

AN APPEAL

ART thou indeed among these,
 Thou of the tyrannous crew,
 The kingdoms fed upon blood,
 O queen from of old of the seas,
 England, art thou of them too
 That drink of the poisonous flood,
 That hide under poisonous trees?

Nay, thy name from of old,
 Mother, was pure, or we dreamed;
 Purer we held thee than this,
 Purer fain would we hold;
 So goodly a glory it seemed,
 A fame so bounteous of bliss,
 So more precious than gold.

A praise so sweet in our ears,
 That thou in the tempest of things
 As a rock for a refuge shouldst stand,
 In the blood-red river of tears
 Poured forth for the triumph of kings;
 A safeguard, a sheltering land,
 In the thunder and torrent of years.

Strangers came gladly to thee,
 Exiles, chosen of men,
 Safe for thy sake in thy shade,
 Sat down at thy feet and were free.
 So men spake of thee then;
 Now shall their speaking be stayed?
 Ah, so let it not be!

Not for revenge or affright,
 Pride, or a tyrannous lust,
 Cast from thee the crown of thy praise.
 Mercy was thine in thy might;
 Strong when thou wert, thou wert just;
 Now, in the wrong-doing days,
 Cleave thou, thou at least, to the right.

How should one charge thee, how sway,
 Save by the memories that were?
 Not thy gold nor the strength of thy ships,
 Nor the might of thine armies at bay,
 Made thee, mother, most fair;
 But a word from republican lips
 Said in thy name in thy day.

Hast thou said it, and hast thou forgot?
 Is thy praise in thine ears as a scoff?
 Blood of men guiltless was shed,
 Children, and souls without spot,
 Shed, but in places far off;
Let slaughter no more be, said
 Milton; and slaughter was not.

Was it not said of thee too,
 Now, but now, by thy foes,
 By the slaves that had slain their France
 And thee would slay as they slew —
 "Down with her walls that enclose
 Freemen that eye us askance,
 Fugitives, men that are true!"

This was thy praise or thy blame
 From bondsman or freeman — to be
 Pure from pollution of slaves,
 Clean of their sins, and thy name
 Bloodless, innocent, free;
 Now if thou be not, thy waves
 Wash not from off thee thy shame.

Freeman he is not, but slave,
 Whoso in fear for the State
 Cries for surety of blood,
 Help of gibbet and grave;
 Neither is any land great
 Whom, in her fear-stricken mood,
 These things only can save.

Lo! how fair from afar,
 Taintless of tyranny, stands
 Thy mighty daughter, for years
 Who trod the winepress of war, —
 Shines with immaculate hands;
 Slays not a foe, neither fears;
 Stains not peace with a scar.

Be not as tyrant or slave,
 England; be not as these,
 Thou that wert other than they.
 Stretch out thine hand, but to save;
 Put forth thy strength, and release:
 Lest there arise, if thou slay,
 Thy shame as a ghost from the grave.
 November, 1867.

HERTHA

I AM that which began;
 Out of me the years roll;
 Out of me God and man;
 I am equal and Whole;
 God changes, and man, and the form of
 them bodily; I am the soul.

Before ever land was,
 Before ever the sea,
 Or soft hair of the grass,
 Or fair limbs of the tree,
 Or the flesh-colored fruit of my branches,
 I was, and thy soul was in me.

First life on my sources
 First drifted and swam;
 Out of me are the forces
 That save it or damn;
 Out of me man and woman, and wild-
 beast and bird; before God was, I
 am.

Beside or above me
 Nought is there to go;
 Love or unlove me,
 Unknow me or know,
 I am that which unloves me and loves;
 I am stricken, and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed
 And the arrows that miss,
 I the mouth that is kissed
 And the breath in the kiss,
 The search, and the sought, and the
 seeker, the soul and the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses
 My spirit elate;
 That which caresses
 With hands uncreate
 My limbs unbegotten that measure the
 length of the measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now,
 Looking Godward, to cry
 "I am I, thou art thou,
 I am low, thou art high?"
 I am thou, whom thou seekest to find
 him; find thou but thyself, thou
 art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
 The plough-cloven clod
 And the ploughshare drawn
 thorough,
 The germ and the sod,
 The deed and the doer, the seed and the
 sower, the dust which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned
 thee,
 Child, underground?
 Fire that impassioned thee,
 Iron that bound,
 Dim changes of water, what thing of all
 these hast thou known of or found?

Canst thou say in thine heart
 Thou hast seen with thine eyes
 With what cunning of art
 Thou wast wrought in what
 wise,
 By what force of what stuff thou wast
 shapen, and shown on my breast to
 the skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it
 thee,
 Knowledge of me?
 Hath the wilderness told it thee?
 Hast thou learnt of the sea?
 Hast thou communed in spirit with night?
 have the winds taken counsel with
 thee?

Have I set such a star
 To show light on thy brow
 That thou sawest from afar
 What I show to thee now?
 Have ye spoken as brethren together,
 the sun and the mountains and thou?

What is here, dost thou know it?
 What was, hast thou known?
 Prophet nor poet
 Nor tripod nor throne
 Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer,
 but only thy mother alone.

Mother not maker,
 Born, and not made;
 Though her children forsake her,
 Allured or afraid
 Praying prayers to the God of their
 fashion, she stirs not for all that have
 prayed.

A creed is a rod,
 And a crown is of night;
 But this thing is God,
 To be man with thy might,
 To grow straight in the strength of thy
 spirit, and live out thy life as the
 light.

I am in thee to save thee,
 As my soul in thee saith,
 Give thou as I gave thee,
 Thy life-blood and breath,
 Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers
 of thy thought, and red fruit of thy
 death.

Be the ways of thy giving
 As mine were to thee;
 The free life of thy living,
 Be the gift of it free;
 Not as servant to lord, nor as master to
 slave, shalt thou give thee to me.

O children of banishment,
 Souls overcast,
 Were the lights ye see vanish meant
 Always to last,
 Ye would know not the sun overshadowing
 the shadows and stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
 The dim paths of the night
 Set the shadow called God
 In your skies to give light;
 But the morning of manhood is risen, and
 the shadowless soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
 That swells to the sky
 With frondage red-fruited,
 The life-tree am I;
 In the buds of your lives is the sap of my
 leaves: ye shall live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
That take and that give,
In their pity and passion
That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark
that falls off: they shall die and not
live.

My own blood is what stanches
The wounds in my bark:
Stars caught in my branches
Make day of the dark,
And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise
shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
The live roots of the tree,
In my darkness the thunder
Makes utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other
ye hear the waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
As his feathers are spread
And his feet set to climb
Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and
rustles, and branches are bent with
his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
Blow through me and cease,
The war-wind that rages,
The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my
tresses, ere one of my blossoms in-
crease.

All sounds of all changes,
All shadows and lights
On the world's mountain-ranges
And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and
language of storm-clouds on earth-
shaking nights;

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsearchable places
Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and
all ruins, drop through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,

Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings
above me or death worms below.

These too have their part in me.
As I too in these;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's,
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets
of infinite lands and of seas.

In the spring-colored hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of man-
hood, shot out from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing
And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect
with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be;
I have need not of prayer;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air;
That my heart may be greater within me,
beholding the fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faith ye espouse;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now your God that ye made you,
to feed him with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses ador'd,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels
are red with the wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful?
Was it hard to be free?
For behold, I am with you, am in you
and of you; look forth now and see.

Lo, wing'd with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,

God trembles in heaven, and his angels
are white with the terror of God.

For his twilight is come on him,
His anguish is here;
And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
Grown gray from his fear;
And his hour taketh hold on him stricken,
the last of his infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks
him,
Truth slays and forgives;
But to you, as time takes him,
This new thing it gives,
Even love, the beloved Republic, that
feeds upon freedom and lives.

For truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;
Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my
body, and seed of my soul.

One birth of my bosom;
One beam of mine eye;
One topmost blossom
That scales the sky;
Man, equal and one with me, man that is
made of me, man that is I. 1871.

THE PILGRIMS

"Who is your lady of love, O ye that
pass
Singing? and is it for sorrow of that
which was
That ye sing sadly, or dream of what
shall be?
For gladly at once and sadly it seems
ye sing."
— "Our lady of love by you is unbeholden
For hands she hath none, nor eyes, nor
lips, nor golden
Treasure of hair, nor face nor form;
But we
That love, we know her more fair
than any thing."

— "Is she a queen, having great gifts to
give?"

— "Yea, these: that whoso hath seen
her shall not live

Except he serve her sorrowing, with
strange pain,
Travail and bloodshedding and
bitterer tears;
And when she bids die he shall surely die.
And he shall leave all things under the sky,
And go forth naked under sun and rain,
And work and wait and watch out
all his years."

— "Hath she on earth no place of habita-
tion?"

— "Age to age calling, nation answering
nation,
Cries out, Where is she? and there is
none to say;
For if she be not in the spirit of men,
For if in the inward soul she hath no place,
In vain they cry unto her, seeking her face,
In vain their mouths make much of
her; for they
Cry with vain tongues, till the heart
lives again."

— "O ye that follow, and have ye no
repentance?"

For on your brows is written a mortal
sentence,
An hieroglyph of sorrow, a fiery sign,
That in your lives ye shall not pause
or rest,
Nor have the sure sweet common love,
nor keep
Friends and safe days, nor joy of life nor
sleep."

— "These have we not, who have one
thing, the divine
Face and clear eyes of faith and fruit-
ful breast."

— "And ye shall die before your thrones
be won."

— "Yea, and the changed world and the
liberal sun

Shall move and shine without us, and
we lie

Dead; but if she too move on earth,
and live,

But if the old world with all the old irons
rent

Laugh and give thanks, shall we be not
content?

Nay, we shall rather live, we shall not
die,

Life being so little, and death so
good to give."

— "And these men shall forget you." —
 "Yea, but we

Shall be a part of the earth and the an-
 cient sea,

And heaven-high air august, and awful
 fire,

And all things good; and no man's
 heart shall beat

But somewhat in it of our blood once
 shed

Shall quiver and quicken, as now in us
 the dead

Blood of men slain and the old same
 life's desire

Plants in their fiery footprints our
 fresh feet."

— "But ye that might be clothed with all
 things pleasant,

Ye are foolish that put off the fair soft
 present,

That clothe yourselves with the cold
 future air;

When mother and father and tender
 sister and brother

And the old live love that was shall be
 as ye,

Dust, and no fruit of loving life shall
 be."

— "She shall be yet who is more than
 all these were,

Than sister or wife or father unto us
 or mother."

— "Is this worth life, is this, to win for
 wages?

Lo, the dead mouths of the awful gray-
 grown ages,

The venerable, in the past that is their
 prison,

In the outer darkness, in the unopen-
 ing grave,

Laugh, knowing how many as ye now say
 have said,

How many, and all are fallen, are fallen
 and dead:

Shall ye dead rise, and these dead have
 not risen?"

— "Not we but she, who is tender
 and swift to save."

— "Are ye not weary and faint not by
 the way,

Seeing night by night devoured of day
 by day,

Seeing hour by hour consumed in sleep-
 less fire?

Sleepless; and ye too, when shall ye
 too sleep?"

— "We are weary in heart and head, in
 hands and feet,

And surely more than all things sleep were
 sweet, —

Than all things save the inexorable
 desire

Which whoso knoweth shall neither
 faint nor weep."

— "Is this so sweet that one were fain to
 follow?

Is this so sure where all men's hopes are
 hollow,

Even this your dream, that by much
 tribulation

Ye shall make whole flawed hearts,
 and bowed necks straight?"

— "Nay, though our life were blind, our
 death were fruitless,

Not therefore were the whole world's
 high hope rootless;

But man to man, nation would turn to
 nation,

And the old life live, and the old
 great word be great."

— "Pass on, then, and pass by us, and
 let us be,

For what light think ye after life to see?
 And if the world fare better will ye
 know?

And if man triumph who shall seek
 you and say?"

— "Enough of light is this for one life's
 span,

That all men born are mortal, but not
 man;

And we men bring death lives by night
 to sow,

That men may reap and eat and live
 by day."

1871.

TO WALT WHITMAN IN AMERICA

SEND but a song oversea for us,
 Heart of their hearts who are free,

Heart of their singer, to be for us
 More than our singing can be;

Ours, in the tempest at error,
 With no light but the twilight of terror;

Send us a song oversea!

Sweet-smelling of pine leaves and grasses,
And blown as a tree through and through
With the winds of the keen mountain-
passes,

And tender as sun-smitten dew;
Sharp-tongued as the winter that shakes
The wastes of your limitless lakes,
Wide-eyed as the sea-line's blue.

O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the bloodbeats of song,
With tremor of heartstrings magnetic,
With thoughts as thunders in throng,
With consonant ardors of chords
That pierce men's souls as with swords
And hale them hearing along.

Make us, too, music, to be with us
As a word from a world's heart warm,
To sail the dark as a sea with us,
Full-sailed, outsing the storm,
A song to put fire in our ears
Whose burning shall burn up tears,
Whose sign bid battle reform;

A note in the ranks of a clarion,
A word in the wind of cheer,
To consume as with lightning the carrion
That makes time foul for us here;
In the air that our dead things infest
A blast of the breath of the west,
Till east way as west way is clear.

Out of the sun beyond sunset,
From the evening whence morning
shall be,
With the rollers in measureless onset,
With the van of the storming sea,
With the world-wide wind, with the breath
That breaks ships driven upon death,
With the passion of all things free,

With the sea-steeds footless and frantic,
White myriads for death to bestride
In the charge of the ruining Atlantic
Where deaths by regiments ride,
With clouds and clamors of waters,
With a long note shriller than slaughter's
On the furrowless fields world-wide,

With terror, with ardor and wonder,
With the soul of the season that wakes
When the weight of a whole year's thunder
In the tidestream of autumn breaks,
Let the flight of the wide-winged word
Come over, come in and be heard,
Take form and fire for our sakes.

For a continent bloodless with travail
Here toils and brawls as it can,
And the web of it who shall unravel
Of all that peer on the plan;
Would fain grow men, but they grow not,
And fain be free, but they know not
One name for freedom and man?

One name, not twain for division;
One thing, not twain, from the birth;
Spirit and substance and vision,
Worth more than worship is worth;
Unbeheld, unadored, undivined,
The cause, the centre, the mind,
The secret and sense of the earth

Here as a weaking in irons,
Here as a weanling in hands
As a prey that the stake-net environs,
Our life that we looked for stands;
And the man-child naked and dear,
Democracy, turns on us here
Eyes trembling, with tremulous hands.

It sees not what season shall bring to it
Sweet fruit of its bitter desire;
Few voices it hears yet sing to it,
Few pulses of hearts reaspire:
Foresees not time, nor forehears
The noises of imminent years,
Earthquake, and thunder, and fire:

When crowned and weaponed and curb-
less
It shall walk without helm or shield
The bare burnt furrows and herbless
Of war's last flame-stricken field,
Till godlike, equal with time,
It stand in the sun sublime,
In the godhead of man revealed.

Round your people and over them
Light like raiment is drawn,
Close as a garment to cover them
Wrought not of mail nor of lawn:
Here, with hope hardly to wear,
Naked nations and bare
Swim, sink, strike out for the dawn.

Chains are here, and a prison,
Kings, and subjects, and shame:
If the God upon you be arisen,
How should our songs be the same?
How in confusion of change,
How shall we sing, in a strange
Land songs praising his name?

God is buried and dead to us,
 Even the spirit of earth,
 Freedom; so have they said to us,
 Some with mocking and mirth,
 Some with heartbreak and tears:
 And a God without eyes, without ears,
 Who shall sing of him, dead in the birth?

The earth-god Freedom, the lonely
 Face lightening, the footprint unshod.
 Not as one man crucified only
 Nor scourged with but one life's rod:
 The soul that is substance of nations,
 Reincarnate with fresh generations;
 The great god Man, which is God.

But in weariest of years and obscurest
 Doth it live not at heart of all things
 The one God and one spirit, a purest
 Life, fed from unstanchable springs?
 Within love, within hatred it is,
 And its seed in the stripe as the kiss,
 And in slaves is the germ, and in kings.

Freedom we call it, for holier
 Name of the soul's there is none;
 Surelier it labors, if slower,
 Than the metres of star or of sun;
 Slowlier than life unto breath,
 Surelier than time unto death,
 It moves till its labor be done.

Till the motion be done and the measure
 Circling through season and clime,
 Slumber and sorrow and pleasure,
 Vision of virtue and crime;
 Till consummate with conquering eyes,
 A soul disembodied, it rise
 From the body transfigured of time.

Till it rise and remain and take station
 With the stars of the world that rejoice;
 Till the voice of its heart's exaltation
 Be as their an invariable voice,
 By no discord of evil estranged,
 By no pause, by no breach in it changed,
 By no clash in the chord of its choice.

It is one with the world's generations,
 With the spirit, the star, and the sod:
 With the kingless and king-stricken
 nations,
 With the cross, and the chain, and the
 rod;
 The most high, the most secret, most lonely,
 The earth-soul Freedom, that only
 Lives, and that only is God. 1871.

FROM MATER TRIUMPHALIS

[TO LIBERTY]

I AM thine harp between thine hands,
 O mother!
 All my strong chords are strained with
 love of thee.
 We grapple in love and wrestle, as each
 with other
 Wrestle the wind and the reluctant
 sea.

I am no courtier of thee sober-suited,
 Who loves a little for a little pay.
 Me not thy winds and storms, nor thrones
 disrooted,
 Nor molten crowns, nor thine own
 sins, dismay.

Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art
 thou sinless;
 Stained hast thou been, who art there-
 fore without stain;
 Even as man's soul is kin to thee, but
 kinless
 Thou, in whose womb Time sows the
 all-various grain.

I do not bid thee spare me, O dreadful
 mother!
 I pray thee that thou spare not, of thy
 grace.
 How were it with me then, if ever another
 Should come to stand before thee in
 this my place?

I am the trumpet at thy lips, thy clarion,
 Full of thy cry, sonorous with thy
 breath;
 The graves of souls born worms, and
 creeds grown carrion
 Thy blast of judgment fills with fires
 of death.

Thou art the player whose organ-keys
 are thunders,
 And I, beneath thy foot, the pedal
 pressed;
 Thou art the ray whereat the rent night
 sunders,
 And I the cloudlet borne upon thy
 breast.

I shall burn up before thee, pass and
 perish,
 As haze in sunrise on the red sea-line;

But thou from dawn to sunseting shalt
cherish
The thoughts that led and souls that
lighted mine.

Reared between night and noon and truth
and error,
Each twilight-travelling bird that trills
and screams
Sickens at midday, nor can face for
terror
The imperious heaven's inevitable
extremes.

I have no spirit of skill with equal
fingers
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings;
I keep no time of song with gold-perched
singers
And chirp of linnets on the wrists of
kings.

I am thy storm-thrush of the days that
darken,
Thy petrel in the foam that bears thy
bark
To port through night and tempest: if
thou hearken,
My voice is in thy heaven before the
lark.

My song is in the mist that hides thy
morning,
My cry is up before the day for thee;
I have heard thee and beheld thee and
give warning,
Before thy wheels divide the sky and
sea.

Birds shall wake with thee voiced and
feathered fairer,
To see in summer what I see in spring;
I have eyes and heart to endure thee, O
thunder-bearer,
And they shall be who shall have
tongues to sing.

I have love at least, and have not fear,
and part not
From thine unnavigable and wingless
way;
Thou tarriest, and I have not said thou
art not,
Nor all thy night long have denied thy
day.

Darkness to daylight shall lift up thy
pæan,
Hill to hill thunder, vale cry back to
vale,
With wind-notes as of eagles Æschylean,
And Sappho singing in the nightin-
gale.

Sung to by mighty sons of dawn and
daughters,
Of this night's songs thine ear shall
keep but one, —
That supreme song which shook the
channelled waters,
And called thee skyward as God calls
the sun.

Come, though all heaven again be fire
above thee;
Though death before thee come to clear
thy sky;
Let us but see in his thy face who love
thee;
Yea, though thou slay us, arise, and let
us die. 1871.

COR CORDIUM

[SHELLEY]

O HEART of hearts, the chalice of love's
fire,
Hid round with flowers and all the bounty
of bloom;
O wonderful and perfect heart, for whom
The lyrist liberty made life a lyre;
O heavenly heart, at whose most dear
desire
Dead love, living and singing, cleft his
tomb,
And with him risen and regent in death's
room
All day thy choral pulses rang full
choir;
O heart whose beating blood was running
song,
O sole thing sweeter than thine own songs
were,
Help us for thy free love's sake to be
free,
True for thy truth's sake, for thy
strength's sake strong,
Till very liberty make clean and fair
The nursing earth as the sepulchral sea.
1871.

"NON DOLET"

It does not hurt. She looked along the
knife
Smiling, and watched the thick drops
mix and run
Down the sheer blade; not that which
had been done
Could hurt the sweet sense of the Roman
wife,
But that which was to do yet ere the
strife
Could end for each forever, and the
sun:
Nor was the palm yet nor was peace yet
won
While pain had power upon her husband's
life.
It does not hurt, Italia. Thou art
more
Than bride to bridegroom; how shalt
thou not take
The gift love's blood has reddened for
thy sake?
Was not thy lifeblood given for us be-
fore?
And if love's heartblood can avail thy
need,
And thou not die, how should it hurt
indeed? 1871.

THE OBLATION

Ask nothing more of me, sweet,
All I can give you I give.
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet:
Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar.

All things were nothing to give
Once to have sense of you more,
Touch you and taste of you, sweet,
Think you and breathe you and live,
Swept of your wings as they soar,
Trodden by chance of your feet.

I that have love and no more
Give you but love of you, sweet:
He that hath more, let him give;
He that hath wings, let him soar;
Mine is the heart at your feet
Here, that must love you to live.
1871.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland
and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between wind-
ward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland
island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn en-
closes
The steep square slope of the blossom-
less bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the
graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and
broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone
land.
If a step should sound or a word be
spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange
guest's hand?
So long have the gray bare walks lain
guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man
make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's,
restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to
climb
To the strait waste place that the years
have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched
not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is
taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the
plain;
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-
shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that
falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed
plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the
nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose
to reply.

Over the meadows that blossom and
wither,
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song.
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sear, and the rain di-
shevels

One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless
breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as
death.

Here there was laughing of old, there was
weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred
sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood,
"Look thither,"

Did he whisper? "Look forth from
the flowers to the sea;

For the foam-flowers endure when the
rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die —
But we?"

And the same wind sang, and the same
waves whitened,

And or ever the garden's last petals
were shed,

In the lips that had whispered, the eyes
that had lightened,

Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then
went whither?

And were one to the end — but what
end who knows?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the
rose.

Shall the dead take thought for the dead
to love them?

What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above
them

Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields
and the sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been
hovers

In the air now soft with a summer to be.

Not a breath shall there sweeten the
seasons hereafter

Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh
now or weep,

When, as they that are free now of weep-
ing and laughter,

We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for-
ever;

Here change may come not till all
change end.

From the graves they have made they
shall rise up never,

Who have left naught living to ravage
and rend.

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild
ground growing,

When the sun and the rain live, these
shall be;

Till a last wind's breath upon all these
blowing

Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff
crumble,

Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs
drink,

Till the strength of the waves of the high
tides humble

The fields that lessen, the rocks that
shrink,

Here now in his triumph where all things
falter,

Stretched out on the spoils that his
own hand spread,

As a god self-slain on his own strange
altar,

Death lies dead.

July, 1876.

A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND

I HID my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;

In a softer bed than the soft white snow's
is,

Under the roses I hid my heart.

Why would it sleep not? why should
it start,

When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and
part?

Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing
 closes,
 And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's
 dart;
 Lie still, for the wind on the warm seas
 dozes,
 And the wind is unquieter yet than
 thou art.

Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's
 wound smart?
 Does the fang still fret thee of hope de-
 ferred?

What bids the lips of thy sleep dispart?
 Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm en-
 closes,

It never was writ in the traveller's
 chart,

And sweet on its trees as the fruit that
 grows is,

It never was sold in the merchant's
 mart.

The swallows of dreams through its dim
 fields dart,

And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops
 heard;

No hound's note wakens the wildwood
 hart,

Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOI

In the world of dreams I have chosen my
 part,

To sleep for a season and hear no word
 Of true love's truth or of light love's art,

Only the song of a secret bird.
 September, 1876.

A BALLAD OF FRANÇOIS VILLON,

PRINCE OF ALL BALLAD-MAKERS

BIRD of the bitter bright gray golden
 morn,

Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous
 years,

First of us all and sweetest singer born,
 Whose far shrill note the world of new
 men hears

Cleave the cold shuddering shade as
 twilight clears;

When song new-born put off the old
 world's attire

And felt its tune on her changed lips ex-
 pire,

Writ foremost on the roll of them that
 came

Fresh girt for service of the latter lyre,
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
 name!

Alas, the joy, the sorrow, and the scorn,
 That clothed thy life with hopes and

sins and fears,
 And gave thee stones for bread and tares
 for corn

And plume-plucked gaol-birds for thy
 starveling peers,

Till death clipt close their flight with
 shameful shears;

Till shifts came short and loves were
 hard to hire,

When lit of song nor twitch of twangling
 wire

Could buy thee bread or kisses; when
 light fame

Spurned like a ball and haled through
 brake and briar,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
 name!

Poor splendid wings so frayed and soiled
 and torn!

Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with
 light quick tears!

Poor perfect voice, most blithe when most
 forlorn,

That rings athwart the sea whence no
 man steers,

Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells
 in our ears!

What far delight has cooled the fierce
 desire

That, like some ravenous bird, was
 strong to tire

On that frail flesh and soul consumed
 with flame,

But left more sweet than roses to re-
 spire,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
 name?

ENVOI

Prince of sweet songs made out of tears
 and fire,

A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;
 Shame soiled thy song, and song
 assoiled thy shame.

But from thy feet now death has washed
the mire,
Love reads out first at head of all our
quire,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
name. September, 1877.

TO LOUIS KOSSUTH

LIGHT of our fathers' eyes, and in our
own
Star of the unsetting sunset! for thy
name
That on the front of noon was as a flame
In the great year nigh twenty years
agone
When all the heavens of Europe shook
and shone
With stormy wind and lightning, keeps
its fame
And bears its witness all day through the
same;
Not for past days and great deeds past
alone,
Kossuth, we praise thee as our Landor
praised,
But that now too we know thy voice up-
raised,
Thy voice, the trumpet of the truth of
God,
Thine hand, the thunder-bearer's, raised
to smite
As with heaven's lightning for a sword and
rod
Men's heads abased before the Musco-
vite. February, 1878.

CHILD'S SONG

WHAT is gold worth, say,
Worth for work or play,
Worth to keep or pay,
Hide or throw away,
Hope about or fear?
What is love worth, pray?
Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould
Lie the dead leaves rolled
Of the wet woods old,
Yellow leaves and cold,
Woods without a dove;
Gold is worth but gold;
Love's worth love. 1878.

TRIADS

I

THE word of the sun to the sky,
The word of the wind to the sea,
The word of the moon to the night,
What may it be?

The sense of the flower to the fly,
The sense of the bird to the tree,
The sense of the cloud to the light,
Who can tell me?

The song of the fields to the kye,
The song of the lime to the bee,
The song of the depth to the height,
Who knows all three?

II

The message of April to May,
That May sends on into June
And June gives out to July
For birthday boon;

The delight of the dawn in the day,
The delight of the day in the noon,
The delight of a song in a sigh
That breaks the tune;

The secret of passing away,
The cast of the change of the moon,
None knows it with ear or with eye,
But all will soon.

III

The live wave's love for the shore,
The shore's for the wave as it dies,
The love of the thunder-fire
That sears the skies —

We shall know not though life wax
hoar,
Till all life, spent into sighs,
Burn out as consumed with desire
Of death's strange eyes;

Till the secret be secret no more
In the light of one hour as it flies,
Be the hour as of suns that expire
Or suns that rise. 1878.

ON THE CLIFFS

ἰμερόφωνος ἀηδών. — SAPPHO.

BETWEEN the moondawn and the sun-
down here
The twilight hangs half starless; half
the sea
Still quivers as for love or pain or fear
Or pleasure mightier than these all may
be.
A man's live heart might beat
Wherein a God's with mortal blood should
meet
And fill its pulse too full to bear the
strain
With fear or love or pleasure's twin-born
pain.
Fiercely the gaunt woods to the grim
soil cling
That bears for all fair fruits
Wan wild sparse flowers of windy and
wintry spring
Between the tortive serpent-shapen roots
Wherethrough their dim growth hardly
strikes and shoots
And shows one gracious thing;
Hardly, to speak for summer one sweet
word
Of summer's self scarce heard.
But higher the steep green sterile fields,
thicket
With flowerless hawthorn even to the
upward verge
Whence the woods gathering watch new
cliffs emerge,
Higher than their highest of crowns that
sea-winds fret,
Holds fast, for all that night or wind can
say,
Some pale pure color yet,
Too dim for green and luminous for gray.
Between the climbing inland-cliffs above
And these beneath that breast and break
the bay,
A barren peace too soft for hate or love
Broods on an hour too dim for night or
day.
O wind, O wingless wind that walk'st the
sea,
Weak wind, wing-broken, wearier wind
than we,
Who are yet not spirit-broken, maimed
like thee,
Who wail not in our inward night as thou
In the outer darkness now,

What word has the old sea given thee for
mine ear
From thy faint lips to hear?
For some word would she send me, know-
ing not how.

Nay, what far other word
Than ever of her was spoken, or of me
Or all my winged white kinsfolk of the sea
Between fresh wave and wave was ever
heard,
Cleaves the clear dark enwinding tree
with tree
Too close for stars to separate and to see
Enmeshed in multitudinous unity?
What voice of what strong God hath
stormed and stirred
The fortified rock of silence, rent apart
Even to the core Night's all maternal
heart?
What voice of God grown heavenlier in a
bird,
Made keener of edge to smite
Than lightning, — yea, thou knowest, O
mother Night,
Keen as that cry from thy strange chil-
dren sent¹
Wherewith the Athenian judgment-
shrine was rent,
For wrath that all their wrath was vainly
spent,
Their wrath for wrong made right
By justice in her own divine despite
That bade pass forth unblamed
The sinless matricide and unashamed?
Yea, what new cry is this, what note
more bright
Than their song's wing of words was dark
of flight,
What word is this thou hast heard,
Thine and not thine or theirs, O Night,
what word
More keen than lightning and more sweet
than light?
As all men's hearts grew godlike in one
bird
And all those hearts cried on thee, crying
with might,
Hear us, O mother Night!

Dumb is the mouth of darkness as of death:
Light, sound and life are one
In the eyes and lips of dawn that draw the
sun

¹ In Aeschylus' *Eumenides*.

To hear what first child's word with glimmering breath
 Their weak wan weanling child the twilight saith;
 But night makes answer none.

God, if thou be god, — bird, if bird thou be, —

Do thou then answer me.
 For but one word, what wind soever blow,

Is blown up usward ever from the sea.
 In fruitless years of youth dead long ago
 And deep beneath their own dead leaves and snow

Buried, I heard with bitter heart and sere
 The same sea's word unchangeable, nor knew

But that mine own life-days were changeless too,

And sharp and salt with unshed tear on tear,

And cold and fierce and barren; and my soul,

Sickening, swam weakly with bated breath

In a deep sea like death,
 And felt the wind buffet her face with brine

Hard, and harsh thought on thought in long bleak roll

Blown by keen gusts of memory sad as thine

Heap the weight up of pain, and break, and leave

Strength scarce enough to grieve
 In the sick heavy spirit, unmanned with strife

Of waves that beat at the tired lips of life.

Nay, sad may be man's memory, sad may be

The dream he weaves him as for shadow of thee,

But scarce one breathing-space, one heartbeat long,

Wilt thou take shadow of sadness on thy song.

Not thou, being more than man or man's desire,

Being bird and God in one,
 With throat of gold and spirit of the sun;

The sun whom all our souls and songs call sire,

Whose godhead gave thee, chosen of all our quire,

Thee only of all that serve, of all that sing
 Before our sire and king,

Borne up some space on time's world-wandering wing,

This gift, this doom, to bear till time's wing tire —

Life everlasting of eternal fire.

Thee only of all; yet can no memory say
 How many a night and day

My heart has been as thy heart, and my life

As thy life is, a sleepless hidden thing,
 Full of the thirst and hunger of winter

and spring,
 That seeks its food not in such love or strife

As fill men's hearts with passionate hours and rest.

From no loved lips and on no loving breast

Have I sought ever for such gifts as bring
 Comfort, to stay the secret soul with sleep.

The joys, the loves, the labors, whence men reap

Rathe fruit of hopes and fears,
 I have made not mine; the best of all my days

Have been as those fair fruitless summer strays,

Those water-waifs that but the sea-wind steers,

Flakes of glad foam or flowers on footless ways

That take the wind in season and the sun,

And when the wind wills is their season done.

For all my days as all thy days from birth

My heart as thy heart was in me as thee,
 Fire; and not all the fountains of the sea

Have waves enough to quench it, nor on earth

Is fuel enough to feed,
 While day sows night, and night sows day

for seed.

We were not marked for sorrow, thou nor I,

For joy nor sorrow, sister, were we made,
 To take delight and grief to live and die,

Assuaged by pleasures or by pains afayed

That melt men's hearts and alter; we
retain
A memory mastering pleasure and all
pain,
A spirit within the sense of ear and eye,
A soul behind the soul, that seeks and
sings
And makes our life move only with its
wings
And feed but from its lips, that in return
Feed of our hearts wherein the old fires
that burn
Have strength not to consume
Nor glory enough to exalt us past our
doom.

Ah, ah, the doom (thou knowest whence
rang that wail)

Of the shrill nightingale!

(From whose wild lips, thou knowest, that
wail was thrown)

*For round about her have the great gods cast
A wing-borne body, and clothed her close and
fast*

*With a sweet life that hath no part in moan.
But me, for me* (how hadst thou heart to
hear?)

*Remains a sundering with the two-edged
spear.*

Ah, for her doom! so cried in presage then
The bodeful bonds slave of the king of
men,

And might not win her will.

Too close the entangling dragnet woven
of crime,

The snare of ill new-born of elder ill.

The curse of new time for an elder time,
Had caught and held her yet,
Enmeshed intolerably in the intolerant
net,

Who thought with craft to mock the
God most high,

And win by wiles his crown of prophecy
From the sun's hand sublime,
As God were man, to spare or to forget,

But thou, — the gods have given thee and
forgiven thee

More than our master gave

That strange-eyed, spirit-wounded,
strange-tongued slave

There questing houndlike where the
roofs red-wet

Reeked as a wet red grave.

Life everlasting has their strange grace
given thee,

Even hers whom thou wast wont to sing
and serve

With eyes, but not with song, too swift
to swerve;

Yet might not even thine eyes estranged
estrangle her,

Who seeing thee too, but inly, burn and
bleed

Like that pale princess-priest of Priam's
seed,

For stranger service gave thee guerdon,
stranger

If this indeed be guerdon, this indeed

Her mercy, this thy meed —

That thou, being more than all we born,
being higher

Than all heads crowned of him that only
gives

The light whereby man lives,

The bay that bids man moved of God's
desire

Lay hand on lute or lyre,

Set lip to trumpet or deflowered green
reed —

If this were given thee for a grace indeed,
That thou, being first of all these, thou
alone

Shouldst have the grace to die not, but
to live,

And loose nor change one pulse of song,
one tone

Of all that were thy lady's and thine own,
The lady's whom thou criest on to for-
give,

Thou, priest and sacrifice on the altar-
stone

Where none may worship not of all that
live,

Love's priestess, errant on dark ways
diverse;

If this were grace indeed for Love to
give,

If this indeed were blessing and no curse.

Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy
of song,

Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain
of love,

Name above all names that are lights
above,

We have lov'd, prais'd, pitied, crown'd,
and done thee wrong,

O thou past praise and pity; thou the
sole

Utterly deathless, perfect only and whole
Immortal, body and soul.

For over all whom time hath overpast
 The shadow of sleep inexorable is cast,
 The implacable sweet shadow of perfect
 sleep
 That gives not back what life gives death
 to keep;
 Yea, all that liv'd and lov'd and sang and
 sinn'd
 Are all borne down death's cold, sweet,
 soundless wind
 That blows all night and knows not whom
 its breath,
 Darkling, may touch to death:
 But one that wind hath touch'd and
 changed not, — one
 Whose body and soul are parcel of the
 sun;
 One that earth's fire could burn not, nor
 the sea
 Quench; nor might human doom take
 hold on thee;
 All praise, all pity, all dreams have done
 thee wrong,
 All love, with eyes love-blinded from
 above;
 Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain
 of love,
 Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy
 song.
 Hast thou none other answer then for
 me
 Than the air may have of thee,
 Or the earth's warm woodlands girdling
 with green girth
 Thy secret, sleepless, burning life on
 earth,
 Or even the sea that once, being woman
 crown'd
 And girt with fire and glory of anguish
 round,
 Thou wert so fain to seek to, fain to crave
 If she would hear thee and save
 And give thee comfort of thy great green
 grave?
 Because I have known thee always who
 thou art,
 Thou knowest, have known thee to thy
 heart's own heart,
 Nor ever have given light ear to storied
 song
 That did thy sweet name sweet unwitting
 wrong,
 Nor ever have called thee nor would call
 for shame,
 Thou knowest, but inly, by thine only
 name,

Sappho — because I have known thee
 and loved, hast thou
 None other answer now?
 As brother and sister were we, child and
 bird,
 Since thy first Lesbian word
 Flamed on me, and I knew not whence I
 knew
 This was the song that struck my whole
 soul through,
 Pierced my keen spirit of sense with edge
 more keen,
 Even when I knew not — even ere sooth
 was seen —
 When thou wast but the tawny sweet
 winged thing
 Whose cry was but of spring.
 And yet even so thine ear should hear
 me — yea,
 Hear me this nightfall by this northland
 bay,
 Even for their sake whose loud good word
 I had,
 Singing of thee in the all-beloved clime
 Once, where the windy wine of spring
 makes mad
 Our sisters of Majano, who kept time
 Clear to my choral rhyme.
 Yet was the song acclaimed of these aloud
 Whose praise had made mute humble-
 ness misproud,
 The song with answering song applauded
 thus,
 But of that Daulian dream of Itylus.
 So but for love's love haply was it — nay,
 How else? — that even their song took
 my song's part,
 For love of love and sweetness of sweet
 heart,
 Or god-given glorious madness of mid May
 And heat of heart and hunger and thirst
 to sing,
 Full of the new wine of the wind of spring.
 Or if this were not, and it be not sin
 To hold myself in spirit of thy sweet kin,
 In heart and spirit of song;
 If this my great love do thy grace no wrong,
 Thy grace that gave me grace to dwell
 therein;
 If thy gods thus be my gods, and their will
 Made my song part of thy song — even
 such part
 As man's hath of God's heart —
 And my life like as thy life to fulfil;

What have our gods then given us?
 Ah, to thee,
 Sister, much more, much happier than
 to me,
 Much happier things they have given,
 and more of grace

Than falls to man's light race;
 For lighter are we, all our love and pain
 Lighter than thine, who knowest of time
 or place

Thus much, that place nor time
 Can heal or hurt or lull or change again
 The singing soul that makes his soul
 sublime

Who hears the far fall of its fire-fledged
 rhyme

Fill darkness as with bright and burning
 rain,

Till all the live gloom inly glows, and
 light

Seems with the sound to cleave the core
 of night.

The singing soul that moves thee, and
 that moved

When thou wast woman, and their songs
 divine

Who mixed for Grecian mouths heaven's
 lyric wine

Fell dumb, fell down reproved
 Before one sovereign Lesbian song of
 thine.

That soul, though love and life had fain
 held fast,

Wind-winged with fiery music, rose and
 past

Through the indrawn hollow of earth and
 heaven and hell,

As through some straight sea-shell
 The wide sea's immemorial song, — the
 sea

That sings and breathes in strange men's
 ears of thee

How in her barren bride bed, void and
 vast,

Even thy soul sang itself to sleep at last.

To sleep? Ah, then, what song is this,
 that here

Makes all the night one ear,
 One ear fulfilled and mad with music,
 one

Heart kindling as the heart of heaven, to
 hear

A song more fiery than the awakening
 sun

Sings, when his song sets fire
 To the air and clouds that build the dead
 night's pyre?

*O thou of divers-colored mind, O thou
 Deathless, God's daughter, subtle-souled*
 — lo, now,

Now to the song above all songs, in flight
 Higher than the day-star's height,
 And sweet as sound the moving wings
 of night!

Thou of the divers-colored seat — behold,
 Her very song of old! —

O deathless, O God's daughter, subtle-soul'd!
 That same cry through this boskage
 overhead

Rings round reiterated,
 Palpitates as the last palpitated,
 The last that panted through her lips
 and died

Not down this gray north sea's half
 sapped cliff-side

That crumbles toward the coastline, year
 by year

More near the sands and near;
 The last loud lyric fiery cry she cried,
 Heard once on heights Leucadian, —
 heard not here.

Not here; for this that fires our north-
 land night,

This is the song that made
 Love fearful, even the heart of love afraid,
 With the great anguish of its great delight.
 No swan-song, no far-fluttering half-
 drawn breath.

No word that love of love's sweet nature
 saith,

No dirge that lulls the narrowing lids of
 death,

No healing hymn of peace-prevented
 strife, —

This is her song of life.

*I loved thee, — hark, one tenderer note
 than all —*

*Atthis, of old time, once — one low long
 fall,*

*Sighing — one long low lovely loveless
 call,*

*Dying — one pause in song so flamelike
 fast —*

Atthis, long since in old time overpast —
 One soft first pause and last,

One, — then the old rage of rapture's
 fieriest rain

Storms all the music-maddened night
 again.

Child of God, close craftswoman, I beseech thee

Bid not ache nor agony break nor master, Lady, my spirit —

O thou her mistress, might her cry not reach thee?

Our Lady of all men's loves, could Love go past her,

Pass, and not hear it?

She hears not as she heard not : hears not me,

O trebled-natured mystery — how should she

Hear, or give ear? — who heard and heard not thee;

Heard and went past, and heard not; but all time

Hears all that all the ravin of his years Hath cast not wholly out of all men's ears

And dullest to death with deep dense funeral chime

Of their reiterate rhyme.

And now of all songs uttering all her praise,

All hers who had thy praise and did thee wrong,

Abides one song yet of her lyric days, Thine only, this thy song.

O soul triune, woman and god and bird, Man, man at least has heard.

All ages call thee conqueror, and thy cry

The mightiest as the least beneath the sky

Whose heart was ever set to song, or stirred

With wind of mounting music blown more high

Than wildest wing may fly,

Hath heard or hears, — even Æschylus as I.

But when thy name was woman, and thy word

Human, — then haply, surely then me-seems

This thy bird's note was heard on earth of none,

Of none save only in dreams.

In all the world then surely was but one Song; as in heaven at highest one sceptred sun

Regent, on earth here surely without fail One only, one imperious nightingale.

Dumb was the field, the woodland mute, the lawn

Silent; the hill was tongueless as the vale

Even when the last fair waif of cloud that felt

Its heart beneath the coloring moonrays melt,

At high midnoon of midnight half withdrawn,

Bared all the sudden deep divine moon-dawn.

Then, unsaluted by her twin-born tune, That latter timeless morning of the moon

Rose past its hour of moonrise; clouds gave way

To the old reconquering ray, But no song answering made it more

than day; No cry of song by night

Shot fire into the cloud-constraining light. One only, one Æolian island heard

Thrill, but through no bird's throat, In one strange manlike maiden's godlike

note, The song of all these as a single bird;

Till the sea's portal was as funeral gate For that sole singer in all time's ageless

date Singled and signed for so triumphal fate, All nightingales but one in all the world

All her sweet life were silent; only then, When her life's wing of womanhood was

furled, Their cry, this cry of thine was heard

again, As of me now, of any born of men.

Through sleepless clear spring nights filled full of thee,

Rekindled here, thy ruling song has thrilled

The deep dark air and subtle tender sea And breathless hearts with one bright

sound fulfilled. Or at midnoon to me

Swimming, and birds about my happier head

Skimming, one smooth soft way by water and air,

To these my bright born brethren and to me

Hath not the clear wind borne or seemed to bear

A song wherein all earth and heaven and sea

Were molten in one music made of thee
To enforce us, O our sister of the shore,
Look once in heart back landward and
adore?

For songless were we seamews, yet had
we

More joy than all things joyful of thee —
more,

Haply, than all things happiest; nay,
save thee,

In thy strong rapture of imperious joy
Too high for heart of sea-borne bird or
boy,

What living things were happiest if not
we?

But knowing not love nor change nor
wrath nor wrong,

No more we knew of song.

Song, and the secrets of it, and their
might,

What blessings curse it and what curses
bless,

I know them since my spirit had first in
sight,

Clear as thy song's words or the live sun's
light,

The small dark body's Lesbian loveliness
That held the fire eternal; eye and ear
Were as a god's to see, a god's to hear,
Through all his hours of daily and nightly
chime,

The sundering of the two-edged spear of
time;

The spear that pierces even the seven-
fold shields

Of mightiest Memory, mother of all songs
made,

And wastes all songs as roseleaves kissed
and frayed

As here the harvest of the foam-flowered
fields;

But thine the spear may waste not that he
wields

Since first the God whose soul is man's
live breath,

The sun whose face hath our sun's face
for shade,

Put all the light of life and love and
death

Too strong for life, but not for love too
strong,

Where pain makes peace with pleasure
in thy song,

And in thine heart, where love and song
make strife,

Fire everlasting of eternal life. 1880.

ON THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
Pass, followed one with love and each with
wonder:

The stormy sophist with his mouth of
thunder,

Clothed with loud words and mantled in
the might

Of darkness and magnificence of night;
And one whose eye could smite the night

in sunder,
Searching if light or no light were there—
under,

And found in love of loving-kindness light.
Duty divine and Thought with eyes of
fire

Still following Righteousness with deep
desire

Shone sole and stern before her and
above —

Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more
sweet

Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly
feet, —

The light of little children, and their love.

April, 1881.

SONG FROM MARY STUART

AND ye maun braid your yellow hair,
And busk ye like a bride;

Wi' sevenscore men to bring ye hame,
And ae true love beside:

Between the birk and the green rowan
Fu' blithely shall ye ride.

O ye maun braid my yellow hair,
But braid it like nae bride;

And I maun gang my ways, mither,
Wi' nae true love beside;

Between the kirk and the kirkyard
Fu' sadly shall I ride. 1881.

HOPE AND FEAR

BENEATH the shadow of dawn's aerial
cope,

With eyes enkindled as the sun's own
sphere,

Hope from the front of youth in godlike
cheer

Looks Godward, past the shades where
blind men grope

Round the dark door that prayers nor
dreams can ope,
And makes for joy the very darkness dear
That gives her wide wings play; nor
dreams that fear
At noon may rise and pierce the heart of
hope.
Then, when the soul leaves off to dream
and yearn,
May truth first purge her eyesight to discern
What once being known leaves time no
power to appal;
Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not,
learn
The kind wise word that falls from years
that fall —
“Hope thou not much, and fear thou
not at all.” 1882.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Not if men's tongues and angels' all in
one
Spake, might the word be said that might
speak Thee.
Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields,
mountains, yea, the sea,
What power is in them all to praise the
sun?
His praise is this, — he can be praised of
none.
Man, woman, child, praise God for him;
but he
Exults not to be worshipped, but to be.
He is; and, being, beholds his work well
done.
All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength,
all mirth,
Are his: without him, day were night on
earth.
Time knows not his from time's own
period.
All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes,
all lyres,
Fall dumb before him ere one string
suspires.
All stars are angels; but the sun is God.
1882.

CHILDREN

Or such is the kingdom of heaven.
No glory that ever was shed
From the crowning star of the seven
That crown the north world's head,

No word that ever was spoken
Of human or godlike tongue,
Gave ever such godlike token
Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given
To faithful or faithless eyes
Showed ever beyond clouds riven
So clear a Paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven
And blood have defiled each creed:
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
It must be heaven indeed. 1882.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirr'd,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome roll'd
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale — why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven. 1882.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

If childhood were not in the world;
But only men and women grown,
No baby-locks in tendrils curled,
No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,
And nearer all delights in reach,
And verse and music uttered rarer
Tones of more godlike speech;

Though the utmost life of life's best hours
Found, as it cannot now find, words;
Though desert sands were sweet as
flowers
And flowers could sing like birds,

But children never heard them, never
They felt a child's foot leap and run:
This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun. 1882.

CHILD AND POET

You send me your love in a letter,
I send you my love in a song:
Ah child, your gift is the better,
Mine does you but wrong.

No fame, were the best less brittle,
No praise, were it wide as earth,
Is worth so much as a little
Child's love may be worth.

We see the children above us
As they might angels above:
Come back to us, child, if you love us,
And bring us your love. 1882.

A CHILD'S FUTURE

WHAT will it please you, my darling, here-
after to be?

Fame upon land will you look for, or
glory by sea?

Gallant your life will be always, and all
of it free.

Free as the wind when the heart of the
twilight is stirred

Eastward, and sounds from the springs
of the sunrise are heard:

Free — and we know not another as in-
finite word.

Darkness or twilight or sunlight may
compass us round,

Hate may arise up against us, or hope
may confound;

Love may forsake us; yet may not the
spirit be bound.

Free in oppression of grief as in ardor of
joy.

Still may the soul be, and each to her
strength as a toy:

Free in the glance of the man as the smile
of the boy.

Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit
that gives

Life, and without her is nothing that
verily lives:

Death cannot slay her: she laughs upon
death and forgives.

Brightest and hardiest of roses anear and
afar

Glitters the blithe little face of you, round
as a star:

Liberty bless you and keep you to be as
you are.

England and liberty bless you and keep
you to be

Worthy the name of their child and the
sight of their sea;

Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not,
is free. 1882.

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

I

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furl'd,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurl'd
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurl'd,
They close, clench'd hard like tightening
bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
 Match, even in loveliest lands,
 The sweetest flowers in all the world —
 A baby's hands.

III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
 Ere lips learn words or sighs,
 Bless all things bright enough to win
 A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and
 lies,
 And sleep flows out and in,
 Lies perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
 Their speech make dumb the wise,
 By mute glad godhead felt within
 A baby's eyes. 1883.

IN GUERNSEY

(TO THEODORE WATTS)

I

THE heavenly bay, ringed round with
 cliffs and moors,
 Storm-stained ravines, and crags that
 lawns inlay,
 Soothes as with love the rocks whose
 guard secures
 The heavenly bay.

O friend, shall time take even this away,
 This blessing given of beauty that en-
 dures,
 This glory shown us, not to pass but stay?

Though sight be changed for memory,
 love ensures
 What memory, changed by love to sight,
 would say —
 The word that seals for ever mine and
 yours,
 The heavenly bay.

II

My mother sea, my fortress, what new
 strand,
 What new delight of waters, may this be,
 The fairest found since time's first breezes
 fanned
 My mother sea?

Once more I give my body and soul to
 thee,
 Who hast my soul for ever: cliff and
 sand
 Recede, and heart to heart once more
 are we.

My heart springs first and plunges, ere
 my hand
 Strike out from shore: more close it
 brings to me,
 More near and dear than seems my
 fatherland,
 My mother sea.

III

Across and along, as the bay's breadth
 opens, and o'er us
 Wild autumn exults in the wind, swift
 rapture and strong
 Impels us, and broader the wide waves
 brighten before us
 Across and along.

The whole world's heart is uplifted, and
 knows not wrong;
 The whole world's life is a chant to the
 sea-tide's chorus;
 Are we not as waves of the water, as notes
 of the song?

Like children unworn of the passions and
 toils that wore us,
 We breast for a season the breadth of the
 seas that throng,
 Rejoicing as they, to be borne as of old
 they bore us
 Across and along. 1883.

A SINGING LESSON

FAR-FETCHED and dear bought, as the
 proverb rehearses,
 Is good, or was held so, for ladies; but
 nought
 In a song can be good if the turn of the
 verse is
 Far-fetched and dear bought.

As the turn of a wave should it sound,
 and the thought
 Ring smooth, and as light as the spray
 that disperses
 Be the gleam of the words for the garb
 thereof wrought.

Let the soul in it shine through the sound
 as it pierces
 Men's hearts with possession of music
 unsought;
 For the bounties of song are no jealous
 god's mercies,
 Far-fetched and dear bought.
 1883.

THE ROUNDEL

A ROUNDEL is wrought as a ring or a star-
 bright sphere,
 With craft of delight and with cunning of
 sound unsought,
 That the heart of the hearer may smile
 if to pleasure his ear
 A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of
 aught —
 Love, laughter, or mourning — remem-
 brance of rapture or fear —
 That fancy may fashion to hang in the
 ear of thought.

As a bird's quick song runs round, and
 the hearts in us hear —
 Pause answers to pause, and again the
 same strain caught,
 So moves the device whence, round as a
 pearl or tear,
 A roundel is wrought.

1883.

A SOLITUDE

SEA beyond sea, sand after sweep of
 sand,
 Here ivory smooth, here cloven and ridged
 with flow
 Of channelled waters soft, as rain or
 snow,
 Stretch their lone length at ease beneath
 the bland
 Gray gleam of skies whose smile on wave
 and strand
 Shines weary like a man's who smiles to
 know
 That now no dream can mock his faith
 with show,
 Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land.
 Is there an end at all of all this waste,
 These crumbling cliffs defeatured and
 defaced,

These ruinous heights of sea-sapped walls
 that slide
 Seaward with all their banks of bleak
 blown flowers
 Glad yet of life, ere yet their hope subside
 Beneath the coil of dull dense waves and
 hours?
 June, 1884.

ON A COUNTRY ROAD

ALONG these low pleached lanes, on such
 a day,
 So soft a day as this, through shade and
 sun,
 With glad grave eyes that scanned the
 glad wild way
 And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
 And smile that warmed the world with
 benison,
 Our father, lord long since of lordly
 rhyme,
 Long since hath haply ridden, when the
 lime
 Bloomed broad above him, flowering
 where he came.
 Because thy passage once made warm
 this clime,
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy
 name.

Each year that England clothes herself
 with May,
 She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath
 spun
 Fresh raiment all in vain and strange
 array
 For earth and man's new spirit, fain to
 shun
 Things past for dreams of better to be
 won,
 Through many a century since thy funeral
 chime
 Rang, and men deemed it death's most
 direful crime
 To have spared not thee for very love or
 shame;
 And yet, while mists round last year's
 memories climb,
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy
 name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we
 stray,
 Meseems, might bring us face to face
 with one

Whom seeing we could not but give
thanks, and pray

For England's love our father and her son
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk
and mime,

Who knew not as we know the soul sub-
lime

That sang for song's love more than lust
of fame.

Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy
time,

Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy
name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering
thyme,

Years crowd on years, till hoar decay
begrime

Names once beloved; but seeing the sun
the same,

As birds of autumn fain to praise the
prime,

Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy
name.

June, 1884.

THE SEABOARD

THE sea is at ebb, and the sound of her
utmost word

Is soft as the least wave's lapse in a still
small reach.

From bay unto bay, on quest of a goal
deferred,

From headland ever to headland and
breach to breach

Where earth gives ear to the message
that all days preach

With changes of gladness and sadness
that cheer and chide,

The lone way lures me along by a chance
untried

That haply, if hope dissolved not and
faith be whole,

Not all for nought shall I seek, with a
dream for guide,

The goal that is not, and ever again the
goal.

The trackless ways are untravelled of
sail or bird;

The hoar wave hardly recedes from the
soundless beach.

The silence of instant noon goes nigh to be
heard,

The viewless void to be visible: all and
each,

A closure of calm no clamor of storm can
breach

Concludes and confines and absorbs them
on either side,

All forces of light and of life and the live
world's pride.

Sands hardly ruffled of ripples that hardly
roll

Seem ever to show as in reach of a swift
brief stride

The goal that is not, and ever again the
goal.

The waves are a joy to the seamew, the
meads to the herd,

And a joy to the heart is a goal that it
may not reach.

No sense that for ever the limits of sense
engird,

No hearing or sight that is vassal to form
or speech,

Learns ever the secret that shadow and
silence teach,

Hears ever the notes that or ever they
swell subside,

Sees ever the light that lights not the
loud world's tide,

Clasps ever the cause of the lifelong
scheme's control

Wherethrough we pursue, till the waters
of life be dried,

The goal that is not, and ever again the
goal.

Friend, what have we sought or seek we,
whate'er betide,

Though the seaboard shift its mark from
afar descried,

But aims whence ever anew shall arise the
soul?

Love, thought, song, life, but show for a
glimpse and hide

The goal that is not, and ever again the
goal.

1884.

THE CLIFFSIDE PATH

SEAWARD goes the sun, and homeward by
the down

We, before the night upon his grave be
sealed.

Low behind us lies the bright steep mur-
muring town,

High before us heaves the steep rough
silent field.

Breach by ghastrier breach, the cliffs
collapsing yield :

Half the path is broken, half the banks
divide ;

Flawed and crumbled, riven and rent,
they cleave and slide

Toward the ridged and wrinkled waste of
girdling sand

Deep beneath, whose furrows tell how far
and wide

Wind is lord and change is sovereign of
the strand.

Star by star on the unsunned waters
twirling down,

Golden spear-points glance against a
silver shield.

Over banks and bents, across the head-
land's crown,

As by pulse of gradual plumes through
twilight wheeled,

Soft as sleep, the waking wind awakes the
weald.

Moor and copse and fallow, near or far
descried,

Feel the mild wings move, and gladden
where they glide :

Silence uttering love that all things un-
derstand,

Bids the quiet fields forget that hard beside
Wind is lord and change is sovereign of
the strand.

Yet may sight, ere all the hoar soft shade
grow brown,

Hardly reckon half the rifts and rents un-
healed

Where the scarred cliffs downward
sundering drive and drown,

Hewn as if with stroke of swords in
tempest steeled,

Wielded as the night's will and the wind's
may wield.

Crowned and zoned in vain with flowers
of autumn-tide,

Life and love seek harborage on the land-
ward side ;

Wind is lord and change is sovereign of
the strand.

Friend, though man be less than these,
for all his pride,

Yet, for all his weakness, shall not hope
abide ?

Wind and change can wreck but life and
waste but land :

Truth and trust are sure, though here till
all subside

Wind is lord and change is sovereign of the
strand. 1884.

IN THE WATER

THE sea is awake, and the sound of the
song of the joy of her waking is rolled

From afar to the star that recedes, from
aneur to the wastes of the wild wide
shore.

Her call is a trumpet compelling us home-
ward : if dawn in her east be acold,
From the sea shall we crave not her grace
to rekindle the life that it kindled
before,

Her breath to requicken, her bosom to
rock us, her kisses to bless as of
yore ?

For the wind, with his wings half open,
at pause in the sky, neither fettered
nor free,

Leans waveward and flutters the ripple
to laughter : and fain would the twain
of us be

Where lightly the wave yearns forward
from under the curve of the deep dawn's
dome,

And, full of the morning and fired with
the pride of the glory thereof and the
glee,

Strike out from the shore as the heart in
us bids and beseeches, athirst for the
foam.

Life holds not an hour that is better to
live in : the past is a tale that is told,

The future a sun-flecked shadow, alive
and asleep, with a blessing in store.

As we give us again to the waters, the
rapture of limbs that the waters enfold

Is less than the rapture of spirit whereby,
though the burden it quits were sore,

Our souls and the bodies they wield at
their will are absorbed in the life they
adore —

In the life that endures no burden, and
bows not the forehead, and bends not
the knee —

In the life everlasting of earth and of
heaven, in the laws that atone and
agree,

In the measureless music of things, in the
fervor of forces that rest or that roam,
That cross and return and reissue, as I
after you and as you after me
Strike out from the shore as the heart in
us bids and beseeches, athirst for the
foam.

For, albeit he were less than the least of
them, haply the heart of a man may
be bold

To rejoice in the word of the sea, as a
mother's that saith to the son she bore,
"Child, was not the life in thee mine,
and my spirit the breath in thy lips
from of old?"

Have I let not thy weakness exult in my
strength, and thy foolishness learn of
my lore?

Have I helped not or healed not thine
anguish, or made not the might of thy
gladness more?"

And surely his heart should answer, "The
light of the love of my life is in thee."
She is fairer than earth, and the sun is not
fairer, the wind in not blither than she:
From my youth hath she shown me the
joy of her bays that I crossed, of her
cliffs that I clomb,

Till now that the twain of us here, in
desire of the dawn and in trust of the
sea,

Strike out from the shore as the heart in
us bids and beseeches, athirst for the
foam.

Friend, earth is a harbor of refuge for
winter, a covert whereunder to flee

When day is the vassal of night, and the
strength of the hosts of her mightier
than he;

But here is the presence adored of me,
here my desire is at rest and at home.
There are cliffs to be climbed upon land,
there are ways to be trodden and rid-
den: but we

Strike out from the shore as the heart
in us bids and beseeches, athirst for
the foam. 1884.

THE SUNBOWS

SPRAY of song that springs in April, light
of love that laughs through May,
Live and die and live for ever: nought
of all things far less fair

Keeps a surer life than these that seem
to pass like fire away.

In the souls they live which are but all
the brighter that they were;

In the hearts that kindle, thinking what
delight of old was there.

Wind that shapes and lifts and shifts
them bids perpetual memory play

Over dreams and in and out of deeds and
thoughts which seem to wear

Light that leaps and runs and revels
through the springing flames of spray.

Dawn is wild upon the waters where we
drink of dawn to-day:

Wide, from wave to wave rekindling in
rebound through radiant air,

Flash the fires unwoven and woven again
of wind that works in play,

Working wonders more than heart may
note or sight may wellnigh dare,

Wefts of rarer light than colors rain from
heaven, though this be rare.

Arch on arch unbuilt in building, reared
and ruined ray by ray,

Breaks and brightens, laughs and lessens,
even till eyes may hardly bear

Light that leaps and runs and revels
through the springing flames of spray.

Year on year sheds light and music
rolled and flashed from bay to bay

Round the summer capes of time and
winter headlands keen and bare

Whence the soul keeps watch, and bids
her vassal memory watch and pray,

If perchance the dawn may quicken, or
perchance the midnight spare.

Silence quells not music, darkness takes
not sunlight in her snare;

Shall not joys endure that perish? Yea,
saith dawn, though night say nay:

Life on life goes out, but very life en-
kindles everywhere

Light that leaps and runs and revels
through the springing flames of spray.

Friend, were life no more than this is,
well would yet the living fare.

All aflower and all afire and all flung
heavenward, who shall say

Such a flash of life were worthless? This
is worth a world of care —

Light that leaps and runs and revels
through the springing flames of spray.

1884.

ON THE VERGE

HERE begins the sea that ends not till the
 world's end. Where we stand,
 Could we know the next high sea-mark
 set beyond these waves that gleam,
 We should know what never man hath
 known, nor eye of man hath scanned.
 Nought beyond these coiling clouds that
 melt like fume of shrines that steam
 Breaks or stays the strength of waters till
 they pass our bounds of dream.
 Where the waste Land's End leans west-
 ward, all the seas it watches roll
 Find their border fixed beyond them, and
 a worldwide shore's control:
 These whereby we stand, no shore beyond
 us limits: these are free.
 Gazing hence, we see the water that grows
 iron round the Pole,
 From the shore that hath no shore beyond
 it set in all the sea.

Sail on sail along the sea-line fades and
 flashes; here on land
 Flash and fade the wheeling wings on
 wings of mews that plunge and scream.
 Hour on hour along the line of life and
 time's evasive strand
 Shines and darkens, wanes and waxes,
 slays and dies: and scarce they seem
 More than motes that thronged and
 trembled in the brief noon's breath and
 beam.
 Some with crying and wailing, some with
 notes like sound of bells that toll,
 Some with sighing and laughing, some
 with words that blessed and made us
 whole,
 Passed, and left us, and we know not
 what they were, nor what were we.
 Would we know, being mortal? Never
 breath of answering whisper stole
 From the shore that hath no shore beyond
 it set in all the sea.

Shadows, would we question darkness?
 Ere our eyes and brows be fanned
 Round with airs of twilight, washed with
 dews from sleep's eternal stream,
 Would we know sleep's guarded secret?
 Ere the fire consume the brand,
 Would it know if yet its ashes may re-
 quicken? yet we deem
 Surely man may know, or ever night
 unyoke her starry team,

What the dawn shall be, or if the dawn
 shall be not: yea, the scroll
 Would we read of sleep's dark scripture,
 pledge of peace or doom of dole.
 Ah, but here man's heart leaps, yearning
 toward the gloom with venturous glee,
 Though his pilot eye behold nor bay nor
 harbor, rock nor shoal,
 From the shore that hath no shore beyond
 it set in all the sea.

Friend, who knows if death indeed have
 life or life have death for goal?
 Day nor night can tell us, nor may seas
 declare nor skies unroll
 What has been from everlasting, or if
 aught shall always be.
 Silence answering only strikes response
 reverberate on the soul
 From the shore that hath no shore beyond
 it set in all the sea. 1884.

ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO
MAZZINI AT GENOA

ITALIA, mother of the souls of men,
 Mother divine
 Of all that serv'd thee best with sword
 or pen,
 All sons of thine,
 Thou knowest that here the likeness of
 the best
 Before thee stands:
 The head most high, the heart found
 faithfulest,
 The purest hands.

Above the fume and foam of time that flits,
 The soul, we know,
 Now sits on high where Alighieri sits
 With Angelo.

Nor his own heavenly tongue nath heav-
 enly speech
 Enough to say
 What this man was, whose praise no
 thought may reach,
 No words can weigh.

Since man's first mother brought to
 mortal birth
 Her first-born son,
 Such grace befell not ever man on earth
 As crowns this One

Of God nor man was ever this thing
 said :
 That he could give
 Life back to her who gave him, that his
 dead
 Mother might live.

But this man found his mother dead and
 slain,
 With fast-seal'd eyes,
 And bade the dead rise up and live again,
 And she did rise :

And all the world was bright with her
 through him :
 But dark with strife,
 Like heaven's own sun that storming
 clouds bedim,
 Was all his life.

Life and the clouds are vanish'd; hate
 and fear
 Have had their span
 Of time to hurt and are not : He is here,
 The sunlike man.

City superb, that hadst Columbus first
 For sovereign son,
 Be prouder that thy breast hath later
 nursed
 This mightier One.

Glory be his for ever, while his land
 Lives and is free,
 As with controlling breath and sovereign
 hand
 He bade her be.

Earth shows to heaven the names by
 thousands told
 That crown her fame,
 But highest of all that heaven and earth
 behold,
 Mazzini's name. 1884.

THE INTERPRETERS

I

DAYS dawn on us that make amends for
 many
 Sometimes,
 When heaven and earth seem sweeter
 even than any
 Man's rhymes,

Light had not all been quenched in
 France, or quelled
 In Greece,
 Had Homer sung not, or had Hugo held
 His peace.

Had Sappho's self not left her word thus
 long
 For token,
 The sea round Lesbos yet in waves of
 song
 Had spoken.

II

And yet these days of subtler air and
 finer
 Delight,
 When lovelier looks the darkness, and
 diviner
 The light —

The gift they give of all these golden hours,
 Whose urn
 Pours forth reverberate rays or shadow-
 ing showers
 In turn —

Clouds, beams, and winds that make the
 live day's track
 Seem living —
 What were they did no spirit give them
 back
 Thanksgiving?

III

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and
 shadows, telling
 Time nought ;
 Man gives them sense and soul by song,
 and dwelling
 In thought.

In human thought their being endures,
 their power
 Abides :
 Else were their life a thing that each
 light hour
 Derides.

The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die,
 with all
 They cherish ;
 The soul endures, though dreams that fed
 it fall
 And perish.

IV

In human thought have all things habitation ;

Our days
Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find
no station
That stays.

But thought and faith are mightier things
than time

Can wrong,
Made splendid once with speech, or made
sublime
By song.

Remembrance, though the tide of change
that rolls

Wax hoary,
Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake
and the soul's,
Their glory. 1885.

A WORD WITH THE WIND

LORD of days and nights that hear thy
word of wintry warning,

Wind whose feet are set on ways that
none may tread,

Change the nest wherein thy wings are
fledged for flight by morning,

Change the harbor whence at dawn
thy sails are spread.

Not the dawn, ere yet the imprisoning
night has half released her,

More desires the sun's full face of cheer,
than we,

Well as yet we love the strength of the
iron-tongued north-easter,

Yearn for wind to meet us as we front
the sea.

All thy ways are good, O wind, and all the
world should fester,

Were thy fourfold godhead quenched,
or stilled thy strife :

Yet the waves and we desire too long the
deep south-wester,

Whence the waters quicken shoreward,
clothed with life.

Yet the field not made for ploughing save
of keels nor harrowing

Save of storm-winds lies unbrightened
by thy breath :

Banded broad with ruddy samphire
glow the sea-banks narrowing

Westward, while the sea gleams chill
and still as death.

Sharp and strange from inland sounds
thy bitter note of battle,

Blown between grim skies and waters
sullen-souled,

Till the baffled seas bear back, rocks roar
and shingles rattle,

Vexed and angered and anhungered
and acold.

Change thy note, and give the waves
their will, and all the measure,

Full and perfect, of the music of their
might,

Let it fill the bays with thunderous notes
of pleasure,

Shake the shores with passion, sound
at once and smite.

Sweet are even the mild low notes of
wind and sea, but sweeter

Sounds the song whose choral wrath of
raging rhyme

Bids the shelving shoals keep tune with
storm's imperious metre,

Bids the rocks and reefs respond in
rapturous chime.

Sweet the lisp and lulling whisper and
luxurious laughter,

Soft as love or sleep, of waves whereon
the sun

Dreams, and dreams not of the darkling
hours before nor after,

Winged with cloud whose wrath shall
bid love's day be done.

Yet shall darkness bring the awakening
sea a lordlier lover,

Clothed with strength more amorous
and more strenuous will,

Whence her heart of hearts shall kindle
and her soul recover

Sense of love too keen to lie for love's
sake still.

Let thy strong south-western music
sound, and bid the billows

Brighten, proud and glad to feel thy
scourge and kiss

Sting and soothe and sway them, bowed
as aspens bend or willows,

Yet resurgent still in breathless rage of
bliss.

All to-day the slow sleek ripples hardly
bear up shore-ward,

Charged with sighs more light than
laughter, faint and fair,

Like a woodland lake's weak wavelets
lightly lingering forward,

Soft and listless as the slumber-stricken
air.

Be the sunshine bared or veiled, the sky
 superb or shrouded,
 Still the waters, lax and languid, chafed
 and foiled,
 Keen and thwarted, pale and patient,
 clothed with fire or clouded,
 Vex their heart in vain, or sleep like
 serpents coiled.
 Thee they look for, blind and baffled,
 wan with wrath and weary,
 Blown for ever back by winds that
 rock the bird:
 Winds that seamewes breast subdue the
 sea, and bid the dreary
 Waves be weak as hearts made sick
 with hope deferred.
 Let thy clarion sound from westward,
 let the south bear token
 How the glories of thy godhead sound
 and shine:
 Bid the land rejoice to see the land-wind's
 broad wings broken,
 Bid the sea take comfort, bid the
 world be thine.
 Half the world abhors thee beating back
 the sea, and blackening
 Heaven with fierce and woful change of
 fluctuant form:
 All the world acclaims thee shifting sail
 again, and slackening
 Cloud by cloud the close-reefed cordage
 of the storm.
 Sweeter fields and brighter woods and
 lordlier hills than waken
 Here at sunrise never hailed the sun
 and thee:
 Turn thee then, and give them comfort,
 shed like rain and shaken
 Far as foam that laughs and leaps
 along the sea. 1889.

IN TIME OF MOURNING

"RETURN," we dare not as we fain
 Would cry from hearts that yearn:
 Love dares not bid our dead again
 Return.

O hearts that strain and burn
 As fires fast fettered burn and strain!
 Bow down, lie still, and learn.

The heart that healed all hearts of pain
 No funeral rites inurn:
 Its echoes, while the stars remain,
 Return. May, 1885. 1889.

A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BROWNING

THE clearest eyes in all the world they
 read
 With sense more keen and spirit of sight
 more true
 Than burns and thrills in sunrise, when
 the dew
 Flames, and absorbs the glory round it
 shed,
 As they the light of ages quick and dead,
 Closed now, forsake us: yet the shaft
 that slew
 Can slay not one of all the works we
 knew,
 Nor death discrown that many-laurelled
 head.
 The works of words whose life seems
 lightning wrought,
 And moulded of unconquerable thought,
 And quickened with imperishable flame,
 Stand fast and shine and smile, assured
 that nought
 May fade of all their myriad-moulded
 fame,
 Nor England's memory clasp not Brown-
 ing's name.

Death, what hast thou to do with one for
 whom
 Time is not lord, but servant? What
 least part
 Of all the fire that fed his living heart,
 Of all the light more keen than sun-
 dawn's bloom
 That lit and led his spirit, strong as
 doom
 And bright as hope, can aught thy breath
 may dart
 Quench? Nay, thou knowest he knew
 thee what thou art,
 A shadow born of terror's barren womb,
 That brings not forth save shadows.
 What art thou,
 To dream, albeit thou breathe upon his
 brow,
 That power on him is given thee, — that
 thy breath
 Can make him less than love acclaims
 him now,
 And hears all time sound back the word
 it saith?
 What part hast thou then in his glory,
 Death?

.

But he — to him, who knows what gift is
 thine,
 Death? Hardly may we think or hope
 when we
 Pass likewise thither where to-night is he,
 Beyond the irremeable outer seas that
 shine
 And darken round such dreams as half
 divine
 Some sunlit harbor in that starless sea
 Where gleams no ship to windward or
 to lee,
 To read with him the secret of thy shrine.
 There too, as here, may song, delight,
 and love,
 The nightingale, the sea-bird, and the
 dove,
 Fulfil with joy the splendor of the sky
 Till all beneath wax bright as all above:
 But none of all that search the heavens,
 and try
 The sun, may match the sovereign eagle's
 eye.

Among the wondrous ways of men and
 time
 He went as one that ever found and
 sought
 And bore in hand the lamplike spirit of
 thought
 To illumine with instance of its fire sublime
 The dusk of many a cloudlike age and
 clime.
 No spirit in shape of light and darkness
 wrought,
 No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture,
 nought
 That blooms in wisdom, nought that
 burns in crime,
 No virtue girt and armed and helmed
 with light,
 No love more lovely than the snows are
 white,
 No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's
 tomb,
 No song-bird singing from some live
 soul's height,
 But he might hear, interpret, or illumine
 With sense invasive as the dawn of
 doom.

What secret thing of splendor or of shade
 Surmised in all those wandering ways
 wherein
 Man, led of love and life and death and
 sin,
 Strays, climbs, or cowers, allured, ab-
 sorbed, afraid,
 Might not the strong and sunlike sense
 invade
 Of that full soul that had for aim to win
 Light, silent over time's dark toil and
 din,
 Life, at whose touch death fades as dead
 things fade?
 O spirit of man, what mystery moves in
 thee
 That he might know not of in spirit, and
 see
 The heart within the heart that seems to
 strive,
 The life within the life that seems to be,
 And hear through all thy storms that
 whirl and drive,
 The living sound of all men's souls alive?

He held no dream worth waking: so he
 said,
 He who stands now on death's triumphal
 steep,
 Awakened out of life wherein we sleep
 And dream of what he knows and sees,
 being dead.
 But never death for him was dark or
 dread:
 "Look forth" he bade the soul, and fear
 not. Weep,
 All ye that trust not in his truth, and
 keep
 Vain memory's vision of a vanished head
 As all that lives of all that once was he
 Save that which lightens from his word:
 but we,
 Who, seeing the sunset-colored waters
 roll,
 Yet know the sun subdued not of the sea,
 Nor weep nor doubt that still the spirit
 is whole,
 And life and death but shadows of the
 soul.

January, 1890.

DOBSON

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

***COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS**, edited by Alban Dobson, Oxford University Press, 1923.

BIOGRAPHICAL ITEM

AUSTIN DOBSON, *Some Letters from His Friends*, edited by Alban Dobson (in *Cornhill Magazine*, 1927).

CRITICISM

DOBSON (Alban), *Austin Dobson Causerie* (in *Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1925). — **ELLIS** (S. M.), *Austin Dobson* (in *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1921). — **GOSSE** (E.), *Austin Dobson* (in *Quarterly Review*, January, 1922.) — **KERNAHAN** (C.), *Celebrities*, 1923. — **LYMAN** (D. B.), *A Little about Austin Dobson* (in *Sewanee Review*, January, 1920). — **MATTHEWS** (B.), *Austin Dobson Once More* (in *Bookman*, January, 1918). — **MONROE** (Harriet), *From Queen Anne to George the Fifth* (in *Poetry*, November, 1921). — **NOYES** (A.), *The Poems of Austin Dobson* (in *Bookman*, April, 1924); *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry*, 1924. — **STEDMAN** (E. C.), *Genius and Other Essays: Austin Dobson*, 1911. — **SYMONS** (A.), *The Poetry of Austin Dobson* (in *Bookman*, Vol. V, p. 195). — **WOODBERRY** (G. E.), *Studies of a Litterateur*, 1921.

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

SEAMAN (O.), *To Mr. Austin Dobson* (in *Living Age*, June 23, 1900.) — **W. H. B.**, *At the Grave of Austin Dobson* (in *Living Age*, October 29, 1921).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

MURRAY (F. E.), *A Bibliography of Austin Dobson*, 1900.

DOBSON

A DEAD LETTER

"À cœur blessé — l'ombre et le silence."
H. DE BALZAC.

I

I DREW it from its china tomb; —
It came out feebly scented
With some thin ghost of past perfume
That dust and days had lent it.

An old, old letter, — folded still!
To read with due composure,
I sought the sun-lit window-sill,
Above the gray enclosure,

That glimmering in the sultry haze,
Faint-flowered, dimly shaded,
Slumbered like Goldsmith's Madam
Blaise,
Bedizened and brocaded.

A queer old place! You'd surely say
Some tea-board garden-maker
Had planned it in Dutch William's day
To please some florist Quaker,

So trim it was. The yew-trees still,
With pious care perverted,
Grew in the same grim shapes; and still
The lipless dolphin spurted;

Still in his wonted state abode
The broken-nosed Apollo;
And still the cypress-arbor showed
The same umbrageous hollow.

Only, — as fresh young Beauty gleams
From coffee-colored laces, —
So peeped from its old-fashioned dreams
The fresher modern traces;

For idle mallet, hoop, and ball
Upon the lawn were lying;
A magazine, a tumbled shawl,
Round which the swifts were flying;

And, tossed beside the Guelder rose,
A heap of rainbow knitting,
Where, blinking in her pleased repose,
A Persian cat was sitting.

"A place to love in, — live, — for aye,
If we too, like Tithonus,
Could find some god to stretch the gray,
Scant life the Fates have thrown us;

"But now by steam we run our race,
With buttoned heart and pocket;
Our Love's a gilded, surplus grace, —
Just like an empty locket!

"'The time is out of joint.' Who will
May strive to make it better;
For me, this warm old window-sill,
And this old dusty letter."

II

"Dear *John* (the letter ran), it can't, can't
be,
For Father's gone to *Chorley Fair* with
Sam,
And Mother's storing Apples, — *Prue* and
Me
Up to our Elbows making Damson
Jam:
But we shall meet before a Week is gone, —
'Tis a long Lane that has no turning,
John!

"Only till Sunday next, and then you'll
wait
Behind the White-Thorn, by the broken
Stile —
We can go round and catch them at the
Gate,
All to Ourselves, for nearly one long
Mile;
Dear *Prue* won't look, and Father he'll go
on,
And *Sam's* two Eyes are all for *Cissy*,
John!

"*John*, she's so smart,—with every
 Ribbon new,
 Flame-colored Sack, and Crimson
 Padesoy:
 As proud as proud; and has the Vapors
 too,
 Just like *My Lady*; — calls poor *Sam* a
 Boy,
 And vows no Sweetheart's worth the
 Thinking-on
 Till he's past Thirty . . . I know better,
John!

"My Dear, I don't think that I thought
 of much
 Before we knew each other, I and you;
 And now, why, *John*, your least, least
 Finger-touch,
 Gives me enough to think a Summer
 through.
 See, for I send you Something! There,
 'tis gone!
 Look in this corner, — mind you find it,
John!"

III

This was the matter of the note,—
 A long-forgot desposit,
 Dropped in an Indian dragon's throat,
 Deep in a fragrant closet,

Piled with a dapper Dresden world,—
 Beaux, beauties, prayers, and poses,—
 Bonzes with squat legs undercurled,
 And great jars filled with roses.

Ah, heart that wrote! Ah, lips that
 kissed!

You had no thought or presage
 Into what keeping you dismissed
 Your simple old-world message!

A reverent one. Though we to-day
 Distrust beliefs and powers,
 The artless, ageless things you say
 Are fresh as May's own flowers,

Starring some pure primaeval spring,
 Ere Gold had grown despotic,—
 Ere Life was yet a selfish thing,
 Or Love a mere exotic!

I need not search too much to find
 Whose lot it was to send it,
 That feel upon me yet the kind
 Soft hand of her who penned it;

And see, through two score years of
 smoke,
 In by-gone, quaint apparel,
 Shine from yon time-black Norway oak
 The face of *Patience Caryl*, —

The pale, smooth forehead, silver-tressed;
 The gray gown, primly flowered;
 The spotless, stately coif whose crest
 Like *Hector's* horse-plume towered;

And still the sweet half-solemn look
 Where some past thought was clinging,
 As when one shuts a serious book
 To hear the thrushes singing.

I kneel to you! Of those you were,
 Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,—
 Whose fair old faces grow more fair
 As *Point* and *Flanders* yellow;

Whom some old store of garnered grief,
 Their placid temples shading,
 Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf
 With tender tints of fading.

Peace to your soul! You died unwed —
 Despite this loving letter.
 And what of *John*? The less that's said
 Of *John*, I think the better. 1868.

UNE MARQUISE

A RHYMED MONOLOGUE IN THE LOUVRE

"*Belle Marquise, vos beaux yeux me font
 mourir d'amour.*" MOLIÈRE.

I

As you sit there at your ease,
 O Marquise!
 And the men flock round your knees
 Thick as bees,

Mute at every word you utter,
 Servants to your least frill-flutter,
 "*Belle Marquise!*" —

As you sit there growing prouder,
 And your ringed hands glance and go,
 And your fan's *frou-frou* sounds louder,
 And your "*beaux yeux*" flash and
 glow; —

Ah, you used them on the Painter,
 As you know,
 For the *Sieur Larose* spoke fainter,
 Bowing low,

Thanked Madam and Heaven for Mercy
 That each sinner was not Circe,
 Or at least he told you so; —
 Growing proud, I say, and prouder
 To the crowd that come and go,
 Dainty Deity of Powder,
 Fickle Queen of Fop and Beau,
 As you sit where lustres strike you,
 Sure to please,
 Do we love you most, or like you,
"Belle Marquise!"

II

You are fair; O yes, we know it
 Well, Marquise:
 For he swore it, your last poet,
 On his knees;
 And he called all heaven to witness
 Of his ballad and its fitness,
"Belle Marquise!" —
 You were everything in *ère*
 (With exception of *sévère*), —
 You were *cruelle* and *rebelle*,
 With the rest of rhymes as well;
 You were "*Reine*," and "*Mère d'Amour*,"
 You were "*Vénus à Cythère*";
"Sappho mise en Pompadour,"
 And "*Minerve en Parabère*";
 You had every grace of heaven
 In your most angelic face,
 With the nameless finer leaven
 Lent of blood and courtly race;
 And he added, too, in duty,
 Ninon's wit and Boufflers' beauty;
 And La Vallière's *yeux veloutés*
 Followed these,
 And you liked it, when he said it
 (On his knees),
 And you kept it, and you read it,
"Belle Marquise!"

III

Yet with us your toilet *gracès*
 Fail to please
 And the last of your last faces,
 And your *mise*;
 For we hold you just as real,
"Belle Marquise!"
 As your *Bergers* and *Bergères*,
Iles d'Amour and *Batelières*;
 As your *parcs*, and your *Versailles*,
 Gardens, grottoes, and *rocailles*;
 As your *Naiads* and your trees; —
 Just as near the old ideal
 Calm and ease,

As the Venus there, by Coustou,
 That a fan would make quite flighty,
 Is to her the gods were used to, —
 Is to grand Greek Aphroditè,
 Sprung from seas.
 You are just a porcelain trifle,
"Belle Marquise!"
 Just a thing of puffs and patches,
 Made for madrigals and catches,
 Not for heart-wounds, but for scratches,
 O Marquise!
 Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
"Belle Marquise!"
 Wrought in rarest *rose-Dubarry*,
 Quick at verbal point and parry,
 Clever, doubtless; — but to marry,
 No, Marquise!

IV

For your Cupid, you have clipped him,
 Rouged and patched him, nipped and
 snipped him
 And with *chapeau-bras* equipped him,
"Belle Marquise!" —
 Just to arm you through your wife-time,
 And the languors of your life-time,
"Belle Marquise!" —
 Say, to trim your toilet tapers,
 Or, — to twist your hair in papers,
 Or, — to win you from the vapors; —
 As for these,
 You are worth the love they give you,
 Till a fairer face outlive you,
 Or a younger grace shall please;
 Till the coming of the crows' feet,
 And the backward turn of beaux' feet,
"Belle Marquise!"
 Till your frothed-out life's commotion
 Settles down to Ennui's ocean,
 Or a dainty sham devotion,
"Belle Marquise!"

V

No; we neither like nor love you,
"Belle Marquise!"
 Lesser lights we place above you, —
 Milder merits better please.
 We have passed from *Philosophe*-dom
 Into plainer modern days, —
 Grown contented in our oafdom,
 Giving grace not all the praise;
 And, *en partant, Arsinoé*, —
 Without malice whatsoever, —
 We shall counsel to our Chloë
 To be rather good than clever;

For we find it hard to smother
 Just one little thought, Marquise!
 Wittier perhaps than any other, —
 You were neither Wife nor Mother,
"Belle Marquise!"
 1868.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

HE lived in that past Georgian day,
 When men were less inclined to say
 That "Time is Gold," and overlay
 With toil their pleasure;
 He held some land, and dwelt thereon, —
 Where, I forget, — the house is gone;
 His Christian name, I think, was John, —
 His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him, — a face
 Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
 Fresh-colored, frank, with ne'er a trace
 Of trouble shaded;
 The eyes are blue, the hair is drest
 In plainest way, — one hand is prest
 Deep in a flapped canary vest,
 With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,
 With silver buttons, — round his throat,
 A soft cravat; — in all you note
 An elder fashion, —
 A strangeness, which, to us who shine
 In shapely hats, — whose coats combine
 All harmonies of hue and line, —
 Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see!
 Men were untravell'd then, but we,
 Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea
 With careless parting;
 He found it quite enough for him
 To smoke his pipe in "garden trim,"
 And watch, about the fish-tank's brim,
 The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking
 tongue, —
 He liked the thrush that fed her young, —
 He liked the drone of flies among
 His netted peaches;
 He liked to watch the sunlight fall
 Athwart his ivied orchard wall;
 Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
 Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of Paint and Patch,
 And yet no Ranelagh could match
 The sober doves that round his thatch
 Spread tails and sidled;
 He liked their ruffling, puffed content, —
 For him their drowsy wheelings meant
 More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,
 Or Belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began,
 He shunned the flutter of the fan;
 He too had maybe "pinked his man"
 In Beauty's quarrel;
 But now his "fervent youth" had flown
 Where lost things go; and he was
 grown
 As staid and slow-paced as his own
 Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held
 That no composer's score excelled
 The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled
 Its jovial riot;
 But most his measured words of praise
 Caressed the angler's easy ways, —
 His idly meditative days, —
 His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose
 Beyond a sunny summer doze;
 He never troubled his repose
 With fruitless prying;
 But held, as law for high and low,
 What God withholds no man can know,
 And smiled away inquiry so,
 Without replying.

We read — alas, how much we read!
 The jumbled strifes of creed and creed
 With endless controversies feed
 Our groaning tables;
 His books — and they sufficed him — were
 Cotton's "Montaigne," "The Grave" of
 Blair,
 A "Walton" — much the worse for wear —
 And "Æsop's Fables."

One more, — "The Bible." Not that he
 Had searched its page as deep as we;
 No sophistries could make him see
 Its slender credit;
 It may be that he could not count
 The sires and sons to Jesse's fount, —
 He liked the "Sermon on the Mount," —
 And more, he read it.

A GREEK GIFT

HERE's a present for Rose,
How pleased she is looking!
Is it verse? — is it prose?
Here's a present for Rose!
“*Plats*,” “*Entrées*,” and “*Rôts*,” —
Why, it's “*Gouffé on Cooking*.”
Here's a present for Rose,
How pleased she is looking!

“URCEUS EXIT”

I INTENDED an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet.
It began *à la mode*,
I intended an Ode;
But Rose crossed the road
In her latest new bonnet;
I intended an Ode;
And it turned to a Sonnet. 1874.

“GOOD-NIGHT, BABETTE!”

“*Si vieillesse pouvait!* —”

SCENE. — *A small neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair sits a white-haired old Gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS. BABETTE.

M. VIEUXBOIS (*turning querulously*).
DAY of my life! Where can she get?
BABETTE! I say! BABETTE! — BABETTE!

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*).
Coming, M'sieu'! If M'sieu' speaks
So loud he won't be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS.
Where have you been?

BABETTE.
Why, M'sieu' knows: —
April! . . . Ville d'Avray! . . . Ma'am's-
selle ROSE!

M. VIEUXBOIS.
Ah! I am old, — and I forget.
Was the place growing green, BABETTE?

BABETTE.
But of a greenness! — yes, M'sieu'!
And then the sky so blue! — so blue!
And when I dropped my *immortelle*,
How the birds sang!
(*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*)
This poor Ma'am'selle!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You're a good girl, BABETTE, but she, —
She was an Angel, verily.
Sometimes I think I see her yet
Stand smiling by the cabinet;
And once, I know, she peeped and laughed
Betwixt the curtains . . .

Where's the draught?
(*She gives him a cup.*)
Now I shall sleep, I think, BABETTE; —
Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

BABETTE (*sings*).
“Once at the Angelus
(*Ere I was dead*),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed;
Angels in blue and white
Crowned on the Head.”

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*).
“She was an Angel” . . . “Once she
laughed” . . .
What, was I dreaming?
Where's the draught?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*).
The draught, M'sieu'?

M. VIEUXBOIS.
How I forget!
I am so old! But sing, BABETTE!

BABETTE (*sings*).
“One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow;
One was the Wife that died
Long, — long ago;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know?”

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*).
Ah, PAUL! . . . old PAUL! . . . EU-
LALIE too!
And ROSE . . . And O! “the sky so blue!”

BABETTE (*sings*).
“One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my Father's face;
One was a Child:
All of them bent to me, —
Bent down and smiled!”
(*He is asleep!*)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*).
“How I forget!”
“I am so old!” . . . “Good-night,
BABETTE!” 1876.

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
 He had played for her ladyship's whim,
 Till the poor little head was heavy,
 And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
 And the large eyes strange and bright,
 And they said — too late — "He is
 weary!

He shall rest for, at least, To-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
 As they watched in the silent room,
 With the sound of a strained cord break-
 ing,
 A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
 And they heard him stir in his bed: —
 "Make room for a tired little fellow,
 Kind God!" — was the last that he
 said. 1876.

"YOU BID ME TRY"

YOU bid me try, BLUE-EYES, to write
 A Rondeau. What! — forthwith? — to-
 night?

Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true; —
 But thirteen lines! — and rhymed on
 two!

"Refrain," as well. Ah, hapless plight!

Still, there are five lines, — ranged aright.
 These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright
 My easy Muse. They did, till you—
You bid me try!

That makes them eight. The port's in
 sight; —

'Tis all because your eyes are bright!
 Now just a pair to end in "oo" —

When maids command, what can't
 we do!

Behold! — the RONDEAU, tasteful, light,
You bid me try!

1876.

THE CRADLE

How steadfastly she'd worked at it!
 How lovingly had drest
 With all her would-be-mother's wit
 That little rosy nest!

How longingly she'd hung on it! —
 It sometimes seemed, she said,
 There lay beneath its coverlet
 A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
 Ere bleak December fled;
 That rosy nest he never prest . . .
 Her coffin was his bed.

1877.

"WHEN I SAW YOU LAST, ROSE"

WHEN I saw you last, Rose,
 You were only so high; —
 How fast the time goes!

Like a bud ere it blows,
 You just peeped at the sky,
 When I saw you last, Rose!

Now your petals unclose,
 Now your May-time is nigh; —
 How fast the time goes!

And a life, — how it grows!
 You were scarcely so shy,
 When I saw you last, Rose!

In your bosom it shows
 There's a guest on the sly;
 (How fast the time goes!)

Is it Cupid? Who knows!
 Yet you used not to sigh,
 When I saw you last, Rose; —
 How fast the time goes! 1877.

ON A FAN THAT BELONGED TO
THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
 Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
 Loves in a riot of light,
 Roses and vaporous blue;
 Hark to the dainty *frou-frou!*

Picture above, if you can,
 Eyes that could melt as the dew, —
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

See how they rise at the sight,
 Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through,

Courtiers as butterflies bright,
 Beauties that Fragonard drew,
Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
 Cardinal, Duke, — to a man,
 Eager to sigh or to sue, —
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

Ah, but things more than polite
 Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous!*
 Matters of state and of might,
 Things that great ministers do;
 Things that, maybe, overthrew
 Those in whose brains they began;
 Here was the sign and the cue, —
 This was the Pompadour's fan!

ENVOY

Where are the secrets it knew?
 Weavings of plot and of plan?
 — But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's Fan!
 1878

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

▲ PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY
 AND THE TOWN

"*Phyllida amo ante alias.*" VIRG.

THE ladies of St. James's
 Go swinging to the play;
 Their footmen run before them,
 With a "Stand by! Clear the
 way!"

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
 She takes her buckled shoon,
 When we go out a-courting
 Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
 Wear satin on their backs;
 They sit all night at *Ombre*,
 With candles all of wax:
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
 She dons her russet gown,
 And hastens to gather May dew
 Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!
 They are so fine and fair,
 You'd think a box of essences
 Was broken in the air:
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
 The breath of heath and furze,
 When breezes blow at morning,
 Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!
 They're painted to the eyes,
 Their white it stays for ever,
 Their red it never dies:
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
 Her color comes and goes;
 It trembles to a lily, —
 It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!
 You scarce can understand
 The half of all their speeches,
 Their phrases are so grand:
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
 Her shy and simple words
 Are clear as after rain-drops
 The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's!
 They have their fits and freaks;
 They smile on you — for seconds;
 They frown on you — for weeks:
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
 Come either storm or shine,
 From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
 Is always true — and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
 I care not though they heap
 The hearts of all St. James's,
 And give me all to keep;
 I care not whose the beauties
 Of all the world may be,
 For Phyllida — for Phyllida
 Is all the world to me!

1883.

MY BOOKS

THEY dwell in the odor of camphor,
 They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
 They are "warranted early editions,"
 These worshipful tomes of mine; —

In their creamiest "Oxford vellum,"
 In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
 With their delicate watered linings,
 They are jewels of price, I grant; —

Blind-tooled and morocco-jointed,
 They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
 They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
 But they gather the dust, no less; —

For the row that I prize is yonder,
 Away on the unglazed shelves,
 The bulged and the bruised *octavos*,
 The dear and the dumpy twelves, —

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
 And Howell the worse for wear,
 And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
 And the little old cropped Molière,

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
 And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd, —
 For the others I never have opened,
 But those are the books I read.

1883.

A DIALOGUE

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ALEXANDER POPE

"*Non injussa cano.*" VIRG.

POET. I sing of POPE —

FRIEND. What, POPE, the *Twilnam*
 Bard,
 Whom *Dennis*, *Cibber*, *Tibbald* push'd so
 hard!

POPE of the *Dunciad*! POPE who dar'd to
 woo,

And then to libel, *Wortley-Montagu*!
 POPE of the *Ham-walks* story —

P. Scandals all!

Scandals that now I care not to recall.
 Surely a little, in two hundred Years,
 One may neglect Contemporary Sneers:—
 Surely allowance for the Man may make
 That had all *Grub Street* yelping in his
 Wake!

And who (I ask you) has been never
 Mean,
 When urged by Envy, Anger or the
 Spleen?

No: I prefer to look on POPE as one
 Not rightly happy till his Life was done;
 Whose whole Career, romance it as you
 please,

Was (what he call'd it) but a "long
 Disease";

Think of his Lot, — his Pilgrimage of
 Pain,

His "crazy Carcass" and his restless
 Brain;

Think of his Night-Hours with their Feet
 of Lead,

His dreary Vigil and his aching Head;

Think of all this, and marvel then to find
 The "crooked Body with a crooked
 Mind!"

Nay, rather, marvel that, in Fate's De-
 spite,

You find so much to solace and delight, —
 So much of Courage, and of Purpose high
 In that unequal Struggle *not* to die.

I grant you freely that POPE played his
 Part

Sometimes ignobly — but he lov'd his Art;
 I grant you freely that he sought his Ends
 Not always wisely — but he lov'd his
 Friends;

And who of Friends a nobler Roll could
 show —

Swift, *St. John*, *Bathurst*, *Marchmont*,
Peterb'ro', *Arbuthnot* —

FR. ATTICUS?

P. Well (*entre nous*),
 Most that he said of *Addison* was true.
 Plain Truth, you know —

FR. Is often not polite
 (So *Hamlet* thought) —

P. And *Hamlet* (Sir) was right
 But leave POPE's Life. To-day, me-
 thinks, we touch
 The Work too little and the Man too
 much.

Take up the *Lock*, the *Satires*, *Eloise* —
 What Art supreme, what Elegance, what
 Ease!

How keen the Irony, the Wit how bright,
 The Style how rapid, and the Verse how
 light!

Then read once more, and you shall
 wonder yet

At Skill, at Turn, at Point, at Epithet.
 "True Wit is Nature to Advantage
 dress'd" —

Was ever Thought so pithily express'd?
 "And ten low Words oft creep in one dull
 Line" —

Ah, what a Homily on Yours . . . and
 Mine!

Or take — to choose at Random — take
 but This —

"Ten censure wrong for one that writes
 amiss."

FR. Pack'd and precise, no Doubt.
 Yet surely those

Are but the Qualities we ask of Prose.
 Was he a POET?

P. Yes: if that be what
Byron was certainly and *Bowles* was not;
 Or say you grant him, to come nearer
 Date,
 What *Dryden* had, that was denied to
 Tate —

FR. Which means, you claim for him
 the Spark divine,
 Yet scarce would place him on the highest
 Line —

P. True, there are Classes. POPE was
 most of all
 Akin to *Horace*, *Persius*, *Juvenal*;
 POPE was, like them, the Censor of his Age,
 An Age more suited to Repose than Rage;
 When Rhyming turn'd from Freedom to
 the Schools,
 And shock'd with Licence, shudder'd into
 Rules;
 When *Phæbus* touch'd the Poet's trem-
 bling Ear
 With one supreme Commandment, *Be
 thou Clear*;
 When Thought meant less to reason than
 compile,
 And the *Muse* labor'd . . . chiefly with
 the File.
 Beneath full Wigs, no Lyric drew its
 Breath
 As in the Days of great ELIZABETH;
 And to the Bards of ANNA was denied
 The Note that *Wordsworth* heard on
Duddon-side.

But POPE took up his Parable, and knit
 The Woof of Wisdom with the Warp of
 Wit;
 He trimm'd the Measure on its equal Feet,
 And smooth'd and fitted till the Line was
 neat;
 He taught the Pause with due Effect to
 fall;
 He taught the Epigram to come at Call;
 He wrote —

FR. His *Iliad*!

P. Well, suppose you own
 You like your *Iliad* in the Prose of *Bohn*,—
 Tho' if you'd learn in Prose how *Homer*
 sang,
 'Twere best to learn of *Butcher* and of
Lang,—
 Suppose you say your Worst of POPE,
 declare
 His Jewels Paste, his Nature a Parterre,

His Art but Artifice — I ask once more
 Where have you seen such Artifice before?
 Where have you seen a Parterre better
 grac'd,

Or Gems that glitter like his Gems of
 Paste?

Where can you show, among your Names
 of Note,

So much to copy and so much to quote?
 And where, in Fine, in all our English
 Verse,

A style more trenchant and a Sense more
 terse?

So I, that love the old *Augustan* Days
 Of formal Courtesies and formal Phrase;
 That like along the finished Line to feel
 The Ruffle's Flutter and the Flash of
 Steel;

That like my Couplet as compact as clear;
 That like my Satire sparkling tho' severe,
 Unmix'd with Bathos and unmarr'd by
 Trope,

I fling my Cap for Polish — and for POPE!
 1888.

HENRY FIELDING

(TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL)

NOT from the ranks of those we call
 Philosopher or Admiral, —
 Neither as LOCKE was, nor as BLAKE,
 Is that Great Genius for whose sake
 We keep this Autumn festival.

And yet in one sense, too, was he
 A soldier — of humanity;
 And, surely, philosophic mind
 Belonged to him whose brain designed
 That teeming COMIC EPOS where,
 As in CERVANTES and MOLIÈRE,
 Jostles the medley of Mankind.

Our ENGLISH NOVEL's pioneer!
 His was the eye that first saw clear
 How, not in natures half-effaced
 By cant of Fashion and of Taste, —
 Not in the circles of the Great,
 Faint-blooded and exanimate, —
 Lay the true field of Jest and Whim,
 Which we to-day reap after him.
 No: — he stepped lower down and took
 The piebald PEOPLE for his Book!

Ah, what a wealth of Life there is
 In that large-laughing page of his!

What store and stock of Common-Sense,
Wit, Wisdom, Books, Experience!
How his keen Satire flashes through,
And cuts a sophistry in two!
How his ironic lightning plays
Around a rogue and all his ways!
Ah, how he knots his lash to see
That ancient cloak, Hypocrisy!

Whose are the characters that give
Such round reality? — that live
With such full pulse? Fair SOPHY yet
Sings *Bobbing Joan* at the spinet;
We see AMELIA cooking still
That supper for the recreant WILL;
We hear Squire WESTERN'S headlong
tones

Bawling "Wut ha? — wut ha?" to JONES.
Are they not present now to us, —
The Parson with his *Aeschylus*?
SLIPSLOP the frail, and NORTHERTON,
PARTRIDGE, and BATH, and HARRISON? —
Are they not breathing, moving, — all
The motley, merry carnival
That FIELDING kept, in days ago?

He was the first that dared to draw
Mankind the mixture that he saw;
Not wholly good nor ill, but both,
With fine intricacies of growth.
He pulled the wraps of flesh apart,
And showed the working human heart;
He scorned to drape the truthful nude
With smooth, decorous platitude!

He was too frank, may be; and dared
Too boldly. Those whose faults he bared,
Writhed in the ruthless grasp that brought
Into the light their secret thought.
Therefore the TARTUFFE-throng who say
"*Couvrez ce sein*," and look that way, —
Therefore the Priests of Sentiment
Rose on him with their garments rent.
Therefore the gadfly swarm whose sting
Plies ever round some generous thing,
Buzzed of old bills and tavern-scores,
Old "might-have-beens" and "heretofores"; —
Then, from that garbled record-list,
Made him his own Apologist.

And was he? Nay, — let who has known
Nor Youth nor Error, cast the stone!
If to have sense of Joy and Pain
Too keen, — to rise, to fall again,
To live too much, — be sin, why then,

This was no pattern among men.
But those who turn that later page,
The Journal of his middle-age,
Watch him serene in either fate, —
Philanthropist and Magistrate;
Watch him as Husband, Father, Friend,
Faithful, and patient to the end;
Grieving, as e'en the brave may grieve,
But for the loved ones he must leave:
These will admit — if any can —
That 'neath the green Estrella trees,
No artist merely, but a MAN,
Wrought on our noblest island-plan,
Sleeps with the alien Portuguese. 1883.

FOR A COPY OF "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

By GOLDSMITH'S tomb the City's cry
Grows faint and distant; now no more,
From that famed street he trod of yore,
Men turn where those old Templars lie!

Only some dreamer such as I
Pauses awhile from dust and roar
By GOLDSMITH'S tomb!

And then — ah, then! — when none is
nigh,
What shadowy shapes, unseen before,
Troop back again from Lethe's shore! —
How the ghosts gather then, and sigh
By GOLDSMITH'S tomb!
1883.

TO LAURENCE HUTTON

[With a Volume of Verses]

THERE is no "mighty purpose" in this
book.
Of that I warn you at the opening page,
Lest haply 'twixt the leaves you careless
look
And finding nothing to reform the age,
Fall with the rhyme and rhymers in a
rage.
Let others prate of problems and of
powers;
I bring but fancies born of idle hours,
That striving only after Art and Ease,
Have scarcely more of moral than the
flowers
And little else of mission than to please.
1884.

In After Days

*In after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question or reply.*

*I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!*

*But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying — "He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none? — Then let my memory die
In after days!*

1884.

A GREETING

(TO W. C.)

BUT once or twice we met, touched hands.
To-day between us both expands
A waste of tumbling waters wide, —
A waste by me as yet untried,
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.

Time like a despot speeds his sands:
A year he blots, a day he brands;
We walked, we talked by Thamis' side
But once or twice.

What makes a friend? What filmy
strands
Are these that turn to iron bands?
What knot is this so firmly tied
That naught but Fate can now
divide? —
Ah, these are things one understands
But once or twice!

1890.

EPILOGUE TO EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY VIGNETTES

(SECOND SERIES)

"WHAT is it then," — some Reader
asks, —
"What is it that attaches
Your fancy so to fans and masks, —
To periwigs and patches?"

"Is Human Life to-day so poor, —
So bloodless, — you disdain it,
To 'galvanize' the Past once more?"
— Permit me. I'll explain it.

This Age I grant (and grant with pride),
Is varied, rich, eventful;
But, if you touch its weaker side,
Deplorably resentful:

Belaud it, and it takes your praise
With air of calm conviction;
Condemn it, and at once you raise
A storm of contradiction.

Whereas with these old Shades of mine,
Their ways and dress delight me;
And should I trip by word or line,
They cannot well indict me.

Not that I think to err. I seek
To steer 'twixt blame and blindness;
I strive (as some one said in Greek)
To speak the truth with kindness:

But — should I fail to render clear
Their title, rank, or station —
I still may sleep secure, nor fear
A suit for defamation.

1894.

PROLOGUE TO EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY VIGNETTES

(THIRD SERIES)

"Versale . . .
Quid valeant humeri." — HOR. *Ars Poetica*.

How shall a Writer change his ways?
Read his Reviewers' blame, not praise.
In blame, as Boileau said of old,
The truth is shadowed, if not told.

* * * * *

There! Let that row of stars extend
To hide the faults I mean to mend.
Why should the Public need to know
The standard that I fall below?
Or learn to search for that defect
My Critic bids me to correct?
No: in this case the Worldly-Wise
Keep their own counsel — and revise.

* * * * *

Yet much I love to arabesque
 What Gautier christened a "Grotesque";
 To take his oddities and "lunes,"
 And drape them neatly with festoons,
 Until, at length, I chance to get
 The thing I designate "Vignette."

To sum the matter then: — My aim
 Is modest. This is all I claim:
 To paint a part and not the whole,
 The trappings rather than the soul

The Evolution of the Time,
 The silent Forces fighting Crime,
 The fetishes that fail, and pass,
 The struggle between Class and Class,
 The Wealth still adding land to lands,
 The Crown that falls, the Faith that
 stands . . .
 All this I leave to abler hands.

1896.

"GOOD LUCK TO YOUR FISHING!"¹

Good luck to your fishing!
 And what have you caught?
 Ah, would that my wishing
 Were more than a thought!
 Ah, would you had caught her,
 Young Chloë, for me, —
 Young Chloë, the daughter
 Of Proteus, the sea!

She irks me, she irks me,
 With blue of her eyes;
 She irks me, she irks me,
 With little drawn sighs;
 She lures me with laughter,
 She tempts me with tears;
 And hope follows after, —
 Hope only, — and fears!

Good luck to your fishing!
 But would you had caught
 That maid beyond wishing,
 That maid beyond thought!
 O cast the line deeper,
 Deep — deep in the sea;
 And catch her, and keep her,
 Dan Cupid, for me!

1900. 1901.

THAT WOODEN CROSS

THAT wooden cross beside the road
 Marks — as the now-blurred legend
 showed —

That there a "soldat anglais" dead
 Has found betimes his foreign bed —
 His last impregnable abode.

'Tis no uncommon episode,
 You say, of war's barbaric code,
 For which so many men have bled —
 That wooden cross!

Nay, but this blood was well bestowed;
 'Twas shed for nations 'neath the load
 Of mailed oppression fury-fed,
 And ruthless rapine, sore bestead.
 Surely it needs no funeral ode —
 That wooden cross!

1914.

FOR THE BLINDED SOLDIERS

WE that look on, with God's goodwill,
 Have one plain duty to fulfil:
 To drive — by all fair means — afar
 This hideous Juggernaut of War,
 And teach the Future not to kill.

But there's a plainer duty still:
 We need to meet the instant ill,
 To heal the wound, to hide the scar —
 We that look on!

What timelier task for brain and quill
 Than aiding eyes no light can thrill,
 No sight of all good things that are,
 No morning sky, no evening star —
 Shall we not help with all our skill,
 We that look on?

1915.

*The glint of a raindrop;
 The song of a bird;
 The laughter of children, —
 Just overheard;
 These make up your magic, —
 These sing in your song;
 May you sing it for ever,
 And ever so long!*

1923.

¹ For a Picture by G. F. WATTS, R. A.

HENLEY

EDITIONS

POEMS, Scribners, 1898, 1900, 1909. — HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER, Harper, 1901. — *COLLECTED WORKS, 7 volumes, Nutt, 1908.

BIOGRAPHY

CORNFORD (L. C.), William Ernest Henley, 1913. — STEPHEN (H.), William Ernest Henley as a Contemporary and an Editor (in *London Mercury*, February, 1926). — LOW (S.), Memories and Impressions of William Ernest Henley (in *Living Age*, October 17, 1903).

CRITICISM

ARCHER (W.), Henley's Poems (in *Academy*, Vol. LIII, p. 249). — BLACKSHAW (R.), in *Critic*, Vol. XLIII, p. 261. — BLACKBURN (V.), in *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. XC, p. 232. — WATSON (H. B. M.), in *Living Age*, Vol. CCXXXVIII, p. 443. — THOMPSON (F.), in *Academy*, Vol. LXV, p. 62. (The last four articles named are memoirs written at the time of his death.) — BOYNTON (H. W.), William Ernest Henley and Journalism (in *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. XCII, p. 414). — CHANDLER (B. P.), Stevenson and Henley (in *Putnam's Magazine*, December, 1909). — DRINKWATER (J.), William Ernest Henley (in *Quarterly Review*, January, 1922). — GILMAN (L.), The Achievement of William Ernest Henley (in *Independent*, August 27, 1903). — LYND (R.), Books and Authors: Henley the Vainglorious, 1923. — NEFF (M.), The Place of Henley (in *North American Review*, April, 1920). — NICHOLS (W. B.), The Influence of Henley (in *Living Age*, July 9, 1921). — NOYES (A.), Some Aspects of Modern Poetry: Henley, Last of the Buccaneers (in *Bookman*, June, 1916); The Poetry of William Ernest Henley (in *Contemporary Review*, February, 1922). — PARKER (G.), New Poetry and W. E. Henley (in *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. LII, p. 109). — SYMONS (A.), Modernity in Verse (in *The Biblot*, Vol. XIII, 1907); The Revival of Henley (in *Living Age*, March 25, 1922); Some Makers of Modern Verse (in *Forum*, December, 1921); The Poetry of Henley (in *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. LVIII, p. 182).

HENLEY

FROM IN HOSPITAL

I

ENTER PATIENT

THE morning mists still haunt the stony street;
The northern summer air is shrill and cold;
And lo, the Hospital, grey, quiet, old,
Where Life and Death like friendly chafferers meet.
Thro' the loud spaciousness and draughty gloom
A small, strange child — so agèd yet so young! —
Her little arm besplinted and beslung,
Precedes me gravely to the waiting-room.
I limp behind, my confidence all gone.
The grey-haired soldier-porter waves me on,
And on I crawl, and still my spirits fail:
A tragic meanness seems so to environ
These corridors and stairs of stone and iron,
Cold, naked, clean — half-workhouse and half-jail.

II

WAITING

A SQUARE, squat room (a cellar on promotion),
Drab to the soul, drab to the very daylight;
Plasters astray in unnatural-looking tinware;
Scissors and lint and apothecary's jars.
Here, on a bench a skeleton would writhe from,
Angry and sore, I wait to be admitted:
Wait till my heart is lead upon my stomach,
While at their ease two dressers do their chores,

One has a probe — it feels to me a crow-bar.
A small boy sniffs and shudders after bluestone.
A poor old tramp explains his poor old ulcers.
Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame.

IV

BEFORE

BEHOLD me waiting — waiting for the knife.
A little while, and at a leap I storm
The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform,
The drunken dark, the little death-in-life.
The gods are good to me: I have no wife,
No innocent child, to think of as I near
The fateful minute; nothing all-too dear
Unmans me for my bout of passive strife.
Yet I am tremulous and a trifle sick,
And, face to face with chance, I shrink a little:
My hopes are strong, my will is something weak.
Here comes the basket? Thank you.
I am ready.
But, gentlemen my porters, life is brittle:
You carry Caesar and his fortunes — steady!

VIII

STAFF-NURSE: OLD STYLE

THE greater masters of the commonplace,
REMBRANDT and good SIR WALTER —
only these
Could paint her all to you: experienced ease
And antique liveliness and ponderous grace;
The sweet old roses of her sunken face;
The depth and malice of her sly, grey eyes;
The broad Scots tongue that flatters,
scolds, defies;
The thick Scots wit that fells you like a mace,

These thirty years has she been nursing
here,
Some of them under SYME, her hero still.
Much is she worth, and even more is made
of her.

Patients and students hold her very dear.
The doctors love her, tease her, use her
skill.

They say "The Chief" himself is half-
afraid of her.

XXIII MUSIC

DOWN the quiet eve,
Thro' my window with the sunset
Pipes to me a distant organ
Foolish ditties;

And, as when you change
Pictures in a magic lantern,
Books, beds, bottles, floors, and ceiling
Fade and vanish,

And I'm well once more . . .
August flares adust and torrid.
But my heart is full of April
Sap and sweetness.

In the quiet eve
I am loitering, longing, dreaming . . .
Dreaming, and a distant organ
Pipes me ditties.

I can see the shop,
I can smell the sprinkled pavement,
Where she serves — her chestnut chignon
Thrills my senses!

O, the sight and scent,
Wistful eve and perfumed pavement!
In the distance pipes an organ . . .
The sensation

Comes to me anew,
And my spirit for a moment
Thro' the music breathes the blessed
Airs of London.

XXVII NOCTURN

At the barren heart of midnight,
When the shadow shuts and opens
As the loud flames pulse and flutter,
I can hear a cistern leaking.

Dripping, dropping, in a rhythm,
Rough, unequal, half-melodious,
Like the measures aped from nature
In the infancy of music;

Like the buzzing of an insect,
Still, irrational, persistent . . .
I must listen, listen, listen
In a passion of attention;

Till it taps upon my heartstrings,
And my very life goes dripping,
Dropping, dripping, drip-drip-dropping,
In the drip-drop of the cistern.

XXVIII DISCHARGED

CARRY me out
Into the wind and the sunshine,
Into the beautiful world.

O, the wonder, the spell of the streets!
The stature and strength of the horses,
The rustle and echo of footfalls,
The flat roar and rattle of wheels!
A swift tram floats huge on us . . .
It's a dream?
The smell of the mud in my nostrils
Blows brave — like a breath of the sea!

As of old,
Ambulant, undulant drapery,
Vaguely and strangely provocative,
Flutters and beckons. O, yonder —
Is it? — the gleam of a stocking!
Sudden, a spire

Wedged in the mist! O, the houses,
The long lines of lofty, grey houses,
Cross-hatched with shadow and light!
These are the streets. . . .
Each is an avenue leading
Whither I will!

Free . . . !
Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
Into the wonderful world.

1873-1875. 1888.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD

(TO RUDYARD KIPLING)

*The Sword**Singing —**The voice of the Sword from the heart of the**Sword**Clanging imperious**Forth from Time's battlements**His ancient and triumphant Song.*

In the beginning,
 Ere God inspired Himself
 Into the clay thing
 Thumb'd to His image,
 The vacant, the naked shell
 Soon to be Man :
 Thoughtful He pondered it,
 Prone there and impotent,
 Fragile, inviting
 Attack and discomfiture ;
 Then, with a smile —
 As He heard in the Thunder
 That laughed over Eden
 The Voice of the Trumpet,
 The iron Beneficence,
 Calling his dooms
 To the Winds of the world —
 Stooping, He drew
 On the sand with His finger
 A shape for a sign
 Of his way to the eyes
 That in wonder should waken,
 For a proof of His will
 To the breaking intelligence.
 That was the birth of me :
 I am the Sword.

Bleak and lean, grey and cruel,
 Short-hilted, long shafted,
 I froze into steel ;
 And the blood of my elder,
 His hand on the hafts of me,
 Sprang like a wave
 In the wind, as the sense
 Of his strength grew to ecstasy ;
 Glowed like a coal
 In the throat of the furnace ;
 As he knew me and named me
 The War-Thing, the Comrade,
 Father of honor
 And giver of kingship,
 The fame-smith, the song-master,
 Bringer of women
 On fire at his hands

For the pride of fulfilment,
Priest (saith the Lord)
Of his marriage with victory.
 Ho ! then, the Trumpet,
 Handmaid of heroes,
 Calling the peers
 To the place of espousals !
 Ho ! then, the splendor
 And glare of my ministry,
 Clothing the earth
 With a livery of lightnings !
 Ho ! then, the music
 Of battles in onset,
 And ruining armors.
 Edged to annihilate,
 Hilted with government,
 Follow, O, follow me,
 Till the waste places
 All the grey globe over
 Ooze, as the honeycomb
 Drips, with the sweetness
 Distilled of my strength,
 And, teeming in peace
 Through the wrath of my coming,
 They give back in beauty
 The dread and the anguish
 They had of me visitant !
 Follow, O follow, then,
 Heroes, my harvesters !
 Where the tall grain is ripe
 Thrust in your sickles !
 Stripped and adust
 In a stubble of empire,
 Scything and binding
 The full sheaves of sovranity ;
 Thus, O, thus gloriously,
 Shall you fulfil yourselves !
 Thus, O, thus mightily,
 Show yourselves sons of mine —
 Excesses in service
 Of the Womb universal,
 The absolute drudge ;
 Firing the charactry
 Carved on the World
 The miraculous gem
 In the seal-ring that burns
 On the hand of the Master —
 Yea ! and authority
 Flames through the dim,
 Unappeasable Grisliness
 Prone down the nethermost
 Chasms of the Void ! —
 Clear singing, clean slicing ;
 Sweet spoken, soft finishing ;
 Making death beautiful,
 Life but a coin

To be staked in the pastime
 Whose playing is more
 Than the transfer of being;
 Arch-anarch, chief builder,
 Prince and evangelist,
 I am the Will of God:
 I and the Sword.

*The Sword
 Singing —*

*The voice of the Sword from the heart of the
 Sword*

*Clanging majestic,
 As from the starry-staired
 Courts of the primal Supremacy,
 His high, irresistible song.*

1890.

FROM BRIC-A-BRAC

BALLADE OF A TOYOKUNI COLOR-PRINT

TO W. A.

WAS I a Samurai renowned,
 Two-sworded, fierce, immense of bow?
 A histrion angular and profound?
 A priest? a porter? — Child, although
 I have forgotten clean, I know
 That in the shade of Fujisan,
 What time the cherry-orchards blow,
 I loved you once in old Japan.

As here you loiter, flowing-gowned
 And hugely sashed, with pins a-row
 Your quaint head as with flamelets
 crowned,

Demure, inviting — even so,
 When merry maids in Miyako
 To feel the sweet o' the year began,
 And green gardens to overflow,
 I loved you once in old Japan.

Clear shine the hills; the rice-fields round
 Two cranes are circling; sleepy and
 slow,

A blue canal the lake's blue bound
 Breaks at the bamboo bridge; and lo!
 Touched with the sundown's spirit and
 glow,

I see you turn, with flirted fan,
 Against the plum-tree's bloomy snow. . .
 I loved you once in old Japan!

ENVOY

Dear, 'twas a dozen lives ago;
 But that I was a lucky man
 The Toyokuni here will show:
 I loved you — once — in old Japan.

ORIENTALE

SHE'S an enchanting little Israelite,
 A world of hidden dimples! — Dusky-
 eyed,
 A starry-glancing daughter of the Bride,
 With hair escaped from some Arabian
 Night,
 Her lip is red, her cheek is golden-white,
 Her nose a scimitar; and, set aside
 The bamboo hat she cocks with so much
 pride,
 Her dress a dream of daintiness and
 delight.
 And when she passes with the dreadful
 boys
 And romping girls, the cockneys loud and
 crude,
 My thought, to the Minorities tied yet
 moved to range
 The Land o' the Sun, commingles with the
 noise
 Of magian drums and scents of sandal-
 wood
 A touch Sidonian — modern — taking —
 strange!

FROM A WINDOW IN PRINCES STREET

TO M. M. M'B.

ABOVE the Craggs that fade and gloom
 Starts the bare knee of Arthur's Seat;
 Ridged high against the evening bloom,
 The Old Town rises, street on street;
 With lamps bejewelled, straight ahead,
 Like rampired walls the houses lean,
 All spired and domed and turreted,
 Sheer to the valley's darkling green;
 Ranged in mysterious disarray,
 The Castle, menacing and austere,
 Looms through the lingering last of day;
 And in the silver dusk you hear,
 Reverberated from crag and scar,
 Bold bugles blowing points of war.

BESIDE the idle summer sea
And in the vacant summer days,
Light Love came fluting down the ways,
Where you were loitering with me.

Who has not welcomed, even as we,
That jocund minstrel and his lays
Beside the idle summer sea
And in the vacant summer days?

We listened, we were fancy-free;
And lo! in terror and amaze
We stood alone — alone at gaze
With an implacable memory
Beside the idle summer sea.

WE shall surely die:
Must we needs grow old?
Grow old and cold,
And we know not why?

O, the By-and-Bye,
And the tale that's told!
We shall surely die:
Must we needs grow old?

Grow old and sigh,
Grudge and withhold,
Resent and scold? . . .
Not you and I?
We shall surely die!

1877-1888. 1888.

FROM ECHOES

III

O, GATHER me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it!

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed forborne for ever,
The worm, regret, will canker on,
And Time will turn him never.

So well it were to love, my love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,
The memories that follow!

IV

INVICTUS¹

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the
scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

XIV

THE wan sun westers, faint and slow;
The eastern distance glimmers gray;
An eerie haze comes creeping low
Across the little, lonely bay;
And from the sky-line far away
About the quiet heaven are spread
Mysterious hints of dying day,
Thin, delicate dreams of green and red.

And weak, reluctant surges lap
And rustle round and down the strand.
No other sound . . . If it should hap,
The ship that sails from fairy-land!
The silken shrouds with spells are manned,
The hull is magically scrolled,
The squat mast lives, and in the sand
The gold prow-griffin claws a hold.

It steals to seaward silently;
Strange fish-folk follow thro' the gloom,
Great wings flap overhead; I see
The Castle of the Drowsy Doom
Vague thro' the changeless twilight loom,
Enchanted, hushed. And ever there
She slumbers in eternal bloom,
Her cushions hid with golden hair.

¹ Original title: "I. M. R. T. Hamilton Bruce (1846-1899)."

XVIII

TO A. D.

THE nightingale has a lyre of gold,
 The lark's is a clarion call,
 And the blackbird plays but a boxwood
 flute,
 But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
 And we in the mad, spring weather,
 We two have listened till he sang
 Our hearts and lips together.

XIX

YOUR heart has trembled to my tongue,
 Your hands in mine have lain,
 Your thought to me has leaned and clung,
 Again and yet again,
 My dear,
 Again and yet again.

Now die the dream, or come the wife,
 The past is not in vain,
 For wholly as it was your life
 Can never be again,
 My dear,
 Can never be again.

XXIX

TO R. L. S.

A CHILD,
 Curious and innocent,
 Slips from his Nurse, and rejoicing
 Loses himself in the Fair.

Thro' the jostle and din
 Wandering, he revels,
 Dreaming, desiring, possessing;
 Till, of a sudden
 Tired and afraid, he beholds
 The sordid assemblage
 Just as it is; and he runs
 With a sob to his Nurse
 (Lighting at last on him),
 And in her motherly bosom
 Cries him to sleep.

Thus thro' the World,
 Seeing and feeling and knowing,
 Goes Man: till at last,
 Tired of experience, he turns
 To the friendly and comforting breast
 Of the old nurse, Death.

XXXV

I. M.

MARGARITÆ SORORI

(1886)

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet
 skies;
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, grey city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The
 sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing
 night—
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
 My task accomplished and the long day
 done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

XXXVI

I GAVE my heart to a woman—
 I gave it her, branch and root.
 She bruised, she wrung, she tortured,
 She cast it under foot.

Under her feet she cast it,
 She trampled it where it fell,
 She broke it all to pieces,
 And each was a clot of hell.

There in the rain and the sunshine
 They lay and smouldered long;
 And each, when again she viewed them,
 Had turned to a living song.

XXXVII

TO W. A.

OR ever the knightly years were gone
 With the old world to the grave,
 I was a King in Babylon
 And you were a Christian Slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
 I bent and broke your pride.
 You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
 But your longing was denied.
 Surely I knew that by and by
 You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
 Since then upon the grave
 Decreed by the King of Babylon
 To her that had been his Slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
 For it tramples me again.
 The old resentment lasts like death,
 For you love, yet you refrain.
 I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
 And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
 The deed beyond the grave,
 When I was a King in Babylon
 And you were a Virgin Slave.

XXXVIII

ON the way to Kew,
 By the river old and gray,
 Where in the Long Ago,
 We laughed and loitered so,
 I met a ghost to-day,
 A ghost that told of you —
 A ghost of low replies
 And sweet, inscrutable eyes
 Coming up from Richmond
 As you used to do.

By the river old and gray,
 The enchanted Long Ago
 Murmured and smiled anew.
 On the way to Kew,
 March had the laugh of May,
 The bare boughs looked aglow,
 And old immortal words
 Sang in my breast like birds,
 Coming up from Richmond
 As I used with you.

With the life of Long Ago
 Lived my thought of you.
 By the river old and gray
 Flowing his appointed way
 As I watched I knew
 What is so good to know —
 Not in vain, not in vain,
 Shall I look for you again
 Coming up from Richmond
 On the way to Kew.

XL

THE spring, my dear,
 Is no longer spring.
 Does the blackbird sing
 What he sang last year?
 Are the skies the old
 Immemorial blue?
 Or am I, or are you,
 Grown cold?

Though life be change,
 It is hard to bear
 When the old sweet air
 Sounds forced and strange.
 To be out of tune,
 Plain You and I . . .
 It were better to die,
 And soon!

1874-1880? 1888.

FROM LONDON VOLUNTARIES

(TO CHARLES WHIBLEY)

III

Scherzando

DOWN through the ancient Strand
 The spirit of October, mild and boon
 And sauntering, takes his way
 This golden end of afternoon,
 As though the corn stood yellow in all the
 land,
 And the ripe apples dropped to the
 harvest-moon.

Lo! the round sun, half-down the west-
 ern slope —
 Seen as along an unglazed telescope —
 Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with
 day:
 Gifting the long, lean, lanky street

And its abounding confluences of being
With aspects generous and bland;
Making a thousand harnesses to shine
As with new ore from some enchanted
mine,

And every horse's coat so full of sheen
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus
feels clean,

And never a hansom but is worth the
feeling;

And every jeweller within the pale
Offers a real Arabian Night for sale;

And even the roar
Of the strong streams of toil, that pause
and pour

Eastward and westward, sounds suf-
fused —

Seems as it were bemused
And blurred, and like the speech
Of lazy seas on a lotus-haunted beach —
With this enchanted lustrousness,
This mellow magic, that (as a man's
caress

Brings back to some faded face, beloved
before,

A heavenly shadow of the grace it wore
Ere the poor eyes were minded to beseech)
Old things transfigures, and you hail and
bless

Their looks of long-lapsed loveliness once
more :

Till Clement's, angular and cold and staid,
Gleams forth in glamour's very stuffs
arrayed;

And Bride's, her æry, unsubstantial
charm

Through flight on flight of springing, soar-
ing stone

Grown flushed and warm,
Laughs into life full-mooded and fresh-
blown;

And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls —
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can be !

For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.
Trafalgar Square
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)
Shines like an angel-market. High aloft
Over his couchant Lions, in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
A dust of chrysoprase,

Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb,
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.
The dingy dreariness of the picture-place
Turned very nearly bright,
Takes on a luminous transiency of grace,
And shows no more a scandal to the
ground.

The very blind man pottering on the kerb
Among the posies and the ostrich feathers
And the rude voices touched with all the
weathers

Of the long, varying year,
Shares in the universal alms of light.

The windows, with their fleeting, flicker-
ing fires,

The height and spread of frontage shining
sheer,

The quiring signs, the rejoicing roofs and
spires —

'Tis El Dorado — El Dorado plain,
The Golden City ! And when a girl goes
by,

Look ! as she turns her glancing head,
A call of gold is floated from her ear !
Golden, all golden ! In the golden glory,
Long-lapsing down a golden coasted sky,
The day, not dies, but seems
Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and
shed

Upon a past of golden song and story
And memories of gold and golden dreams.
1892.

FROM RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

PROLOGUE

*Something is dead . . .
The grace of sunset solitudes, the march
Of the solitary moon, the pomp and power
Of round on round of shining soldier-stars
Patrolling space, the bounties of the sun —
Sovran, tremendous, unimaginable —
The multitudinous friendliness of the sea,
Possess no more — no more.*

*Something is dead . . .
The Autumn rain-rot deeper and wider
soaks
And spreads, the burden of Winter heavier
weighs
His melancholy close and closer yet
Cleaves, and those incantations of the Spring*

*That made the heart a centre of miracles
Grow formal, and the wonder-working hours
Arise no more — no more.*

*Something is dead . . .
'Tis time to creep in close about the fire.*

I

TO H. B. M. W.

WHERE forlorn sunsets flare and fade
On desolate sea and lonely sand,
Out of the silence and the shade
What is the voice of strange command
Calling you still, as friend calls friend
With love that cannot brook delay
To rise and follow the ways that wend
Over the hills and far away?

Hark in the city, street on street
A roaring reach of death and life,
Of vortices that clash and fleet
And ruin in appointed strife,
Hark to it calling, calling clear,
Calling until you cannot stay
From dearer things than your own most
dear
Over the hills and far away?

Out of the sound of the ebb-and-flow,
Out of the sight of lamp and star,
It calls you where the good winds blow,
And the unchanging meadows are :
From faded hopes and hopes agleam,
It calls you, calls you night and day
Beyond the dark into the dream
Over the hills and far away.

V

WHY, my heart, do we love her so?
(Geraldine, Geraldine!)
Why does the great sea ebb and flow? —
Why does the round world spin?
Geraldine, Geraldine,
Bid me my life renew :
What is it worth unless I win,
Love — love and you?

Why, my heart, when we speak her name
(Geraldine, Geraldine!)
Throbs the word like a flinging flame? —
Why does the Spring begin?
Geraldine, Geraldine,
Bid me indeed to be :

Open your heart, and take us in,
Love — love and me.

XI

GULLS in an æry morrice
Gleam and vanish and gleam . . .
The full sea, sleepily basking,
Dreams under skies of dream.

Gulls in an æry morrice
Circle and swoop and close . . .
Fuller and ever fuller
The rose of the morning blows.

Gulls, in an æry morrice
Frolicking, float and fade . . .
O, the way of a bird in the sunshine,
The way of a man with a maid!

XXV

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England —
Round the world on your bugles
blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England —
Down the years on your bugles
blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England: —
"Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky :
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England —
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England :
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own !
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England,
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
 There's the menace of the Word

In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England —
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown !
1889-1892. 1893.

A BOWL OF ROSES

It was a bowl of roses :
 There in the light they lay,
 Languishing, glorying, glowing
 Their life away.

And the soul of them rose like a presence,
 Into me crept and grew,
 And filled me with something — some
 one —
 O, was it you ?

KIPLING

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

EDITION DE LUXE, the Novels, Tales, and Poems, 31 volumes, Macmillan, 1897-1920. — OUTWARD BOUND EDITION, 28 volumes, Scribner, 1897-1920. — SWASTIKA EDITION, 15 volumes, issued jointly by Appleton, Century, and Doubleday and McClure, 1899. — POCKET KIPLING, 23 volumes, Macmillan, 1899-1922. — BOMBAY EDITION, 25 volumes, Macmillan, 1913-1919. — SERVICE KIPLING, 26 volumes, Macmillan, 1914-1919. — *RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE, INCLUSIVE EDITION, Doubleday, 1927.

BIOGRAPHICAL ITEMS

HOPKINS (R. T.), Rudyard Kipling, 1916; Kipling's Sussex, 1921. — MAURICE (A. B.), About the London of Rudyard Kipling (in Bookman, December, 1920). — MUNSON (A.), Kipling's India, 1916. — PALMER (J.), Rudyard Kipling, 1916.

CRITICISM

BACON (L.), Rudyard Kipling (in Saturday Review of Literature, March 17, 1928). — BENNETT (Arnold), Books and Persons, 1917. — CHESTERTON (G. K.), Heretics: On Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Making the World Small, 1905. — CHEVRILLON (A.), Three Studies in English Literature, 1923. — CLARKE (W. J.) ("G. F. Monkshood"), The Less Familiar Kipling, 1917. — CUNLIFFE (J. W.), English Literature during the Last Half Century, 1919. — DAWSON (W. J.), Quest and Vision, 1892. — DOBRÉE (B.), Rudyard Kipling (in Monthly Criterion, December, 1927). — DURAND (R. A.), Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling, 1915. — ERNEST-CHARLES (J.), Les Samedis littéraires, Vol. III, 1905. — FABULET (L.), Rudyard Kipling (in Figaro, December, 1907); Mr. Kipling and His French Readers, 1907. — FALLS (C.), Rudyard Kipling, a Critical Study, 1915. — FERGUSON (J. D.), The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling (in Forum, September, 1913); Rudyard Kipling's Revision of His Published Works (in Journal of English and Germanic Philology, 1923). — GEROULD (Katherine F.), The Remarkable Rightness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling (in Atlantic Monthly, January, 1919). — HOPKINS (R. T.), Rudyard Kipling, a Literary Appreciation, 1916. — JACKSON (H.), The Eighteen-Nineties, 1914. — JOHNSON (L. P.), Reviews and Critical Papers, 1921. — KNOWLES (F. L.), A Kipling Primer, 1900. — LE GALLIENNE (R.), Rudyard Kipling, a Criticism, 1900. — LYND (R.), Old and New Masters. — MACY (J.), Kipling and Conrad (in Dial, May 17, 1917). — MARBLE (Mrs. A. R.), The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature, 1925. — MORE (P. E.), Kipling and Fitzgerald (in Shelburne Essays, second series). — PETRIE (C.), Revaluations (in London Outlook, March 31, 1928). — PHELPS (W. L.), The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century, 1918. — REGNIER (H. F. J. de), Figures et caractères, 1901. — ROBERTS (R. E.), Rudyard Kipling (in Living Age, August, 1928). — ROBERTSON (W.), The Kipling Guide Book, 1899. — RUTLAND (A.), Rudyard Kipling (in London Bookman, October, 1926). — SCOTT (D.), Men of Letters, 1917. — SERVAGEAN (H.), Un Discours sur Rudyard Kipling et la France (in Revue Anglo-Américaine, December, 1924). — SHANKS (E.),

Rudyard Kipling (in *Living Age*, February 17, 1923). — WATERHOUSE (F. A.), *Random Sketches in the Romantic Chaos*, 1923. — *See also*: Rudyard Kipling number of the *London Bookman*, January, 1903.

TRIBUTE IN VERSE

COMTESSE DE NOAILLES, A Rudyard Kipling (in *Revue de Paris*, December 1, 1921).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

MARTINDELL (E. W.), *A Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling*, 1923. — LIVINGSTON (Flora V.), *A Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling*, 1927. — YOUNG (W. A.), *The Kipling Dictionary*. — THE KIPLING INDEX, Macmillan, 1914.

KIPLING

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border,
nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the
earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the
Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that
is the Colonel's pride.
He has lifted her out of the stable-door
between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and
ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that
led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can
say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the
son of the Ressaldar:
"If ye know the track of the morning-
mist, ye know where his pickets are."
"At dusk he harries the Abazai — at
dawn he is into Bonair,
"But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his
own place to fare.
"So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as
a bird can fly,
"By the favour of God ye may cut him off
ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai,
right swiftly turn ye then,
"For the length and the breadth of that
grisly plain is sown with Kamal's
men.
"There is rock to the left, and rock to the
right, and low lean thorn between,
"And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick
where never a man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a
raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of
Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won,
they bid him stay to eat —
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he
sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as
fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in
the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with
Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her
eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but
the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said.
"Show now if ye can ride!"
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as
blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the
mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and
slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-
bars, as a maiden plays with a
glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the
right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick
tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the
sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but
the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course — in a
woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back,
and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his
hand — small room was there to
strive,
"Twas only by favour of mine," quoth
he, "ye rode so long alive:

"There was not a rock for twenty mile,
there was not a clump of tree,
"But covered a man of my own men with
his rifle cocked on his knee.

"If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have
held it low,
"The little jackals that flee so fast were
feasting all in a row.

"If I had bowed my head on my breast, as
I have held it high,

"The kite that whistles above us now
were gorged till she could not
fly."

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do
good to bird and beast,

"But count who come for the broken
meats before thou makest a feast.

"If there should follow a thousand swords
to carry my bones away,

"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were
more than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the stand-
ing crop, their men on the garnered
grain.

"The thatch of the byres will serve
their fires when all the cattle are
slain.

"But if thou thinkest the price be fair, —
thy brethren wait to sup,

"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, —
howl, dog, and call them up!

"And if thou thinkest the price be high,
in steer and gear and stack,

"Give me my father's mare again, and I'll
fight my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and
set him upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he,
"when wolf and grey wolf meet.

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in
deed or breath;

"What dam of lances brought thee forth
to jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I
hold by the blood of my clan:

"Take up the mare for my father's gift —
by God, she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son,
and nuzzled against his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal
then, "but she loveth the younger
best.

"So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my
turquois-studded rein,

"My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth,
and silver stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held
it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said
he. "Will ye take the mate from
a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight;
"a limb for the risk of a limb.

"Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll
send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that
dropped from a mountain-crest —
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and
he looked like a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said,
"who leads a troop of the Guides,

"And thou must ride at his left side as
shield on shoulder rides.

"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at
camp and board and bed,

"Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard
him with thy head.

"So, thou must eat the White Queen's
meat, and all her foes are thine,

"And thou must harry thy father's hold
for the peace of the Border-line.

"And thou must make a trooper tough
and hack thy way to power —

"Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar
when I am hanged in Peshawur!"

They have looked each other between
the eyes, and there they found no
fault.

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-
in-Blood on leavened bread and
salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-
in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber
knife, and the Wondrous Names of
God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and
Kamal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh
where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-
Guard, full twenty swords flew
clear —

There was not a man but carried his feud
with the blood of the mountaineer.

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's
son. "Put up the steel at your
sides!

"Last night ye had struck at a Border
thief — to-night 'tis a man of the
Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border,
nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the
earth!* 1889.

PRELUDE

(To Departmental Ditties)

*I have eaten your bread and salt.
I have drunk your water and wine.
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye led were mine.*

*Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease, —
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?*

*I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise — but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.* 1890.

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said
Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the
Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so
white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch,"
the Colour-Sergeant said.
For they're hangin' Danny Deever,
you can hear the Dead March
play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square —
they're hangin' him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an'
cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever
in the mornin'.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the
Colour-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever,
they are marchin' of 'im
round,
They 'ave 'altd Danny Deever by
'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a
sneakin' shootin' hound —
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in
the mornin'!

"Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said
Files-on-Parade.
"E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the
Colour-Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said
Files-on-Parade.
"E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the
Colour-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, you
must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' — you
must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the
Regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever
in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?"
said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the
Colour-Sergeant said.
"What's that that whippers over'eard?"
said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now,"
the Colour-Sergeant said.
For they're done with Danny Deever,
you can 'ear the quickstep
play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're
marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin',
an' they'll want their beer
to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'! 1890.

TOMMY

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so
'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the
Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall
down?" said Files-on-Parade.

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o'
beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no
red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an'
giggled fit to die,

I outs into the street again an' to myself
sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' "Tommy, go away";

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"
when the band begins to
play—

The band begins to play, my boys,
the band begins to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"
when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but
'adn't none for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round the
music-'alls,

But when it comes to fightin', Lord!
they'll shove me in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy
that, an' "Tommy, wait out-
side";

But it's "Special train for Atkins"
when the trooper's on the
tide—

The troopship's on the tide, my boys,
the troopship's on the tide,

O it's "Special train for Atkins"
when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard
you while you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an'
they're starvation cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when
they're goin' large a bit

Is five times better business than paradin'
in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy
that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer
soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes"
when the drums begin to roll—

The drums begin to roll, my boys,
the drums begin to roll,

O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when
the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't
no blackguards too,

But single men in barricks, most remark-
able like you;

An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all
your fancy paints,

Why, single men in barricks don't grow
into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy
that, an' "Tommy, fall
be'ind,"

But it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"
when there's trouble in the
wind—

There's trouble in the wind, my boys,
there's trouble in the wind,

O it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"
when there's trouble in the
wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools,
an' fires, an' all:

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us
rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops,
but prove it to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-
man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy
that, an' "Chuck him out, the
brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country"
when the guns begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy
that, an' anything you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—
you bet that Tommy sees!

1890.

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an'
Aldershot it;

But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im
that's got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!"

"You limpin' lump o' brick-dust,
Gunga Din!"

"Hi! Slippy *hitherao!*

"Water, get it! *Pancee lao*

"You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga
Din."

¹ Bring water swiftly.

The uniform 'e wore
 Was nothin' much before,
 An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
 For a piece o' twisty rag
 An' a goatskin water-bag
 Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
 When the sweatin' troop-train lay
 In a sidin' through the day,
 Where the 'eat would make your bloomin'
 eyebrows crawl,
 We shouted "Harry By!"¹
 Till our throats were bricky-dry,
 Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't
 serve us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 "You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave
 you been?"

"You put some *juldee*² in it
 "Or I'll *marrow*³ you this
 minute

"If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga
 Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
 Till the longest day was done;
 An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
 If we charged or broke or cut,
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
 With 'is mussick⁴ on 'is back,
 'E would skip with our attack,
 An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire"
 An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
 'E was white, clear white, inside
 When 'e went to tend the wounded under
 fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on
 the green

When the cartridges ran out,
 You could hear the front-
 ranks shout,

"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga
 Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
 When I dropped be'ind the fight
 With a bullet where my belt-plate should
 'a been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst,
 An' the man that spied me first
 Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga
 Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead,
 An' he plugged me where I bled,

¹ O brother.

² Be quick.

³ Hit you.

⁴ Water-skin.

An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water green.
 It was crawlin' and it stunk,
 But of all the drinks I've drunk,
 I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"

"'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through
 'is spleen;

"'E's chawin' up the ground,

"An' 'e's kickin' all around:

"For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga
 Din!"

'E carried me away
 To where a dooli lay,
 An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar
 clean.

'E put me safe inside,
 An' just before 'e died,
 "I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga
 Din.

So I'll meet 'm later on
 At the place where 'e is gone —
 Where it's always double drill and no
 canteen.

'E'll be squattin' on the coals
 Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
 An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!
 Yes, Din! Din! Din!

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
 Though I've belted you and
 flayed you,
 By the livin' Gawd that made
 you,

You're a better man than I am, Gunga
 Din! 1890.

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'
 eastward to the sea,
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I
 know she thinks o' me;
 For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the
 temple-bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier;
 come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay:
 Can't you 'ear their paddles
 chunkin' from Rangoon
 to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like
 thunder outer China
 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap
 was green,
 An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat — jes' the
 same as Theebaw's Queen,
 An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin'
 white cheroot,
 An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an
 'eathen idol's foot:
 Bloomin' idol made o' mud —
 Wot they called the Great
 Gawd Budd —
 Plucky lot she cared for idols
 when I kissed 'er where
 she stud!
 On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an'
 the sun was droppin' slow,
 She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing
"Kulla-lo-lo!"
 With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er
 cheek agin my cheek
 We useter watch the steamers an' the
hathis pilin' teak.
 Elephints a-pilin' teak
 In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
 Where the silence 'ung that
 'eavy you was 'arf afraid
 to speak!
 On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me — long ago
 an' fur away,
 An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the
 Bank to Mandalay;
 An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the
 ten-year soldier tells:
 "If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you
 won't never 'eed naught else."
 No! you won't 'eed nothin'
 else
 But them spicy garlic smells,
 An' the sunshine an' the palm-
 trees an' the tinkly
 temple-bells;
 On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty
 pavin'-stones,
 An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the
 fever in my bones;
 Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer
 Chelsea to the Strand,
 An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do
 they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and —
 Law! wot do they understand?
 I've a neater, sweeter maiden
 in a cleaner, greener land!
 On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where
 the best is like the worst,
 Where there aren't no Ten Command-
 ments an' a man can raise a thirst;
 For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's
 there that I would be —
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking
 lazy at the sea;
 On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the old Flotilla lay,
 With our sick beneath the
 awnings when we went to
 Mandalay!
 O the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like
 thunder outer China
 'crost the Bay!

1890.

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted and
 the tubes are twisted and dried,
 When the oldest colours have faded, and
 the youngest critic has died,
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it
 — lie down for an æon or two,
 Till the Master of All Good Workmen
 shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy:
 they shall sit in a golden chair;
 They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
 with brushes of comets' hair.
 They shall find real saints to draw from —
 Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
 They shall work for an age at a sitting and
 never be tired at all!

And only The Master shall praise us, and
 only The Master shall blame;
 And no one shall work for money, and no
 one shall work for fame,
 But each for the joy of the working, and
 each, in his separate star,
 Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the
 God of Things as They are!

1892.

IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE

IN the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I
wage

For food and fame and woolly horses'
pelt;

I was singer to my clan in that dim, red
Dawn of Man,

And I sang of all we fought and feared
and felt.

Yea, I sang as now I sing, when the Pre-
historic spring

Made the piled Biscayan ice-pack split
and shove;

And the troll and gnome and dwerg, and
the Gods of Cliff and Berg

Were about me and beneath me and
above.

But a rival of Solutré, told the tribe my
style was *outré* —

'Neath a tomahawk, of diorite, he fell.

And I left my views on Art, barbed and
tanged, below the heart

Of a mammothistic etcher at Grenelle.

Then I stripped them, scalp from skull,
and my hunting-dogs fed full,

And their teeth I threaded neatly on a
thong;

And I wiped my mouth and said, "It is
well that they are dead,

"For I know my work is right and
theirs was wrong."

But my Totem saw the shame; from his
ridgepole-shrine he came,

And told me in a vision of the night: —

"There are nine and sixty ways of con-
structing tribal lays,

"And every single one of them is
right!"

Then the silence closed upon me till They
put new clothing on me

Of whiter, weaker flesh and bone more
frail;

And I stepped beneath Time's finger,
once again a tribal singer,

And a minor poet certified by Traill!

Still they skirmish to and fro, men my
messmates on the snow,

When we headed off the aurochs turn
for turn;

When the rich Allobrogenses never kept
amanuenses,

And our only plots were piled in lakes
at Berne.

Still a cultured Christian age sees us
scuffle, squeak, and rage,

Still we pinch and slap and jabber,
scratch and dirk;

Still we let our business slide — as we
dropped the half-dressed hide —

To show a fellow-savage how to work.

Still the world is wondrous large, — seven
seas from marge to marge —

And it holds a vast of various kinds of
man;

And the wildest dreams of Kew are the
facts of Khatmandhu,

And the crimes of Clapham chaste in
Martaban.

Here's my wisdom for your use, as I
learned it when the moose

And the reindeer roared where Paris
roars to-night: —

"There are nine and sixty ways of con-
structing tribal lays,

"And — every — single — one — of —
them — is — right!"

1892, 1895.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

FAIR is our lot — O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in
your mirth!)

For the Lord our God Most High

He hath made the deep as dry,

*He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends
of all the Earth!*

*Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went
from righteousness —*

*Deep in all dishonour though we stained our
garments' hem,*

Oh be ye not dismayed,

Though we stumbled and we strayed,

*We were led by evil counsellors — the Lord
shall deal with them!*

*Hold ye the Faith — the Faith our Fathers
sealed us;*

*Whoring not with visions — overwise and
overstale.*

*Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage He shall
ask them treble-tale!*

*Keep ye the Law — be swift in all obedi-
ence —*

*Clear the land of evil, drive the road and
bridge the ford.*

*Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men
know we serve the Lord!*

*Hear now a song — a song of broken inter-
ludes —*

*A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing
worth.*

*Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between,
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends
of all the Earth! 1893.*

THE KING

"FAREWELL, Romance!" the Cave-men
said;

"With bone well carved he went
away.

"Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,

"And jasper tips the spear to-day.

"Changed are the Gods of Hunt and
Dance,

"And He with these. Farewell, Ro-
mance!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Lake-folk
sighed;

"We lift the weight of flatling years;

"The caverns of the mountain-side

"Hold Him who scorns our hutted
piers.

"Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,

"Guard ye His rest. Romance, Fare-
well!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Soldier spoke;

"By sleight of sword we may not win,

"But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke

"Of arquebus and culverin.

"Honour is lost, and none may tell

"Who paid good blows. Romance, fare-
well!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Traders
cried;

"Our keels have lain with every sea.

"The dull-returning wind and tide

"Heave up the wharf where we would
be;

"The known and noted breezes swell

"Our trudging sails. Romance, fare-
well!"

"Good-bye, Romance!" the Skipper said;

"He vanished with the coal we burn.

"Our dial marks full-steam ahead,

"Our speed is timed to half a turn.

"Sure as the ferried barge we ply

"Twixt port and port. Romance, good-
bye!"

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,

"He never ran to catch his train,

"But passed with coach and guard and
horn —

"And left the local — late again!"

Confound Romance! . . . And all un-
seen

Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,

His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,

His whistle waked the snowbound grade,

His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks;

By dock and deep and mine and mill

The Boy-god reckless laboured still!

Robed, crowned and throned, He wove
his spell,

Where heart-blood beat or hearth-
smoke curled,

With unconsidered miracle,

Hedged in a backward-gazing world:

Then taught his chosen bard to say:

"Our King was with us — yesterday!"

1894.

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a
mile —

You mustn't leave a fiddle in the
damp —

You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,

And play it in an Equatorial swamp.

I travel with the cooking-pots and pails —

I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and
the pork —

And when the dusty column checks and
tails,
You should hear me spur the rearguard
to a walk !

With my "*Pilly-willy-winky-winky-
popp!*"

[Oh, it's any tune that comes into
my head !]

So I keep 'em moving forward till
they drop ;

So I play 'em up to water and to
bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,
When it's good to make your will and
say your prayer,

You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* over-
night,

Explaining ten to one was always fair.

I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain —
And when the Thing that Couldn't has
occurred,

Give me time to change my leg and go
again.

With my "*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-
tumpa-tump!*"

In the desert where the dung-fed
camp-smoke curled.

There was never voice before us till
I led our lonely chorus,

I — the war-drum of the White
Man round the world !

By the bitter road the Younger Son must
tread,

Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his
own, —

'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,
In the silence of the herder's hut
alone —

In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,
Hear me babble what the weakest won't
confess —

I am Memory and Torment — I am
Town !

I am all that ever went with evening
dress !

With my "*Tunka-tunka-tunka-tunka-
tunk!*"

[So the lights — the London
Lights — grow near and plain !]

So I rowel 'em afresh towards the
Devil and the Flesh,
Till I bring my broken rankers
home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,
Where the new-raised tropic city sweats
and roars,

I have sailed with Young Ulysses from
the quay

Till the anchor rumbled down on
stranger shores.

He is blooded to the open and the sky,
He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,

He shall hear me singing strongly, till he
die,

Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

With my "*Hya! Heeya! Heeya!
Hullah! Haul!*"

[Oh the green that thunders aft
along the deck !]

Are you sick o' towns and men?
You must sign and sail again,

For it's "Johnny Bowlegs, pack
your kit and trek !"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at
noon-day clear —

Up the pass that packs the scud be-
neath our wheel —

Round the bluff that sinks her thousand
fathom sheer —

Down the valley with our guttering
brakes asqueal :

Where the trestle groans and quivers in
the snow,

Where the many-shedded levels loop
and twine.

Hear me lead my reckless children from
below

Till we sing the Song of Roland to the
pine !

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-
tink!*"

[Oh the axe has cleared the moun-
tain, croup and crest !]

And we ride the iron stallions down
to drink,

Through the cañons to the waters
of the West !

And the tunes that mean so much to you
alone —

Common tunes that make you choke
and blow your nose —

Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that
brings the groan—

I can rip your very heartstrings out
with those;

With the feasting, and the folly, and the
fun—

And the lying, and the lusting, and the
drink,

And the merry play that drops you, when
you're done,

To the thoughts that burn like irons if
you think.

With my "*Plunka-lunka-lunka-
lunka-lunk!*"

Here's a trifle on account of
pleasure past,

Ere the wit that made you win gives
you eyes to see your sin

And—the heavier repentance at
the last!

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the
roof—

I have told the naked stars the Grief of
Man!

Let the trumpet snare the foeman to the
proof—

I have known Defeat, and mocked it as
we ran!

My bray ye may not alter nor mistake

When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of
Things,

But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I
make,

Is it hidden in the twanging of the
strings?

With my "*Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-
rrrp!*"

[Is it naught to you that hear and
pass me by?]

But the word—the word is mine,
when the order moves the line

And the lean, locked ranks go
roaring down to die!

The grandam of my grandam was the
Lyre—

[O the blue below the little fisher-
huts!]

That the Stealer stooping beachward
filled with fire,

Till she bore my iron head and ringing
guts!

By the wisdom of the centuries I speak —
To the tune of yestermorn I set the
truth—

I, the joy of life unquestioned — I, the
Greek—

I, the everlasting Wonder-song of
Youth!

With my "*tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-
tink!*"

[What d'ye lack, my noble masters!
What d'ye lack?]

So I draw the world together link by
link

Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and
back! 1894. 1895.

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

I'VE paid for your sickest fancies; I've
humoured your crackedest whim—

Dick, it's your daddy, dying; you've got
to listen to him!

Good for a fortnight, am I? The doctor
told you? He lied.

I shall go under by morning, and— Put
that nurse outside.

'Never seen death yet, Dickie? Well,
now is your time to learn,

And you'll wish you held my record before
it comes to your turn.

Not counting the Line and the Foundry,
the Yards and the village, too,

I've made myself and a million; but I'm
damned if I made you.

Master at two-and-twenty, and married
at twenty-three—

Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and
forty freighters at sea!

Fifty years between 'em, and every year
of it fight,

And now I'm Sir Anthony Gloster, dying,
a baronite:

For I lunched with his Royal 'Ighness—
what was it the papers had?

"Not least of our merchant-princes."
Dickie, that's me, your dad!

I didn't begin with askings. I took my
job and I stuck;

I took the chances they wouldn't, an' now
they're calling it luck.

Lord, what boats I've handled— rotten
and leaky and old—

Ran 'em, or— opened the bilge-cock,
precisely as I was told.

Grub that 'ud bind you crazy, and crews
 that 'ud turn you grey,
 And a big fat lump of insurance to cover
 the risk on the way.
 The others they durstn't do it; they said
 they valued their life
 (They've served me since as skippers).
I went, and *I* took my wife.
 Over the world *I* drove 'em, married at
 twenty-three,
 And your mother saving the money and
 making a man of me.
I was content to be master, but she said
 there was better behind;
 She took the chances *I* wouldn't, and *I*
 followed your mother blind.
 She egged me to borrow the money, an'
 she helped me to clear the loan,
 When we bought half-shares in a cheap
 'un and hoisted a flag of our own.
 Patching and coaling on credit, and living
 the Lord knew how,
 We started the Red Ox freighters — we've
 eight-and-thirty now.
 And those were the days of clippers, and
 the freights were clipper-freights,
 And we knew we were making our fortune,
 but she died in Macassar Straits —
 By the Little Paternosters, as you come
 to the Union Bank —
 And we dropped her in fourteen fathom:
I pricked it off where she sank.
 Owners we were, full owners, and the boat
 was christened for her,
 And she died in the *Mary Gloster*. My
 heart, how young we were!
 So *I* went on a spree round Java and well-
 nigh ran her ashore,
 But your mother came and warned me
 and *I* wouldn't liquor no more:
 Strict *I* stuck to my business, afraid to
 stop or *I*'d think,
 Saving the money (she warned me), and
 letting the other men drink.
 And *I* met M'Cullough in London (*I*'d
 saved five 'undred then),
 And 'tween us we started the Foundry —
 three forges and twenty men.
 Cheap repairs for the cheap 'uns. *It*
 paid, and the business grew;
 For *I* bought me a steam-lathe patent,
 and that was a gold mine too.
 "Cheaper to build 'em than buy 'em," *I*
 said, but M'Cullough he shied,
 And we wasted a year in talking before we
 moved to the Clyde.

And the Lines were all beginning, and we
 all of us started fair,
 Building our engines like houses and stay-
 ing the boilers square.
 But M'Cullough 'e wanted cabins with
 marble and maple and all,
 And Brussels an' Utrecht velvet, and
 baths and a Social Hall,
 And pipes for closets all over, and cutting
 the frames too light,
 But M'Cullough he died in the Sixties,
 and — Well, *I*'m dying to-
 night. . . .
I knew — *I* knew what was coming, when
 we bid on the *Byfleet's* keel —
 They piddled and piffled with iron. *I*'d
 given my orders for steel!
 Steel and the first expansions. *It* paid,
I tell you, *it* paid,
 When we came with our nine-knot
 freighters and collared the long-
 run trade!
 And they asked me how *I* did it, and *I*
 gave 'em the Scripture text,
 "You keep your light so shining a little
 in front o' the next!"
 They copied all they could follow, but
 they couldn't copy my mind,
 And *I* left 'em sweating and stealing a
 year and a half behind.
 Then came the armour-contracts, but that
 was M'Cullough's side;
 He was always best in the Foundry, but
 better, perhaps, he died.
I went through his private papers; the
 notes was plainer than print;
 And *I*'m no fool to finish if a man'll give
 me a hint.
 (*I* remember his widow was angry.) So
I saw what his drawings meant,
 And *I* started the six-inch rollers, and it
 paid me sixty per cent.
 Sixty per cent *with* failures, and more
 than twice we could do,
 And a quarter-million to credit, and *I*
 saved it all for you!
I thought — it doesn't matter — you
 seemed to favour your ma,
 But you're nearer forty than thirty, and
I know the kind you are.
 Harrer an' Trinity College! *I* ought to
 ha' sent you to sea —
 But *I* stood you an education, an' what
 have you done for me?
 The things *I* knew was proper you
 wouldn't thank me to give,

And the things I knew was rotten you
 said was the way to live.
 For you muddled with books and pictures,
 an' china an' etchin's an' fans,
 And your rooms at college was beastly —
 more like a whore's than a man's;
 Till you married that thin-flanked woman,
 as white and as stale as a bone,
 An' she gave you your social nonsense;
 but where's that kid o' your own?
 I've seen your carriages blocking the half
 o' the Cromwell Road,
 But never the doctor's brougham to help
 the missus unload.
 (So there isn't even a grandchild, an' the
 Gloster family's done.)
 Not like your mother, she isn't. *She*
 carried her freight each run.
 But they died, the pore little beggars!
 At sea she had 'em — they died.
 Only you, an' you stood it. You haven't
 stood much beside.
 Weak, a liar, and idle, and mean as a
 collier's whelp
 Nosing for scraps in the galley. No help
 — my son was no help!
 So he gets three 'undred thousand, in
 trust and the interest paid.
 I wouldn't give it you, Dickie — you see,
 I made it in trade.
 You're saved from soiling your fingers,
 and if you have no child,
 It all comes back to the business. 'Gad
 won't your wife be wild!
 'Calls and calls in her carriage, her
 'andkerchief up to 'er eye:
 "Daddy! dear daddy's dyin'!" and do-
 ing her best to cry.
 Grateful? Oh, yes, I'm grateful, but
 keep her away from here.
 Your mother 'ud never ha' stood 'er, and,
 anyhow, women are queer. . . .
 There's women will say I've married a
 second time. Not quite!
 But give pore Aggie a hundred, and tell
 her your lawyers'll fight.
 She was the best o' the boiling — you'll
 meet her before it ends.
 I'm in for a row with the mother — I'll
 leave you settle my friends.
 For a man he must go with a woman,
 which women don't understand —
 Or the sort that say they can see it they
 aren't the marrying brand.
 But I wanted to speak o' your mother
 that's Lady Gloster still —

I'm going to up and see her, without its
 hurting the will.
 Here! Take your hand off the bell-pull.
 Five thousand's waiting for you,
 If you'll only listen a minute, and do as
 I bid you do.
 They'll try to prove me crazy, and, if you
 bungle, they can;
 And I've only you to trust to! (O God
 why ain't it a man?)
 There's some waste money on marbles,
 the same as M'Cullough tried —
 Marbles and mausoleums — but I call
 that sinful pride.
 There's some ship bodies for burial —
 we've carried 'em, soldered and
 packed;
 Down in their wills they wrote it, and no-
 body called *them* cracked.
 But me — I've too much money, and
 people might . . . All my fault:
 It come o' hoping for grandsons and buy-
 ing that Wokin' vault. . . .
 I'm sick o' the 'ole dam' business. I'm
 going back where I came.
 Dick, you're the son o' my body, and
 you'll take charge o' the same!
 I want to lie by your mother, ten thou-
 sand mile away,
 And they'll want to send me to Woking;
 and that's where you'll earn your
 pay.
 I've thought it out on the quiet, the same
 as it ought to be done —
 Quiet, and decent, and proper — an'
 here's your orders, my son.
 You know the Line? You don't, though.
 You write to the Board, and tell
 Your father's death has upset you an'
 you're goin' to cruise for a spell,
 An' you'd like the *Mary Gloster* — I've
 held her ready for this —
 They'll put her in working order and
 you'll take her out as she is.
 Yes, it was money idle when I patched
 her and laid her aside
 (Thank God, I can pay for my fancies!)
 — the boat where your mother died,
 By the Little Paternosters, as you came
 to the Union Bank,
 We dropped her — I think I told you —
 and I pricked it off where she sank.
 ['Tiny she looked on the grating — that
 oily, treacly sea —]
 'Hundred and Eighteen East, remember,
 and South just Three.

Easy bearings to carry — Three South —
 Three to the dot;
 But I gave McAndrew a copy in case of
 dying — or not.
 And so you'll write to McAndrew, he's
 Chief of the Maori Line;
 They'll give him leave, if you ask 'em and
 say it's business o' mine.
 I built three boats for the Maoris, an'
 very well pleased they were,
 An' I've known Mac since the Fifties, and
 Mac knew me — and her.
 After the first stroke warned me I sent
 him the money to keep
 Against the time you'd claim it, com-
 mittin' your dad to the deep;
 For you are the son o' my body, and Mac
 was my oldest friend,
 I've never asked 'im to dinner, but he'll
 see it out to the end,
 Stiff-necked Glasgow beggar! I've
 heard he's prayed for my soul,
 But he couldn't lie if you paid him, and
 he'd starve before he stole.
 He'll take the *Mary* in ballast — you'll
 find her a lively ship;
 And you'll take Sir Anthony Gloster, that
 goes on 'is wedding-trip,
 Lashed in our old deck-cabin with all
 three port-holes wide,
 The kick o' the screw beneath him and
 the round blue seas outside!
 Sir Anthony Gloster's carriage — our
 'ouse-flag flyin' free —
 Ten thousand men on the pay-roll and
 forty freighters at sea!
 He made himself and a million, but this
 world is a fleetin' show,
 And he'll go to the wife of 'is bosom the
 same as he ought to go —
 By the heel of the Paternosters — there
 isn't a chance to mistake —
 And Mac'll pay you the money as soon as
 the bubbles break!
 Five thousand for six weeks' cruising, the
 staunchest freighter afloat,
 And Mac he'll give you your bonus the
 minute I'm out o' the boat!
 He'll take you round to Macassar, and
 you'll come back alone;
 He knows what I want o' the *Mary*, . . .
 I'll do what I please with my own.
 Your mother 'ud call it wasteful, but I've
 seven-and-thirty more;
 I'll come in my private carriage and bid it
 wait at the door. . . .

For my son 'e was never a credit: 'e
 muddled with books and art,
 And 'e lived on Sir Anthony's money and
 'e broke Sir Anthony's heart.
 There isn't even a grandchild, and the
 Gloster family' done —
 The only one you left me — O mother, the
 only one!
 Harrer and Trinity College — me slavin'
 early an' late —
 An' he thinks I'm dying crazy, and you're
 in Macassar Strait!
 Flesh o' my flesh, my dearie, for ever an'
 ever amen,
 That first stroke come for a warning.
 I ought o ha' gone to you then.
 But — cheap repairs for a cheap 'un —
 the doctors said I'd do.
 Mary, why didn't *you* warn me? I've
 allus heeded to you,
 Excep' — I know — about women; but
 you are a spirit now;
 An', wife, they was only women, and I
 was a man. That's how.
 An' a man 'e must go with a woman, as
 you *could* not understand;
 But I never talked 'em secrets. I paid
 'em out o' hand.
 Thank Gawd, I can pay for my fancies!
 Now what's five thousand to me,
 For a berth off the Paternosters in the
 haven where I would be?
 I believe in the Resurrection, if I read my
 Bible plain,
 But I wouldn't trust 'em at Wokin';
 we're safer at sea again.
 For the heart it shall go with the treasure
 — go down to the sea in ships.
 I'm sick of the hired women. I'll kiss my
 girl on her lips!
 I'll be content with my fountain. I'll
 drink from my own well,
 And the wife of my youth shall charm
 me — an' the rest can go to Hell!
 (Dickie, *he* will, that's certain.) I'll lie
 in our standin'-bed,
 An' Mac'll take her in ballast — an' she
 trims best by the head. . . .
 Down by the head an' sinkin', her fires
 are drawn and cold,
 And the water's splashin' hollow on the
 skin of the empty hold —
 Churning an' choking and chuckling,
 quiet and scummy and dark —
 Full to her lower hatches and risin' steady.
 Hark!

That was the after-bulkhead. . . . She's
flooded from stem to stern. . . .
'Never seen death yet, Dickie? . . .
Well, now is your time to learn!
1894? 1896.

THE LADIES

I've taken my fun where I've found it;
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweethearts,
An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was an 'arf-caste widow,
One was a woman at Promé,
One was the wife of a *jemadar-sais*,¹
An' one is a girl at 'ome.

*Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,
For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can say till you've tried 'em,
An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that you
mightn't,
There's times when you'll know that you
might;
But the things you will learn from the Yellow
an' Brown,
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White!*

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first un —
More like a mother she were —
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then I was ordered to Burma,
Actin' in charge o' Bazar,
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen
Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful —
Doll in a teacup she were —
But we lived on the square, like a true-
married pair,
An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then we was shifted to Neemuch
(Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' *boleé*; ²
Kind o' volcano she were,

¹ Head-groom.² Slang.

For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished
she was white,
And I learned about women from 'er!

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,
'Long of a kid o' sixteen —
'Girl from a convent at Meerut,
The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er
too much,
But — I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
The less will you settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',
An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know
you will not),
An' learn about women from me!

*What did the Colonel's Lady think?
Nobody never knew.
Somebody asked the Sergeant's Wife,
An' she told 'em true!
When you get to a man in the case,
They're like as a row of pins —
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins!*

1896.

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in
 awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word —
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

1897.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

TAKE up the White Man's burden —
 Send forth the best ye breed —
 Go bind your sons to exile
 To serve your captives' need;
 To wait in heavy harness,
 On fluttered folk and wild —
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
 Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden —
 In patience to abide,
 To veil the threat of terror
 And check the show of pride;
 By open speech and simple,
 An hundred times made plain,
 To seek another's profit,
 And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden —
 The savage wars of peace —
 Fill full the mouth of Famine
 And bid the sickness cease;
 And when your goal is nearest
 The end for others sought,
 Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
 Bring all your hope to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden —
 No tawdry rule of kings,
 But toil of serf and sweeper —
 The tale of common things.
 The ports ye shall not enter,
 The roads ye shall not tread,
 Go make them with your living,
 And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden —
 And reap his old reward:

The blame of those ye better,
 The hate of those ye guard —
 The cry of hosts ye humour
 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light: —
 "Why brought ye us from bondage,
 "Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden —
 Ye dare not stoop to less —
 Nor call too loud on Freedom
 To cloak your weariness;
 By all ye cry or whisper,
 By all ye leave or do,
 The silent, sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden —
 Have done with childish days —
 The lightly proffered laurel,
 The easy, ungrudged praise.
 Comes now, to search your manhood
 Through all the thankless years,
 Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers!
 1899.

M. I.

(Mounted Infantry of the Line)

I WISH my mother could see me now, with
 a fence-post under my arm,
 And a knife and a spoon in my putties
 that I found on a Boer farm,
 Atop of a sore-backed Argentine, with a
 thirst that you couldn't buy.
 I used to be in the Yorkshires once
 (Sussex, Lincolns, and Rifles once),
 Hampshires, Glosters, and Scottish once!
 (*ad lib.*)
 But now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as — that is
 the name you must call
 If you want officers' servants, pickets an'
 'orseguards an' all —
 Details for buryin'-parties, company-
 cooks or supply —
 Turn out the Chronic Ikonas! Roll up
 the — ¹ M. I.!

My 'ands are spotty with veldt-sores, my
 shirt is a button an' frill,
 An' the things I've used my bay'nit for
 would make a tinker ill!

¹ Number according to taste and service of audience.

An' I don't know whose damn' column
I'm in, nor where we're trekkin'
nor why.

I've trekked from the Vaal to the
Orange once —

From the Vaal to the greasy Pongolo
once —

(Or else it was called the Zambesi once) —
For now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as — we are
the push you require

For outposts all night under freezin', an'
rearguard all day under fire.

Anything 'ot or unwholesome? Any-
thing dusty or dry?

Borrow a bunch of Ikonas! Trot out
the — M. I.!

Our Sergeant-Major's a subaltern, our
Captain's a Fusilier —

Our Adjutant's "late of Somebody's
'Orse," an' a Melbourne auction-
eer;

But you couldn't spot us at 'arf a mile
from the crackest caval-ry.

They used to talk about Lancers once,
Hussars, Dragoons, an' Lancers once,
'Elmets, pistols, an' carbines once,
But now we are M. I.!

That is what we are known as — we are the
orphans they blame

For beggin' the loan of an 'ead-stall an'
makin' a mount to the same.

'Can't even look at their 'orselines but
some one goes bellerin' "Hi!

"'Ere comes a burglin' Ikona!" Foot-
sack you — M. I.!

We're trekkin' our twenty miles a day an'
bein' loved by the Dutch,

But we don't hold on by the mane no
more, nor lose our stirrups — much;

An' we scout with a senior man in charge
where the 'oly white flags fly.

We used to think they were friendly
once,

Didn't take any precautions once
(Once, my ducky, an' only once!)

But now we are M. I.!

That is what we are known as — we are
the beggars that got

Three days "to learn equitation," an'
six months o' bloomin' well trot!

Cow-guns, an' cattle, an' convoys — an'
Mister De Wet on the fly —

We are the rollin' Ikonas! We are the —
M. I.

The new fat regiments come from home,
imaginin' vain V. C.'s

(The same as your talky-fighty men which
are often Number Threes ¹),

But our words o' command are "Scatter"
an' "Close" an' "Let your wounded
lie."

We used to rescue 'em noble once, —
Givin' the range as we raised 'em
once —

Gettin' 'em killed as we saved 'em
once —

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as — we are
the lanterns you view

After a fight round the kopjes, lookin' for
men that we knew;

Whistlin' an' callin' together, 'altin' to
catch the reply: —

"'Elp me! O 'elp me, Ikonas! This way,
the — M. I.!"

I wish my mother could see me now,
a-gatherin' news on my own,

When I ride like a General up to the scrub
and ride back like Tod Sloan,

Remarkable close to my 'orse's neck to
let the shots go by.

We used to fancy it risky once
(Called it a reconnaissance once),

Under the charge of an orf'cer once,
But now we are M. I.!

That is what we are known as — that is
the song you must say

When you want men to be Mausered at
one and a penny a day;

We are no five-bob Colonials — we are the
'ome-made supply,

Ask for the London Ikonas! Ring up the
— M. I.!

I wish myself could talk to myself as I
left 'im a year ago;

I could tell 'im a lot that would save 'im a
lot on the things that 'e ought to
know!

¹ Horse-holders when in action, and therefore gen-
erally under cover.

When I think o' that ignorant barrick-bird,
 it almost makes me cry.
 I used to belong in an Army once
 (Gawd! what a rum little Army once),
 Red little, dead little Army once!
 But now I am M. I.!

That is what we are known as — we are
 the men that have been
 Over a year at this business, smelt it an'
 felt it an' seen.
 We 'ave got 'old of the needful — you will
 be told by and by;
 Wait till you've 'eard the Ikonas, spoke
 to the old M. I.!

*Mount — march, Ikonas! Stand to your
 'orses again!*
*Mop off the frost on the saddles, mop up the
 miles on the plain.*
*Out goes the stars in the dawnin', up goes
 our dust to the sky,*
*Walk — trot, Ikonas! Trek jou,¹ the old
 M. I.!*

1901.

THE ISLANDERS

*No doubt but ye are the People — your
 throne is above the King's.*
*Whoso speaks in your presence must say
 acceptable things:*
*Bowing the head in worship, bending the
 knee in fear —*
*Bringing the word well smoothen — such
 as a King should hear.*

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by
 your leaden seas,
 Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie
 down at ease;
 Till ye said of Strife, "What is it?" of
 the Sword, "It is far from our
 ken";
 Till ye made a sport of your shrunken
 hosts and a toy of your armed men.
 Ye stopped your ears to the warning —
 ye would neither look nor heed —
 Ye set your leisure before their toil and
 your lusts above their need.
 Because of your witless learning and your
 beasts of warren and chase,
 Ye grudged your sons to their service and
 your fields for their camping-place.

¹ Get ahead.

Ye forced them to glean in the highways
 the straw for the bricks they
 brought;
 Ye forced them follow in byways the craft
 that ye never taught.
 Ye hampered and hindered and crippled;
 ye thrust out of sight and away
 Those that would serve you for honour
 and those that served you for pay.
 Then were the judgments loosened: then
 was your shame revealed,
 At the hands of a little people, few but apt
 in the field.
 Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and
 your land's long-suffering star),
 When your strong men cheered in their
 millions while your striplings went
 to the war.
 Sons of the sheltered city — unmade,
 unhandled, unmeet —
 Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye
 picked them raw from the street.
 And what did ye look they should compass?
 Warcraft learned in a breath,
 Knowledge unto occasion at the first far
 view of Death?
 So? And ye train your horses and the
 dogs ye feed and prize?
 How are the beasts more worthy than the
 souls, your sacrifice?
 But ye said, "Their valour shall show
 them"; but ye said, "The end is
 close."
 And ye sent them comfits and pictures
 to help them harry your foes:
 And ye vaunted your fathomless power,
 and ye flaunted your iron pride,
 Ere — ye fawned on the Younger Nations
 for the men who could shoot and
 ride!
 Then ye returned to your trinkets; then
 ye contented your souls
 With the flannelled fools at the wicket or
 the muddied oafs at the goals.
 Given to strong delusion, wholly believ-
 ing a lie,
 Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and
 ye let the months go by
 Waiting some easy wonder, hoping some
 saving sign —
 Idle — openly idle — in the lee of the
 forespent Line.
 Idle — except for your boasting — and
 what is your boasting worth
 If ye grudge a year of service to the lord-
 liest life on earth?

Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle
 set,
 Life so long untroubled, that ye who
 inherit forget
 It was not made with the mountains, it is
 not one with the deep.
 Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not
 gods, must keep.
 Men, not children, servants, or kinsfolk
 called from afar,
 But each man born in the Island broke to
 the matter of war.
 Soberly and by custom taken and trained
 for the same,
 Each man born in the Island entered at
 youth to the game—
 As it were almost cricket, not to be
 mastered in haste,
 But after trial and labour, by temperance,
 living chaste.
 As it were almost cricket—as it were
 even your play,
 Weighed and pondered and worshipped,
 and practiced day and day.
 So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the
 restless lightnings wake
 In the womb of the blotting war-cloud,
 and the pallid nations quake.
 So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your
 soul shall leap
 Fortright, accoutred, accepting—alert
 from the wells of sleep.
 So at the threat ye shall summon—so
 at the need ye shall send
 Men, not children or servants, tempered
 and taught to the end;
 Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or
 despise,
 Humble because of knowledge, mighty
 by sacrifice. . . .
 But ye say, "It will mar our comfort."
 Ye say, "It will minish our trade."
 Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere
 ye learn how a gun is laid?
 For the low, red glare to southward when
 the raided coast-towns burn?
 (Light ye shall have on that lesson, but
 little time to learn.)
 Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and
 lustily even the odds,
 With nets and hoops and mallets, with
 rackets and bats and rods?
 Will the rabbit war with your foemen—
 the red deer horn them for hire?
 Your kept cock-pheasant keep you?—
 he is master of many a shire.

Arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, un-
 thanking, gelt,
 Will ye loose your schools to flout them
 till their brow-beat columns melt?
 Will ye pray them or preach them, or
 print them, or ballot them back
 from your shore?
 Will your workmen issue a mandate to
 bid them strike no more?
 Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers?
 (Because ye were idle both?
 Pride by Insolence chastened? Indo-
 lence purged by Sloth?)
 No doubt but ye are the People; who
 shall make you afraid?
 Also your gods are many; no doubt but
 your gods shall aid.
 Idols of greasy altars built for the body's
 ease;
 Proud little brazen Baals and talking
 fetishes;
 Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-
 pavement gods—
These shall come down to the battle and
 snatch you from under the rods?
 From the gusty, flickering gun-roll with
 viewless salvoes rent,
 And the pitted hail of the bullets that tell
 not whence they were sent.
 When ye are ringed as with iron, when ye
 are scourged as with whips,
 When the meat is yet in your belly, and
 the boast is yet on your lips;
 When ye go forth at morning and the
 moon beholds you broke,
 Ere ye lie down at even, your remnant,
 under the yoke?

*No doubt but ye are the People—absolute,
 strong, and wise;
 Whatever your heart has desired ye have not
 withheld from your eyes.
 On your own heads, in your own hands,
 the sin and the saving lies!*

1902.

CHANT-PAGAN

(English Irregular, discharged)

ME that 'ave been what I've been—
 Me that 'ave gone where I've gone—
 Me that 'ave seen what I've seen—
 'Ow can I ever take on
 With awful old England again,

An' 'ouses both sides of the street,
 And 'edges two sides of the lane,
 And the parson an' gentry between,
 An' touchin' my 'at when we meet —
 Me that 'ave been what I've been?

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world
 'Eave up all shiny with dew,
 Kopje on kop to the sun,
 An' as soon as the mist let 'em through
 Our 'elios winkin' like fun —
 Three sides of a ninety-mile square,
 Over valleys as big as a shire —
 "Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye
 there?"

An' then the blind drum of our fire . . .
 An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,
 Me!

Me that 'ave rode through the dark
 Forty mile, often, on end,
 Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
 With only the stars for my mark
 An' only the night for my friend,
 An' things runnin' off as you pass,
 An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
 An' the silence, the shine an' the size
 Of the 'igh, unexpressible skies —
 I am takin' some letters almost
 As much as a mile to the post,
 An' "mind you come back with the
 change!" Me!

Me that saw Barberton took
 When we dropped through the clouds on
 their 'ead,
 An' they 'ove the guns over and fled —
 Me that was through Di'mond 'Till,
 An' Pieters an' Springs an' Belfast —
 From Dundee to Vereeniging all —
 Me that stuck out to the last
 (An' five bloomin' bars on my chest) —
 I am doin' my Sunday-school best,
 By the 'elp of the Squire an' 'is wife
 (Not to mention the 'ousemaid an' cook),
 To come in an' 'ands up an' be still,
 An' honestly work for my bread,
 My livin' in that state of life
 To which it shall please God to call
 Me!

Me that 'ave followed my trade
 In the place where the Lightnin's are
 made;
 'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the
 Moon —

Me that lay down an' got up
 Three years with the sky for my roof —
 That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst
 Six thousand raw mile on the hoof,
 With the Vaal and the Orange for cup,
 An' the Brandwater Basin for dish, —
 Oh! it's 'ard to be 'ave as they wish
 (Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),
 I'll 'ave to think over it first —

Me!

I will arise an' get 'ence —
 I will trek South and make sure
 If it's only my fancy or not
 That the sunshine of England is pale,
 And the breezes of England are stale,
 An' there's somethin' gone small with the
 lot.

For I know of a sun an' a wind,
 An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,
 An' some graves by a barb-wire fence,
 An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might
 give

Me a job were I ever inclined
 To look in an' ofsaddle an' live
 Where there's neither a road nor a tree —
 But only my Maker an' me,
 And I think it will kill me or cure,
 So I think I will go there an' see.

Me!

1903.

BOOTS

(Infantry Columns)

We'RE foot — slog — slog — slog — slog —
 gin' over Africa!

Foot — foot — foot — foot — sloggin'
 over Africa —

(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin'
 up and down again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Seven — six — eleven — five — nine-an'-
 twenty mile to-day —

Four — eleven — seventeen — thirty-two
 the day before —

(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin'
 up and down again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Don't — don't — don't — don't — look at
 what's in front of you.

(Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin'
 up an' down again);

Men — men — men — men — men go
 mad with watchin' 'em,
 An' there's no discharge in the
 war!

Try — try — try — try — to think o'
 something different —

Oh — my — God — keep — me from
 goin' lunatic!

(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin'
 up an' down again!)
 There's no discharge in the war!

Count — count — count — count — the
 bullets in the bandoliers.

If — your — eyes — drop — they will get
 atop o' you!

(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin'
 up an' down again) —
 There's no discharge in the war!

We — can — stick — out — 'unger, thirst,
 an' weariness,

But — not — not — not — not the chronic
 sight of 'em —

(Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin'
 up an' down again,)
 An' there's no discharge in the
 war!

'Tain't — so — bad — by — day because
 o' company,

But night — brings — long — strings — o'
 forty thousand million

Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin'
 up an' down again.
 There's no discharge in the war!

I — 'ave — marched — six — weeks in
 'Ell an' certify

It — is — not — fire — devils, dark, or
 anything,

But boots — boots — boots — boots —
 movin' up an' down again,
 An' there's no discharge in the
 war!

1903.

IF —

If you can keep your head when all about
 you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
 If you can trust yourself when all men
 doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting
 too;

If you can wait and not be tired by wait-
 ing,

Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk
 too wise :

If you can dream — and not make dreams
 your master;

If you can think — and not make
 thoughts your aim,

If you can meet with Triumph and Dis-
 aster

And treat those two impostors just the
 same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've
 spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for
 fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to,
 broken,

And stoop and build 'em up with worn-
 out tools :

If you can make one heap of all your
 winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-
 toss,

And lose, and start again at your begin-
 nings

And never breathe a word about your
 loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and
 sinew

To serve your turn long after they are
 gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in
 you

Except the Will which says to them:
 "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep
 your virtue,

Or walk with Kings — nor lose the
 common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt
 you,

If all men count with you, but none
 too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance
 run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that's
 in it,

And — which is more — you'll be a
 Man, my son!

1910.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

WHEN the Himalayan peasant meets the
 he-bear in his pride,
 He shouts to scare the monster, who will
 often turn aside.
 But the she-bear thus accosted rends the
 peasant tooth and nail.
 For the female of the species is more
 deadly than the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the
 careless foot of man,
 He will sometimes wriggle sideways and
 avoid it if he can.
 But his mate makes no such motion where
 she camps beside the trail.
 For the female of the species is more
 deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to
 Hurons and Choctaws,
 They prayed to be delivered from the
 vengeance of the squaws.
 'Twas the women, not the warriors,
 turned those stark enthusiasts pale.
 For the female of the species is more deadly
 than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the
 things he must not say,
 For the Woman that God gave him isn't
 his to give away;
 But when hunter meets with husband,
 each confirms the other's tale —
 The female of the species is more deadly
 than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations — worm
 and savage otherwise, —
 Man propounds negotiations, Man ac-
 cepts the compromise.
 Very rarely will he squarely push the logic
 of a fact
 To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated
 act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay
 the wicked low,
 To concede some form of trial even to his
 fiercest foe.
 Mirth obscene diverts his anger — Doubt
 and Pity oft perplex
 Him in dealing with an issue — to the
 scandal of The Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every
 fibre of her frame
 Proves her launched for one sole issue,
 armed and engined for the same;
 And to serve that single issue, lest the
 generations fail,
 The female of the species must be deadlier
 than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each
 life beneath her breast
 May not deal in doubt or pity — must
 not swerve for fact or jest.
 These be purely male diversions — not in
 these her honour dwells.
 She the Other Law we live by, is that Law
 and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the
 powers that make her great
 As the Mother of the Infant and the Mis-
 tress of the Mate.
 And when Babe and Man are lacking and
 she strides unclaimed to claim
 Her right as femme (and baron), her
 equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions — in default
 of grosser ties:
 Her contentions are her children, Heaven
 help him who denies! —
 He will meet no suave discussion, but the
 instant, white-hot, wild,
 Wakened female of the species warring as
 for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges — even
 so the she-bear fights,
 Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons
 — even so the cobra bites,
 Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is
 raw
 And the victim writhes in anguish — like
 the Jesuit with the squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when
 he gathers to confer
 With his fellow-braves in council, dare not
 leave a place for her
 Where, at war with Life and Conscience,
 he uplifts his erring hands
 To some God of Abstract Justice — which
 no woman understands,

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover,
that the Woman that God gave
him
Must command but may not govern —
shall enthrall but not enslave him.

And *She* knows, because She warns him,
and Her instincts never fail,
That the Female of Her Species is more
deadly than the Male.

1911.

HOUSMAN

LIST OF REFERENCES

EDITIONS

THE SHROPSHIRE LAD, Kegan Paul, 1896. — LAST POEMS, Holt, 1922.

CRITICISM

ARCHER (W.), A Shropshire Poet (in Fortnightly Review, Vol. LXX, p. 263); review in Academy, Vol. LV, p. 23. — BENÉT (W. R.), A. E. Housman's Last Poems (in Bookman, March, 1923). — BRANNIN (J.), Alfred Housman (in Sewanee Review, April, 1925). — HAWKINS (E. W.), Introduced by Mr. Housman (in Atlantic Monthly, March, 1927). — JACKSON (H.), The Poetry of A. E. Housman (in Living Age, September 20, 1919). — LUCAS (F. L.), Few, but Roses (in Living Age, December 1, 1923). — PRIESTLY (J. B.), The Poetry of A. E. Housman (in London Mercury, December, 1922.)

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

BANE (B. A.), To A. E. Housman (in McClure's, August, 1907). — BYNNER (Witter), To A. E. Housman (in New Republic, July 2, 1924).

HOUSMAN

FROM A SHROPSHIRE LAD

II

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

IV

REVEILLE

WAKE: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying:
Hear the drums of morning play!
Hark, the empty highways crying
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad: when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

IX

ON moonlit heath and lonesome bank
The sheep beside me graze;
And yon the gallows used to clank
Fast by the four cross ways.

A careless shepherd once would keep
The flocks by moonlight there,¹
And high amongst the glimmering sheep
The dead man stood on air.

They hang us now in Shrewsbury jail:
The whistles blow forlorn,
And trains all night groan on the rail
To men that die at morn.

There sleeps in Shrewsbury jail to-night,
Or wakes, as may betide,
A better lad, if things went right,
Than most that sleep outside.

And naked to the hangman's noose
The morning clocks will ring
A neck God made for other use
Than strangling in a string.

And sharp the link of life will snap,
And dead on air will stand
Heels that held up as straight a chap
As treads upon the land.

So here I'll watch the night and wait
To see the morning shine,
When he will hear the stroke of eight
And not the stroke of nine;

And wish my friend as sound a sleep
As lads' I did not know,
That shepherded the moonlit sheep
A hundred years ago.

¹ Hanging in chains was called keeping sheep by moonlight.

XIII

WHEN I was one-and-twenty
 I heard a wise man say,
 "Give crowns and pounds and guineas
 But not your heart away;
 Give pearls away and rubies
 But keep your fancy free."
 But I was one-and-twenty,
 No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
 I heard him say again,
 "The heart out of the bosom
 Was never given in vain;
 'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
 And sold for endless rue."
 And I am two-and-twenty,
 And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

XIX

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG

THE time you won your town the race
 We chaired you through the market-place;
 Man and boy stood cheering by,
 And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come,
 Shoulder-high we bring you home,
 And set you at your threshold down,
 Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
 From fields where glory does not stay
 And early though the laurel grows
 It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
 Cannot see the record cut,
 And silence sounds no worse than cheers
 After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
 Of lads that wore their honors out,
 Runners whom renown outran
 And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
 The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
 And hold to the low lintel up
 The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head
 Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
 And find unwithered on its curls
 The garland briefer than a girl's.

XXI

BREDON¹ HILL

IN summertime on Bredon
 The bells they sound so clear;
 Round both the shires they ring them
 In steeples far and near,
 A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
 My love and I would lie,
 And see the colored counties,
 And hear the larks so high
 About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
 In valleys miles away:
 "Come all to church, good people;
 Good people, come and pray."
 But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
 Among the springing thyme,
 "Oh, peal upon our wedding,
 And we will hear the chime,
 And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
 On Bredon top were strown,
 My love rose up so early
 And stole out unbeknown
 And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
 Groom there was none to see,
 The mourners followed after,
 And so to church went she,
 And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
 And still the steeples hum.
 "Come all to church, good people," —
 Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
 I hear you, I will come.

XXIV

SAY, lad, have you things to do?
 Quick then, while your day's at prime.
 Quick, and if 'tis work for two,
 Here am I, man: now's your time.

Send me now, and I shall go;
 Call me, I shall hear you call;
 Use me ere they lay me low
 Where a man's no use at all;

¹ Pronounced Breedon.

Ere the wholesome flesh decay,
And the willing nerve be numb,
And the lips lack breath to say,
"No, my lad, I cannot come."

XXV

THIS time of year a twelvemonth past,
When Fred and I would meet,
We needs must jangle, till at last
We fought and I was beat.

So then the summer fields about,
Till rainy days began,
Rose Harland on her Sundays out
Walked with the better man.

The better man she walks with still,
Though now 'tis not with Fred.
A lad that lives and has his will
Is worth a dozen dead.

Fred keeps the house all kinds of weather,
And clay's the house he keeps;
When Rose and I walk out together
Stock-still lies Fred and sleeps.

XXVI

ALONG the field as we came by
A year ago, my love and I,
The aspen over stile and stone
Was talking to itself alone.
"Oh who are these that kiss and pass?
A country lover and his lass;
Two lovers looking to be wed;
And time shall put them both to bed,
But she shall lie with earth above,
And he beside another love."

And sure enough beneath the tree
There walks another love with me,
And overhead the aspen heaves
Its rainy-sounding silver leaves;
And I spell nothing in their stir,
But now perhaps they speak to her,
And plain for her to understand
They talk about a time at hand
When I shall sleep with clover clad,
And she beside another lad.

XXVII

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

XXXV

ON the idle hill of summer,
Sleepy with the flow of streams,
Far I hear the steady drummer
Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder
On the roads of earth go by,
Dear to friends and food for powder,
Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and west on fields forgotten
Bleach the bones of comrades slain,
Lovely lads and dead and rotten;
None that go return again.

Far the calling bugles hollo,
High the screaming fife replies,
Gay the files of scarlet follow:
Woman bore me, I will rise.

XXXVII

As through the wild green hills of Wyre
 The train ran, changing sky and shire,
 And far behind, a fading crest,
 Low in the forsaken west
 Sank the high-reared head of Clee,
 My hand lay empty on my knee.
 Aching on my knee it lay :
 That morning half a shire away
 So many an honest fellow's fist
 Had well-nigh wrung it from the wrist,
 Hand, said I, since now we part
 From fields and men we know by heart,
 For strangers' faces, strangers' lands, —
 Hand, you have held true fellows' hands.
 Be clean then ; rot before you do
 A thing they'd not believe of you.
 You and I must keep from shame
 In London streets the Shropshire name ;
 On banks of Thames they must not say
 Severn breeds worse men than they ;
 And friends abroad must bear in mind
 Friends at home they leave behind.
 Oh, I shall be stiff and cold
 When I forget you, hearts of gold ;
 The land where I shall mind you not
 Is the land where all's forgot.
 And if my foot returns no more
 To Teme nor Corve nor Severn shore,
 Luck, my lads, be with you still
 By falling stream and standing hill,
 By chiming tower and whispering tree,
 Men that made a man of me.
 About your work in town and farm
 Still you'll keep my head from harm,
 Still you'll help me, hands that gave
 A grasp to friend me to the grave.

XXXIX

'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town
 The golden broom should blow ;
 The hawthorn sprinkled up and down
 Should charge the land with snow.

Spring will not wait the loiterer's time
 Who keeps so long away ;
 So others wear the broom and climb
 The hedgerows heaped with may.

O tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,
 Gold that I never see ;
 Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge
 That will not shower on me.

XL

INTO my heart an air that kills
 From yon far country blows :
 What are those blue remembered hills,
 What spires, what farms are those ?

That is the land of lost content,
 I see it shining plain,
 The happy highways where I went
 And cannot come again.

XLVII

THE CARPENTER'S SON

"HERE the hangman stops his cart :
 Now the best of friends must part.
 Fare you well, for ill fare I :
 Live, lads, and I will die.

"Oh, at home had I but stayed
 'Prenticed to my father's trade,
 Had I stuck to plane and adze,
 I had not been lost, my lads.

"Then I might have built perhaps
 Gallows-trees for other chaps,
 Never dangled on my own,
 Had I but left ill alone.

"Now, you see, they hang me high,
 And the people passing by
 Stop to shake their fists and curse ;
 So 'tis come from ill to worse.

"Here hang I, and right and left
 Two poor fellows hang for theft :
 All the same's the luck we prove,
 Though the midmost hangs for love.

"Comrades all, that stand and gaze,
 Walk henceforth in other ways ;
 See my neck and save your own :
 Comrades all, leave ill alone.

"Make some day a decent end,
 Shrewder fellows than your friend.
 Fare you well, for ill fare I :
 Live, lads, and I will die."

XLIX

THINK no more, lad ; laugh, be jolly :
 Why should men make haste to die ?
 Empty heads and tongues a-talking
 Make the rough road easy walking,
 And the feather pate of folly
 Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
 Spins the heavy world around.
 If young hearts were not so clever,
 Oh, they would be young for ever :
 Think no more ; 'tis only thinking
 Lays lads underground.

L

*Clunton and Clunbury,
 Clungunford and Clun,
 Are the quietest places
 Under the sun.*

IN valleys of springs of rivers,
 By Ony and Teme and Clun,
 The country for easy livers,
 The quietest under the sun,

We still had sorrows to lighten,
 One could not be always glad,
 And lads knew trouble at Knighton
 When I was a Knighton lad.

By bridges that Thames runs under,
 In London, the town built ill,
 'Tis sure small matter for wonder
 If sorrow is with one still.

And if as a lad grows older
 The troubles he bears are more,
 He carries his griefs on a shoulder
 That handselled them long before.

Where shall one halt to deliver
 This luggage I'd lief set down ?
 Not Thames, not Teme is the river,
 Nor London nor Knighton the town.

'Tis a long way further than Knighton,
 A quieter place than Clun,
 Where doomsday may thunder and lighten
 And little 'twill matter to one.

LII

FAR in a western brookland
 That bred me long ago
 The poplars stand and tremble
 By pools I used to know.

There, in the windless night-time,
 The wanderer, marvelling why,
 Halts on the bridge to hearken
 How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears : no more remembered
 In fields where I was known,
 Here I lie down in London
 And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
 The wanderer halts and hears
 My soul that lingers sighing
 About the glimmering weirs.

LXIII

I HOED and trenched and weeded,
 And took the flowers to fair :
 I brought them home unheeded ;
 The hue wa not the wear.

So up and down I sow them
 For lads like me to find,
 When I shall lie below them,
 A dead man out of mind.

Some seed the birds devour,
 And some the season mars,
 But here and there will flower
 The solitary stars,

And fields will yearly bear them
 As light-leaved spring comes on,
 And luckless lads will wear them
 When I am dead and gone.

LIV

WITH rue my heart is laden
 For golden friends I had,
 For many a rose-lipt maiden
 And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
 The lightfoot boys are laid ;
 The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
 In fields where roses fade.

LV

WESTWARD on the high-hilled plains
 Where for me the world began,
 Still, I think, in newer veins
 Frets the changeless blood of man.

Now that other lads than I
 Strip to bathe on Severn shore,
 They, no help, for all they try,
 Tread the mill I trod before.

There, when hueless is the west
 And the darkness hushes wide,
 Where the lad lies down to rest
 Stands the troubled dream beside.

There, on thoughts that once were mine,
 Day looks down the eastern steep,
 And the youth at morning shine
 Makes the vow he will not keep.

INDEXES

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

AND

INDEX OF POETS

	PAGE
Ar: ARNOLD (1822-1888).....	725
B: BYRON (1788-1824).....	137
C: COLERIDGE (1772-1834).....	75
Cl: CLOUGH (1819-1861).....	706
CR: CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894).....	842
D: DOBSON (1840-1921).....	943
DGR: DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882).....	795
EBB: ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861).....	550
F: FITZGERALD (1809-1883).....	606
He: HENLEY (1849-1903).....	957
Ho: HOUSMAN (1859-).....	992
K: KEATS (1795-1821).....	348
Ki: KIPLING (1865-).....	968
L: LANDOR (1775-1864).....	495
M: MORRIS (1834-1896).....	850
RB: ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).....	569
Sc: SCOTT (1771-1832).....	117
Sh: SHELLEY (1792-1822).....	247
Sw: SWINBURNE (1837-1909).....	894
T: TENNYSON (1809-1892).....	442
W: WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).....	I

INDEX OF TITLES

- Ablett, To Joseph, L 421
 Abt Vogler, RB 666
 Acon and Rhodope, L 433
 Adam, Lilith, and Eve, RB 690
 Adonais, Sh 336
 Aeschylus and Sophocles, L 436
 Affliction of Margaret, The, W 52
 After dark vapors have oppressed our plains,
 K 359
 After-thought, W 67
 Agamemnon and Iphigeneia, L 428
 Agamemnon and Iphigeneia, The shades of,
 L 415
 Age, To, L 437
 Aged man who loved to doze away, An, L 441
 Aglae, Little, L 419
 Agnes and the hill-man, M 891
 Ah! yet consider it again, Cl 719
 Ailsa Rock, To, K 368
 A king lived long ago (Pippa passes), RB 592
 Alas, how soon the hours are over, L 425
 Alastor; or, the spirit of solitude, Sh 251
 Allen-a-Dale, Sc 130
 All is well, Cl 724
 All service ranks the same with God (Pippa
 passes), RB 577
 Along the fields as we came by, Ho 995
 Alteram partem, Cl 713
 America, To Walt Whitman in, Sw 916
 Among the rocks (James Lee's wife), RB 665
 Amours de voyage, From, Cl 710
 Amphibian (Fifine at the fair), RB 680
 Ancient mariner, Rime of the, C 85
 Andrea del Sarto, RB 658
 And thou art dead, as young and fair, B 142
 Another way of love, RB 637
 Any wife to any husband, RB 634
A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school, W 73
 Apology, An (Earthly paradise), M 871
 Appeal, An, Sw 911
 Appearances, RB 683
 April 1814, Stanzas—, Sh 250
 Arethusa, Sh 323
 Artemidora, The death of, L 418
 Arthur, Passing of, T 472
 Ask me no more, T 492
 Ask not one least word of praise (Ferishtah's
 fancies), RB 691
 Asolando, Epilogue to, RB 695
 Aspecta medusa, DGR 809
 As thro' the land at eve we went, T 491
 As through the wild green hills of Wyre, Ho 996
 Atalanta in Calydon, Choruses from, Sw 896
 Atalanta's race, M 872
 At the grave of Burns, W 44
 At the sunrise in 1848, DGR 801
 August (Earthly paradise), M 883
 Augusta, Epistle to, B 182
 Augusta, Stanzas to, B 182
 Austerity of poetry, Ar 782
 Autumnal evening, Lines on an, C 78
 Autumn song, DGR 799
 Autumn, To, K 390
 Ave atque vale, Frater, T 546
 Ave Maria (Don Juan), B 225
 Aylmer, Rose, L 410
 Bacchanalia; or, the new age, Ar 785
 Balder dead (III), Ar 766
 Ballade of a Toyokuni color-print, He 961
 Ballad of burdens, A, Sw 905
 Ballad of dreamland, Sw 921
 Ballad of East and West, The, Ki 970
 Ballad of François Villon, Sw 922
 Ballad of the dark ladié, The, C 105
 Bards of passion and of mirth, K 386
 Barren spring, DGR 825
 Battle of Waterloo, B 163
 Beauty's pageant, DGR 815
 Before, He 958
 Before Sedan, D 948
 Before the beginning of years (Atalanta in
 Calydon), Sw 807
 Beggar Maid, The, T 490
 Belle dame sans merci, La, K 402
 Ben Karshook's wisdom, RB 665
 Bethesda (a sequel), Cl 710
 Better part, The, Ar 783
 Between the sunset and the sea (Chastelard),
 Sw 902
 Bird or beast? CR 847
 Birds in the high hall garden (Maud), T 514
 Birth-bond, The, DGR 815
 Birthday, A, CR 846
 Bishop orders his tomb at St. Praxed's
 church, The, RB 616
 Blackbird, The, T 469
 Blake, William, DGR 830
 Blank misgivings, Cl 707
 Blessed damozel, The, DGR 797
 Blot in the scutcheon, Song from, RB 609
 Blow trumpet, for the world is white with
 May (Coming of Arthur), T 535
 Blue closet, The, M 863
 Boccaccio, The garden of, C 114
 Body's beauty, DGR 824

- Bonny Dundee, Sc 134
 Boot and saddle, RB 599
 Boots, Ki 988
 Border ballad, Sc 134
 Bowl of roses, A, He 967
 Break, break, break, T 488
 Bredon Hill, Ho 994
 Bric-à-brac, From, He 961
 Bridal birth, DGR 812
 Bride of Abydos, The, B 143
 Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou
 art, K 404
 Brignall Banks, Sc 130
 Brook, The, T 512
 Browning, A sequence of sonnets on the death
 of Robert, Sw 941
 Browning, To Robert, L 426
 Buonaparté, I grieved for, W 38
 Buonaparte, Ode to Napoleon, B 156
 Burden of Nineveh, The, DGR 806
 Burdens, Ballad of, Sw 905
 Burghers' battle, The, M 891
 Buried life, The, Ar 742
 Burns, At the grave of, W 44
 Burns, On, DGR 830
 By the sea-side, Composed, W 38

 Cadyow Castle, Sc 125
 Calais, Composed by the sea-side near, W 38
 Caliban upon Setebos, RB 670
 Callicles' song, Ar 738
 Card-dealer, The, DGR 800
 Carlyle, Thomas, and George Eliot, On the
 deaths of, Sw 930
 Carpenter's son, The, Ho 996
 Castled crag of Drachenfels, The, B 168
 Cauteretz, In the valley of, T 534
 Cavalier song, Sc 133
 Cavalier tunes, RB 599
 Celandine, To the small (two poems), W 34
 Chamouni, In the vale of, C 109
 Chant-Pagan, Ki 987
 Chapel in Lyonesse, M 854
 Chapman's Homer, On first looking into, K 352
 Character of the happy warrior, W 56
 Charge of the Heavy Brigade, Epilogue to
 The, T 546
 Charge of the Light Brigade, The, T 512
 Chastelard, Songs from, Sw 902
 Chatterton, Thomas, DGR 830
 Chaucer, Invocation to (Life and death of
 Jason), M 871
 Chaucer (On a country road), Sw 934
 Child and Poet, Sw 932
 Childe Harold, Canto III, B 161
 Childe Harold, Canto IV, B 207
 "Childe Roland to the dark tower came,"
 RB 649
 Child of a day, thou knowest not, L 412
 Child-musician, The, D 950
 Children, Sw 931
 Child's future, A, Sw 932
 Child's laughter, A, Sw 931
 Child's song, Sw 923

 Chillon, Sonnet on, B 178
 Chillon, The prisoner of, B 178
 Choice, The, DGR 823
 Choric song (Lotos-eaters), T 459
 Choruses from Atalanta, Sw 896
 Christabel, C 94
 Chrysolites and rubies Bacchus brings, The,
 L 437
 Circassian love-chant (Lewti), C 80
 Claribel, T 445
 Clarion, Sc 133
 Cleone to Aspasia, L 419
 Cliffside path, The, Sw 935
 Cliffs, On the, Sw 924
 Cloud, The, Sh 320
 Clunton and Clunbury, Ho 997
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, DGR 830
 Coleridge, To, Sh 250
 Coliseum, The (Childe Harold), B 210
 Coliseum, The (Manfred), B 204
 Come back, come back (Songs in absence),
 Cl 720
 Come home, come home! (Songs in absence),
 Cl 719
 Come into the garden, Maud (Maud), T 516
 Come not, when I am dead, T 507
 Come, Poet, come! Cl 723
 Coming of Arthur, Songs from the, T 534
 Coming of Dian, The (Endymion), K 362
 Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey,
 Lines, W 14
 Composed by the sea-side, near Calais,
 W 38
 Composed in one of the Catholic cantons,
 W 68
 Composed in the Valley near Dover, W 39
 Composed upon an evening of extraordinary
 splendor, W 65
 Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept.
 3, 1802, W 38
 Confessions, RB 675
 Confluents, CR 848
 Consider it again, Cl 719
 Cor cordium, Sw 919
 Corinna to Tanagra, from Athens, L 419
 Cor mio, CR 848
 Coronach, Sc 129
 County Guy, Sc 134
 Cradle, The, D 950
 Cristina, RB 600
 Crossing the bar, T 549
 Cry of the children, The, EBB 551
 Cuckoo, To the, W 51
 Cupid and Psyche, Song from the story of,
 M 882
 Cyclamen, To a, L 425

 Daffodils, W 52
 Daisy, To the (three poems), W 42, 43
 Danny Deever, Ki 972
 Dark glass, The, DGR 818
 Dark ladié, Ballad of the, C 105
 Darkness, B 184
 Darkness has dawned in the East, Sh 344

- Dark wood, The, M 886
 Daughter of Eve, A, CR 848
 Day is coming, The, M 889
 Day of days, The, M 890
 Day of love, The (Love is enough), M 887
 Day returns, my natal day, The, L 426
 Days that were, The (House of the Wolfings), M 890
 Dead letter, A, D 944
 Dead Pan, The, EBB 555
 Death-in-love, DGR 819
 Death of Artemidora, The, L 418
 Death of James Hogg, Extempore effusion upon the, W 72
 Death of Meleager (Atalanta in Calydon), Sw 899
 Death of Southey, On the, L 438
 Death of the Duke of Wellington, Ode on the, T 507
 Death, On Southey's, L 439
 Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, On the, Sw 930
 Death, Sonnets on the thought of, Cl 705
 Death stands above me, L 438
 Dedication, A, T 534
 Dedication (Don Juan), B 213
 Dedication of The revolt of Islam (To Mary —), Sh 266
 Dedication (Poems and ballads, first series), Sw 910
 Dedication (Ring and the Book) RB 677
 Defence of Guenevere, The, M 855
 Defence of Lucknow, The, T 541
 "De gustibus —," RB 634
 Dejection, an ode, C 106
 Dejection, Stanzas written in, near Naples, Sh 272
 De profundis, CR 849
 De profundis, T 511
 Destruction of Sennacherib, The, B 158
 Development, RB 693
 Dialogue, A, D 952
 Dian, The coming of (Endymion), K 362
 Dian, The feast of (Endymion), K 367
 Dipsychus, From, Cl 714
 Dirce, L 419
 Dirge, A, Sh 347
 Discharged, He 959
 Donald Dhu, Pibroch of, Sc 132
 Don Juan, B 213
 Dora, T 476
 Dover beach, Ar 784
 Down through the ancient Strand, He 964
 Do you remember me? or are you proud? L 424
 Drachenfels, The castled crag of, B 168
 Dramatis personæ, Epilogue to, RB 677
 Drawing near the light, M 893
 Dreamland, Ballad of, Sw 921
 Dream of fair women, A, T 461
 Duchess, My last, RB 601
 Duke of Wellington, Ode on the death of, T 507
 Duty, Ode to, W 53
 Eagle, The, T 507
 Earthly paradise, From The, M 871
 Earth's immortalities, RB 612
 East and west, Ar 783
 Easter day, Naples, 1849, Cl 715
 Easter day, II, Cl 717
 East London, Ar 782
 Echelos, RB 680
 Echoes, From, He 962
 Echo song (Prometheus unbound), Sh 290
 Effusion upon the death of James Hogg, Extempore, W 72
 Elaine's song (Lancelot and Elaine), T 510
 Eleanor, CR 843
 Elegiac stanzas, W 54
 Elgin marbles, On seeing the, K 359
 Emigrant mother, The, W 32
 Empedocles, Lyric stanzas of, Ar 734
 Endymion, From, K 360
 England, An appeal to, Sw 911
 England and America in 1782, T 537
 England in 1819, Sonnet: Sh 272
 Enid's song (Marriage of Geraint), T 519
 En route (Amours de voyage), Cl 710
 Enter patient, He 958
 Envoi (Amours de voyage), Cl 712
 Envoi (Earthly paradise), M 856
 Epilogue (Fifine at the fair), RB 681
 Epilogue to Asolando, RB 695
 Epilogue to Dramatic Idyls, RB 689
 Epilogue to Dramatis Personæ, RB 677
 Epilogue to Eighteenth Century Vignettes, D 955
 Epilogue to The charge of the Heavy Brigade, T 546
 Epilogue to the Pacchiarotto volume, RB 684
 Epilogue (Two poets of Croisic), RB 687
 Epipsychidion, Sh 326
 Epistle to Augusta, B 182
 Epitaph at Fiesole, For an, L 414
 Equal troth, DGR 817
 Error and loss, M 886
 Étude réaliste, Sw 932
 Euganean Hills, Lines written among the, Sh 268
 Evelyn Hope, RB 625
 Evening ode, W 65
 Eve of Crecy, The, M 862
 Eve of St. Agnes, The, K 378
 Eve of Saint John, The, Sc 122
 Eve of Saint Mark, The, K 383
 Expostulation and reply, W 13
 Extempore effusion upon the death of James Hogg, W 72
 Extinction of the Venetian republic, On the, W 39
 Extract from the conclusion of a poem, W 5
 Face, A, RB 676
 Faded violet, On a, Sh 268
 Fame (Earth's immortalities), RB 612
 Fame, On, K 403
 Fancy, K 369
 Fare thee well, B 160

- Farewell, A, T 485
 Farewell to Italy, L 422
 Farewell to the glen, DGR 825
 Far—far—away, T 548
 Far in a western brookland, Ho 997
 Fate (Atalanta in Calydon), Sw 899
 Fears and scruples, RB 683
 Feast of Dian, K 367
 Female of the species, The, Ki 990
 Ferishtah's fancies, Songs from, RB 691
 Fiesolan idyl, L 413
 Fiesole, For an epitaph at, L 414
 Fifine at the fair, RB 680
 Final chorus (Atalanta in Calydon), Sw 901
 Final chorus (Hellas), Sh 345
 Final chorus (Love is enough), M 887
 Fire is in the flint (Ferishtah's fancies), RB 691
 First love remembered, DGR 810
 First spring day, The, CR 845
 Five English poets, DGR 830
 Flower in the crannied wall, T 535
 Flower, The, T 533
 For a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield," D 954
 For an epitaph at Fiesole, L 414
 For a Venetian pastoral, DGR 802
 Forsaken garden, The, Sw 920
 Forsaken merman, The, Ar 727
 For the blinded soldiers, D 956
 Fountain, The, W 22
 Fra Lippo Lippi, RB 652
 France, an ode, C 101
 François Villon, Ballad of, Sw 922
 "Frater ave atque vale," T 546
 French Revolution, W 55
 From Amours de voyage, Cl 710
 From A Shropshire lad, Ho 993
 From a window in Princes Street, He 961
 From Balder Dead, Ar 766
 From Bric-à-brac, He 961
 From Dipsychus, Cl 714
 From Echoes, He 962
 From Endymion, K 360
 From In Hospital, He 958
 From London Voluntaries, He 964
 From Mater triumphalis, Sw 918
 From Rhymes and rhythms, He 965
 From Switzerland, Ar 777
 From The coming of Arthur, T 534
 From The earthly paradise, M 871
 From The life and death of Jason, M 867
 From The ring and the book, RB 677
 Frost at midnight, C 102
 Future, The, Ar 744
 Galahad, Sir, T 485
 Garden by the sea, A (Nymph's song to Hylas), M 868
 Garden of Boccaccio, The, C 114
 Garden of Proserpine, The, Sw 907
 Gebir, L 407
 Genius in beauty, DGR 816
 Gentleman of the old school, A, D 947
 Gentleman, To a (William Wordsworth), C 111
 George Eliot, On the deaths of Thomas Carlyle and, Sw 930
 Gilliflower of gold, The, M 861
 Give a rouse, RB 590
 Give her but a least excuse to love me (Pippa passes), RB 588
 Give me the eyes that look on mine, L 425
 Gleam, Merlin and the, T 547
 Glint of a raindrop, The, D 956
 Godiva, T 483
 Gold-hair (Rapunzel), M 855
 Good, great man, The, C 110
 "Good luck to your fishing!" D 956
 "Good night, Babette!" D 949
 Go not, happy day (Maud), T 514
 Grammarian's Funeral, A, RB 644
 Grande Chartreuse, Stanzas from the, Ar 775
 Grasshopper and cricket, On the, K 353
 Grave of Burns, At the, W 44
 Great men have been among us, W 41
 Great spirits now on earth are sojourning, K 352
 Grecian urn, Ode on a, K 387
 Green fields of England! Cl 720
 Green linnet, The, W 43
 Greeting, A, D 955
 Grief, EBB 553
 Growing old, Ar 784
 Guardian angel, The, RB 639
 Guenevere, The defence of, M 855
 Guernsey, In, Sw 933
 Guinevere, T 519
 Gulls in an æry morrice, He 966
 Gunga Din, Ki 973
 Haidée (Don Juan), B 217
 Hail to the chief who in triumph advances, Sc 128
 Hamadryad, The, L 429
 Hands (Rapunzel), M 855
 Hands all round, T 511
 Hapless doom of woman (Queen Mary), T 538
 Happy warrior, Character of the, W 56
 Harp of the north, farewell, Sc 129
 Hartley Coleridge, To, W 41
 Hast thou seen, with flash incessant, W 65
 Haydon, To B. R., W 64
 Haystack in the floods, The, M 864
 Heap cassia, sandal buds (Paracelsus), RB 573
 Health to King Charles, Here's a, Sc 136
 Heart of the night, The, DGR 822
 Heart's chill between, CR 843
 Heart's compass, DGR 817
 Heart's-ease, L 439
 Heart's hope, DGR 813
 Heine (from Heine's grave), Ar 780
 Hellas, Songs from, Sh 343
 Hellenics, On The, L 426
 Henry Fielding, D 953
 Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise, W 59
 Here's a health to King Charles, Sc 136
 Her gifts, DGR 817

- Her heaven (True woman), DGR 821
 Her love (True woman), DGR 820
 Herself (True woman), DGR 820
 Hertha, Sw 912
 Hervé Riel, RB 678
 Hesperus, Sappho to, L 419
 Hidden love, The, Cl 723
 Hie away, hie away, Sc 131
 Higher pantheism, The, T 535
 Highland girl, To a, W 45
 Hill summit, The, DGR 822
 His own Iphigeneia and Agamemnon, On, L 422
 Hoarded joy, DGR 825
 Hogg, Extempore effusion on the death of James, W 72
 Holy Innocents, CR 845
 Homer, On first looking into Chapman's, K 352
 Homer, To, K 369
 Home they brought her warrior dead (The Princess), T 491
 Home thoughts, from abroad, RB 612
 Home thoughts, from the sea, RB 613
 Hope and fear, Sw 930
 Hope evermore and believe, Cl 717
 Hounds of Spring, The (Atalanta in Calydon), Sw 896
 House, RB 681
 Householder, The (Fifine at the fair), RB 681
 House of life, DGR 812
 House of the Wolfings, Motto of The, M 890
 How many bards gild the lapses of time, K 352
 How many voices gaily sing, L 426
 How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, RB 610
 Human seasons, The, K 368
 Hunting song, Sc 128
 Husbandman, The, DGR 824
 Hymn before sunrise in the vale of Chamouni, C 109
 Hymn of Pan, Sh 323
 Hymn to intellectual beauty, Sh 262
 Hymn to Pan (Endymion), K 361
 Hymn to Proserpine, Sw 903
 Hyperion, K 390
 Ianthe, Lyrics, to, L 412
 Ianthe! you are called to cross the sea! L 413
 Iceland first seen, M 892
 If —, Ki 989
 I fear thy kisses, Sh 322
 If this great world of joy and pain, W 72
 If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven, W 71
 I gave my heart to a woman, He 963
 I grieved for Buonaparté, W 38
 I have led her home (Maud), T 514
 I have seen higher, holier things, Cl 707
 I held her hand, the pledge of bliss, L 413
 I hoed and trenched and weeded, Ho 997
 I know not whether I am proud, L 425
 Imitation of Spenser, K 351
 Immortality, Ar 783
 Impromptus, B 245
 In a dear-nighted December, K 368
 In after days, D 955
 In a gondola, RB 602
 In a lecture-room, Cl 707
 In a London square, Cl 724
 Incident of the French camp, RB 601
 Inclusions, EBB 567
 Inconstancy, L 433
 Indian serenade, Sh 274
 Indolence, Ode on, K 385
 Influence of natural objects, W 16
 In Guernsey, Sw 933
 In Hospital, From, He 958
 In memoriam A. H. H., T 492
 In memory of the author of "Obermann," Stanzas, Ar 745
 In memory of Walter Savage Landor, Sw 907
 In prison, M 867
 Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, W 68
 Insomnia, DGR 828
 Insufficiency, EBB 567
 Intellectual beauty, Hymn to, Sh 262
 Interpreters, The, Sw 939
 In the depths, Cl 713
 In the Neolithic Age, Ki 976
 In the vale of Chamouni, C 109
 In the valley of Caunteretz, T 534
 In the water, Sw 936
 In the white-flowered hawthorn brake, M 884
 In three days, RB 630
 Intimations of immortality, W 48
 In time of mourning, Sw 941
 In time of order, A song, Sw 896
 Introduction to The earthly paradise, M 871
 In valleys of springs of rivers, Ho 997
 Invasion, The (Gebir), L 407
 Invictus, He 962
 Invocation to Chaucer (Life and Death of Jason), M 871
 Invocation to the power of love (Endymion), K 364
 Iphigeneia and Agamemnon, L 428
 Iphigeneia and Agamemnon, On his own, L 422
 Iphigeneia, The shades of Agamemnon and, L 415
 Isabella, K 370
 Is it not better at an early hour, L 425
 Islanders, The, Ki 986
 Isles of Greece, The (Don Juan), B 222
 "Is my team ploughing, Ho 995
 Isolation. To Marguerite, Ar 777
 Italian in England, The, RB 613
 Italy, Farewell to, L 422
 Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, Cl 722
 It is a beautiful evening, W 39
 It is not to be thought of, W 41
 I travelled among unknown men, W 19
 I wandered lonely as a cloud, W 52
 I wonder not that youth remains, L 438

James Hogg, Extempore effusion upon the death of, W 72

James Lee's wife, RB 665

Jason, The life and death of, M 867

Jock o' Hazeldean, Sc 132

John Bull, B 245

Joseph Abiett, To, L 421

June (Earthly Paradise), M 883

Kate the queen (Pippa passes), RB 588

Keats, DGR 830

Keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there, K 352

Kensington Gardens, Lines written in, Ar 743

King Charles, Here's a health to, Sc 136

King's College Chapel, Cambridge, Inside of, W 68

King's Tragedy, The, DGR 831

King, The, Ki 977

Known in vain, DGR 822

Kossuth, To Louis, Sw 923

Kubla Khan, C 84

La belle dame sans merci, K 402

Labuntur anni (Don Juan), B 215

Lachin y Gair, B 141

Ladies of St. James's, The, D 951

Ladies, The, Ki 983

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, T 465

Lady of Shalott, The, T 448

Lady's "yes," The, EBB 554

La Fayette, C 81

Lake Leman, Sonnet to, B 186

Lamb, To Mary, L 422

Lament, A, Sh 335

Lancelot and Elaine, Song from, T 519

Landmark, The, DGR 822

Landor, In memory of Walter Savage, Sw 907

Laodamia, W 60

La Saisiaz, Prologue, RB 687

Last Duchess, My, RB 601

Last ride together, The, RB 642

Last sonnet, Keats', K 404

Last word, The, Ar 785

Late, late, so late (Guinevere), T 522

Lately our songsters loiter'd in green lanes, L 440

Latest decalogue, The, Cl 713

Lecture-room, In a, Cl 707

Leech-gatherer, The, W 35

Left upon a seat in a yew-tree, Lines, W 5

Leigh Hunt, Esq., To, K 359

Leman, Sonnet to Lake, B 186

Lenore, Sc 119

L'envoi (Earthly paradise), M 884

Lewti; or, the Circassian love-chant, C 80

Life, C 78

Life, Sc 134

Life and death of Jason, From The, M 867

Life and love, EBB 567

Life in a love, RB 638

Life is struggle, Cl 724

Life may change, but it may fly not, Sh 343

Life of life (Prometheus unbound), Sh 297

Life of man (Atalanta in Calydon), Sw 897

Life the beloved, DGR 827

Light Brigade, The charge of the, T 512

Light woman, A, RB 641

Lilith, DGR 824

Lily has a smooth stalk, The, CR 848

Lime-tree bower my prison, This, C 82

Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, W 14

Lines left upon a seat in a yew-tree, W 5

Lines on an autumnal evening, C 78

Lines on the Mermaid Tavern, K 369

Lines: "When the lamp is shattered," Sh 346

Lines written among the Euganean Hills, Sh 268

Lines written in early spring, W 12

Lines written in Kensington Gardens, Ar 743

Lines written in the album at Elbingerode, C 105

Lippo Lippi, Fra, RB 652

Little Aglae, L 419

Loch na Garr, B 170

Locksley Hall, T 479

London, W 40

London literature and society (Don Juan), B 227

London square, In a, Cl 705

London volunteers, From, He 964

Lord of Burleigh, The, T 489

Lost days, DGR 826

Lost Leader, The, RB 610

Lost on both sides, DGR 826

Lotos-eaters, The, T 458

Louis Kossuth, To, Sw 923

Love among the ruins, RB 626

Love and Love's mates (Atalanta in Calydon), Sw 808

Love at ebb (Chastelard), Sw 902

Love at sea, Sw 908

Love, C 104

Love (Earth's immortalities), RB 612

Love enthroned, DGR 812

Love in a life, RB 638

Love, Invocation to the power of (Endymion), K 364

Love is enough, From, M 887

Love-letter, The, DGR 814

Loveliest of trees, Ho 993

Love-lily, DGR 812

Lover's walk, The, DGR 814

Lovesight, DGR 813

Love's last gift, DGR 821

Love's lovers, DGR 813

Love's nocturn, DGR 809

Loves of Tamar and the sea-nymph, The, L 408

Love's philosophy, Sh 274

Love's testament, DGR 813

Love-sweetness, DGR 816

Love thou thy land, T 471

Low, lute, low! (Queen Mary), T 538

Lucknow, The defence of, T 541

Lucretia Borgia's hair, On, L 420

Lucy, W 18, 19

- Lucy Gray, W 23
 Lyrics from Maud, T 513
 Lyrics from Queen Mary, T 538
 Lyrics from The coming of Arthur, T 534
 Lyrics from The princess, T 490
 Lyric stanzas of Empedocles, Ar 734
 Lyrics, to Ianthé, L 412, 413

 Magical nature, RB 683
 Maid of Athens, B 141
 Maid of Neidpath, Sc 127
 Maid's Lament, The, L 415
 Maisie, Proud, Sc 133
 Mandalay, Ki 974
 Manfred, B 186
 Man's requirements, A, EBB 559
 Marching along, RB 599
 Margaret, The affliction of, W 52
 Margaritæ sorori, He 963
 Marguerite, To (continued), Ar 777
 Marguerite, To (Isolation), Ar 777
 Mariana, T 446
 Marriage of Geraint, Song from, T 519
 Mary —, To (Revolt of Islam), Sh 266
 Mary Beaton's song (Chastelard), Sw 902
 "Mary Gloster," The, Ki 979
 Mary Lamb, To, L 422
 Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon the
 Pharisee, DGR 808
 Mary's girlhood, DGR 802
 Mary Stuart, Song from, Sw 930
 Match, A, Sw 905
 Mater triumphalis, From, Sw 918
 Matthew, W 20
 Maud, Lyrics from, T 513
 May, CR 846
 May Queen, The, T 466
 Mazzini, On the monument to, Sw 938
 Medusa, Aspecta, DGR 809
 Meeting at night, RB 612
 Meeting of Gebir and Charoba, The, L 408
 Melancholy, Ode on, K 389
 Meleager, Death of (Atalanta in Calydon),
 Sw 899
 Memorabilia, RB 640
 Memorial thresholds, DGR 825
 Memorial verses, Ar 732
 Memory, W 68
 Memory of Walter Savage Landor, In, Sw 907
 Menelaus and Helen at Troy, L 435
 Merlin and the gleam, T 547
 Merlin and Vivien, Song from, T 519
 Merlin's riddle (Coming of Arthur), T 534
 Mermaid, The, T 447
 Mermaid Tavern, Lines on the, K 369
 Merman, The, T 447
 Merman, The forsaken, Ar 727
 Michael, W 23
 Michelangelo's kiss, DGR 827
 Mid-rapture, DGR 817
 M. I., Ki 984
 Mild is the parting year, L 413
 Milkmaid's song (Queen Mary), T 538
 Miller's daughter, The, T 450

 Milton, T 531
 Minnie and Winnie, T 545
 Misconceptions, RB 637
 Misgivings, Blank, Cl 707
 Mont Blanc, B 187
 Mont Blanc, C 109
 Mont Blanc, Sh 264
 Montenegro, T 538
 Montorio's Height, On, Cl 711
 Moore, To Thomas, B 206, 245
 Morality, Ar 741
 Morte d'Arthur, T 472
 Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes,
 W 72
 Mother, I cannot mind my wheel, L 423
 Mountain echo, Yes, it was the, W 57
 Muckle-mouth Meg, RB 693
 Muse of the north, The, M 893
 Musical instrument, A, EBB 568
 Music, He 959
 Music, On, L 438
 Music, when soft voices die, Sh 335
 Mutability, W 68
 Mutability, Sh 335
 My books, D 951
 My heart leaps up when I behold, W 34
 My hopes retire, L 425
 My last Duchess, RB 601
 My Murray, B 245
 My sister's sleep, DGR 797
 My star, RB 634

 Napoleon Buonaparte, Ode to, B 156
 Natural magic, RB 683
 Nature (Atalanta in Calydon), Sw 898
 Nay, but you who do not love her, RB 612
 Near Avalon, M 867
 Near Dover, W 40
 Near the spring of the hermitage, W 65
 Neidpath, The maid of, Sc 127
 Never the time and the place, RB 690
 New age, The (Bacchanalia), Ar 785
 Newborn death, DGR 827, 828
 New Sinai, The, Cl 708
 Night and morning, RB 612
 Nightingale, Ode to a, K 388
 Night-piece, A, W 7
 Night, To, Sh 334
 Nocturn, He 950
 No master, M 889
 No more, no more (Don Juan), B 216
 No, my own love of other years, L 424
 "Non dolet," Sw 920
 Northern farmer (new style), T 536
 Northern farmer (old style), T 532
 Not as these, DGR 824
 Not seldom, clad in radiant vest, W 65
 November 1806, W 59
 November 1, W 64
 Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
 W 57
 Nutting, W 18
 Nymph's song to Hylas, The (Life and Death
 of Jason), M 868

- Oak, The, T 549
 Obermann once more, Ar 790
 "Obermann," Stanzas in memory of the author of, Ar 745
 O bitter sea (Life and death of Jason), M 867
 Oblation, The, Sw 920
 Ocean, The (Childe Harold), B 212
 October 1803, W 48
 Octogenarian, To an, W 74
 Ode (Bards of passion), K 386
 Ode composed upon an evening of extraordinary splendor, W 65
 Ode, Dejection, an, C 106
 Ode, France, an, C 101
 Ode, Intimations of immortality, W 48
 Ode on a Grecian urn, K 387
 Ode on indolence, K 385
 Ode on melancholy, K 389
 Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, T 507
 Ode to a nightingale, K 388
 Ode to duty, W 53
 Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte, B 156
 Ode to Psyche, K 386
 Ode to the west wind, Sh 273
 Ode to tranquillity, C 106
 Ænone, T 450
 Of old sat Freedom on the heights, T 470
 Of such is the kingdom of heaven, Sw 900
 O, gather me the rose, He 962
 Ogier the Dane, Song from, M 884
 Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom, B 158
 Old and new art, DGR 823
 Old pictures in Florence, RB 620
 O, let the solid ground (Maud), T 513
 On a country road, Sw 934
 On a faded violet, Sh 268
 On a fan that belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour, D 950
 On a Grecian urn, Ode, K 387
 On an autumnal evening, Lines, C 78
 On a picture of Leander, K 359
 On a poet's lips I slept, Sh 286
 On Burns, DGR 830
 One hope, The, DGR 828
 One way of love, RB 637
 One word is too often profaned, Sh 345
 One word more, RB 662
 One year ago my path was green, L 424
 On fame, K 403
 On first looking into Chapman's Homer, K 352
 On his own Iphigeneia and Agamemnon, L 422
 On his seventy-fifth birthday, L 438
 On Lucretia Borgia's hair, L 420
 On melancholy, Ode, K 389
 On Montorio's Height, Cl 711
 On moonlit heath and lonesome bank, Ho 993
 On music, L 438
 On refusal of aid between nations, DGR 801
 On seeing the Elgin marbles, K 359
 On Southey's death, L 439
 On the cliffs, Sw 924
 On the death of Robert Browning, A sequence of sonnets, Sw 941
 On the death of Southey, L 438
 On the deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, Sw 930
 On the extinction of the Venetian republic, W 30
 On the grasshopper and cricket, K 353
 On The Hellenics, L 426
 On the idle hill of summer, Ho 995
 On the Mermaid Tavern, Lines, K 369
 On the monument erected to Mazzini at Genoa, Sw 938
 On the sea, K 359
 On the smooth brow and clustering hair, L 425
 On the verge, Sw 938
 On the way to Kew, He 964
 On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year, B 246
 Orientale, He 961
 Orpheus and the Sirens, Songs of (Life and death of Jason), M 869
 Orpheus' song of triumph (Life and death of Jason), M 868
 O ship, ship, ship, Cl 721
 Osorio, Song from, C 85
 O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south, T 490
 O that 'twere possible (Maud), T 517
 Our gaities, our luxuries, Cl 714
 Overhead the tree-tops meet (Pippa passes), RB 597
 Over the sea our galleys went (Paracelsus), RB 573
 Ozymandias, Sh 268
 Pacchiarotto volume, Epilogue to the, RB 684
 Pains of sleep, The, C 111
 Palace of art, The, T 454
 Palladium, Ar 786
 Pan, Hymn of, Sh 323
 Pan, Hymn to (Endymion), K 361
 Pantheon, The, Cl 711
 Paracelsus, Songs from, RB 573
 Parting at morning, RB 612
 Passion and worship, DGR 814
 Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives, L 413
 Patriot, The, RB 641
 Pearl, A girl, a, RB 603
 Peele Castle, W 54
 Perchè pensa? Pensando s'invecchia, Cl 724
 Personal talk, W 58
 Peschiera, Cl 712
 Phantom or fact, C 116
 Philomela, Ar 761
 Pibroch of Donald Dhu, Sc 132
 Pictor ignotus, RB 615
 Pied piper of Hamelin, The, RB 605
 Pilgrims, The, Sw 915
 Pippa passes, RB 575
 Pis-aller, Ar 785
 Pleasure! why thus desert the heart, L 413
 Poems on the naming of places, I, W 30

- Poet!*—He hath put his heart to school, *A*,
W 73
Poetical commandments (Don Juan), *B* 215
Poetics, *RB* 692
Poet's epitaph, *A*, *W* 20
Poet's song, *The*, *T* 489
Poet, *The*, *T* 445
Political greatness, Sonnet, *Sh* 335
Popularity, *RB* 640
Porphyria's lover, *RB* 574
Portrait, *The*, *DGR* 799
Portrait, *The* (House of life), *DGR* 814
Pot of basil, *The*, *K* 370
Pray but one prayer for me, *M* 855
Prelude to Departmental ditties, *Ki* 972
Prelude to The earthly paradise, *M* 871
Pride of youth, *DGR* 816
Primrose of the rock, *The*, *W* 69
Princess, Lyrics from the, *T* 490
Prisoner of Chillon, *B* 178
Proem (Endymion), *K* 360
Prologue (Fifine at the fair), *RB* 680
Prologue (La Saisiaz), *RB* 687
Prologue to Eighteenth Century Vignettes,
D 955
Prologue to Rhymes and rhythms, *He* 965
Prologue (Two poets of Croisic), *RB* 687
Prometheus, *B* 185
Prometheus unbound, *Sh* 275
Proserpine, Hymn to, *Sw* 903
Proserpine, The garden of, *Sw* 907
Prospect, *RB* 676
Proud Maisie, *Sc* 133
Proud word you never spoke, *L* 425
Psyche, Ode to, *K* 386
Psyche, Song from The story of Cupid and,
M 882

Qua cursum ventus, *Cl* 707
Quatrains, *L* 425
Queen Mary, Lyrics from, *T* 538
Queen Rose, *CR* 844
Queen's song, *The* (Chastelard), *Sw* 902
Question and answer, *EBB* 568
Questioning spirit, *The*, *Cl* 709
Question, *The*, *Sh* 324
Quiet work, *Ar* 727
Qui laborat, orat, *Cl* 718

Rabbi ben Ezra, *RB* 668
Rain, rain, and sun (Coming of Arthur), *T*
534
Rapunzel, Songs from, *M* 855
Rarely, rarely, comest thou, *Sh* 325
Real question, *The*, *Cl* 712
Rebecca's hymn, *Sc* 133
Recessional, *Ki* 983
Reflections on having left a place of retire-
ment, *C* 81
Refusal of aid between nations, *On*, *DGR* 801
Regeneration, *L* 411
Remain, ah not in youth alone, *L* 424
Remember, *CR* 844
Requiescat, *Ar* 747

Resolution and independence, *W* 35
Respectability, *RB* 638
"Retro me, Sathana!" *DGR* 826
Reveille, *Ho* 993
Revenge, *The*, *T* 538
Reverie of poor Susan, *The*, *W* 6
Revolt of Islam, Dedication of *The*, *Sh* 266
Rhymes and rhythms, From, *He* 965
Riding together, *M* 853
Rime of the ancient mariner, *The*, *C* 85
Ring and the book, From *The*, *RB* 677
Ring out, wild bells (In memoriam), *T* 503
Rivulet crossing my ground (Maud), *T* 515
Rizpah, *T* 543
Robert Browning, A sequence of sonnets on the
death of, *Sw* 941
Robert Browning, To, *L* 426
Robin Hood, *K* 367
Romance of the swan's nest, *The*, *EBB* 554
Rome (Childe Harold), *B* 209
Rome, *Cl* 711
Rondel, *Sw* 907
Rose Aylmer, *L* 410
Rose Aylmer's hair, given by her sister,
L 438
Rose-leaves, *D* 948
Rosny, *RB* 692
Roundelay (Endymion), *K* 365
Rondel, *The*, *Sw* 934
Round us the wild creatures (Ferishtah's
fancies), *RB* 691
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, *F* 697
Rudel to the lady of Tripoli, *RB* 609
Rugby Chapel, *Ar* 787

Sailing of the sword, *The*, *M* 863
Sailor boy, *The*, *T* 531
Saint Agnes' eve, *T* 470
St. Agnes, The eve of, *K* 378
Saint John, The eve of, *Sc* 122
St. Luke the painter, *DGR* 823
Saint Mark, The eve of, *K* 383
Salt of the earth, *The*, *Sw* 931
Same flower, To the (celandine), *W* 35
Same flower, To the (daisy), *W* 43
Sapphics, *Sw* 909
Sappho (On the cliffs), *Sw* 924
Sappho to Hesperus, *L* 419
Saul before his last battle, Song of, *B* 159
Saul, *RB* 618
Say, lad, have you things to do? *Ho* 994
Say not the struggle nought availeth, *Cl* 715
Sceptic moods, *Cl* 712
Scholar-gipsy, *The*, *Ar* 762
Scorn not the sonnet, *W* 69
Seaboard, *The*, *Sw* 935
Sea-limits, *The*, *DGR* 802
Sea, On the, *K* 359
Sea-shell, *The* (Gebir), *L* 409
Seasons, *The*, *M* 886
Sea, To the (Life and death of Jason), *M* 867
Second best, *The*, *Ar* 734
See what a lovely shell (Maud), *T* 516
Self-deception, *Ar* 733

- Self-dependence, Ar 740
 Sensitive plant, The, Sh 315
 September 1, 1802, W 40
 September 1819, W 66
 Sequence of sonnets on the death of Robert
 Browning, A, Sw 941
 Serenade, Indian, Sh 274
 Seventy-fifth birthday, On his, L 438
 Severed selves, DGR 818
 Shades of Agamemnon and Iphigeneia, L 415
 Shakespeare and Milton, L 437
 Shakespeare, Ar 727
 Shakespeare, William, Sw 931
 Shameful death, M 861
 Shame upon you, Robin (Queen Mary), T 538
 She dwelt among the untrodden ways, W 19
 Shelley (Cor cordium), Sw 919
 Shelley, DGR 831
 She walks in beauty, B 156
 She was a phantom of delight, W 51
 Shipwreck, The (Don Juan), B 216
 Shropshire lad, From A, Ho 993
 Sibylla palmifera, DGR 824
 Silent noon, DGR 816
 Simon Lee, W 11
 Simplon Pass, The, W 16
 Singing lesson, A, Sw 933
 Sir Galahad, T 485
 Sir Giles' war-song, M 867
 Sister Helen, DGR 803
 Sister's sleep, My, DGR 797
 Sisters, Song from The, T 545
 Sisters, The, T 454
 Skylark, To a, Sh 321
 Sky-lark, To a, W 53
 Sky-lark, To a, W 69
 Sleep and poetry, K 353
 Sleep, To, K 403
 Sleep, To, W 59
 Slumber did my spirit seal, A, W 20
 Small celandine, To the, W 34
 So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive, W 73
 Sohrab and Rustum, Ar 748
 Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er, Sc 128
 Solitary reaper, The, W 46
 Solitude, A, Sw 934
 Solitude, To, K 351
 Solitude, W 23
 Some future day, Cl 721
 Song, Child's, Sw 923
 Song from Charles the First, Sh 347
 Song from Mary Stuart, Sw 930
 Song from Ogier the Dane, M 884
 Song from Osorio, C 85
 Song from The sisters, T 545
 Song from The story of Acontius and Cy-
 dippe, M 884
 Song from The story of Cupid and Psyche,
 M 882
 Song from Zapolya, C 113
 Song in time of order, A, Sw 896
 Song, Mary Beaton's (Chastelard), Sw 902
 Song: Nay! but you, who do not love her,
 RB 612
 Song of Saul before his last battle, B 159
 Song of spirits (Prometheus unbound), Sh
 290
 Song of the banjo, The, Ki 977
 Song of the echoes (Prometheus unbound),
 Sh 290
 Song of the English, A, Ki 976
 Song of the sword, The, He 960
 Song: Oh roses for the flush of youth, CR 844
 Song: Rarely, rarely, comest thou, Sh 325
 Songs from Chastelard, Sw 902
 Songs from Ferishtah's fancies, RB 691
 Songs from Hellas, Sh 343
 Songs from Paracelsus, RB 573
 Songs in absence, Cl 719
 Songs of Orpheus and the Sirens (Life and
 death of Jason), M 869
 Song: The miller's daughter, T 450
 Song, The Queen's (Chastelard), Sw 902
 Song-throe, The, DGR 821
 Song: When I am dead, my dearest, CR 844
 Sonnet: England in 1819, Sh 272
 Sonnet on Chillon, B 178
 Sonnet: Political greatness, Sh 335
 Sonnet, Scorn not the, W 69
 Sonnets from the Portuguese, EBB 559
 Sonnets on the death of Robert Browning,
 A sequence of, Sw 941
 Sonnet, The, DGR 812
 Sonnet, The, W 57, 69
 Sonnet, To an octogenarian, W 74
 Sonnet to Lake Lemna, B 186
 Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er, L 425
 Soothsay, DGR 829
 So then, I feel not deeply! L 438
 Soul, A, CR 845
 Soul's beauty, DGR 824
 Sound sleep, CR 844
 Southey, On the death of, L 438
 Southey's death, On, L 439
 So we'll go no more a-roving, B 245
 Sparrow's nest, The, W 32
 Splendor falls on castle walls, The, T 491
 Spring, CR 847
 Staff-nurse: old style, He 958
 Stanzas, April 1814, Sh 250
 Stanzas for music: There be none of Beauty's
 daughters, B 160
 Stanzas for music: There's not a joy, B 150
 Stanzas for music: They say that hope is
 happiness, B 184
 Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse, Ar 775
 Stanzas in memory of the author of "Ober-
 mann," Ar 745
 Stanzas to Augusta, B 182
 Stanzas written in dejection, near Naples,
 Sh 272
 Stanzas written on the road between Flor-
 ence and Pisa, B 246
 Statue and the bust, The, RB 645
 Stepping westward, W 46
 Stillborn love, DGR 820
 Strange fits of passion have I known, W 18
 Strayed reveller, The, Ar 729

- Stream of life, The, Cl 722
 Summer, CR 847
 Summer dawn, M 855
 Summer-night, A, Ar 741
 Summer wish, A, CR 845
 Summum bonum, RB 692
 Sunbows, The, Sw 937
 Sunrise in 1848, At the, DGR 801
 Sun upon the Weirclaw Hill, The, Sc 133
 Superscription, A, DGR 827
 Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind,
 W 64
 Swallow, swallow, flying, flying south, T
 490
 Sweet and low, T 491
 Sweet-briar, Upon a, L 414
 Switzerland, From, Ar 777
 Switzerland, Thought of a Briton on the
 subjugation of, W 59

 Tables turned, The, W 13
 Tamar and the sea-nymph, Loves of, L 408
 Tears, idle tears, T 490
 That wooden cross, D 956
 "There is no God," the wicked saith, Cl 714
 "There!" said a stripling, W 72
 There's a woman like a dewdrop, RB 609
 There was a boy, W 17
 Theseus and Hippolyta, L 440
 Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly, Ho 996
 This lime-tree bower my prison, C 82
 This time of year a twelvemonth past, Ho 995
 This world is very odd, we see, Cl 714
 Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, On the
 deaths of, Sw 930
 Thomas Moore, To, B 206, 245
 Thorn, The, W 8
 Thought of a Briton on the subjugation of
 Switzerland, W 59
 Thrasymedes and Eunoë, L 426
 Three Roses, The, L 439
 Three shadows, DGR 828
 Three years she grew in sun and shower,
 W 19
 Throstle, The, T 549
 "Through a glass darkly," Cl 710
 Through death to love, DGR 818
 Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr, RB
 600
 Thyrsis, Ar 778
 Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums, T
 491
 Time, Sc 132
 Time, Sh 335
 Time long past, Sh 325
 Time real and imaginary, C 82
 Time's revenges, RB 613
 Time to be wise, L 423
 Tintern Abbey, Lines composed a few miles
 above, W 14
 "'Tis said that some have died for love," W 31
 'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town, Ho 996
 Tithonus, T 529
 To ———: I fear thy kisses, Sh 322

 To ———: Music, when soft voices die, Sh 335
 To ———: One word is too often profaned,
 Sh 345
 To a bride, L 423
 To a butterfly, W 32
 To a cyclamen, L 425
 To A. D., He 963
 To a friend, Ar 727
 To age, L 437
 To a gentleman, C 111
 To a Highland girl, W 45
 To Ailsa Rock, K 368
 To a lady, Sc 122
 To an athlete dying young, Ho 994
 To a nightingale, Ode, K 388
 To a skylark, Sh 321
 To a sky-lark, W 53
 To a sky-lark, W 69
 To a snowdrop, W 66
 To Augusta, Epistle, B 182
 To Augusta, Stanzas, B 182
 To autumn, K 390
 To a young lady, W 55
 To B. R. Haydon, W 64
 Toccata of Galuppi's, A, RB 628
 To Chaucer, Invocation (Life and death of
 Jason), M 871
 To Coleridge, Sh 250
 To Hartley Coleridge, W 41
 To H. B. M. W., He 966
 To Hesperus, Sappho, L 419
 To Homer, K 369
 To Ianthé, Lyrics, L 412, 413
 To Jane, With a guitar, Sh 345
 To Joseph Ablett, L 421
 το κάλον, Cl 707
 To Laurence Hutton, D 954
 To Leigh Hunt, Esq., K 359
 To Louis Kossuth, Sw 923
 To Marguerite, Ar 777
 To Mary Lamb, L 422
 To Mary (Revolt of Islam), Sh 266
 Tommy, Ki 972
 To-morrow, Sh 345
 To Mr. Murray, B 245
 To my ninth decade, L 441
 To my sister, W 12
 To night, Sh 334
 To one who has been long in city pent, K
 352
 To Psyche, Ode, K 386
 To R. L. S., He 963
 To Robert Browning, L 426
 To sleep, K 403
 To sleep, W 59
 To solitude, K 351
 To the cuckoo, W 51
 To the daisy (three poems), W 42, 43
 To the men of Kent, W 48
 To the moon, Sh 325
 To the muse of the North, M 893
 To the Queen, T 507
 To the same flower (celandine), W 35
 To the same flower (daisy), W 43

- To the sea (Life and death of Jason), M 867
 To the small celandine, W 34
 To the west wind, Ode, Sh 273
 To Thomas Moore, B 206, 245
 To Toussaint l'Ouverture, W 39
 To Tranquillity, Ode, C 106
 Touch him ne'er so lightly, RB 689
 Toussaint l'Ouverture, To, W 39
 To Virgil, T 545
 To W. A., He 964
 To Walt Whitman in America, Sw 916
 To William Wordsworth, C 111
 To Wordsworth, L 420
 To Wordsworth, Sh 610 n.
 To Youth, L 437
 Tranquillity, Ode to, C 106
 Transfigured life, DGR 821
 Tray, RB 689
 Trees of the garden, The, DGR 826
 Triads, Sw 923
 Trosachs, The, W 71
 Troy Town, DGR 811
 True-love, an thou be true, Sc 133
 True woman, DGR 820
 Trumpet song (Coming of Arthur), T 535
 Twenty years hence, L 425
 Twist ye, twine ye! even so, Sc 131
 Two April mornings, The, W 21
 Two in the Campagna, RB 636
 Two poets of Croisic, The, RB 687
 Two red roses across the moon, M 866
- Ulysses, T 478
 Ὀδυσσεύς, Cl 718
 Une marquise, D 945
 Unremitting voice of nightly streams, The,
 W 74
 Up at a villa — down in the city, RB 627
 Upon a sweet-briar, L 414
 Upon the sight of a beautiful picture, W 60
- Vale of Chamouni, In the, C 109
 Valley of Cauteretz, In the, T 534
 Various the roads of life, L 425
 Vastness, T 546
 Venetian pastoral, For a, DGR 802
 Venice (Childe Harold), B 207
 Venus victrix, DGR 818
 Verse-making was least of my virtues (Fer-
 ishtah's fancies), RB 691
 Villon, Ballad of François, Sw 922
 Violet, On a faded, Sh 268
 Violet, The, Sc 122
 Virgil, To, T 545
 Vision of judgment, The, B 231
 Vision of sin, The, T 486
 Vivien's song (Merlin and Vivien), T 519
 Voice and the peak, The, T 537
 Voice by the cedar-tree, A (Maud), T 513
 Voice of toil, The, M 888
 Voyage, The, T 531
- Walter Savage Landor, In memory of, Sw 907
 Walt Whitman in America, To, Sw 916
 Wan sun westers, The, He 962
 Wanting is — what? RB, 690
 Wasted, weary, wherefore stay, Sc 131
 Waterloo, Battle of, B 163
 We are seven, W 7
 Weirclaw Hill, The sun upon the, Sc 133
 Wellington, Ode on the death of the Duke of,
 T 507
 Well I remember how you smiled, L 441
 Were you with me (Songs in absence), Cl 721
 West London, Ar 783
 Westminster Bridge, Composed upon, W 38
 Westward on the high-hilled plains, Ho 997
 West wind, Ode to the, Sh 273
 What have I done for you, He 966
 When a man hath no freedom, B 245
 When earth's last picture is painted, Ki 975
 When Helen first saw wrinkles in her face,
 L 412
 When I have borne in memory, W 41
 When I have fears that I may cease to be,
 K 360
 "When I saw you last, Rose," D 950
 When I was one-and-twenty, Ho 994
 When the enemy is near thee, Cl 714
 When the lamp is shattered, Sh 346
 When we two parted, B 143
 Where are the great, Cl 714
 Where lies the land (Songs in absence), Cl
 721
 Whirl-blast from behind the hill, A, W 13
 White man's burden, The, Ki 984
 Whitman, To Walt, Sw 916
 Who has seen the wind? CR 848
 Who kill'd John Keats? B 245
 "Why from the world" (Ferishtah's fancies),
 RB 691
 Why I am a Liberal, RB 692
 Why, my heart, do we love her so? He 966
 Why, why repine, L 423
 William and Helen, Sc 119
 William Shakespeare, Sw 931
 William Wordsworth, To, C 111
 Willowwood, DGR 819
 Will, T 518
 Wind, A word with the, Sw 940
 Wind, Ode to the west, Sh 273
 Winter weather, M 852
 Wish, A, Ar 787
 Wish, A, CR 845
 Wish no word unspoken (Ferishtah's fancies),
 RB 691
 With a guitar, To Jane, Sh 345
 With flowers from a Roman wall, Sc 122
 Without her, DGR 820
 With rosy hand a little girl pressed down,
 L 424
 With rue my heart is laden, Ho 997
 "With whom is no variableness," Cl 722
 Woman's last word, A, RB 625
 Woodspurge, The, DGR 810
 Wordsworth, To, L 420
- Wages, T 534
 Waiting, He 958

- Wordsworth, To, Sh 610 n.
 Wordsworth, To William, C 111
 Word with the wind, A, Sw 940
 Work without hope, C 114
 World is a bundle of hay, The, B 245
 World is too much with us, The, W 58
 Worldly place, Ar 782
 World's great age begins anew, The, Sh 345
 Worlds on worlds are rolling ever, Sh 344
 World's wanderers, The, Sh 325
 Wrestling-match, The (Gebir), L 400
 Written among the Euganean Hills, Sh 268
 Written in dejection, near Naples, Sh 272
 Written in early spring, W 12
 Written in Kensington Gardens, Ar 743
 Written in London, W 40
 Written in March, W 34
 Written in the album at Elbingerode, C 105
 Written in very early youth, W 5
 Written on the road between Florence and
 Pisa, B 246
 Yarrow revisited, W 70
 Yarrow unvisited, W 47
 Yarrow visited, W 63
 Year's at the spring, The (Pippa passes), RB
 581
 Years, many parti-colored years, L 438
 Yes, it was the mountain echo, W 57
 Yes, I write verses now and then, L 424
 Yet a little while, CR 846
 Yew-trees, W 44
 You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease, T 470
 "You bid me try," D 950
 You'll love me yet (Pippa passes), RB 594
 Young lady, To a, W 55
 You smiled, you spoke, L 424
 Youth and age, C 113
 Youth and art, RB 675
 Youth and calm, Ar 782
 Youth of nature, The, Ar 739
 Youth of the year, The (Atalanta in Caly-
 don), Sw 896
 Youth's antiphony, DGR 815
 Youth's spring-tribute, DGR 815
 Youth, To, L 437
 Zapolya, Song from, C 113

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

- A baby's feet, like sea-shell pink, Sw 932
 Above the Craggs that fade and gloom, He 961
 A child, He 963
 Across the empty garden-beds, M 863
 Across the gap made by our English hinds,
 M 883
Action will furnish belief, — but will that
 belief be the true one? Cl 712
 Affections lose their object; Time brings forth,
 W 74
 A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by, W 59
 A fool I was to sleep at noon, CR 848
 After dark vapors have oppressed our plains,
 K 359
 Again at Christmas did we weave, T 499
 Agnes went through the meadows a-weeping,
 M 891
 A golden gilliflower to-day, M 861
 Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh, Sc 134
 Ah, did you once see Shelley plain, RB 640
 Ah what avails the sceptred race, L 410
 A king lived long ago, RB 592
 Alas! how soon the hours are over, L 425
 A late lark twitters from the quiet skies, He 963
 A little child, a limber elf, C 101
 All along the valley, stream that flashest
 white, T 534
 All day long and every day, M 854
 Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning, Sc 130
 All I can say is — I saw it! RB 683
 All June I bound the rose in sheaves, RB 637
 All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their
 lair, C 114
 All service ranks the same with God, RB 577
 All that I know, RB 634
 All the bells of heaven may ring, Sw 931
 All the breath and the bloom of the year in
 the bag of one bee, RB 692
 All the night sleep came not upon my eyelids,
 Sw 909
 All thoughts, all passions, all delights, C 104
 Along the field as we came by, Ho 995
 Along these low pleached lanes, Sw 934
 A lovely form there sate beside my bed, C 116
 Among the wondrous ways of men and time,
 Sw 942
 An aged man who loved to doze away, L 441
 And all is well, tho' faith and form, T 506
 And here the Singer for his art, T 546
 And is this — Yarrow? — *This* the stream,
 W 63
 And now Love sang; but his was such a
 song, DGR 819
- Andromeda, by Perseus saved and wed, DGR
 809
 And so you found that poor room dull, RB
 683
 And the first gray of morning fill'd the east,
 Ar 748
 And thou art dead, as young and fair, B 142
 And thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss, DGR
 828
 And what though winter will pinch severe,
 Sc 133
 And wilt thou have me fashion into speech,
 EBB 562
 And ye maun braid your yellow hair, Sw 930
 And yet, because thou overcomest, EBB 562
 An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,
 Sh 272
 Another year! another deadly blow! W 59
 A pen — to register; a key —, W 68
A Poet! — He hath put his heart to school, W 73
 A rainbow's arch stood on the sea, Sh 286
 Arches on arches! as it were that Rome, B
 210
 Arethusa arose, Sh 323
 Ariel to Miranda. — Take, Sh 345
 A Rock there is whose homely front, W 69
 A roundel is wrought as a ring or a star-
 bright sphere, Sw 934
 "Artemidora! Gods invisible, L 418
 Art thou a Statist in the van, W 20
 Art thou indeed among these, Sw 911
 Art thou pale for weariness, Sh 325
 A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew, Sh 315
 As growth of form or momentary glance,
 DGR 821
 A ship with shields before the sun, M 867
 — A simple child, W 7
 A simple ring with a single stone, RB 693
 As I ride, as I ride, RB 600
 Ask me no more; the moon may draw the
 sea, T 492
 Ask nothing more of me, sweet, Sw 920
 Ask not one least word of praise, RB 691
 As late I journey'd o'er the extensive plain,
 C 78
 A slumber did my spirit seal, W 20
 A sonnet is a moment's monument, DGR 812
 A square, squat room (a cellar on promotion),
 He 958
 As rivers seek the sea, CR 848
 As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay, Cl 707
 As sometimes in a dead man's face, T 499
 As thro' the land at eve we went, T 491

- As through the wild green hills of Wyre,
Ho 996
- As thy friend's face, with shadow of soul
o'erspread, DGR 827
- A still, serene, soft day: enough of sun, L 423
- As two whose love, first foolish, widening
scope, DGR 822
- A sunny shaft did I behold, C 113
- As when desire, long darkling, dawns, and
first, DGR 812
- As when far off the warbled strains are
heard, C 81
- As when two men have loved a woman well,
DGR 826
- As you sit there at your ease, D 945
- At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Gren-
ville lay, T 538
- A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, K 360
- At midnight by the stream I roved, C 80
- At the barren heart of midnight, He 950
- At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight
appears, W 6
- At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-
time, RB 695
- Ave Maria! blessed be the hour, B 255
- A voice by the cedar-tree, T 513
- A wanderer is man from his birth, Ar 744
- Away, haunt thou not me, Cl 707
- Away, my verse; and never fear, L 412
- Away, the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Sh 250
- Away! ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
B 141
- A whirl-blast from behind the hill, W 13
- A widow bird sate mourning for her love, Sh
347
- Back to the flower-town, side by side, Sw 907
- Banner of England, not for a season, O
banner of Britain, hast thou, T 541
- Bards of Passion and of Mirth, K 386
- Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead! RB 625
- Beautiful spoils! borne off from vanquished
death! L 438
- Beauty like hers is genius. Not the call,
DGR 816
- Because thou hast the power, and own'st
the grace, EBB 566
- Before the beginning of years, Sw 897
- Behold her, single in the field, W 46
- Behold me waiting — waiting for the knife,
He 958
- Behold, within the leafy shade, W 32
- Beloved, my Belovèd, when I think, EBB 563
- Belovèd, thou hast brought me many flowers,
EBB 567
- Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed,
W 43
- Beneath the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,
Sw 930
- Beneath yon birch with silver bark, C 105
- Beside the idle summer sea, He 962
- Between the hands, between the brows, DGR
812
- Between the moondawn and the sundown
here, Sw 924
- Between the sunset and the sea, Sw 902
- Bird of the bitter bright gray golden morn,
Sw 922
- Birds in the high Hall-garden, T 514
- Blow trumpet, for the world is white with
May, T 535
- Bob Southey! you're a poet — Poet-laureate,
B 213
- Boot, saddle, to horse and away! RB 599
- Borgia, thou once wert almost too august,
L 420
- Break, break, break, T 488
- Bright clouds float in heaven, Sh 306
- Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere,
W 43
- Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou
art! K 404
- Bring the bowl which you boast, Sc 136
- Brook and road, W 16
- Brother mine, calm wandered, Sh 310
- Bury the Great Duke, T 507
- But "carpe diem," Juan, "carpe, carpe!"
B 230
- But do not let us quarrel any more, RB 659
- But Gebir, when he heard of her approach,
L 407
- But he — to him, who knows what gift of
thine, Sw 942
- But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue, L
409
- But knowing now that they would have her
speak, M 855
- But once or twice we met, touched hands,
D 955
- But only three in all God's universe, EBB
560
- By Goldsmith's tomb the City's cry, D 954
- By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' east-
ward to the sea, Ki 974
- By thine own tears thy song must tears beget,
DGR 821
- By what word's power, the key of paths
untrod, DGR 813
- Calm is all nature as a resting wheel, W 5
- Calm is the morn without a sound, T 494
- Can it be right to give what I can give? EBB
561
- Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be, B
209
- Carry me out, He 959
- Cherry-red her mouth was, CR 843
- Chicken-skin, delicate, white, D 950
- Child of a day, thou knowest not, L 412
- Clunton and Clunbury, Ho 997
- Coldly, sadly descends, Ar 787
- Come back, come back! behold with straining
mast, Cl 720
- Come back, ye wandering muses, come back
home, L 426
- Come, dear children, let us away, Ar 727
- Come hither, all sweet maidens, soberly, K 359

- Come hither, lads, and harken, for a tale
there is to tell, M 889
Come home, come home! and where is home
for me, Cl 719
Come into the garden, Maud, T 516
Come not, when I am dead, T 507
Come, Poet, come! Cl 723
Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
L 422
Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet
'tis early morn, T 479
Consider the sea's listless chime, DGR 802
Contemplate all this work of Time, T 505
Could Juno's self more sovereign presence
wear, DGR 818
Could we forget the widow'd hour, T 497
Could you not drink her gaze like wine?
DGR 800
"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward
the land, T 458
Creep into thy narrow bed, Ar 785
Crouch'd on the pavement, close by Belgrave
Square, Ar 783
Dark house, by which once more I stand, T
493
Darkness has dawned in the East, Sh 344
Dawn talks to Day, M 887
Day of my life! Where *can* she get? D 949
Day! RB 575
Days dawn on us that make amends for
many, Sw 939
Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only
leave, RB 639
Dear Child of Nature! let them rail, W 55
Dear friend, far off, my last desire, T 506
Dear, had the world in its caprice, RB 638
Dear native regions, I foretell, W 5
Dear, near and true.—no truer Time him-
self, T 534
Death stands above me, whispering low, L
438
Death, what hast thou to do with one for
whom, Sw 941
Deep in the shady sadness of a vale, K 390
Deep on the convent-roof the snows, T 470
Departing summer hath assumed, W 67
Did any bird come flying, CR 847
Dip down upon the northern shore, T 500
Doomed as we are our native dust, W 68
Don't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they
canters awaay? T 536
Dost thou look back on what hath been, T
499
Down the quiet eve, He 950
Down through the ancient Strand, He 964
Do you hear the children weeping, O my
brothers, EBB 551
"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
L 424
Each eve earth falleth down the dark, M 890
Earth has not anything to show more fair,
W 38
Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood! Sh 251
Eat thou and drink; tomorrow thou shalt die,
DGR 823
Echoes wē: listen! Sh 290
Ere on my bed my limbs I lay, C 111
Escape me? RB 638
Eternal hatred I have sworn against, L 440
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind, B 178
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky, W 69
Even as a child, of sorrow that we give,
DGR 816
Even in a palace, life may be led well! Ar 782
Ever let the Fancy roam, K 369
Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel! K 370
Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!
Ki 976
Fair is the night and fair the day, M 884
Fair ship, that from the Italian shore, T 493
Fair Star of evening, Splendor of the west,
W 38
Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy,
K 403
Fare thee well! and if for ever, B 160
"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said,
Ki 977
Far-fetched and dear bought, as the proverb
rehearses, Sw 933
Far in a western brookland, Ho 997
Faster, faster, Ar 729
Fast this life of mine was dying, EBB 567
Father! I now may lean upon your breast, L
415
Father! the little girl we see, L 419
Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat, RB
676
Fiend, I defy thee! with a calm, fixed mind,
Sh 279
Fire is in the flint: true, once a spark escapes,
RB 691
First pledge our Queen this solemn night, T
511
First time he kissed me, he but only kissed,
EBB 566
Five years have passed; five summers with
the length, W 14
Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea, T 485
Flower—I never fancied, jewel—I profess
you! RB 683
Flower in the crannied wall, T 535
Foil'd by our fellow-men, depress'd, outworn,
Ar 783
For many, many days together, M 853
For Orford and for Waldegrave, B 245
Four Seasons fill the measure of the year, K
368
Friend of the wise! and Teacher of the Good!
C 111
Friends! hear the words my wandering
thoughts would say, L 439
From child to youth; from youth to arduous
man, DGR 822
From eve to morn, from morn to parting
night, L 422

- From heavy dreams fair Helen rose, Sc 119
 From low to high doth dissolution climb, W 68
 From Stirling Castle we had seen, W 47
 From the ends of the earth, from the ends of the earth, Sh 283
 From the forests and highlands, Sh 323
 From unremembered ages we, Sh 285
 Frost-locked all the winter, CR 847
 Frowned the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I catch thee?" RB 693
- Get thee behind me. Even as, heavy-curved, DGR 826
 Give her but a least excuse to love me! RB 588
 Give honor unto Luke Evangelist, DGR 823
 Give me the eyes that look on mine, L 425
 Glion? — Ah, twenty years, it cuts, Ar 700
 Glory and loveliness have passed away, K 359
 Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song, T 534
 God of our fathers, known of old, Ki 983
 God said, Let there be light! and there was light, DGR 801
 Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas, EBB 555
 Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece, Ar 732
 Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill, Ar 762
 Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand, EBB 560
 Gold on her head and gold on her feet, M 862
 Go not, happy day, T 514
 Good luck to your fishing! D 956
 Good, to forgive, RB 687
 Great men have been among us; hands that penned, W 41
 Great Michelangelo, with age grown bleak, DGR 827
 Great spirits now on earth are sojourning, K 352
 Green fields of England! whereso'er, Cl 720
 Grow old along with me! RB 668
 Gulls in an æry morrice, He 966
- Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare, RB 627
 Had she come all the way for this? M 864
 Had this effulgence disappeared, W 65
 Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances! Sc 128
 Hail to thee, blithe spirit! Sh 321
 Half a league, half a league, T 512
 Hamelin Town's in Brunswick, RB 605
 Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing! T 538
 Hark! ah, the nightingale, Ar 761
 Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark, Sc 120
 Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star, C 109
 Hast thou seen, with flash incessant, W 65
 Have you not noted in some family, DGR 815
- Heap cassia, sandal-buds, and stripes, RB 573
 Harken, thou craggy ocean pyramid! K 368
 Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell, C 85
 Heavenborn Helen, Sparta's queen, DGR 811
 He clasps the crag with crooked hands, T 507
 He had played for his lordship's levee, D 950
 He held no dream worth waking: so he said, Sw 942
 He is gone on the mountain, Sc 129
 He lived in that past Georgian day, D 947
 Her arms across her breast she laid, T 490
 Here are we for the last time face to face, M 884
 Here begins the sea that ends not till the world's end. Where we stand, Sw 938
 Here in this leafy place, D 948
 Here is a story, shall stir you! Stand up, Greeks dead and gone, RB 689
 Here, oh here, Sh 305
 Here on our native soil, we breathe once more, W 39
 Here pause; the poet claims at least this praise, W 59
 Here's a health to King Charles, Sc 136
 Here's a present for Rose, D 949
 Here's my case. Of old I used to love him, RB 682
 "Here the hangman stops his cart, Ho 996
 Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau, B 172
 Here, where precipitate spring, with one light bound, L 413
 Here, where the world is quiet, Sw 907
 Her eyes are homes of silent prayer, T 497
 He prayeth best who loveth best, C 93
 He rose at dawn and, fired with hope, T 531
 Hie away, hie away, Sc 131
 High grace, the dower of queens; and therewithal, DGR 817
 High is our calling, Friend! Creative Art, W 64
 His Soul fared forth (as from the deep home grove, DGR 830
 Ho! is there any will ride with me, M 867
 Home they brought her warrior dead, T 491
 Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought, Cl 717
 How changed is here each spot man makes or fills! Ar 778
 How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright, W 64
 How do I love thee? Let me count the ways, EBB 566
 How fever'd is the man, who cannot look, K 493
 How long in his damp trance young Juan lay, B 217
 How many bards gild the lapses of time, K 352
 How many voices gaily sing, L 426
 How often sit I, poring o'er, Cl 707
 "How seldom, friend! a good great man inherits, C 110

- How shall a Writer change his ways? D 955
How steadfastly she worked at it, D 950
- I am a painter who cannot paint, RB 587
"I am not as these are," the poet saith, DGR 824
- I am not One who much or oft delight, W 58
I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! RB 652
- I am that which began, Sw 912
I am thine harp between thine hands, O mother! Sw 918
- Ianthe! you are called to cross the sea! L 413
I arise from dreams of thee, Sh 274
I ask not that my bed of death, Ar 787
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, Sh 320
- I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house, T 454
I cannot tell you how it was, CR 846
I Catherine am a Douglas born, DGR 831
I come from haunts of coot and hern, T 512
I come to visit thee again, L 425
I could have painted pictures like that youth's, RB 615
- I did not chide him, though I knew, CR 843
I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way, Sh 324
- I drew it from its china tomb; —, D 944
I envy not in any moods, T 496
If childhood were not in the world, Sw 931
I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden, Sh 322
If ever I should condescend to prose, B 215
If from the public way you turn your steps, W 24
- If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange, EBB 565
- If love were what the rose is, Sw 905
If Nature, for a favorite child, W 21
If one could have that little head of hers, RB 676
- If one should bring me this report, T 494
If these brief lays, of Sorrow born, T 497
If this great world of joy and pain, W 72
If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven, W 71
- If thou must love me, let it be for nought, EBB 562
- If to grow old in Heaven is to grow young, DGR 821
- If you can keep your head when all about you, Ki 980
- I gave my heart to a woman —, He 963
I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain, W 38
I had a dream which was not all a dream, B 184
- I had a vision when the night was late, T 486
I have beheld thee in the morning hour, L 419
I have eaten your bread and salt, Ki 972
I have led her home, my love, my only friend, T 514
- I have lived long enough, having seen one thing, that love hath an end, Sw 903
I have seen higher, holier things than these, Cl 707
- I heard a thousand blended notes, W 12
I heard men saying, Leave hope and praying, M 888
- I hear the noise about thy keel, T 404
I held her hand, the pledge of bliss, L 413
I hid my heart in a nest of roses, Sw 921
I hoed and trenched and weeded, Ho 997
I intended an ode, D 949
I know a little garden close, M 868
I know a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives, RB 609
- I know not whether I am proud, L 425
I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no more, L 422
I lift my heavy heart up solemnly, EBB 560
I lived with visions for my company, EBB 564
I looked and saw your eyes, DGR 828
I loved him not; and yet now he is gone, L 415
"I love you: sweet, how can you ever learn, DGR 815
- I marked all kindred Powers the heart finds fair, DGR 812
- I met a traveller from an antique land, Sh 268
- In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland, Sw 920
- In a drear-nighted December, K 368
In after days when grasses high, D 955
Indeed this very love which is my boast, EBB 561
- I never gave a lock of hair away, EBB 563
In front the awful Alpine track, Ar 745
In her ear he whispers gaily, T 489
Inland, within a hollow vale I stood, W 40
In love, if love be ours, T 519
In our Museum galleries, DGR 806
In summertime on Bredon, Ho 994
In the bare midst of Anglesey they show, Ar 783
- In the deserted, moon-blanch'd street, Ar 741
In the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I wage, Ki 976
- In the School of Coquettes, D 948
In the sweet shire of Cardigan, W 111
In the white-flowered hawthorn brake, M 884
- In this lone, open glade I lie, Ar 743
In those sad words I took farewell, T 499
In valleys of springs of rivers, Ho 997
In whomsoever, since Poesy began, DGR 830
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, C 84
- In youth from rock to rock I went, W 42
I past beside the reverend walls, T 501
Iphigenia, when she heard her doom, L 428
I read, before my eyelids dropped their shade, T 461
- I said: "Nay, pluck not, let the first fruit be," DGR 825
- I said — Then dearest, since 'tis so, RB 642
I sate beside a sage's bed, Sh 286
I sat with Love upon a woodside well, DGR 819
I saw again the spirits on a day, Cl 710
I send my heart up to thee, all my heart, RB 602
- I shiver, spirit fierce and bold, W 44

- I sing of Pope, D 952
 I sing the fates of Gebir. He had dwelt, L 407
 I sing to him that rests below, T 495
 Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead, EBB 564
 Is it not better at an early hour, L 425
 Is it not true that every day, M 855
 "Is my team ploughing, Ho 995
 I sometimes hold it half a sin, T 493
 I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he, RB 610
 Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child! B 161
 I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs, B 207
 I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw, C 105
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall, B 204
 I strove with none: for none was worth my strife, L 438
 Italia, mother of the souls of men, Sw 938
 Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast, B 209
 Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee, B 176
 It does not hurt. She looked along the knife, Sw 920
 I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless, EBB 553
 It fortifies my soul to know, Cl 722
 I thank all who have loved me in their hearts, EBB 566
 I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide, W 67
 I thought once how Theocritus had sung, EBB 559
 It is a beauteous evening, calm and free, W 39
 It is an ancient Mariner, C 85
 It is not sweet content, be sure, Cl 713
 It is not to be thought of that the flood, W 41
 It is the first mild day of March, W 12
 It is the miller's daughter, T 450
 It keeps eternal whisperings around, K 359
 It little profits that an idle king, T 478
 It once might have been, once only, RB 675
 I travelled among unknown men, W 19
 — It seems a day, W 18
 It was a bowl of roses, He 967
 It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?), L 438
 It was a lovely sight to see, C 97
 It was an April morning: fresh and clear, W 30
 It was roses, roses all the way, RB 641
 I've a friend, over the sea, RB 613
 I've paid for your sickest fancies; I've humoured your crackedest whim, Ki 979
 I've taken my fun where I've found it, Ki 983
 I waited for the train at Coventry, T 483
 I wandered lonely as a cloud, W 52
 I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile, W 54
 I weep for Adonais — he is dead! Sh 336
 I went into a public-house to get a pint o' beer, Ki 972
 I will not shut me from my kind, T 503
 I wish I were a little bird, CR 845
 I wish my mother could see me now, with a fence-post under my arm, Ki 984
 I wonder do you feel today, RB 636
 I wonder if the sap is stirring yet, CR 845
 I wonder not that youth remains, L 438
 J'ai vu faner bien des choses, Sw 902
 Juan knew several languages — as well, B 227
 June was not over, RB 637
 Just for a handful of silver he left us, RB 610
 Keen, fitful gusts are whispering here and there, K 352
 Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King, RB 599
 King Charles, and who'll do him right now? RB 599
 Kissing her hair I sat against her feet, Sw 907
 Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf, DGR 799
 Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle, B 143
 Lady Alice, lady Louise, M 863
 Lady Clara Vere de Vere, T 465
 Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill, T 522
 Lately our songsters loiter'd in green lanes, L 440
 Le navire, Sw 902
 Let no man ask thee of anything, DGR 829
 Let's contend no more, Love, RB 625
 Let us begin and carry up this corpse, RB 644
 Let your hands meet, Sw 899
 Life may change, but it may fly not, Sh 343
 Life of Life! the lips enkindle, Sh 297
 Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet, Ar 742
 Light of our fathers' eyes, and, in our own, Sw 923
 Like labor-laden moonclouds faint to flee, DGR 818
 Like the ghost of a dear friend dead, Sh 325
 Little Ellie sits alone, EBB 554
 Live all thy sweet life through, CR 845
 Live thy life, T 549
 Lo, from our loitering ship a new land at last to be seen, M 802
 Lo, here is God, and there is God! Cl 708
 Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they, W 66
 Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man, Ar 783
 Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been, DGR 827
 Lord of days and nights, that hear thy word of wintry warning, Sw 940
 Lord of the Celtic dells, L 421
 Love is and was my lord and king, T 506
 Love is enough: ho ye who seek saving, M 887

- Loveliest of trees, the cherry now, Ho 993
 Love me, sweet, with all thou art, EBB 559
 Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of
 song, Sw 926
 Love thou thy land, with love far-brought,
 T 471
 Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,
 DGR 821
 Love you seek for, presupposes, EBB 568
 Lo, when we wade the tangled wood, M 893
 Lo! where the four mimosas blend their
 shade, L 414
 Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose, C 81

 Maid of Athens, ere we part, B 141
 "Man is blind because of sin, Ar 785
 Many a green isle needs must be, Sh 268
 Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs
 after many a vanish'd face, T 546
 Many love music but for music's sake, L 438
 March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale, Sc
 134
 Master of the murmuring courts, DGR 809
 Me that 'ave been what I've been, Ki 987
 Mild is the parting year, and sweet, L 413
 Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour,
 W 40
 Minnie and Winnie, T 545
 Moderate tasks and moderate leisure, Ar 734
 Monarch of Gods and Demons and all Spirits,
 Sh 275
 Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains, B
 187
 Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes, W 72
 Mother, I cannot mind my wheel, L 423
 Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 K 352
 Music, when soft voices die, Sh 335
 My boat is on the shore, B 206
 My briar that smelledst sweet, L 414
 My coursers are fed with the lightning, Sh
 296
 My Father was a scholar and knew Greek,
 RB 693
 My first thought was, he lied in every word,
 RB 649
 My future will not copy fair my past, EBB
 566
 My good blade carves the casques of men, T
 485
 My hair is gray, but not with years, B 178
 My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
 pains, K 388
 My heart is like a singing bird, CR 846
 My heart leaps up when I behold, W 34
 My hopes retire, my wishes as before, L 425
 My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
 EBB 564
 My love has talk'd with rocks and trees, T
 502
 —My love, this is the bitterest, that thou,
 RB 634
 My own Belovèd, who hast lifted me, EBB
 564

 My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes,
 EBB 562
 My sister! my sweet sister! if a name, B 182
 My soul is an enchanted boat, Sh 297
 My spirit is too weak — mortality, K 359

 Nay but you, who do not love her, RB 612
 Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree
 stands, W 5
 Never the time and the place, RB 690
 Nobly, nobly, Cape Saint Vincent to the
 Northwest died away, RB 613
 No doubt but ye are the People — your
 throne is above the King's, Ki 986
 No, great Dome of Agrippa, thou art not
 Christian! canst not, Cl 711
 No more — no more — Oh! never more on
 me, B 216
 No, my own love of other years! L 424
 Non ego hoc ferrem calida juventa, B 215
 No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist, K 389
 Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame, Sh
 335
 Not as with sundering of the earth, Sw 899
 Not by one measure may'st thou mete our
 love, DGR 817
 Not from the ranks of those we call, D 953
 Nothing so difficult as a beginning, B 226
 No! those days are gone away, K 367
 Not if men's tongues and angels' all in one,
 Sw 931
 Not I myself know all my love for thee, DGR
 818
 Not seldom, clad in radiant vest, W 65
 Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
 DGR 801
 Now fades the last long streak of snow, T 504
 Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
 K 351
 Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut, T 495
 Nuns fret not at their convents' narrow
 room, W 57

 O bitter sea, tumultuous sea, M 867
 O blackbird! sing me something well, T 469
 O blithe New-comer! I have heard, W 51
 O Brignall banks are wild and fair, Sc 130
 O death that maketh life so sweet, M 868
 O diviner air, T 545
 Of Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told, DGR
 824
 Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing, M
 871
 Of late, in one of those most weary hours, C
 114
 Of old sat Freedom on the heights, T 470
 O follow, follow, Sh 290
 O Friend! I know not which way I must turn,
 W 40
 Of such is the kingdom of heaven, Sw 931
 Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray, W 23
 O, gather me the rose, the rose, He 962
 O Goddess! hear these tuneless numbers
 wrung, K 386

- O good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
RB 665
- O happy seafarers are ye, M 869
- O heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire,
Sw 919
- Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet, Ki 970
- Oh Galuppi, Baldassare, this is very sad to
find! RB 628
- Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy! W 55
- Oh roses for the flush of youth, CR 844
- Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom, B 158
- Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,
B 246
- Oh! there are spirits of the air, Sh 250
- Oh, to be in England, RB 612
- Oh why is heaven built so far, CR 849
- Oh, wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie
along in thine? EBB 567
- O June, O June, that we desired so, M 883
- "Old things need not be therefore true," Cl
719
- O let me love my love unto myself alone,
Cl 723
- O, let the solid ground, T 513
- O living will that shalt endure, T 506
- O lord of all compassionate control, DGR 814
- O lovers' eyes are sharp to see, Sc 127
- O lyric Love, half angel and half bird, RB
678
- O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies, T
531
- O muse that swayest the sad northern song,
M 893
- On a battle-trumpet's blast, Sh 286
- On a poet's lips I slept, Sh 286
- Once did She hold the glorious east in fee,
W 39
- Once in a golden hour, T 533
- Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned, W 32
- Once more the changed year's turning wheel
returns, DGR 825
- Once more upon the waters! yet once more,
B 161
- One day, it thundered and lightened, RB 690
- One flame-winged brought a white-winged
harp-player, DGR 814
- On either side the river lie, T 448
- One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee, Cl
727
- One morn before me were three figures seen,
K 385
- One word is too often profaned, Sh 345
- One writes that "other friends remain," T
493
- One year ago my path was green, L 424
- On moonlit heath and lonesome bank, Ho 993
- On the brink of the night and the morning,
Sh 296
- On the idle hill of summer, Ho 995
- On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hun-
dred ninety-two, RB 678
- On the smooth brow and clustering hair, L
425
- On the wide level of a mountain's head, C 82
- On this sweet bank your head thrice sweet
and dear, DGR 815
- O only Source of all our light and life, Cl 718
- O pensive, tender maid, downcast and shy,
M 882
- Or ever the knightly years were gone, He 964
- O Rome! my country! city of the soul, B 200
- Or shall I say, vain word, false thought, Cl
713
- O set us down together in some place, M 878
- O ship, ship, ship, Cl 721
- O sleep, it is a gentle thing, C 89
- O soft embalmer of the still midnight, K 493
- O solitude! if I must with thee dwell, K 351
- O Sorrow, cruel fellowship, T 492
- O Sorrow, K 365
- O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!
K 364
- O stream descending to the sea, Cl 722
- O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south, T
400
- O that I now, I too were, Sw 898
- O that 'twere possible, T 517
- Others abide our question. Thou art free, Ar
727
- O thou that after toil and storm, T 497
- O thou that sendest out the man, T 537
- O thou who at Love's hour ecstatically,
DGR 813
- O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought
W 41
- O thou whose image in the shrine, Cl 718
- O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang,
K 361
- O thou, wild Fancy, check thy wing! No
more, C 78
- Our gaieties, our luxuries, Cl 714
- Our hid vessels in their pitchy round, L
409
- Our spoil is won, Sh 307
- Out of my way! Off! or my sword may strike
thee, L 435
- Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
T 511
- Out of the night that covers me, He 962
- Overhead the tree-tops meet, RB 597
- Over the great windy waters, and over the
clear-crested summits, Cl 710
- Over the sea our galleys went, RB 573
- O, well for him whose will is strong! T 518
- O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, K 402
- O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being, Sh 273
- O woman! in our hours of ease, Sc 156
- O world! O life! O time! Sh 335
- "O ye, all ye that walk in Willowood, DGR
819
- O yet we trust that somehow good, T 498
- O young Mariner, T 547
- Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies, W 34
- Past ruin'd Iliion Helen lives, L 413
- Peace; come away; the song of woe, T 498

Peace in her chamber, wheresoe'er, DGR 810
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, Sc 132
 Pleasures newly found are sweet, W 35
 Pleasure! why thus desert the heart, L 413
 Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know, Sh
 610 n.

Praised be the Art whose subtle power could
 stay, W 60

Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed
 lips, M 855

Proud Maisie is in the wood, Sc 133

Proud word you never spoke, but you will
 speak, L 425

Push hard across the sand, Sw 806

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane, Cl 724

Queen Guinevere had fled the court, and sat,
 T 519

Quoth a young Sadducee, RB 665

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
 T 534

Raised are the dripping oars, Ar 739

Rarely, rarely, comest thou, Sh 325

Remain, ah not in youth alone, L 424

Remember me when I am gone away, CR 844
 "Return," we dare not as we fain, Sw 941

Revered, beloved — O you that hold, T 507
 Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom,
 L 429

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, T 503

Rivulet crossing my ground, T 515

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean —
 roll, B 212

Roman Virgil, thou that singest Ilion's lofty
 temples robed in fire, T 545

Rome disappoints me still; but I shrink and
 adapt myself to it, Cl 711

Rome is fallen, I hear, the gallant Medici
 taken, Cl 712

Room after room, RB 638

Rose kissed me today, D 948

Rough wind, that moanest loud, Sh 347

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
 RB 612

Round us the wild creatures, RB 691

Rousseau — Voltaire — our Gibbon — and
 De Staël —, B 186

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sir-
 mione row! T 546

Said Abner, "At last thou art come! Ere I
 tell, ere thou speak, RB 618

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
 K 378

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate, B 231

Saith man to man, We've heard and known,
 M 889

Savage, I was sitting in my house, late, lone:
 RB 681

Say, lad, have you things to do? Ho 994

Say not the struggle nought availeth, Cl 715

Say over again and yet once over again, EBB
 563

Say what blinds us, that we claim the glory,
 Ar 733

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have
 frowned, W 69

Sea beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand,
 Sw 934

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 K 390

Seaward goes the sun, and homeward by the
 down, Sw 935

See, as the prettiest grave will do in time,
 RB 612

See what a lovely shell, T 516

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again, B
 163

Send but a song oversea for us, Sw 916

Set where the upper streams of Simois flow,
 Ar 786

Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself? RB
 681

Shame upon you, Robin, T 538

She dwelt among the untrodden ways, W 19

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve, DGR 797

She loves him; for her infinite soul is love,
 DGR 820

She's an enchanting little Israelite, He 961

She should never have looked at me, RB 600

She stands as pale as Parian statues stand,
 CR 845

She walks in beauty, like the night, B 158

She was a Phantom of delight, W 51

Sing me a hero! Quench my thirst, RB
 689

Sleep, little Baby, sleep, CR 845

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd, T
 472

"So careful of the type?" but no, T 498

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive, W 73

So ends the winning of the Golden Fleece, M
 871

So far as our story approaches the end, RB
 641

So go forth to the world, to the good report
 and the evil! Cl 712

So, I grew wise in Love and Hate, RB 587

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and alone,
 Cl 717

So, I shall see her in three days, RB 639

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sc 128

Some are laughing, some are weeping, CR 844

Some future day when what is now is not,
 Cl 721

Some ladies love the jewels in Love's zone,
 DGR 813

Something is dead, He 965

Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
 DGR 817

So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
 Sh 266

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er, L 425

So sang he: and as meeting rose and rose,
 DGR 819

"So say the foolish!" Say the foolish so,
 Love? RB 692

- So then, I feel not deeply! if I did, L 438
 So, the year's done with! RB 612
 Souls of Poets dead and gone, K 369
 Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife, Sc
 133
 So we'll go no more a-roving, B 245
 Spray of song that springs in April, light of
 love that laughs through May, Sw 937
 Spring am I, too soft of heart, M 886
 Stand close around, ye Stygian set, L 419
 Standing aloof in giant ignorance, K 369
 Stand still, true poet that you are, RB 640
 Stay near me — do not take thy flight! W 32
 Stern Daughter of the Voice of God, W 53
 Still sometimes in my secret heart of hearts,
 CR 848
 Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times, B 245
 Strange fits of passion have I known, W 18
 Strew on her roses, roses, Ar 747
 Strong Son of God, immortal Love, T 492
 Such a starved bank of moss, RB 687
 Such, British Public, ye who like me not, RB
 677
 "Summer is coming, summer is coming, T 549
 Sunset and evening star, T 549
 Surprised by joy — impatient as the wind,
 W 64
 Sweet after showers, ambrosial air, T 501
 Sweet and low, sweet and low, T 491
 Sweet dimness of her loosened hair's down-
 fall, DGR 816
 Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower, W 45
 Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, T 519
 Sweet Spirit! Sister of that orphan one, Sh 326
 Sweet stream-fed glen, why say "farewell"
 to thee, DGR 825
 Sweet twining hedge flowers wind-stirred in
 no wise, DGR 814
 Swiftly walk o'er the western wave, Sh 334
 Take these flowers, which purple waving, Sc
 122
 Take up the White Man's burden —, Ki 984
 Tanagra! think not I forget, L 419
 Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
 W 68
 Tears, idle tears, I know not what they
 mean, T 490
 Tears of the widower, when he sees, T 404
 Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light, Sh
 325
 That second time they hunted me, RB 613
 That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 RB 601
 That son of Italy who tried to blow, Ar 782
 That which we dare invoke to bless, T 505
 That wooden cross beside the road, D 956
 The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the
 fold, B 158
 The awful shadow of some unseen Power, Sh
 262
 The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day, Sc
 122
 The bee with his comb, RB 597
 The blessed damozel leaned out, DGR 797
 The burden of fair women. Vain delight,
 Sw 905
 The castled crag of Drachenfels, B 188
 The chrysolites and rubies Bacchus brings,
 L 437
 The churl in spirit, up or down, T 504
 The clearest eyes in all the world they read,
 Sw 941
 The Cock is crowing, W 34
 The Danube to the Severn gave, T 495
 The day returns, my natal day, L 426
 The evening comes, the fields are still, Ar 785
 The everlasting universe of things, Sh 264
 The face of all the world is changed, I think,
 EBB 561
 The fancy I had to-day, RB 680
 The first time that the sun rose on thine
 oath, EBB 565
 The flower that smiles to-day, Sh 335
 The fountains mingle with the river, Sh 274
 The Frost performs its secret ministry, C 102
 The gallant Youth, who may have gained,
 W 70
 The Gods held talk together, group'd in knots,
 Ar 766
 The gray sea, and the long black land, RB
 612
 The greater masters of the commonplace,
 He 958
 The heavenly bay, ringed round with cliffs
 and moors, Sw 933
 The hour which might have been yet might
 not be, DGR 820
 The human spirits saw I on a day, Cl 709
 The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece! B 222
 The jessamine shows like a star, CR 844
 The joy, the triumph, the delight, the mad-
 ness, Sh 310
 The ladies of St. James's, D 951
 The lamp must be replenish'd, but even then,
 B 186
 The lily has a smooth stalk, CR 848
 The lost days of my life until to-day, DGR 826
 The moon is up, and yet it is not night, B 208
 The morning mists still haunt the stony
 street, He 958
 The morn when first it thunders in March,
 RB 629
 The moth's kiss first, RB 603
 The nightingale has a lyre of gold, He 963
 The Niobe of nations, there she stands, B 209
 The odor from the flower is gone, Sh 268
 The out-spread world to span, Ar 734
 The pale stars are gone! Sh 305
 The path thro' which that lovely twain, Sh 291
 The poet in a golden clime was born, T 445
 The poetry of earth is never dead, K 353
 "The poets pour us wine —," RB 684
 The rain had fallen, the Poet arose, T 489
 The rain set early in to-night, RB 574
 There be none of Beauty's daughters, B 160
 There came an image in life's retinue, DGR
 819

- There is a flower I wish to wear, L 430
 "There is a Thorn — it looks so old, W 8
 There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
 W 44
 There is delight in singing, tho' none hear,
 L 426
 "There is no God," the wicked saith, Cl 714
 There is no "mighty purpose" in this book,
 D 954
 There is no one beside thee and no one above
 thee, EBB 567
 There is sweet music here that softer falls,
 T 459
 There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier, T 450
 There rolls the deep where grew the tree, T
 505
 "There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet
 pride, W 72
 There's a palace in Florence the world knows
 well, RB 645
 There's a tear in her eye, D 948
 There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so
 purer than the purest, RB 609
 There's not a joy the world can give like that
 it takes away, B 159
 There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
 W 71
 There the voluptuous nightingales, Sh 291
 There they are, my fifty men and women, RB
 662
 There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs,
 W 17
 There was a lady lived in a hall, M 866
 There was a roaring in the wind all night,
 W 36
 There was a sound of revelry by night, B 163
 There was a time when meadow, grove, and
 stream, W 48
 There were four of us about that bed, M 861
 The sea gives her shells to the shingle, Sw 910
 The sea is at ebb, and the sound of her utmost
 word, Sw 935
 The sea is awake, and the sound of the song of
 the joy of her waking is rolled, Sw 936
 The sea is calm tonight, Ar 784
 These are the symbols; on that cloth of red,
 DGR 802
 These days are long before I die, CR 846
 The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow,
 Cl 722
 The sky is changed! and such a change! oh
 night, B 174
 — The sky is overcast, W 7
 The soul's Rialto hath its merchandise, EBB
 563
 The Spirit of the world, Ar 789
 The splendor falls on castle walls, T 491
 The spring, my dear, He 964
 The stars are forth, the moon above the tops,
 B 204
 The sun is warm, the sky is clear, Sh 272
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the
 hills and the plains —, T 535
 The sun upon the Weirclaw Hill, Sc 133
 The Sword, He 960
 The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields, W 66
 The time-draws near the birth of Christ, T
 496, 503
 The time you won your town the race, Ho 994
 The tongue of England, that which myriads,
 L 437
 The unremitting voice of nightly streams, W
 74
 The violet in the green-wood bower, Sc 122
 The voice and the Peak, T 537
 The voice of the spirits of air and of earth,
 Sh 330
 The wan sun westers, faint and slow, He 962
 The weltering London ways where children
 weep, DGR 830
 The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
 DGR 810
 The wish, that of the living whole, T 498
 The word of the sun to the sky, Sw 923
 The world is a bundle of hay, B 245
 The world is too much with us; late and
 soon, W 58
 The world's great age begins anew, Sh 345
 The woods decay, the leaves decay and fall,
 T 529
 They dwell in the odor of camphor, D 951
 The year's at the spring, RB 581
 The Year's twelve daughters had in turn
 gone by, L 433
 They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
 T 538
 They say that Hope is happiness, B 184
 Thick rise the spear-shafts o'er the land, M
 891
 Thin are the night-skirts left behind, DGR
 828
 Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly, Ho 996
 Think thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt
 die, DGR 823
 This feast-day of the sun, his altar there,
 DGR 822
 This is a spray the Bird clung to, RB 637
 This is her picture as she was, DGR 799
 This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect, DGR 802
 This is the place. Even here the dauntless
 soul, DGR 830
 "This river does not see the naked sky, K 362
 This time of year a twelvemonth past, Ho 995
 This truth came borne with bier and pall, T
 500
 This world is very odd we see, Cl 714
 Those who have laid the harp aside, L 420
 Thou art folded, thou art lying, Sh 312
 Thou art speeding round the sun, Sh 313
 Thou comest! all is said without a word, EBB
 565
 Thou earth, calm empire of a happy soul, Sh
 313
 Though God, as one that is an householder,
 DGR 824
 Though the day of my destiny's over, B 182
 Thou goest, then, and leavest me behind, L
 436

- Thou lovely and beloved, thou my love,
DGR 817
- Thou shalt have one God only; who, Cl 713
- Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness, K
387
- Three years she grew in sun and shower, W
10
- Thrice three hundred thousand years, Sh 276
- Through Alpine meadows soft-suffused, Ar
775
- Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts, Ar
738
- Through the great sinful streets of Naples as
I passed, Cl 715
- Through thick Arcadian woods a hunter
went, M 872
- Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums, T 491
- Thy voice is on the rolling air, T 506
- Tibur is beautiful too, and the orchard slopes,
and the Arno, Cl 711
- 'Tis death! and peace indeed is here, Ar 782
- 'Tis done — but yesterday a King! B 156
- 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise, T 504
- 'Tis said that some have died for love, W 31
- 'Tis the middle of the night by the castle
clock, C 94
- 'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town, Ho 996
- 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved, B
246
- 'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand, T 495
- Titan! to whose immortal eyes, B 185
- To be a sweetness more desired than Spring,
DGR 820
- To-day Death seems to me an infant child,
DGR 827
- To my ninth decade I have tottered on, L
441
- To one who has been long in city pent, K 352
- Titan! to spend uncounted years of pain, Cl 724
- To the deep, to the deep, Sh 293
- To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claver'se
who spoke, Sc 134
- Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he
broke, RB 689
- Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men,
W 39
- To wear out heart and nerves and brain, Cl
724
- Tranquillity! thou better name, C 106
- Troubled long with warring notions, W 65
- True-love, an thou be true, Sc 133
- Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower
the proud, T 519
- 'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead,
Ar 782
- 'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the
tide, L 427
- 'Twas twilight and the sunless day went
down, B 216
- Twenty years hence my eyes may grow, L 425
- Twist ye, twine ye! even so, Sc 131
- 'Twixt the sunlight and the shade, M 855
- 'Twixt those twin worlds,—the world of
Sleep, which gave, DGR 831
- Two separate divided silences, DGR 818
- Two souls diverse out of our human sight,
Sw 930
- Two Voices are there; one is of the sea, W 59
- Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
DGR 824
- Unfathomable sea! whose waves are years,
Sh 335
- Unlike are we, unlike, O princely heart, EBB
560
- Upon an eve I sat me down and wept, M 886
- Upon a Sabbath-day it fell, K 383
- Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books, W 13
- Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
W 53
- Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent, W 48
- Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity! RB 616
- Various the roads of life; in one, L 425
- Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying, C 113
- Verse-making was least of my virtues: I
viewed with despair, RB 691
- Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over
land and sea, T 543
- Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight,
F 697
- Waken, lords and ladies gay, Sc 128
- Wake: the silver dusk returning, Ho 993
- Wanting is — what? RB 600
- Warned by her hand and shadowed by her
hair, DGR 814
- Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the
sword, B 159
- Was I a Samurai renowned, He 961
- Wasted, weary, wherefore stay, Sc 131
- Was *that* the landmark? What — the
foolish well, DGR 822
- Watch thou and fear; tomorrow thou shalt
die, DGR 823
- Water, for anguish of the solstice:—nay,
DGR 802
- We are in love's land today, Sw 907
- We are what suns and winds and waters
make us, L 411
- Wearily, drearily, M 867
- Weary of myself, and sick of asking, Ar 740
- We cannot kindle when we will, Ar 741
- We come from the mind, Sh 307
- We had a female Passenger who came, W 40
- We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair;
thou art goodly, O Love, Sw 898
- Welcome, old friend! These many years, L
437
- We leave the well-beloved place, T 503
- We left behind the painted buoy, T 531
- Well! if the bard was weather-wise, who
made, C 107
- Well I remember how you smiled, L 441
- Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,
C 82
- We mind not how the sun in the mid-sky, L
419

- We're foot — slog — slog — slog — sloggin'
over Africa, Ki 988
- Were you with me, or I with you, Cl 721
- We rode together, M 852
- We shall surely die, He 962
- Westward on the high-hilled plains, Ho 997
- We talked with open heart, and tongue, W 22
- We walked along, while bright and red, W 21
- We were apart; yet, day by day, Ar 777
- We were two daughters of one race, T 454
- What a pretty tale you told me, RB 687
- "What are the bugles blowin' for?" said
Files-on-Parade, Ki 972
- What can I give thee back, O liberal, EBB 561
- What dawn-pulse at the heart of heaven, or
last, DGR 815
- Whate'er you dream, with doubt possest,
Cl 724
- Whatever I have said or sung, T 505
- What have I done for you, He 966
- What is gold worth, say, Sw 923
- What is he buzzing in my ears? RB 675
- "What is it then," — some Reader asks, —,
D 955
- What is it to grow old? Ar 784
- What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
K 353
- What of her glass without her! The blank
gray, DGR 820
- What place so strange, — though unre-
vealed snow, DGR 825
- What secret thing of splendor or of shade,
Sw 942
- What sight so lured him thro' the fields he
knew, T 548
- What voice did on my spirit fall? Cl 712
- What was he doing, the great god Pan, EBB
568
- What we, when face to face we see, Cl 710
- What will it please you, my darling, here-
after to be? Sw 932
- "What, you are stepping westward?" —
"Yea," W 46
- Wheer 'asta bean saw long and mea ligg'in'
ere aloan? T 532
- When a man hath no freedom to fight for at
home, B 245
- When do I see thee most, beloved one?
DGR 813
- When Earth's last picture is painted and the
tubes are twisted and dried, Ki 975
- When first, descending from the moorlands,
W 72
- When Helen first saw wrinkles in her face,
L 412
- When I am dead, my dearest, CR 844
- When I have borne in memory what has
tamed, W 41
- When I have fears that I may cease to be,
K 360
- When I saw you last, Rose, D 950
- When Israel of the Lord beloved, Sc 133
- When I was one-and-twenty, Ho 994
- When Lazarus left his charnel-cave, T 497
- When, looking on the present face of things,
W 48
- When on my bed the moonlight falls, T 499
- When our two souls stand up erect and
strong, EBB 563
- When princely Hamilton's abode, Sc 125
- When the buds began to burst, L 439
- When the enemy is near thee, Cl 714
- When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-
bear in his pride, Ki 990
- When the bounds of spring are on winter's
traces, Sw 896
- When the lamp is shattered, Sh 346
- When vain desire at last and vain regret,
DGR 828
- When we met first and loved, I did not build,
EBB 565
- When we two parted, B 143
- Where are the great whom thou would'st
wish to praise thee? Cl 714
- Where art thou, beloved To-morrow? Sh 345
- Where art thou gone, light-ankled youth?
L 437
- Where art thou, my beloved Son, W 52
- Where Claribel low-lieth, T 445
- Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade, He 966
- Where lies the land to which the ship would
go? Cl 721
- Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
RB 626
- Whiles in the early winter eve, M 890
- Who has seen the wind? CR 848
- Who is the happy Warrior? who is he, W 56
- "Who is your lady of love, O ye that pass, Sw
915
- Who kill'd John Keats? B 245
- Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail,
T 504
- Who prop, thou ask'st, in these hard days,
my mind? —, Ar 727
- Who shall contend with his lords, Sw 991
- Who, who from Dian's feast would be away?
K 367
- Who will away to Athens with me? who, L 426
- Who would be, T 447
- "Why?" Because all I haply can and do, RB
692
- "Why did you melt your waxen man, DGR 803
- "Why from the world," Ferishtah smiled,
"should thanks, RB 691
- Why, my heart, do we love her so? He 966
- "Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall, Sc 132
- "Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? Sc 132
- Why, why repine, my pensive friend, L 423
- "Why, William, on that old gray stone, W 13
- Why wilt thou cast the roses from thy hair?
DGR 808
- Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, T 502
- 'Will sprawl, now that the heat of day is
best, RB 670
- Winter is cold-hearted, CR 847
- Wisdom and Spirit of the universe, W 16
- Wish no word unspoken, want no look away;
RB 691

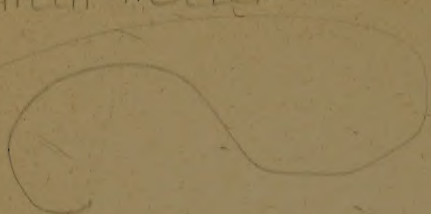
- With blackest moss the flower-pots, T 446
 With Farmer Allan at the farm abode, T 476
 With little here to do or see, W 43
 With rosy hand a little girl pressed down,
 L 424
 With rue my heart is laden, Ho 997
 "With sacrifice before the rising morn, W 60
 With Shakespeare's manhood at a boy's
 wild heart, DGR 830
 With trembling fingers did we weave, T 496
 Witless alike of will and way divine, RB 677
 Woe, he went galloping into the war, RB 692
 Worlds on worlds are rolling ever, Sh 344
 "Would a man 'scape the rod?" RB 665
 Would that the structure brave, the mani-
 fold music I build, RB 666
 Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin, T 486

 Years, many parti-colored years, L 438
 Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
 C 101
 "Yes," I answered you last night, EBB 554
 Yes! in the sea of life enisled, Ar 777
 Yes, it was the mountain echo, W 57

 Yes; I write verses now and then, L 424
 Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed, EBB
 561
 Ye who have passed Death's haggard hills,
 and ye, DGR 826
 You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease, T 470
 You bid me try, Blue-Eyes, to write, D 950
 You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile —,
 Ki 977
 You know, we French stormed Ratisbon, RB
 601
 You'll love me yet! — and I can tarry, RB 594
 You may talk o' gin and beer, Ki 973
 You must wake and call me early, call me
 early, mother dear, T 466
 Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees, RB 634
 Your hands lie open in the long, fresh grass —,
 DGR 816
 Your heart has trembled to my tongue, He 963
 You say, but with no touch of scorn, T 502
 You send me your love in a letter, Sw 932
 You smiled, you spoke, and I believed, L
 424
 Youth! thou wear'st to manhood now, Sc 134



political liberal



5

1798: year of
Metric
Ballads.

Raimond

3 steps.

- 1) Coleridge visiting Sturminster
" came to preach in
Shaftesbury.
Coleridge was divided in two.
- 2) Visit Hazlitt pays to Coleridge

3) Walking Trip Coleridge +
Hazlitt.

